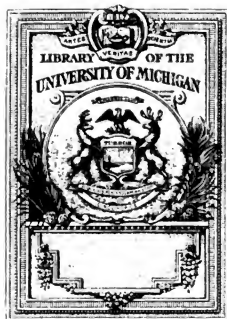
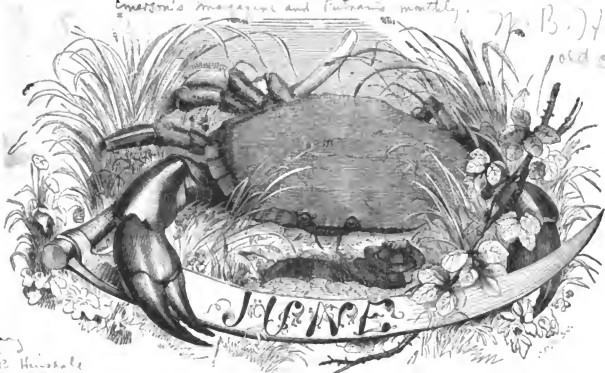


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United States Magazine.

VOL. II.]..... JUNE, 1855..... [No. 1.



WHEAT.*

When we take into consideration the present extraordinary high price of nearly all the materials of human food—especially of bread, the

* Prepared expressly for the UNITED STATES MAGAZINE, by Daniel S. Green.

staff of life, we come to the conclusion that probably no subject could be treated upon, which would profitably interest a greater portion of our readers, than an article on this all-important agricultural product—together with brief histories of the character, transformations

and habits of the various destroyers, and diseases, to which it is subject.

We doubt much whether the culture of this cereal is fully appreciated by the community at large; believing as we do that it has no considerable share of influence on the growth of civilization; for it has undoubtedly followed the progress of man's improvement, in all countries, probably from the foundation of the world. It is emphatically the food of civilized man—the bread of refinement and taste. The loaf of Genesee flour is the substantial luxury of polished life, while the cake of Indian corn, baked in the ashes, is the symbol of savage fare. The former has become the standard food of the wealthy, while the latter is placed on his table as a variety, more than one of common resort. The growing of wheat, too, is a civilized act; it is scarcely compatible with savage life. Its judicious culture requires the highest skill of the husbandman's art, for the plant is a problem product, without the knowledge and experience of an educated intelligence. It contains the greatest quantity of starch, and likewise by far the most gluten (equal to one-fifth of the whole)—a principle from which it derives its essential quality, which, above all others, peculiarly adapts it for bread. Though the expense of its culture may be somewhat greater, yet it is always chosen when the climate permits, or the poverty of the district does not constrain the inhabitants to be content with a cheaper food.

Wheat has undoubtedly been cultivated in Egypt from the remotest periods, and the details of plowing, sowing, harvesting and garnering this grain, depicted upon the ancient tombs at Thebes, are among the most striking and remarkable of the remains of Egyptian art. No one can contemplate these pictorial representations without being impressed with the advanced state of civilization, so early reached by this people. It would appear that many kinds of grain were produced by them; and among the varieties of wheat, the "seven-rowed" is mentioned in Pharaoh's dream. This has lately been grown in England, and to be from grains found in mummy-cases brought

from Thebes. It was also one of the principal staples of food of the Israelites, as is abundantly proved by the Old Testament.

The cerealia are all remarkable for their wonderful power of multiplication—each grain or seed throwing out several stalks, all of which produce ears; and the number of these are not limited, but depend, more or less, on favoring circumstances. This increase in the stalks is performed by a second set of roots, shooting out at the surface of the ground, subsequently to the first or primary roots. An experiment in England has demonstrated that a single grain of wheat, sown on the second of June, produced eighteen stalks; on the eighth of August the plant was taken up, the stalks divided from each other and replanted, and every separate plant threw out fresh roots and stalks. This process was repeated a number of times, until, by the following April, they had multiplied to 500 plants, all extremely vigorous; the number of ears from these amounted to 21,109, and the number of grains to 576,840.

The cultivation of wheat prevails everywhere in temperate climates; its climatic range is greater than that of any other grain; it differs in its requirements so essentially from most of the other cereals, that the mean temperature of the year is a less decisive test of its successful production than might otherwise be supposed. Its peculiar flexibility of character is dependent rather on hygro-metric effects, than mere alternations of heat and cold; and its sensitiveness to extremes of dryness and humidity, restricts or extends its culture, rather than isothermal lines; but temperature becomes the important element during those months when it ripens—130° being assigned as the maximum of range under which this result is accomplished in similar climates; accordingly, we find that the time of harvest in particular localities bears a more decisive relation to thermometric, rather than any other cause. In the extreme southern states of the Union the harvest time is reached in May, when the mean temperature is 67° or 70°. In Virginia this mean is not arrived at until June, and, in New York, in its best wheat districts, the grain is not ripe until July, when the mean is about 69°; thus it will be perceived that a temperature for the last month of the growth of wheat, does not exceed 70°, but falls below this limit. The latest generalizations would seem to prove that the sensitiveness of this grain to the modifying effects of temperature and humidity is greater in the United States than in Europe. Aside from mere soil characteristics, the most fertile wheat districts of our country hold a peculiar relation to our great chain of inland seas, and go far to demonstrate the effects of the near proximity of large bodies of water to wheat-growing regions; but this has not been studied, with that care that can lead to any but conjectural results, and we trust that we shall be enabled to return to this subject, by a future article, with some degree of certainty and profit.

England, the northern plain of Germany, and the central areas of Russia—the last stretching eastward from Moscow to the Volga, at the boundary of European Russia, and southward from Moscow to the Black Sea, with Wallachia and Lower Hungary west of the sea—may be designated as the chief wheat climate of Europe.

Wheat is grown on nearly every description of land; but the soils most preferred for its culture are more or less clayey. Indeed, on the continent of Europe, these heavy soils are distinguished by the appellation of "good wheat land." But in tracing the peculiarities of soil which are best for the production of this staple, we shall only refer to the western portion of our own State. It would appear that the most valuable proceeds from the mingling of the arenaceous products of the Medina sandstone, with the disintegrating rocks of the Niagara group, and overlying shales. Thus, on the north, near Lake Ontario, the sandy ingredients appear to be in the greatest abundance; but as we proceed south, the soil gradually assumes a more argillaceous character, and we find in the valley of the Genesee, probably, the finest wheat region, for its extent, in the world. Whatever may be the nature of the soil, it should be the aim of the agriculturist to grow full crops—a consummation greatly to be wished for among a great majority of the farmers of this country, and one which probably has been brought home to them, by the great demand for breadstuffs, and the prevailing high prices of the present moment.

According to the census of 1850, the wheat crop of the United States for that year amounted to 100,485,344 bushels, showing an increase over the product of 1840 of 15,662,672 bushels. Owing to the extraordinary political events that are at present convulsing the old world, and from various other causes, which have created an increased demand for breadstuffs at highly remunerative rates, it is readily conceded that, in this country, at the present time, there is at least one-fifth more ground under cultivation with this cereal, than was ever before known. Well informed individuals calculate from the present appearances (May 8th) of the crop, that should there be no general devastation from the various destroyers (insects, fungi and drought), it will be perfectly safe to estimate the yield for 1855 at 130,000,000 bushels, of the value of at least \$150,000,000. Should efforts to insure full crops, similar to those used by the agriculturists of Great Britain, be universally adopted by our American farmers, there can be no doubt but that the product would be increased one-third; and to impress this startling fact was one of the objects of this paper. Partial, and sometimes extensive failures, will but too often occur; and to neglect making the best known preparation, or even to prepare for half a crop only, is an ill-judged notion, and has a direct tendency to unremunerative farming. In fact, during the preparation of this article, we were informed by B. P. Johnson, Esq., Secretary of the New York State Agricultural Society, that during the great drought of 1854, the loss occasioned by it, to the wheat crop in this State alone, was \$9,000,000. But that in every case where care had been taken to conform with a proper system of cultivation, in regard to drainage and other desirable preparations of the soil, the crops were but slightly, if any, affected by the scourge. Will our agriculturists make a note of this fact, and in their exertions remember that, to insure a full yield of the best quality of grain, they must study the characteristics of the materials (soil, seed, etc.) they expect to produce it from, and

then labor assiduously for the accomplishment of their purpose, and in nineteen cases out of twenty their efforts will produce the desired result.

We deem it unnecessary to recommend any special variety, or to give a dissertation on the various kinds and qualities of wheat. The circulation of this Journal being distributed over such a large portion of the country, comprising so many differences in the temperatures of the several districts, that probably in many cases the variety advised would be unsuitable. The three specimens depicted at the head of this article, are much valued in New York, and many of the middle and Western States, but the intelligent cultivator must judge from actual experience those kinds best suited to his particular section. Again, the standard works on this all-important subject—agriculture—is within the reach of all who choose to possess them, and the press, exclusively devoted to that portion of economy, is daily teeming with valuable hints in all its departments, and the experienced and intelligent farmer will readily admit that every cent expended for their purchase returns an hundred fold.

We have capital illustrations of the value of experiment in the culture of wheat, in the results of the great London exhibition of 1851. Perhaps the best specimens of wheat examined was, that from South Australia, although it was admitted that some of the varieties of the Spanish, and our Genesee, were very little, if any, inferior. Many of the English farmers supposed that all they would have to do to obtain the same quality of grain on their farms, was to procure the seed from Australia, and sow it in England. As has been since demonstrated, there never was a greater mistake. The wheat of Australia was not a peculiar kind of wheat; it had no particular constitutional characteristics by which it might have been distinguished from the most popular varieties that was already in use in England. Its quality was owing to purely local conditions,—that is to say, the peculiar temperature, the brilliant light, the soil, and those other circumstances which characterize the climate of Australia, where it was produced. There is no doubt of the fact, that wheat can be affected by climate, independent of its constitutional peculiarities; but it does not follow that wheat is not subject to constitutional peculiarities like other plants. There are some kinds of wheat, do what you may with them, will retain a certain quality, varying slightly with the circumstances under which they are produced, as for example: there was at the exhibition samples, especially one of Revitt wheat, of a very fine description, and greatly superior to the ordinary kinds of Revitt, that appeared in the market. This clearly shows that Revitt wheat of a certain kind and quality is better than Revitt of a different kind, both being produced in the same country, so that circumstances being equal, we have a different result, owing to some constitutional peculiarities of race.

But there is one question of the highest interest, which has been more distinctly brought out by the above mentioned Exhibition than it has ever been before. We quote from Dr. Lindley's lecture: "We all know the effect of hybridizing, or crossing the races of animals; this

may be done in the vegetable kingdom. We are all aware that our gardeners are skillful in preparing, by such means, those different varieties of beautiful flowers and admirable fruits which have become common in all the more civilized portions of the world; but no one has paid much attention to the point as regards cereal crops. Yet it is to be supposed, that if you can double the size of a turnip, or if you can double the size of a rose, or produce a hardy race of any kind from one that is tender, or the reverse, in the case of ordinary plants, you should be able to produce the same effect when operating on cereal crops. It so happens, however, that the experiment had not been tried, except on the most limited scale, and to what extent it may be carried has been more brought out by this Exhibition than it ever was before. In the last treatise on this subject by Dr. Gartner, a German writer, who has collected all the information it was possible to procure relating to the production of hybrids in the vegetable kingdom, the author declares that, as to experiments on cereal plants, they can hardly be said to have had any existence. The Exhibition has, nevertheless, shown us that they have been made, and proves distinctly that you may operate on the constitutional peculiarities of wheat, just as you may on the peculiarities of any other plant. For instance, Mr. Raybird of Laverstoke, who obtained, in 1848, a gold medal from the Highland Society for experiments of the kind, sent to the Exhibition a box, which contained a bunch of *Hopetoun wheat*, a white variety, and a bunch of *Piper's thickest wheat*, which is red. The latter is coarse and short strawed, and liable to mildew, but very productive. Mr. Raybird desired to know what would be the result of crossing it with the *Hopetoun wheat*, and the result was shown in the form of four hybrids, obtained from these varieties. The new races thus obtained are intermediate between the two parents,—the ears are shorter than in the *Hopetoun*, and longer than in the *thickest wheat*; in short, there is an intermediate condition plainly perceptible in them throughout. And it appears from the statement of Mr. Raybird, that these hybrid wheats, which are now cultivated in this country, have succeeded to a satisfactory extent, yielding forty bushels to an acre. But in this instance, as in some others, the essential part of the question is not the number of bushels produced per acre, but to show that you may affect the quality of cereal crops, as you may affect animals and other plants. Mr. Maund, an intelligent gentleman residing at Bromsgrove in Warwickshire, has done much more than Mr. Raybird, for he has obtained a greater variety of results. Mr. Maund has been occupied for some years past in the endeavor to ascertain whether something like an important result cannot be produced upon wheat by mulling, and he exhibited the specimens before us in evidence of what may be done. You will observe, that sometimes his hybrids are apparently very good, and sometimes worse than the parents, as we know is always the case. When you hybridize one plant with another, you cannot ascertain beforehand with certainty what the exact result will be, but you will take the chance of it, knowing very well that out of a number of plants thus obtained, some will be of an improved quality. In the

present specimens, in each instance, the male parent is on the left hand, the female on the right, and the third specimen shows the result of combining the two kinds: a better illustration could not be desired. Here is a hybrid considerably larger than the parents, and in the next instance one considerably shorter and stouter. In another example, you see a coarse variety gained between two apparently fine varieties—that is, perhaps, a case of deterioration. In another example, you have a vigorous wheat on the left, and a feeble one on the right, while one much more vigorous than either is the result. On the other hand, we have some anomalous cases, in which the effect of hybridizing has been to impair quality. This is a very important case, well made out, because the moment you saw that by mixing corn, as you mix other things, you obtain corresponding results, there is no reason to doubt that an ingenious person, occupying himself with such matters, will arrive at the same improvements in regard to varieties of wheat, as have already been obtained in the animal kingdom, and in these parts of the vegetable kingdom which have been so dealt with." Here is a brilliant opportunity for a display of that inventive genius and ingenuity, for which we are celebrated as a nation. And we trust we shall soon be enabled to announce, that experiments, by American cultivators, have produced hybrid wheats, quite as important and beneficial, as those generated by our elder brothers on the other side of the Atlantic.

The three specimens of wheat, which are illustrated on the first page of this article, are from varieties presented us at the rooms of the State Agricultural Society, at Albany.

No. 1, is the *Kentucky White-headed, Canada Flint, Hutchinson Wheat*. In many sections this has become a favorite variety. Some persons object to it, on account of the bran being thick, and that it spreads but little, therefore requiring more seed. This latter, however, cannot be regarded as an objection to the wheat. Its straw is stronger; and hence on rich loamy lands, it will succeed better than those with a weaker straw: the latter, too, having more substance, the grain matures, or fills out, after it has been cut. The berries are round, short, and white; weighs 60 to 65 pounds to the bushel; flour very good, but not equal to the white flint.

No. 2, *Soules Wheat*. This is a favorite variety, and is supposed to be composed of the Old Red-chaff and White-chaff bald. The latter more generally known at the South as the "*Virginia White May*." The berries are large, plump and white, stand out well from the ear, shells easy, and yields a very superior flour. Its early maturity makes it still more valuable. It weighs about 63 pounds to the bushel, and has a specific gravity of 1.333.* This is no doubt an excellent wheat, and we have conversed with several well-known agriculturists, who say, taking all things into consideration, they prefer it to even White Flint, or any other variety.

* The true weight of wheat is determined by its specific gravity. The weight of a bushel of wheat will vary with the size of the kernel, and from other circumstances; while its relative weight, or that found by comparing it with an equal bulk of water at a given temperature, depends upon the composition. The heavy varieties, or those with a high specific gravity, contain more gluten than the light; the latter containing more starch.

As the *Soules Wheat* is such a general favorite, we have determined to give its analysis:—

		Calculated on dry matter.
Starch.....	62.29	86.360
Sugar and Extractive Matter, with a little acid formed during analysis.....	0.40	7.023
Dextrin, or unfermentable sugar.....	4.91	1.323
Epidermis.....	7.20	7.903
Matter dissolved out of epidermis and other bodies insoluble in water and boiling alcohol, by a weak solution of caustic potash.....	9.82	7.485
Oil.....	1.05	1.110
Gluten.....	4.91	4.949
Albumen.....	1.67	1.833
Casein.....	trace.	trace.
Water.....	2.75	

100 gr S 100.000

The gluten in the above analysis is small, though thought correct. The matter insoluble in water, was digested in successive portions of boiling alcohol for six hours, till nothing more was taken up. The matter insoluble in water and boiling alcohol, was digested in a weak solution of caustic potash, which took up over 7 per cent of the dry grain; which, if albumen, increases that body to a large per centage. The gluten and starch agree nearly with most of the Winter wheat from the Genesee district, but the albumen and epidermis are much greater.

	PROPORTION.
Per centage of Water.....	9.790
" dry matter.....	90.210
" ash.....	1.720
ash calculated on dry matter.....	1.906 S

No. 3, *Mediterranean Wheat*. This is supposed to be one of the most hardy varieties. Its principal recommendations are, that it is early, heavy, and escapes all disaster, the fly not excepted. The principal objections to it, are its dark color and inferior flour. It is heavy, having a specific gravity of 1.360. It is bearded; shells very easily, if suffered to stand until ripe. It is not cultivated in those districts where the better kinds succeed well.

It should be remembered that to the influence of soil and climate we are indebted for many varieties of wheat which possess peculiar characteristics, or in which there is an excess of the proximate elements over the others. Gluten is largely developed in some, and starch in other varieties. Some are protected by a thick cuticle, which forms the brand; in others, it is thin and delicate. The former are dark colored usually; the latter, white. Some are armed with stiff and rigid awns; others are awnless. Silica is more abundant in some than in others. Those in which this element is full proportioned, stand erect and never lodge. Even in the course of a few years' culture, changes occur in the constitution of wheat, which are easily observable. Thus the *Mediterranean variety*—last described—with a judicious cultivation, in a few years becomes assimilated to the more delicate and whiter varieties.

We now turn to the destroyers and diseases of wheat, which was the main object of the composition of this paper, and if the experience and suggestions here placed before our readers, are the means of aiding one farmer in saving his crop—that may be attacked with either of them—we shall feel abundantly compensated for our labor.

No other insect of the tens of thousands that tem in our land, has received a title of the attention, or been chronicled with a title of the voluminousness that has been assigned to the



Hessian Fly (male, magnified).—From a recent specimen, having the fulvous sutures of the abdomen white. a The natural dimensions.

European insect, and has been detected in Germany, France, Switzerland, and Italy, where it at times commits severe depredations on the wheat crops. Its ravages are alluded to as far back as the year 1732. It was brought to this country, probably in some straw used in pack-



Hessian Fly (female, magnified).—From an older specimen, having the fulvous suture narrow and in part obliterated.

age by the Hessian soldiers, who landed on Staten and the West end of Long Island, August, 1776, but did not become so multiplied as to severely injure the crops in that neighborhood, until 1779. From thence, as a central point, it gradually extended over the country in all directions, advancing at the rate of from ten to twenty miles a year. Most of the wheat crops were destroyed by it, within a year or two of its first arrival at a

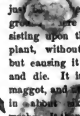
Hessian Fly, of which it has been aptly said, in reference to their destruction of our wheat crops, that it is more formidable than would be an army of twenty thousand Hessians, or any other twenty thousand hirelings, supplied with all the implements of war. This fly (*Cecidomyia destructor* of Say) is an

mies probably increasing to such an extent as almost to exterminate it. It is frequently reappearing in excessive numbers in one and another district of our country, and in addition to wheat, injures also barley and rye.

There are two generations of this insect annually. The eggs resemble minute reddish grains, and are laid in the creases of the upper surface of the leaf, when the wheat is but a few inches high, mostly in the month of September. These hatch in about a week, and the worm crawls down the sheath of the leaf to its base,



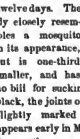
Wheat stalk, sheath broken away, showing the worm on flaxseed-like their way down.



Wheat stalk, sheath broken away, showing the "flat seeds" in their ordinary state.



Same as the last.

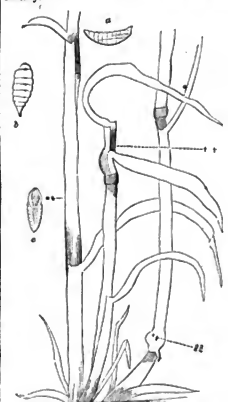


Same as the last.

perishes. The worms from these eggs nestle to the lower joints of the stalks, weakening them, and causing them to bend and fall down from the weight of the head, so that toward harvest, an infested field looks as though cattle had passed through it.

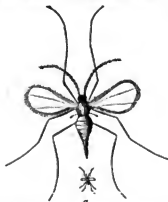
Wheat can scarcely be grown, except on a fertile soil, in those where this insect is abundant. The sowing should be deferred until about the last of September, the season being then passed, when the fly usually deposits its eggs. If at any time in Autumn the eggs of the insect are observed to be profusely deposited upon the leaves, the crop should be speedily grazed down by sheep and other stock, or if this cannot be done, a heavy roller should be passed over it, that as many of the eggs as possible may be crushed or dislodged thereby. One or the other of the same measures should also be resorted to in the Spring, if the same contingency occurs; or if the worms are, at a later date, discovered to be numerous at the first and second joints of the young stalks, the experiment may be tried of mowing, as close down as possible, the most infected portions of the field. Where the soil is of but medium fertility, a resort to some of the hardier varieties of wheat, which are known to be in a measure fly-proof, may be advisable. Perhaps, after all, the most effective manner of destroying this pest, is to burn the stubble, before plowing for the next crop. It has been urged that, as this also annihilates the parasites that prey upon the fly, some of the other modes would be preferable; but from our own experience, we feel

constrained to strongly recommend the first remedy.



Appearance of a healthy (**) and two diseased stalks of wheat at harvest time. (1) stalks broken; from below weakened by worms; (2) head of sheath swollen from worms having it under it, and perforated by parasites coming from them; (3) lateral view of the "flat seed" or larva; (4) dorsal view of the diseased larva, taken from the larva case; (5) ventral view of the pupa.

Next following the Hessian-fly is the clear-winged WHEAT-FLY (*Cecidomyia Trivic*). This



Clear-winged Wheat Fly, female; greatly magnified a, the natural size.



Appearance of a healthy (**) and of a diseased (†) shoot of wheat at harvest, the worms lying at (1). a, lateral view of the "flat seed" or larva; b, dorsal view of the diseased larva; c, ventral view of the pupa.

given place, and its depredations commonly continued for several years, when they would nearly or quite cease; its parasitic insect ene-

species is very distinct from the fly above described; its habits sufficiently show this difference; and the remedies which are in some measure palliative in the case of the Hessian-fly, are valueless against this. Among its peculiarities, some of the most remarkable are that it deposits its eggs in the wheat head, and undergoes its metamorphoses in the soil, and that the mature animal is engaged longer in the work of depositing its eggs than the Hessian-fly. These distinctions must govern our attempts to guard against the attacks of these insects. The defalcations they sometimes occasion are quite enormous. We have heard of many cases where it was equal to 50 per cent. of the whole crop; and when evidences of their presence is discovered in a district, prompt measures should be taken for their destruction.



Clear-Winged Wheat-Fly, male; magnified.

characteristics of this fly by being told that it looks precisely like the wheat-worm, with wings and legs added.



Clear-Winged Wheat-Fly, at this fly varies according to the situation of the country, being in some places in June, and in others late in August.

The time of the appearance of this fly varies according to the situation of the country, being in some places in June, and in others late in August. The first half of July, however, is the time when the largest number of eggs are deposited; a period which, in New England, would find the spring and winter grains in the best state for receiving the egg. The insects are active in the morning and evening, and appear in swarms; but during the day, when the sky is clouded, they conceal themselves among the grain and grass.



Kernel of wheat, with the head, and the worms feeding upon its pulp.

After about eight days, the eggs that have been deposited in the heads of the grain are hatched.

The maggots are orange color, and attain their growth in about twelve or fourteen days; they are about the eighth of an inch long, but their size is not uniform. Their number is also variable, as many as forty being sometimes found on a single plant, and at other times two or three only. They seem to be influenced by exposure; for in hilly places, where the grain is exposed to the wind, they are much less numerous than in sheltered spots.

The injury that wheat sustains by the presence of this fly depends upon its state of forwardness. As the worm is unprovided with boring instruments, it is principally during the soft state of the grain that it has the power to do most hurt. If the egg is deposited so as to be hatched when the plant is in blossom, it is then capable of inflicting the greatest injury; for at this time it is supposed to subsist on the pollen, and may therefore prevent the fertiliza-

tion of many kernels in the same head; and then, also, it obtains the milky fluid that begins to be formed at this period, and is now accessible through the softness of the skin or epidermis of the grain. But if the time of the deposition of the egg is such that it becomes hatched after the plant has flowered, and the kernel has acquired some considerable hardness, the worm is incapable of absorbing nutriment, and perishes for want of food.



Wheat-head, with the chaff bent down by the yellow-bird, in getting at the worms, leaving the grain, as at...

tion of winter wheat, for the substitution of this spring variety and late sowing. This remedy operates on the principle of starvation, and would probably be completely successful, were it not that grasses and other grains beside wheat are suitable recipients for the eggs of the insect, and furnish nutriment for its progeny. Again, it has been recommended to smoke them out. To effect this, the flies must be attacked in the evening, when they rise from their lurking places in the depths of the grain. Brimstone, mingled with other combustible matter, should be burned in a position to give them the full benefit of the smoke and vapor when they rise upon the wing and hover over the grain. Another plan is to sow quick-lime over the field when the heads of the grain are moist. This latter may be repeated several times. Again, it has been recommended to net them as follows: take a long rope attached to a wide-open, tight bag, and let two men, one at each end of the rope, pass through the field, dragging the open, wide-mouthed net over the heads of the wheat. Go over the whole field in this way, and millions of the fly will be caught, if the net or bag is properly managed. Deep ploughing is a remedy that has been tried and often found successful. This, of course, is to be resorted to after harvest; the object of this is to bury the

insect so deep, that they will be unable to find their way out of the ground the next season.

The wheat and corn fields of the South and West have often suffered severely from the depredations of certain minute insects, which have long been known under the appellation of THE CHINCK, or CHINCK BUG, (*Lygus lineator*) of Say. In the State of Virginia, more especially, this chinck bug has been found to be a much more formidable enemy than even the hemlock-fly or wheat-fly. From late accounts we find that it is steadily extending its ravages over the whole wheat range—specimens having lately been discovered in this and the Eastern States, and we deem it not improbable that it may yet become troublesome in districts North and East, where, as yet, our practical agriculturists are entirely unacquainted with it. In anticipation of such a disastrous event and to gratify a curiosity that has been expressed concerning these offensive insects, we here bring forward such information in relation to them, as has come under our scope.

They were first described as early as the year 1788, and were at that time supposed to be apterous, as they are in that state while performing their ravages on the crops. They then much resemble in scent and color the bed bug.

The young individuals are at first a bright red, changing with age to brown and black. They travel in immense columns, from field to field, like locusts, destroying everything as they proceed. In the southern States they make their appearance in the month of May, and in the West about the middle of June. They attack the wheat by attaching themselves to the stalk, from which they extract the sap, to the last particle. The consequence is, that, at harvest time, not only the grain, but the straw also, is nearly worthless. About the time the wheat is ready to cut, these insects arrive at their perfect state, when they are not apterous, but are provided with wings, and then measure about three-twentieths of an inch in length. They are readily distinguished by their white wing-covers, upon each of which there is a short central line and a large marginal oval spot of a black color. The rest of the body is black and downy, except the head, the legs, the antennae at base, and the hinder edge of the thorax, which are reddish-yellow, and the forepart of the thorax, which has a grayish luster. The eggs are laid in the ground, in which they have been found in great abundance at the depth of an inch or more. They continue their depredations on various plants during the whole summer, finally taking shelter during the winter under the bark of stumps and logs, under large clouds, etc., many of them living to recommence their work of devastation during the following year. The destruction of the chinck bug is attempted by running ditches across the field filled with straw, and as soon as the bugs are seen thereon, setting fire to it. Many are exterminated by occasionally burning the dry leaves in the forest upon which they settle. No doubt some of the remedies used against the hemlock and wheat flies would be valuable against the chinck bug.

In the Eastern States another small insect has been discovered in the ear of growing wheat. It seems to agree with the account of the *Thrips cerealis*, which sometimes infests wheat in Europe to a great extent. This insect,

in its larva state, is smaller than the wheat maggot, is orange colored, and is provided with six legs, two antennae, and a short beak, and is very nimble in its motions. It is supposed to suck out the juices of the seed, thus causing the latter to shrink and become what the English farmers call pungled. This little pest may probably be destroyed by giving the grain a thorough coating of slacked lime.

Stored grain is exposed to much injury from the depredations of two little moths, which, on examination, turns out to be identical both in this country and Europe; but not having been thoroughly described by our home entomologists, we are obliged to rely on the accounts given by foreign writers.

THE GRAIN MOTHS (*Tinea Granella*), in its perfect state, is a winged insect, between three and four-tenths of an inch long, from the head to

are sometimes designated, are really soft and naked caterpillars, of a cylindrical shape, tapering a little at each end, and are provided with sixteen legs, the first three pairs of which are conical and jointed, and the others fleshy and wad-like. When fully grown, they measure four or five-tenths of an inch in length, and are of a light ochre or buff color, with a reddish head. When about six weeks old, they leave the grain, and get into cracks, or around the sides of corn bins, and each one makes itself a little oval pod, or cocoon, about as large as a grain of wheat. The insects of the first brood, as before said, come out of their cocoons, in the winged form, in July and August, and lay their eggs for another brood; the others remain unchanged in their cocoons throughout the winter, and take the chrysalis form in March or April following. Three weeks afterwards, the shining

color above, having the luster of satin, with narrow, broadly-fringed hind wings of an ashy or leaden color, two thread-like antennae, consisting of numerous bearded joints, a spiral tongue of moderate length, and two tapering feelers, turned over its head. It lays from sixty to ninety eggs, placing them in clusters of twenty or more on a single grain; from these are hatched, in from four to six days, little worm-like caterpillars, not thicker than a hair, these immediately disperse, and each one selects for itself a single grain, and burrows therein at the most tender part, commonly the place whence the plumale comes forth; remaining there concealed, it devours the mealy substance within the hull, where the destruction goes on so secretly as only to be detected by the softness of the grain or the loss of its weight. When fully grown, this caterpillar is not more than one-fifth of an inch long. It is of a white color, with a brownish head, and it has six small jointed legs, and ten exceedingly small wart-like prop legs. Having eaten out all the heart of the grain, which is just enough for all its wants, it spins a silken web or curtain to divide the hollow, lengthwise, into two nearly equal parts, the smaller containing the rejected fragments of its food, and the larger cavity serving instead of a cocoon, wherein the insect undergoes its transformations. Before turning to a chrysalis it gnaws a small hole nearly, or quite, through the hull, and sometimes also through the chaffy covering of the grain, through which it can make its escape easily when it becomes a winged moth. The insect of the first, or summer brood, come to maturity in about three weeks, remain but a short time in the chrysalis state, and turn to winged moths in the autumn, and at this time may be found, in the evening, in great numbers, laying their eggs on the grain stored in barns and granaries. The moth-worms of the second brood remain in the grain through the winter, and do not change to winged insects till the following summer, when they come out, fly into the fields in the night, and lay their eggs on the young ears of the growing grain. Although, there seem to be two principal broods in the course of a year, we are not to understand that these are the only ones, for French writers inform us that others are produced during the whole summer, and that the production of the insect is accelerated or retarded by differences in the temperature of the air. When damaged grain is sown it comes up very thin; the infected kernels seldom sprout, but the insects lodged in them remain alive, finish their transformation in the field, and in due time come out of the ground in the winged form. Although the above is the French account of this moth, we feel confident, that, from the repeated examinations of our American writers, they are identical with the moth of this country, and, perhaps, hereafter their mode of introduction among us may be as satisfactorily accounted for, as that of the heanish-fly.

It has been proved by experience that the ravages of the two kinds of grain-moths, whose characteristics we have just described, can be effectually checked by drying the damaged grain in an oven, or kiln, and that a heat of 167°, Fahr., continued during twelve hours, will kill the insects in all their forms. Indeed,

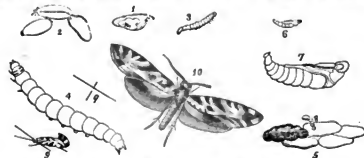


Fig. 1. A grain of wheat opened, to show the cavity in which the caterpillar of *Tinea granella* had fed, with the excrement at the apex. Fig. 2. A caterpillar with its head extended at the apex. Fig. 3. A caterpillar with its head retracted. Fig. 4. The caterpillar of *Tinea granella*. Fig. 5. The same magnified. Fig. 6. A group of the cocoons spun

by the same. Fig. 7. The chrysalis taken out of a cocoon. Fig. 8. The same magnified. Fig. 9. A chrysalis sticking in a cocoon after the moth was hatched. Fig. 10. *Tinea granella* at rest. Fig. 11. The same flying, and magnified. Fig. 12. The natural dimensions.

the tip of its wings, and expands six-tenths of an inch. It has a whitish tuft on its forehead; its long and narrow wings cover its back like a sloping roof, are a little turned up behind, and edged with a white fringe. Its fore-wings are glossy like satin, and are marbled with white and gray, light brown, and dark brown and blackish spots, and there is always one dark square spot near the middle of the outer edge. Its hind-wings are blackish. Some of these winged moths appear in May, others in July and August, at which time they lay their eggs; for there are two broods of them in the course of the year. The young from the first laid eggs come to their growth and finish their transformations in six weeks or two months; the others live through the winter, and turn to winged moths in the following spring. The young moth worms do not burrow into the grain, as has been asserted by some writers, who seem to have confounded them with the Angoumois grain-worms; but, as soon as they are hatched, they begin to gnaw the grain, and cover themselves with the fragments, which they line with a silken web. As they increase in size, they fasten together several grains with their webs, so as to make a larger cavity, wherein they live. After a while, becoming uneasy in their confined habitations, they come out and wander over the grain, spinning their threads as they go, till they have found a suitable place wherein to make their cocoons. Thus wheat and the other cereals, all of which they attack, will be found full of lumps of grain cemented together; and when the worm is very numerous, the whole surface of the grain in the bin will be covered with a thick crust of webs and of adhering grains. These destructive corn-worms, as they

brown chrysalis forces itself part way out of the cocoon, by the help of some little sharp points on its tail, and bursts open on the other end, so as to allow the moth therein confined to come forth.

From various statements, there is no doubt but that this grain moth prevails, to a greater or less extent, in all parts of the country, and that it is generally taken for the grain weevil, from which, of course, it is entirely a distinct species. Its habits, probably, are somewhat varied; for, although most writers on its history agree in saying that the insect leaves the grain and conceals itself in crevices of the granary when preparing to make its cocoon, others expressly state that it undergoes its transformations in its web among the grain.

The other of these moths is known as the Angoumois Moth (*Anacampsis [Butalis] cerealella*). For more than a century this insect has prevailed in the western parts of France, and has gradually been extending in several directions. In some provinces in that country it has been found much more destructive than the species above described. In the province of Angoumois it continued to increase for many years, till at length the attention of the government was directed to its fearful devastations. This was in 1760, when the insect was found to swarm in all the wheat fields and granaries of Angoumois and the neighboring provinces, and the afflicted inhabitants were thereby deprived not only of their principal staple, wherever they were wont to pay their annual rents, their taxes, and their tithes, but they were threatened with famine and pestilence for the want of wholesome bread. This insect, in its perfect state, is a little moth, of a pale cinnamon brown

the heat may be reduced to 104°, with the same effect, but then the grain must remain exposed to it for the space of two days. Insect-mills, somewhat like coffee-roasters on a large scale, have been invented in France, for the purpose of heating and agitating the infested wheat by which the eggs and larvæ of these moths are destroyed. Fumigation, in close vessels, with the gas of burning charcoal, is found to be an effectual remedy, and we have assurance that this process neither imparts any bad flavor to the grain, nor does it impair its power of vegetation. Early threshing and winnowing is also recommended. Machine threshing is decidedly preferable, and the process, if possible, should not be deferred beyond the first of August. Passing through a rubbing-mill is beneficial, and if the wheat is not ground at once, it should be deposited in tight bins or casks. If a large surface of grain be exposed in the barn or granary, or the mill, during the season of the moth, it will assuredly become affected; for, in the night, when these insects are most active and on the wing, they will light on the exposed surface, and deposit their eggs, which, in a few months of hot weather, will produce numerous and successive broods of moth worms.

Of all the destroyers of wheat, probably none is more extensively known by name than the natural *GRAIN WEEVIL* (*Cleandra granaria*); still we think we shall be sustained in the assertion that



Grain weevil, *Cleandra granaria*, as it is, the natural size.

among agriculturists generally, not one in a thousand of the class referred to, actually understand, either its character or appearance. In fact, we have consulted many of the more educated class of farmers, who gave it as their opinion, that the greatest havoc of this insect was committed while the grain was in the ripening field.



The grainy weevil, in its perfect state, is a small beetle of a pitch red color, about one-eighth of an inch long, with a slender snout slightly bent downwards, a coarsely-punctured and very long thorax, constituting about one-half the length of the whole body, and wing-covers that are furrowed, and do not entirely cover the tip of the abdomen. This little insect, both in its beetle and grub state, devours stored wheat and other cereals, and often commits much havoc in granaries, brew-houses, etc. The power of multiplication of this weevil is truly wonderful, it having been demonstrated that a single pair of them can reproduce

above six thousand descendants in a single year; and they are sometimes so numerous in a grain heap, that they destroy it altogether, leaving nothing but the chaff.

After the sexes have paired, the female makes a hole in a grain of wheat with her rostrum, and deposits an egg. These holes are not perpendicular to the surface of the grain, but oblique, or even parallel, and are sopped with a species of gluten of the same color of the corn. Sometimes two eggs are deposited in the same kernel, and the larvæ of the twins are just as plump as those who have the good for-

tune to have a whole grain to themselves. From the egg is hatched in due time a small footless grub, which, during its growth, eats out the entire contents of the grain, and when lodged in the grain, is perfectly sheltered from all injuries of the air, because its excrements serve to close up the aperture; so there is no use of stirring the grain as nothing can incommode it. It is very white—has the form of an elongated soft worm, and the body is composed of nine prominent rounded rings; it is nearly a line in length, with a yellow rounded head, provided with proper instruments for knawing the grain. When the larvæ has eaten all the flour, and it is arrived at its full growth, it remains in the envelope of the grain, where it is metamorphosed into a nymph, of a clear white



Grainy weevil, *Cleandra granaria*, as it is, the natural size.

and transparent color; the proboscis and antennæ can readily be distinguished; but it gives no sign of life, except when disturbed, and then but a slight movement of the abdomen. Eight or ten days after, the perfect grainy weevil eats its way out; and immediately commences preparation for another brood. These insects are effectually destroyed by kiln-drying the wheat; and grain that is kept cool, well ventilated, and is frequently moved, is said to be exempt from attack. A correspondent of the "Mark-lane Express," in speaking of this grain weevil, says:—"Some years ago we found a house overrun with weevils; after numberless attempts to destroy them, we were led to observe that they were almost entirely on the south wall (our rainy side), and that they appeared to breed in incredible numbers, in an unusually damp spot or corner. Taking the hint, we cased the wall on the outside with slate, and made the house in every respect perfectly dry, and in a short time the weevils died off and disappeared. Since adopting this precaution, we have not the least trouble, and have only been reminded that such an insect exists, when an accidental spot of damp has appeared to generate them again. We think ourselves, therefore, entitled to say, that these insects require moisture; and that if the grain and granary, as both ought always to be, are dry and healthy, weevils will not long remain. This plan bears the merit of costing less than nothing, because the injury that wheat sustains directly from damp, is more than equivalent to the expense of keeping premises dry, leaving its indirect influence in the generation of weevils, out of the question."

An experiment was lately tried at the Patent Office, at Washington, to destroy the weevils with chloroform, and it would appear that results satisfactory to the experimenter was arrived at; but should there be merit in the application, probably the process will be much too expensive for practicability. It might, however, do well in some cases.

Another species of beetle that preys upon wheat, is the CORN SILVANUS, (*Silvanus Surinamensis*). From the specific name, it may be inferred that this little beetle has been imported originally from Surinam. It is now a constant in-buriall of our stores and warehouses. It commits its depredations much in the same manner as the last, and with which it is often confounded—although a separate and distinct species.



Corn silvanus, *Silvanus Surinamensis*, as it is, the natural size.

The corn silvanus is only one line and a quarter long, and very narrow; it is flat and of a rusty brown color, thickly and coarsely punctured, and sparingly clothed with short yellow depressed hairs.

The larvæ is a little depressed yellowish white worm; it is composed of a tolerably large head, with two pointed jaws, and two little horns, and of twelve transverse segments; the tail is somewhat conical, and it has six articulated legs. The nymph, is of the same color; the head is bent downwards; the thorax is suborbicular with three ridges; the sides with a few short spines; scutellum elongated; elytra wrapped over the sides and striated; abdomen with distinct segments; the sides with short thick points like the thorax. This insect attacks all of the cereals, and is also found under the bark of trees, old stumps, etc. The remedies recommended for the granary weevil, will also be found available against this.

We now proceed to notice another class of destructive—the PARASITIC FUNGI. This class of plants derive their nutriment from some kind of organized matter, none of them growing directly from the soil, water, or atmosphere, like other plants. They are of great importance in the economy of nature, by assisting in the decomposition of decaying animal and vegetable substances. A few of them appear to grow on healthy subjects; but these, possibly, may most frequently have originated on a part where disease or decay had already effected some alteration in the tissue, and then, by spreading rapidly from thence, they may afterwards have caused the delay of other parts also. None of this tribe of plants attain to any great size, when we compare them with many species of flowering plants. Among fungi we find a multitude of extremely minute species, which it needs the skill of an experienced microscopic observer to detect and examine; and it is also among the very lowest of the several groups into which these minute fungi are classed, that we must search for the few species that produce the fatal diseases in wheat we are about to describe. But if these fungi are in themselves so exceedingly small, how much more so are those reproductive bodies analogous to the seeds of flowering plants, by which they are propagated and multiplied. So very minute are these spores (as the botanists term them), that they altogether escape observation by the naked eye, and can only be just distinguished by high powers of the microscope. Many of this kind of fungi live beneath the scarfskin, or epidermis, and within the very substance of certain plants. In the progress of their growth they raise blisters under the epidermis, and when arrived at maturity, they burst through it, and then form blotches of various colors, which are frequently orange, brown, or black. These spots (or scabs) are masses of fructification, and are surrounded by the tattered edges of the ruptured epidermis. A vast number of these fungi are known

to botanists. Like parasitic animals, they are restricted in their power of attack, being able to live on certain species only, and even on particular parts only of the same individuals of these species. The flea which attacks dogs is distinct from that which annoys man. So, also, with these parasitic fungi:—some are restricted to one species of plants, some to another; but, generally speaking, most of them are capable of living upon more than one species of the same genus, where, of course, we might expect the resemblance in all points to be very close. Some fungi confine their attacks to the seed, others to the stem or leaves, and some even only to one side of the leaves. One of those that attacks wheat lives only on the grain, another more particularly attacks the short stalks on which each flower is seated, whilst some of these, of which we are about to speak, are restricted to the straw, chaff, and leaves; but all of them live at first beneath the epidermis, and not upon it. In this respect they bear a close analogy to those parasitic animals which live within the bodies of other animals, some immediately beneath the skin; others in the intestines, and others, again, within the very substance of the muscle. It is the extraordinary minuteness of the spores (or seed-like bodies) of these fungi, which allows of their being absorbed by the roots, and probably, also, through the pores of the stem and leaves of plants; and then they are conveyed by the sap to the various parts where they are enabled to germinate, grow and fructify. The spores appear to be everywhere dispersed through the atmosphere, ready to germinate wherever they may find a dead or living subject in a condition suited to their attack. Common mouldiness, for instance, which so readily forms on many substances in moist situations, is the most familiar example of the inconceivable numbers in which the spores of a minute fungus are every where diffused. The difficulty of admitting such a universal dispersion of these spores has induced some modern philosophers to support the old exploded theory of spontaneous generation. Of this theory, however, we may safely assert, in the present state of human knowledge, that it involves difficulties an hundred fold more inexplicable than any which attend on the opposite theory, which teaches us, that all living creatures proceed from similarly organized beings, originally called into being at the fiat of the Almighty. We shall, therefore, consider these minute fungi to be plants, which proceed from, and are capable of reproducing their kind, by means of those minute spores with which direct observation has made us well acquainted.

The first of these fungi which we shall notice is the *BUNT OR SMUT BALL*. (*Uredo Carici*, De Con-dolle—*Uredo fatida*, Baeuer). The fungus which occasions this well-known and much-dreaded disease, has thus far been met with, only in grains of wheat. Its presence is readily recognized by the peculiar disgusting odor of the infected ear. It may readily be detected in the young seed, even at the earliest stages of the flower-bud, and, when fully ripe, it most frequently occupies the whole interior of the grain, but without bursting the skin; so that the wheat retains the same size and shape, that it would have assumed, had it been perfectly

sound. When examined under the microscope, the bunt-fungus is seen to consist of vast numbers of extremely minute globules, of a dark color, and which are at first attached to a mass of thread-like matter, analogous to what is termed "the spawn" in mushrooms and other agarics, and which, in those plants, spread under ground, and frequently occasion the remarkable appearances, called fairy rings.

It is not easy to see this spawn of the bunt-fungus, but the little dark globules called spores may readily be detected. They may be considered analogous to the seed-vessels of flowering plants, and each of them contains a mass of almost inconceivably minute spores, by means of which the plant is propagated.

The reproductive powers of fungi are quite beyond our power of comprehension. Fries, one of our greatest authorities, has calculated that a particular fungus may contain 10,000,000 spores. M. Baeuer, has actually measured the spores of the present species, and found their diameter is not more than the one-sixteenth-hundredth part of an inch. A single grain of wheat, estimated at less than the one-thousandth part of a cubic inch, would, therefore, contain more than 4,000,000 such spores; but it is hardly possible to conjecture how many spores each contains, since they are scarcely distinguishable under any very high powers of the microscope, and then appear only as a faint cloud of vapor, whilst they are escaping from the ruptured spores.

When this disease prevails, it greatly deteriorates the value of the sample,—imparting a disgusting odor to the flour, and it makes it much less fit for domestic purposes. Although the bunt-fungus confines its attacks to the young seed, it seems to be a condition essential to its propagation, that it should be introduced into the plant during the early stages of its growth, and that its spores are most readily absorbed by the root during the germinating of the seed from which the plant has sprung. It has been clearly proved that wheat plants may be easily affected and the disease thus propagated by simply rubbing the seeds before they are sown with the black-powder, or spores of the fungus. It is also as clearly ascertained, that if the seeds thus tainted be thoroughly cleansed, the plants raised from them will not be infected. This fact is now so well established, that in Europe, and among many well-informed farmers, in this country, a practice of washing or steeping seed-wheat in certain solutions, prevails to a great extent. Upon simply immersing the grain in water, the infected seeds float, and, on the water being poured off, nothing but the sound ones remain in the vessel. This simple process, however, is never perfectly effective, because, in threshing the wheat many of the infected grains (smut-balls) are crushed, and the spores are dispersed in the form of a fine powder, which adheres, with considerable obstinacy, to the surface of the sound grains, by means of an oily or greasy matter found on the fungi. In order to detach them effectually, it has been considered useful to add some alkaline ley to the water in which they are washed; because oil and alkali unite and form a soapy substance, and then the spores will no longer adhere to the surface of the grains of wheat. Lime, possessing alkaline properties, is extensively used

for this purpose. Common potash, and substances containing ammonia, as the liquid portion of stable manure, have also been used. Again, strong brine, sulphate of copper, arsenic, and a variety of other materials which do not possess alkaline qualities, have been employed, which would leave the impression that all these solutions act rather by destroying the vegetative properties of the fungi, than as a means of removing them from the surface of the grains.

THE SMUT OR DIRT BRAND (*Uredo segetum*) is a disease produced by another fungus, which is often confounded with the last; and, no doubt, more prevalent on this continent, than either of the numerous diseases of wheat. The smut-fungus resembles the bunt-fungus in color and shape; but its spores are not half so large, and it possesses none of the disgusting odors which characterize the latter. Although this fungus is generally supposed to attack the grain much in the same way as the bunt-fungus, only that it more thoroughly destroys it, this is not the case; it has been proved that the smut-fungus, destroys the ear, by first occasioning the innermost parts of the flower to become abortive; whilst the little stalks on which these are seated swell and become very fleshy. The fungus then consumes the whole of this fleshy mass, and, at length, appears beneath the chaff scales, in the form of a black soot-like powder, the spores having burst through the epidermis of the grain. Mr. Baeuer gives the dimensions of this fungus, by which it appears that the diameter of a spore is not more than the twenty-eight-hundredth part of an inch.

On some accounts this disease is not so much dreaded as bunt; the principal ones are, that the spores have generally been dispersed before the grain is cut; and, even when present in the floor, they have no disagreeable odor. It is sometimes, however, very injurious by diminishing the product. This fungus is common in most of the cereals. It is likewise observed in several grasses. Like the bunt-fungus, so, also, may the smut-fungus be kept in check, by carefully steeping the infected grain; but this process does not here appear to be so thoroughly effective as in the former case. Probably, the earlier ripening of the spores causes the spores to disperse in the fields, and so keep up a greater out-door supply of them. If of two evils we might choose the least, it would certainly be more desirable that the wheat should be attacked by smut than bunt. It seems to be most likely that grain affected with either, cannot be very noxious, as fowls which have been fed with them receive no injury.

In regard to the precautions to be taken against bunt and smut—whatever some persons hope, when they suggest the possibility of our effectually exterminating the bunt-fungus, if a system of carefully steeping all seed wheat were to prevail universally, the most sanguine calculations could never count upon the termination of the smut-fungus with any prospect of success. Since the latter does not confine its attacks to grain, but is also found in the grasses which grow in pastures, and by the road-side, a plentiful supply of spores will always be kept up to warrant the belief that we shall never expunge this species from Flora. Still, we may feel assured that precautionary mea-

spores may materially lessen an evil which cannot be wholly avoided. Since the spores of the two fungi which produce rust and smut enter the plants, they attack, by absorption, at the roots, and, since they are buried with those seeds to whose surface they have attached themselves, it is evident that too much care cannot be bestowed in procuring clean seed, or in purifying such as may accidentally be infected. It has been suggested that the farmer should cultivate a crop expressly for seed, by which a small spot could be set apart, and more carefully attended than the rest. He then would be able to weed it from every plant infected with any observable disease, and thus secure good and perfectly clean seed.

Perhaps, next in order, it will be best to describe the *Rust*, or, as it is sometimes designated, *Rus-BAD*, *Rus-NORTH* and *Rus-GRM* (*Uredo rubigo* and *Uredo graminis*). It is believed that, under the names here quoted, agriculturists have comprehended the attack of what systematic botanists consider to be two distinct species of fungi, and which the experienced eye of the microscope observer was alone likely to separate. It first appears on the blades of wheat in the spring. The fungi form yellow and brown oval spots and blotches upon the stem, leaf and chaff; and when the spores have burst through the epidermis, they are readily dispersed. Like those of the rust-fungus and smut-fungus, they consist of very minute grains, but their color is different, varying from orange-yellow to brown, and their shape is not so perfectly spherical, especially those of *U. linearis*, which are usually oblong. Those fungi are very common on grain and grasses—in general more abundant than any other of the grain pests. It abounds in the form of an orange powder, which exudes from the inner surface of the chaff scales, but it is scarcely, if ever, to be seen in the skin of the seed; it may also be traced in patches beneath the epidermis of the straw, but we do not observe that it bursts through the epidermis anywhere, excepting on the inside of the chaff. This disease has been proved to be identical with *Mildew* (*Puccinia graminis*). There can be no doubt that the former is only an early stage of the growth of the latter. The ripe spores are little intensely dark-brown club-shaped bodies, having the thicker end divided into two chambers, each filled with spores. They taper gradually at the base into a fine stalk. The spore (or patches of spores) are composed of multitudes of these bodies, which sometimes burst through the epidermis of the stem and leaves in such profusion that the whole plant appears to have been scorched.

On the precautions to be taken against rust and mildew, we have very little satisfactory information. It has not been clearly determined by experiment whether the spores of rust and mildew fungi are absorbed by the roots of grain like those of the burnt and smut-fungi, or whether (which seems to be the most prevalent idea) they enter through those minute pores on the stem and leaves, which botanists term "stomata." The fungi at first make their appearance in little cavities seated immediately beneath these pores, which certainly look very much as if the spores entered there. The stomata are naturally exhaling organs, continually discharging, under the influence of light,

a large portion of the water imbibed by the root. But in moist weather this function is impeded—if, in some cases, it is not actually reversed—when it would be easy for the spores to enter these invisible stomata with the moisture imbibed by them. The fact, however, stands in need of proof; and hitherto the evidence is more in favor of similar fungi being imbibed by the roots of the plants which they attack. Mr. Knight, indeed, who is high authority, particularly insists upon mildew being induced by foggy weather happening at a time when the ground is particularly dry; circumstances which we may readily understand as likely to convert the stomata (or even the whole superficial tissue of plants) into imbibing organs. If the autumnal fog really predispose plants to the attacks of the mildew-fungus, we must agree with those who recommend the growth of early varieties in places subject to these fogs. It seems to be pretty generally admitted that spring wheats are less liable to mildew than winter wheats, and that heavy soils are less subject to it than light ones. But, at present, the information on these points are most vague and unsatisfactory. We may safely conclude that a general healthy state of the plant, without any over-luxuriance of vegetation, is most likely to secure a crop against the attacks of the rust and mildew fungi; but, that whatever tends to render the plant sickly, whether it be excess of heat or cold, drought or wet, sudden changes of temperature, poverty of soil, or over-manuring, shade, etc., etc., must be considered as a predisposing cause to these diseases. If it were clearly ascertained that a wheat crop had imbibed the spores of the mildew-fungus early in the season, it would undoubtedly be advisable to feed it down with sheep or other cattle. The plan of mowing it as close down as possible, would also be beneficial. The rust and mildew fungi attack many grasses, and have been found in great perfection in the common reed. It is evident, therefore, that we can never expect to exterminate these fungi, but that these spores will always be found in our fields, ready to attack grain crops whenever these are brought into a state adapted to receive their influence.

Although we have not noticed all the destructive of wheat, we have described those which we have deemed most important. Before closing, we would again impress on agriculturists generally the importance of availing themselves of the immense practical benefit science is daily placing within their reach. Chemistry and the microscope are opening fountains of knowledge that are invaluable to their calling, at once paving the way to its successful prosecution. And the fact is becoming each moment more extended, that to produce good and large crops, agriculture is an employment that requires quite as much study and experience as either of the other (so called) learned professions. But we think we hear one say, "How am I to avail myself of these benefits? what do I know of chemistry or the microscope?" Friend, in relation to the latter, we will inform you of a few significant facts. If you will procure a microscope, you will find it not only the most useful and instructive, but also the most amusing article you ever expended your money for; and that by its use, while you are acquir-

ing information and experience of the utmost value in your business, you are constantly making a series of exhibitions that amuse and educate every individual member of your family. And thus you will become, by ocular demonstration, personally acquainted with each of the destroyers your crops may be subject to; and by knowing the immediate cause, how much more readily can the remedy be prescribed.

One more fact. When a district is affected with the fly, bag, or worm, to insure a speedy riddance, there must be concert of action. It is the duty of the farmer to not only use his utmost exertions, but to also urge his neighbors to do likewise; for unless there is a general extermination, the whole effort will prove fruitless.

Again a great majority of our agriculturists must give up their prejudices in regard to what they term "book learning," and get out of the old see-saw track. We remember to have had farmers tell us that "father does so, and what was good enough for him is good enough for me." Well, sir, we will admit father does so, but if your father had common sense, or his son either, he will readily admit that McCormick's Reaper, a Drill Cultivator, a Threshing Machine, a Sub-soil Plow, and many other improvements in tools, etc., are of incalculable benefit to the farmer—then how much more these valuable theories by which practical science demonstrate the why's and the wherefore's according to the immutable laws of nature. Why is it, that Judge So-and-so or Squire Whate-name, always take the premiums at the State and County Fairs? Simply because the judge and the squire, look at the *theoretical* as well as the practical portion of farming. Will the reflecting portion of the tillers of the soil, think deeply on our few last remarks, and each man remember that it is not only his interest but his duty to raise full crops.

TO MRS. H. B. J. OF F. C. N. J.

LETTER LIZIE, WISCONSIN LIZIE,
Came out glorious Autumn hour,
When the shanting sunlight, golden,
Flayed with hazy fruit and flower,—
When the streamlet leapt in gladness,
From its mossy prison freed,
And went rippling out its sweetness,
O'er every bowery mead.
Then thy Lizzie, darling Lizzie,
Lay upon thy pulsing breast,
Like a glorious thing of beauty,
Sent at the great God's behest,—
And thy heart, like woodland fountain,
Fed by pure mountain stream,
Leaped forth in joy and gladness,
Flashing in the day-god's beam.
But the slanting sunlight golden
Came again with Autumn days,—
And the earth like one vast altar,
Lay beneath the smoky haze,
That the incense floated upward
To the Great Eternal's throne,
Bearing on its downy pinions,
Little Lizzie's dying moan.
Ah so pale and still she seemeth,
Pallid brow, and closed eyes,—
Little arms all weakly folded,—
State-like, and cold the lies,
File the Earth where ye have laid her,
Near the tablet, seated the sod,
Little Lizzie sleepeth sweetly,
In the bosom of her God.

Bergin Hill, N. J.

ASW. ARABICK



BRADY'S LEAP.

CAPTAIN SAMUEL BRADY was the Daniel Boone of Ohio, and was as efficient in the settlement of that State, as his illustrious contemporary was in establishing the domain of the white man in the State of Kentucky. He entered the army at the commencement of our revolutionary struggle, and was engaged at the siege of Boston, as well as in many other important contests during the war for Independence. He was a lieutenant under Wayne at the massacre of Paoli, when that officer was surprised, and the greater portion of his command cut to pieces and destroyed in cold blood. Toward the close of the war, he was captain of a corps of rangers at Fort Pitt, under Colonel Brodhead, and rendered effectual service against the Indians, who were in league with the British. He had lost a father and brother at the hands of the red skins, and swore to take a terrible revenge.

To a mind fertile in expedient, and quick as a flash of light in its deliberations, he added a frame well knit, though slight, and a constitution of iron mould. He was an Indian-fighter *con amore*, and the greater portion of his time was spent in the war-path. Many are the deeds of daring and thrilling adventure related of him. A volume might be written embracing the adventures and hair-breadth escapes of the gallant captain, but, in common with an immense mass of unwritten tradition equally valuable and interesting, they are fast being forgotten and buried in the graves of the past generation. The following incident, although it has been frequently published, may yet be new to many of our readers.

On one occasion, while out with a small party of his rangers in pursuit of the Indians, he had gone as far as Slippery Rock Creek, a branch of Beaver river, in Western Pennsylvania, without seeing any signs of his foe. Here, however, he struck upon a fresh trail, which led up the creek, and he hastened in pursuit of

the savages, who were some distance in advance. He followed the trail until evening, when he was obliged to wait the return of daylight before he could pursue it further. At the earliest dawn he started afresh, and without stopping to break his fast, he hurried on, bent on coming up with the enemy before they could reach their towns. His precipitancy had nearly cost him his life, for although the party in front did not dream of his proximity, yet a body of warriors, far outnumbering his own small band, had discovered his trail, and were following it with as much avidity and determination, as he was pursuing their comrades.

Brady discovered those in front, just as they were finishing their morning meal and preparing to renew their journey. Placing his men in such a manner as to intercept them should any attempt to escape, at a given signal they delivered a close and well-directed volley, and started up to rush upon the enemy with their tomahawks, when the band in their rear fired upon them in turn, taking them completely by surprise, killing two of their number and throwing the remainder into confusion. Finding himself thus between two fires, and vastly outnumbered, there was nothing left but flight, and Brady, directing his men to look out for themselves, started off at his topmost speed in the direction of the creek.

The Indians had a long and heavy account to settle with him, however, and deemed this the opportunity to wipe it out with his blood. For this purpose they desired to secure him alive, and fifty red skins, regardless of the others who had scattered in every direction, dropped their rifles and followed him. The Indians knew the ground—Brady did not, and they felt secure of their victim when they saw him run toward the creek, which was at this point a wide, deep and rapid stream. A yell of triumph broke from them as he arrived at the bank and comprehended his desperate situation. There was apparently no escape, and for a moment the captain felt that his time had come. Twice but

for an instant, however; he well knew the fate which awaited him should he fall into the hands of his enemies, and this reflection nerved him to a deed which, perhaps, in his calmer moments he would have found himself incapable of performing. Gathering all his force into one mighty effort as he approached the brink of the stream, and clinging with a death grip to his trusty rifle, he sprang across the chasm through which the stream ran, and landed safely upon the other side, with his rifle in his hand. Quick as thought, his piece was primed, and he commenced to reload. His feet had barely made their imprint upon the soft, yielding soil of the western bank, before his place was filled by the brawny form of a warrior, who, having been foremost in the pursuit, now stood in wonder and amazement as he contemplated the gap over which the captain had passed. With a frankness which seemed not to undervalue the achievement of an enemy, the savage, in tolerable good English exclaimed, "Brady make good jump! Brady make very good jump!" His conflicting emotions of regret at the escape of his intended victim, and admiration of the deed by which that escape had been accomplished, did not hinder the discovery that Brady was engaged in loading his piece, and he did not feel assured but that his compliment would be returned from the muzzle of the captain's rifle. He incontinently took to his heels as he discovered the latter ramming home the bullet, which might the next moment be searching out a vital part in his dusky form, and his erratic movements showed that he entertained no mean idea of his enemy's skill at sharp-shooting. The outline of the most intricate field fortification would convey but a slight idea of the serpentine course he pursued until satisfied that he was out of rifle shot. Sometimes leaping in the air, at others squatting suddenly on his haunches, and availing himself of every shelter, he evinced a lively fear, which doubtless had its origin in a previous knowledge of the fatal accuracy of the captain's aim. Brady had other

views, however, and was not disposed to waste time and powder upon a single enemy, when surrounded by hundreds, and when the next moment an empty barrel might cost him his life; and while the savage was still displaying his agility on the opposite bank, he darted into the woods and made his way to a rendezvous previously fixed upon, where he met the remainder of his party, and they took their way for home, not more than half defeated. It was not a great while before they were again on the war-path, in search of further adventures.

Brady afterwards visited the spot, and, out of curiosity, he measured the stream at the place where he jumped, and found it to measure twenty-three feet from shore to shore, and the water found to be twenty feet deep.

A similar incident is related of Brady in the "Historical Collections of Ohio," as having occurred on the banks of the Cuyahoga, in which it is stated that, as he was crawling up the opposite bank, the Indians fired upon him, and wounded him in the hip, but he managed to staunch the wound and escape, by hiding himself in the hollow trunk of a tree until the search for him was over, when he crawled out, and, after incredible hardship and fatigue, arrived safe at his quarters. The two stories may have had their origin in the same occurrence, but the details are so dissimilar, except in the distance, which is in both cases about twenty-three feet, that it is possible, nay, more than probable, that the captain was called upon to exert his great powers on two separate occasions to save himself from the torture or the stake.

HONOR TO LABOR.

BY J. K. WILSON.

Honor to Labor!—It gives health;
Honor to Labor!—It brightens wealth;
Honor to Labor!—Our glorious land
Displays its trophies on every hand.
It hath smoothed the plains, laid the forests low,
And brightened the vale with the harvest's glow—
Reared cities vast, with their marts of trade,
Where erst undisturbed by the woodland shade—
Brought up from the depths of the towering mine
Its treasured stores, in the light to shine—
Sent Commerce forth on her tireless wings
In search of all precious and goodly things,
To the stormy North, with its frost-bound seas,
And to bright lands fanned by the Southern breeze,
Where the Orange deepens its sunset dye,
And the cocoa ripens 'neath golden skies—
To the bonanzas of the farthest Austral climes,
Unknown in the records of earlier times,
She spreads her flight, and each clime and zone
Yield their rich treasures to bless our own.
Honor to Labor!—It dethroned
Idle time and sloth where bright treasures keep,
And darts with restless quest to explore
The ancient wonders of Ocean's floor.
It fearless roves o'er desert vast,
Where Destruction rides on the storm's blast,
And trackless mads have for ages frowned
Over cities in ancient snow renowned—
Or climbs where the dazzling glaciers lie,
Changeless and cold, neth a glowing sky,
Leaving the trace of its triumphs proud
Above the regions of storm and cloud.
The Ocean, once an unbounded waste,
An awful barrier by man unpassed,
Spreads forth to the storm's skies alone
Its restless waters to meet the ocean's zone.
Now, a world of life is given to man,
A peopled world of the brave and free—
Where the proud ship glides like a thing of life
Regardless of tempest and billows' strife,
And countless sails dot the blue expanse
Of waters that flash in the sunbeam's glance.

"Honor to Labor!" the Mariner sings,
As forth on the breezes his sail he flings,
"It hath made us lords of the boundless deep;
Fearfully o'er the waves we sweep!"
"Honor to Labor!" the traveler cries,
As away in the rushing car he flies—
"We may rival the speed of the bird's quick wing,
As it joyously soars midst the skies of spring,
And the fetterless wind, on its pinions free,
Is scarcely more fleet in its course than we!"

Honor to Labor!—the active press
Pours forth its treasures the mind to bless.
From the pictured page, where the child's glad eye
Finds a world of bright imagery,
To the music-tome midst whose treasures vast
Lie the time-dimmed records of ages past,
The ever restless and eager mind
Exhaustless supplies for its wants may find.

It may tend to the Past, unto ages gone,
And hold communion with years by-gone—
Old climes of Historic fame explore,
And gather the gems of their buried lore—
With prophet hands seek inspiring dreams,
Or muse alone by old fabled streams—
With the Past take his unexpired flight,
And woo the muse on Parnassus' height—
Take fire philosophy by the hand,
And roam with her through her native land,
Till the mental stores of all ages flow,
And all gifted minds it has made its own.

Honor to Labor of body or mind,
Bath it but for its object the good of mankind—
The farmer, who cheerfully ploughs the soil,
Or gathers the fruit of his hopeful toil—
The strong mechanic, whose manly brow
Beareth of labor the healthful glow—
The bold inventor, beneath whose hands
The useful engine completed stands—
Or artist, with unrivaled skill,
Creations of loveliness forms at will—
The pale-faced student who, worn with toil,
Consumes o'er his studies the midnight oil—
The man of Science, with earnest mind,
Who toils to enlighten and bless mankind—
To themselves—to their race—to their country true
Honor, all honor to such is due.
Adrian, Michigan, May, 1865.

WRECKING AND WRECKERS.

The number of vessels wrecked on the Florida Reef, and the arrivals in distress at the port of Key West, the wrecking emporium of the Union, during the year 1854, were sixty-four. The aggregate value of these vessels is stated at \$974,000, and the value of their cargoes at \$1,264,454—making the total valuation of vessels and cargoes \$2,242,454. The expenses of the cargoes while in the port of Key West were \$19,888 68, and the expenses of the vessels \$49,148 25; total, \$69,036 93. The amount realized from sales of damaged cargoes was \$38,038 25; the amount of salvage awarded the wreckers \$88,921 87, and the total losses on vessels and cargoes \$432,167 42.

The Florida Archipelago consists of a chain of islands along and around the southern point of Florida, extending from Cape Florida to the Tortugas, a distance of about two hundred miles. Outside of these islands, and at a distance from them of about eight miles, lies the Florida Reef—a ledge of rocks lying underneath the surface, at depths averaging in different places from two to eighteen and thirty feet. This reef may be properly regarded as the northern wall or back of the Gulf Stream—having Cuba and the Bahama Islands for the southern and eastern banks. Between Key West and Cuba this oceanic stream is about eighty miles wide; at Cape Florida it is narrowed to about forty-five miles. It is the outlet of the great Bay or Gulf of Mexico, and the commerce of New Orleans and the other Gulf ports, with much of the gold of California, passes through it. The value of this commerce has been estimated at not less than four hundred millions of dollars annually. A current commences in the Gulf Stream off Tortugas, and runs easterly and northerly at the rate, com-

monly, of three or four knots an hour, but it is very irregular in its rapidity and direction; and in consequence of these irregularities, the narrowness of the channel, bad weather, and probably, in some instances, the carelessness of navigators, many ships and vessels get ashore upon the reef, and are either totally lost, or are lighted and reduced to wrecks. Many vessels also put into Key West in a leaky and disabled condition.

The persons employed in saving this property are technically called wreckers, and about two hundred and fifty of them are constantly and exclusively employed in sailing about the islands and reefs in light sloops or schooners of about sixty tons burden. Some one or more of them visit every dangerous reef every day, so that a vessel does not long remain in trouble before a helping hand is extended to her. If the assistance of wreckers be accepted, they generally lighten the ship, carry out anchors, and get the vessel off; or if she be lost on the rocks, they save the cargo, the passengers and crew, and carry them to Key West, where salvage is awarded by the United States District Judge for the saving of the vessel and cargo, but no charge is or can be made, or any salvage allowed for saving the lives of crews, passengers, and their baggage.

Considering the large amount of property saved from total destruction, and the many lives of passengers and crews rescued from death by these wreckers, no one can fail to be impressed with the importance and heroic daring of their vocation. To the cause of humanity, and to the interests of commerce, their services are invaluable. And no other class of men are exposed to greater temptations to embezzlement and fraud, for large amounts of property are constantly committed to their possession without any receipt or proof, in the haste and confusion of shipwreck, and yet no complaints are lodged of depredations on the property, or the commission of any rudeness or discourtesy to passengers by these wreckers—a fact creditable to them in an eminent degree, although it may, perhaps, be attributable in part to another fact, that the compensation for their services is awarded them by the Court, and that their conduct is rigidly investigated and scrutinized.

The National Government has erected several light-houses at different points along the Florida Reef, which are of immense benefit to navigation on this dangerous coast; and the United States Coast Survey is now employed in surveying and locating upon charts the exact position of every island and reef lying between Cape Florida and the Tortugas Islands, which will be an invaluable guide and security to the four hundred millions worth of property that annually floats along this ocean stream.

The Honorable William Marvin is now, and has been for nearly twenty years, the United States District Judge at Key West; and we have been struck by the respectability of his judicial integrity and ability. He has exclusive jurisdiction in all Admiralty cases, and his decisions are final in all cases where the amount is less than two thousand dollars. The business of his Court is almost entirely devoted to matters growing out of wrecking. He awards salvage, and the amount thereof he settles, checks, and appropriates the salvage moneys among the owners, masters and crews of vessels; he supervises and audits the commission and wharfage charges—and all without the intervention of a Jury. His official position, therefore, is not simply a responsible one, but it has a direct and important bearing on the public purse, and is therefore not relieved by the interposition of a Jury between himself and the parties litigant. Nearly every man upon the island is directly or indirectly interested in every wreck, and in the award of the most liberal salvage, and it requires a judge of great moral courage and integrity to resist the temptation, which he never shares nor relieved by the interposition of a Jury between himself and the parties litigant. Nearly every man upon the island is directly or indirectly interested in every wreck, and in the award of the most liberal salvage, and it requires a judge of great moral courage and integrity to resist the temptation, which he never shares nor relieved by the interposition of a Jury between himself and the parties litigant. Nearly every man upon the island is directly or indirectly interested in every wreck, and in the award of the most liberal salvage, and it requires a judge of great moral courage and integrity to resist the temptation, which he never shares nor relieved by the interposition of a Jury between himself and the parties litigant.



COL. BUTLER AND THE INEBRIATE.
THE BATTLE OF WYOMING.

Who is there that has read Campbell's beautiful poem, "Gertrude of Wyoming," and not risen from its perusal with feelings the most bitter, a hatred the most intense, toward the band of white and red savages who laid waste and depopulated that beautiful valley. Yet it is more than probable that, could the facts be divested of those distorted positions and extravagant coloring which the excited fancies of the fugitives gave them, we should find much, that has rendered the story one of the most thrilling on record, to be mere fable. Enough is true, however, to stir up the blood and awaken the liveliest emotions of anguish, in perusing the history of the valley, as written by an unbiased and careful pen. Replete with incident, it has furnished the pencil of the artist with innumerable subjects, full of action and bold relief; and among many others of thrilling interest, the little circumstance represented in the engraving, will serve to convey an idea of the peculiar position of some of the actors in that memorable fight and rout.

When the enemy, consisting of eleven hundred Tories and Indians, under command of Colonel John Butler, arrived in the vicinity of the valley, they found it undefended by any force which could be considered respectable, and, feeling secure of their prey, they made their head-quarters at a fortified house called Wintermoot's fort, sent out scouts and foraging parties, and gave themselves up to riot and debauchery. The inhabitants, finding themselves deserted by Congress, and thrown upon their own exertions to defend their homes from the torch, and themselves, their wives and children, from the tomahawks of the savages, resolved, as the only hope of success, to march out and attack the foe while lulled in fancied security. Their whole force, consisting of about three hundred, old men, young men and boys, divided into six companies, and under command of Col-

onel Zebulon Butler, who happened to be in the Valley at the time, marched out of Forty Fort. The women, children, and a few old men were left in the fort to await, with feelings of the most intense anxiety, the issue of a battle on which depended their lives. The little force was joined by the justices of the courts, and every male inhabitant capable of bearing arms, and marched forward to the contest, strong in determination, if not in numbers. The object was to surprise the enemy in his camp, and gain by stratagem what they lacked in strength. Colonel John Butler was not to be caught napping, however, and although encamped in a very irregular manner, and exposed to sudden surprise, yet his scouts had informed him of the march of the little army, and when they arrived in the vicinity of Wintermoot's, they found his line drawn up prepared to receive them. There was no alternative but to fight, and the little force was wheeled into line and harangued by their brave commander. "Men," said he, "yonder is the enemy. The fate of the Hardings tells us what we have to expect if defeated. We come out to fight, not only for liberty, but for life itself, and, what is dearer, to preserve our homes from confiscation and our women and children from the tomahawk. Stand firm the first shock, and the Indians will give way. Every man to his duty."

It was about four o'clock of a hot, sultry afternoon, when the battle commenced by an attack on the enemy's left wing. The contest was short, sharp and bloody. For half an hour it was kept up with the utmost spirit and determination, and promised success to the Americans, but an unfortunate mistake of an order threw the victory into the hands of the enemy. Colonel Denison, who commanded the American left, finding the Indians who opposed him were outflanking him and getting into his rear, gave the order to "fall back," in order to change his position. This was understood as an order to retreat, and was repeated with in-

creasing emphasis along the line. Fatal error! A few moments more and the enemy's left, which was composed of Tories, would have given way, and the Indians would have retreated also. The damage was irretrievably done, however, and no exhortations or commands, could rally the broken division. The Indians sprang from their coverts in a cloud, and fell upon the retreating Americans, cutting them down by scores; and now commenced that fearful massacre which makes the blood run chilled through the veins as we read. Desperation lent wings to the flying fugitives, while "fury raged, and shuddering pity quit the sanguine field."

Finding his efforts to rally the retreating Americans unavailing, and hoping to be able to collect a sufficient number to defend the fort until assistance could arrive, Colonel Zebulon Butler, who had exposed himself to the fiercest of the battle without regard to his personal safety, turned his horse's head in that direction, and hastened forward to the garrison. As he was speeding along the road toward the fort, he overtook an Indian warrior in pursuit of one of his men, who, almost exhausted, would in a few moments have yielded, from utter exhaustion, his scalp to the knife of his pursuer. Having either lost his sword, or there being no time to use it, Butler was compelled to pass the Indian without attacking him. The danger was too imminent to allow him to stop for the man, and he was obliged to pass him also. Despair gave momentary strength and renewed activity, however, to the latter, and springing forward he seized the long tail of the Colonel's horse with the grip of a vice, and held on with the tenacity of Death. The Indian still continued to pursue, hoping, probably, that something would "turn up" to his advantage. Something did turn up, but not as he anticipated.

It happened in the morning, when the little force of defenders marched out to the contest, one of the number, having in his endeavors to

raise his latent courage, indulged too freely in his libations, had laid down by the side of a fallen tree and fell asleep, while his comrades marched forward and left him. While his friends were selling their lives in defence of their homes, their wives and children—their all, he was snugly sleeping by the side of the road, a mile from the scene of strife. The stupor had worn off, however, and as Butler came up, he was rubbing his eyes to endeavor to clear up the mist which enshrouded his faculties. Perceiving at a glance the state of the case, Colonel Butler, as he passed the spot, leaned forward and shouted to the man to kill the Indian. With a coolness which would have won him laurels in the battle, the inebriate, resting his elbow on the trunk of the fallen tree, took deliberate aim at the breast of the pursuer, and a moment after he rolled in the dust, dead. Then, as if he had just discovered the relative position of affairs, he took to his heels and pushed onward at his utmost speed after the colonel.

When the fort was invested by the enemy, a few days afterward, and Butler found it untenable, he managed to escape therefrom, and started for the army to bring relief to the garrison.

THE POST OFFICE

IN THE UNITED STATES AND ENGLAND.

[RECENTLY any subject "comes home to the business and homes" of the whole people of this great Republic more emphatically than the system of postal arrangements, which have an immense bearing upon business facilities of every class, upon the courses of social and friendly relations among individuals, separated in different and distant parts of the country, and upon the general diffusion of "intelligence," which one of our earlier orators has said is the "very life of liberty." The following article, therefore, though somewhat elaborate, and rather of the solid cast, we believe will be read with general interest, as it certainly embodies a large amount of valuable information. We need more Post Office reform. A uniform two-cent postage for letters, to all parts of the Union, is the mark to which we must come. The following paper was read before the New York Geographical and Statistical Society, on the 5th of April, by F. M. Miles, Esq., who has been connected with the Post Office Department at Washington for some time, and has been to Europe, and taken much pains to collect postal facts and statistics, which it is his intention to give to the public before long in a more extended book form. In the meantime, we are indebted to Mr. Miles for the opportunity of publishing this instructive paper in the *CURRENT EVENTS MAGAZINE*.]

In preparing a paper on the Post Office and postal communication, there are two different views that might be taken of the subject, either of which would be of interest. The "Romance of the Post," anecdotes, and singular historical and personal narratives, would form a chapter of real life, more interesting, perhaps, than any branch of personal, general or literary history. The flying post, carried on by means of swallows, falcons, or more usually by carrier pigeons, the ingenious devices and methods of conveying written intelligence secretly and safely, the vast importance of a single scrap of paper or parchment, the treasons, revolutions and revolts, the safety of the lives, not only of individuals, but of armies, that often rest on a single piece of written intelligence, all show the value and importance that has ever been attached to postal communication. Autocrats, tyrants, despotic, civil and ecclesiastical rulers, have ever sought to control an engine that possessed the power and ubiquity of the Post

Office. We see reference to postal affairs in the earliest written history, both sacred and profane. We find the Post spoken of as a symbol of rapidity and fleetness. Job says "my days are swifter than a post. They are passed away as the swift ships, as the eagle that hasteth to the prey." In using this comparison, it is evident that the aged patriarch had no acquaintance with, or idea of, many of the slow posts of modern times.

In prosecuting my inquiries into the history of postal affairs during last year, I searched the voluminous catalogues of the British Museum Library, and, though the information I obtained was quite scanty, it was very interesting and satisfactory. My search was rewarded with two books: both very small volumes, and each several hundred years old, but they both seemed to give a kind of prophetic indication of persons and opinions in our own times. One of the books appeared under this title:—

"The Post of the World, wherein is contained the antiquities and original of the most famous cities in Europe, with their trade and traffick, with their wayes and distance of myles from country to country, with the true and perfect knowledge of their Coyages, the places of their Mynde; with all their Maries and Fayres. And the Raignes of all the Kings of England. A book right necessary and profitable for all sorts of persons, the like before this time not imprinted.

Published by Richard Rowlands.

Imprinted at London by Thomas East, 1576."

There is a singular coincidence, to say the least, in the author of this book, one of the earliest, if not the earliest in English and by an Englishman, on the subject of the Post, having the name of *Rowlands*, while in later and more favored times, the British nation and the world are indebted to a Mr. *Rowland Hill* for the greatest national improvement of the age, the successful introduction of cheap and uniform postage, a system, the effects of which are felt wherever the English language extends, to the remotest corners of the Christian world.

The other volume on the Post would seem to be quite prophetic. The title of it was in these words:—

*No Post from Heaven,
Nor yet from Hell.*

It perhaps "needs no ghost to come from the grave to tell us this," nor even "spirits from the vasty deep," and yet there are certain modern philosophers that would fain rap such ideas into our heads, and make us believe that if not a direct postal communication, there is at least a sort of spiritual telegraph to the unseen world.

The modern railway train does not furnish the only post of danger in attending to the Post. We read of a man in the time of Henry VIII., riding post to Scotland by way of Berwick-upon-Tweed. At that time James V. was King of Scotland, the famous Cardinal Beaton was the Pope's bishop there, and resided at St. Andrews, and troubles had already commenced between King Henry and the Pope, Paul III. Letters and despatches were sent by relays of men, starting from different stations. The bearer of the letters was called "the Post," and at this time was taking important despatches from King Henry to his ambassador in Scotland, Sir Ralph Sadler. A little north of Berwick, the Post was seized by some spies in the employ of

Cardinal Beaton, and they threatened, then and there, to hang him up, with all his letters about his neck. They did not, however, make an exhibition of a Post in a state of suspension, but carried the letters to the Cardinal, and let the Post go free. He related his mishap; the Cardinal opened the letters, found them written in a cipher, kept them some days, and on a threat from the King, delivered them up to the Ambassador.

But I have to deal with modern postal affairs, not with ancient. However tempting the stories and anecdotes of the past may be, I shall pass them by, and occupy your hour in examining the past history, present condition, and future prospects of the United States Post Office.

Nearly all seem to feel, and no one can deny that rapid and secure postal intercourse is of great importance, but comparatively few realize the great value of a postal system in its highest perfection. The vast difference between a good system and a poor one is scarcely appreciated by the great mass of our population, in the comparatively imperfect postal system of this country.

You have often heard comparisons made between the Post Offices of Great Britain and the United States, and high encomiums bestowed on the latter. I trust that no one is disposed to say that these encomiums are not well deserved; and I hope, by a consideration of various incontrovertible facts, to show you that the difference between the British system and our own is yet greater than is usually considered. I trust, also, that a full examination of the two systems will convince you not only of the vast superiority of the English Post Office, but that a great majority of their improvements are perfectly practicable with us.

It is hoped that the grounds taken, and the conclusions drawn, will not be looked upon as an affectation of any particular individual sagacity or wisdom, or that what I say will be considered as a general fact-finding with either the framers or administrators of our postal laws.

We learn by the example of others far more than by any intuitive perception in ourselves, and while seeking for truth, the more we have sound arguments and appropriate facts brought to our view, the more shall we be aided in our search.

A single remark is vouchsafed to those profound logicians who contend that we can have none of the improvements of the English postal system, because, in fact, this is a great country, and the island of Great Britain, measured by our standard, is a small one. The political Dinahs of the day are, informed that I shall not attempt to prove that the distance from New York to St. Louis, or from Bangor to San Francisco, is as short, or as quickly traveled as the iron road from London to Liverpool, or the steam voyage from Westminster bridge to Woolwich dock. While making comparisons between the English postal service and our own, I shall endeavor to bear in mind the different circumstances that govern the traffic of the two countries. No one will deny that our postal wants are as great as those of the inhabitants of the British Isles; and, in fact, postal communication is of far higher importance with us, where distances are so great, and personal intercourse attended with greater expense and

inconvenience. Our intellectual activity, and our social wants as a people, if not superior to all other nations, certainly cannot be ranked behind. It will strike many as not only an important and interesting fact, but as quite an inexplicable one, that from the first organization of our national government to the present time, our correspondence and postal intercourse, the uses of the Post Office have increased from nine to sixty times as fast as either the population, the government income and expenditure, the exports, or any other branch of national affairs. Our population, between 1790 and 1850, increased seven-fold, our exports twelve-fold, and postal correspondence four hundred and forty-fold. The actual percentage of increase of our letter communication by mail from 1790 to 1850 was 43,9651. The figures that show most clearly the far greater activity and larger increase of our postal intercourse beyond the increase of population, wealth, and national income and expenditure, are these,—During each ten years, since 1790, the average increase of the population of the country has been 34 per cent, the exports 42 per cent, the expenses of government 95 per cent, the Post Office revenue 120 per cent, and the number of letters sent by mail, 140 per cent. This is the average increase during each of the six periods of ten years from 1790 to 1850.

Thus, while our population has increased in sixty years, seven-fold, letter correspondence by mail has increased four hundred and forty-fold, or sixty-three times as fast as our population. In the year 1790, there were sent by mail in the United States, about 560,000 letters, and during the year 1854, over 100,000,000. After all these gratifying evidences of the increased value and use of our postal system, how will you be prepared for the fact that during the last four years, since 1850, the inhabitants of Great Britain wrote and sent by mail, 200,000,000 more letters than we have sent through our mails since the organization of our government, more than sixty-five years ago! Is this a good comparison between our government and that of Great Britain? between our population, where the benefits of education are extended to all, and the population of the British Isles, where at least one half of all that marry cannot sign their names to the marriage register, but are obliged to make their mark? According to the official postal statistics of 1851-2 and '53, the population of Great Britain write and send by mail four letters where our people write one. Each thousand persons in Great Britain, write on the average 14,760 letters annually, while each thousand of the population of the United States write 4,121, or only about four letters to each man, woman and child in the country. In London, there are forty-one letters written to each individual, while in New York there are but twenty-three. This is according to the report of 1852.

The members of the Geographical and Statistical Society are well aware of the value and importance of statistics; and though I shall not read the formidable columns of figures that I have, a copy of them will be furnished if desired, to preserve with the papers and transactions of the society. The figures given are from official reports, and may be relied on. When any facts or data are required for which there

are no official tables, careful estimates have been made, but in all cases the estimates are given as such, and not as official reports.

With the aid of Horatio King and John Marston, Esqrs., the able and efficient first and third assistant postmasters general, I have prepared a table of estimates of the number of letters sent through the mail since the year 1789. The estimate cannot vary from the actual number either way, probably more than five to ten per cent. The number, in 1790, is given as 265,545, in 1800, about two millions, in 1815, over seven millions, in 1825, ten millions, in 1840, forty millions, and during the last year, 119,634,418. In Great Britain, the year before last, the number of letters written and sent by mail was 410,000,000. During the sixty-five years from 1790 to 1855, the number of letters sent through the mails in the United States, according to our estimate, is 1,393,930,814. During that time the number of our Post Offices has increased from 75 to 24,000 and the length of post roads over which the mail is carried, from 1,875 miles to 219,935 miles. The postal revenue, in 1790, was \$37,935, less than five times the present salary of the Postmaster-General, and during the year 1854, the income from letters alone was over six million dollars. But with all the improvements, and the constantly increasing demands upon our Post Office, it is evident that there is something lacking in our postal system, some good reason independent of long distances and scattering population, why our people only use our Post Office to one-fourth the extent that the population of Great Britain do theirs. I shall not argue that the expenses of our Post Office should be thrown on the Treasury, like the other departments of government, though there are many and powerful reasons why this most necessary of all our national transactions should be conducted with the highest degree of efficiency, without regard to the cost.

I am positive that a lower rate of postage than we now have, with a well-organized system, and an economical administration of its affairs, will fully meet all the necessary expenses of the postal service, and, at the same time, give postal facilities and accommodations to the public, to a far greater extent than we have ever had. I wish to take no view of the subject but a purely financial one, and am confident that we can double the accommodations we have at present, and for less money than we now pay. The fact that I have lived several years in Great Britain, and had a large correspondence through the post office there, and, since that time, had a full opportunity to become acquainted with our own postal system, by holding an official position in the Post Office Department at Washington, makes me speak with greater confidence than I should from only a theoretical knowledge of either or both systems.

When the country was new, and there was now and then a village or a small settlement scattered here and there in the wilderness, no one could reasonably expect the post to be in close proximity to every house, and many families were necessarily, ten, twenty or fifty miles from a post office.

With all due deference to those who had the framing of our postal laws, there has not been one single step made in advance of that system,

which gives a single post office, in each town, city and village, and which obliges every one to go after his letters, no matter how dense the population, or how large the place. Every improvement has consisted in extending the means of transportation, and increasing the size of post offices, as the country became more thickly and widely populated. Not one single facility for local distribution of letters in large places has been given; no sub-post offices or receiving houses, no legally authorized and paid letter-carriers, but precisely the same local accommodations that were enjoyed by our ancestors one hundred years ago.

When New York was a village of a few thousand inhabitants, on the lower end of Manhattan Island, some Dutch burgomaster, local magistrate, or colonial governor, set up a post office near where Wall street now runs. A few steps would bring every citizen from his house, or store, to the post office, and when a vessel happened to arrive from Europe with "three months' later news" than the packet ninety days previous had brought, there was a foreign mail, and the event was so important and so rare, that all would assemble to get their letters, talk over the news, and compare notes. When, once in a week, or, perhaps, once in two weeks, a post arrived from Albany, from Boston, or from Philadelphia, there was a mail from the country, and another gathering took place at the post office, and letters were again delivered. Since those days the American colonies have grown to a mighty empire. New York numbers about 700,000 inhabitants, and a dense population extends for more than six miles, while villages, schools and habitations, are scattered along the entire length of the Island. And what are the present post office accommodations for this great metropolis—this modern Babylon? Why, precisely what they were in the days of the Dutch governors of New Amsterdam one hundred and fifty years ago. There are Wall and Front streets, Nassau and William streets, and there stands the Post Office, and every letter that is mailed, and every letter that is received, must be sent to that locality, or called for there, unless it is trusted to some uncertain, unofficial and precarious source. Yes, New York city has just one post office; London, with about three times the population, has 498 post offices; Manchester, with about half the population of New York, has 107; Liverpool has 66, Bristol 90, and Glasgow 77. This is a direct comparison between an American and an English city. Now, I respectfully submit that the business of the local circulation of letters with us is precisely parallel with that in the cities of Great Britain, and subject to the same financial laws, considered as a subject of public and private economy. What will answer best in the one case, evidently will in the other. But how widely different are the two systems—theirs and ours. And as widely different are the results. Their local circulation is aided, fostered and carried on by means of sub-post offices, receiving houses, and letter-carriers, while we have none of them. Their local circulation of letters is more than one hundred times as great as ours, is a source of large profit to the Post Office Department, and, at the same time, furnishes the greatest accommodations to all their citizens. Our local circulation,

on the other hand, pays nothing to the Department, and our citizens are not accommodated. We are not required by courtesy, truth, or the circumstances of the case, to speak of the few irresponsible persons that go about our cities, delivering letters and papers for a fee to those who choose to employ and trust them, as a part of our postal system. Nor can we, by any stretch of the imagination, call those places post offices where, in Broadway and Union Square, persons that hold no commission under government, are permitted to receive and forward letters to the city post office. Provided they are paid a separate postage for it. Few trust them—there is no official responsibility, and in no respect can they be called a part of our national post office, any more than a servant would be who should be hired to call every day at house or office, get our letters, mail them, and bring ours from the office on his return.

It is a great mistake to suppose that letter carriers and letter receivers are a charge on the postal revenue. On the other hand, they are a source of large profit, and by means of them, correspondence is increased far more than the amount of their salaries. But were they a direct expense, and were it an expense of a million dollars per annum to have letter-carriers and letter-receivers in our cities and towns, I venture to say that it is as much the duty of government to furnish them, as it is the business of government to keep up a postal system, after making it illegal for States, communities or private parties to do it for themselves. But there is no consideration of that kind. There is no extra expense, as I shall proceed to show. Let us imagine for argument's sake, that we have a uniform rate of postage of two cents for each single letter, without regard to distance; "drop letters" the same as letters for all distances throughout the country. Now, all could afford to pay two cents for each drop letter, if every letter for the longest distances in the country went for the same money. In this case we are supposing that we have a universal letter-delivery, and sub-post offices and receiving houses at convenient distances in all cities and large towns. By this arrangement we save all our box-rent at post offices; we have a safer conveyance of our letters than to have them entrusted to our servants; we get all our letters from 33 to 8 per cent cheaper than we do at present rates, and for the merely local letters—drop letters—we pay no more than we now do if we receive them by the irresponsible letter-carriers that are suffered to go about our cities. We see the convenience and the economy of it, so far as the public are concerned; and now let us notice the financial results on the post office. As in other branches of postal service, we can judge of it by seeing its operation in Great Britain. I have shown you, by reference to the figures, the far greater number of letters written and sent by mail in Great Britain than with us. There, as here, all the profit of the Post Office Department is made by the correspondence of the cities and towns. But, there, so much superior in their system to ours, they write about as many letters in one city—in London alone—as we do throughout our vast and extended country. They have a local circulation of letters—a circulation that depends almost entirely on letter-carriers and letter receivers, and which in-

creases their correspondence, and enhances the profits of their postal system, far beyond the entire postal traffic of the whole United States.

Will it be readily believed that the "drop-letters" of the city of London alone amount to more than fifty times as many as the "drop-letters" of the whole United States? Such is the actual fact. Here are the figures from the official reports of the two countries:—The "drop-letters" in London, in 1851, numbered 40,585,952, while the number in the United States, according to the official report of the same year, was 715,428—less than a fifty-sixth part of those in London alone. The entire number of letters mailed in London, during 1851, for both local and general circulation was 88,405,461, while in the whole United States, during the same year, there were but 95,790,524. The local circulation of letters in cities, is almost entirely dependent on the letter-carriers and the letter-receivers—keepers of the small local "receiving houses," where letters are mailed. Then, as we have seen that our local circulation of letters is a mere nothing, and that in English cities very large, we must admit that what is paid for such local letters, beyond the wages of carriers and receivers, is clear profit. Besides all this, they receive all the letters for country circulation, and add considerably to that circulation, beyond being of immense accommodation and incalculable advantage to the public.

The letter-carriers and receivers in London, with their wages, are as follows:—

	NO.	SALARIES.
Letter Carriers,.....	1,983	\$470,275
Letter Receivers,.....	408	91,438

Total Carriers and Receivers,.....1,583 \$561,713

The postage on London local letters is, \$1,228,000.

This shows a clear profit of over \$600,000 on London "drop letters." Besides the great convenience to the public, more than one half of the postage on such letters is clear profit to the Post Office Department. The following statement gives the number and salaries of all the letter-carriers of Great Britain:—

	NO.	SALARIES.
Letter Carriers in cities and towns,.....	4,356	\$904,513
Letter Carriers in rural and suburban districts,.....	4,326	601,420

Total in the United Kingdom,.....8,672 \$1,505,933

Here we see that the profits on the "drop-letters" in London alone, pay more than six-eighths of the salaries of the 8,672 letter-carriers of the United Kingdom.

The following table gives the population, the receipts from postages, the entire local expenses—pay of postmasters, clerks, letter-carriers and receivers, and contingent expenses—all, except the transportation—in the metropolitan districts mentioned, in the year 1854, the last column showing the per centage of expenses, or proportion that the Post Office expenses bear to the receipts:—

PLACES.	POPULATION.	RECEIPTS.	EXPENSES.	PER CENT.
London,.....	2,362,286	\$5,641,414	\$1,073,226	19
Liverpool,.....	378,956	447,797	70,145	16
Manchester,.....	316,213	288,985	68,225	24
Birmingham,.....	292,541	192,708	36,321	19
Bristol,.....	187,328	148,761	30,190	20
Preston,.....	73,130	33,766	7,000	20
Leicester,.....	60,584	36,646	8,242	22
Liverpool,.....	53,448	37,367	8,400	22

Total (the 8 cities),.....8,672 \$1,505,933
Rest of Kingdom,.....24,222,789 \$5,743,012
The entire Kingdom,.....27,885,601 \$13,156,723

PLACES.	POPULATION.	RECEIPTS.	EXPENSES.	PER CENT.
New York,.....	515,547	\$619,142	\$130,175	21
Philadelphia,.....	340,048	201,861	40,254	20
Baltimore,.....	136,874	136,811	20,022	15
Boston,.....	126,871	134,943	21,712	16
New Orleans,.....	116,376	96,309	34,031	35
San Francisco,.....	115,436	85,427	27,121	31
San Francisco,.....	77,800	45,633	16,860	37
San Francisco,.....	84,716	58,729	16,860	37

Total (the 8 cities),.....1,206,974 \$1,473,608
Rest of U. States,.....21,682,902 \$4,819,207
Entire U. States,.....23,191,876 \$6,292,815

We see by the above figures that eight of the large cities of Great Britain, containing only 13 per cent of the population, contribute 56 per cent, or more than one half of the entire postal income of the kingdom. While the receipts in these cities amount to 56 per cent, the expenses are only 39 per cent of the entire local postal expenditures. The eight American cities contain 6 per cent of the population of the country, and contribute 23 per cent to the postal income, while the expenses are but 13 per cent of the local post office expenditures.

The following table gives a different arrangement and different dates. The population is the same, according to the census of 1850; the receipts of the American offices, according to the official report of 1851, the number of letters according to the report of 1852, and the receipts and letters in the offices of Great Britain, according to the report of 1853. Reports for all these places could not be obtained for the same year, but the conclusions we arrive at will differ very little in consequence of the difference of dates. The last two columns give the sum of money paid, and the number of letters written by each thousand persons in the average of the population:—

PLACES.	POPULATION.	RECEIPTS.	NO. OF LETTERS.	EXP. PER 1000.	LETTERS PER 1000.
London,.....	2,362,286	\$5,641,414	97,718,327	\$220.8	41.00
Liverpool,.....	378,956	447,797	14,294,140	119.4	37.71
Manchester,.....	316,213	288,985	11,810,064	115.8	37.71
Birmingham,.....	292,541	175,063	5,745,700	75.4	24.60
Preston,.....	73,130	33,766	1,092,621	439.1	10.42
Leicester,.....	60,584	33,661	1,097,190	664.1	17.96
Liverpool,.....	53,448	33,001	1,094,990	604.2	20.92
7 cities,.....	3,478,413	6,738,848	122,173,687	1607.20	1007.00
Kingdom, except London,.....	27,837,501	12,512,640	410,817,489	462.17	147.00
London,.....	2,471,266	7,200,626	313,509,182	284.12	122.12
New York,.....	515,547	\$631,831	12,385,119	\$100.2	23.64
Philadelphia,.....	340,048	197,019	4,760,305	67.9	14.01
Boston,.....	126,871	134,943	4,484,245	100.9	37.70
Baltimore,.....	136,874	96,309	34,031	101.0	10.42
New Orleans,.....	116,376	117,887	1,836,708	101.0	10.42
8 cities,.....	1,877,907	1,123,160	20,371,500	\$80.1	10.00
R. of U. S.,.....	21,912,974	8,992,874	70,619,818	178.2	22.25
U. States,.....	23,191,876	9,016,039	66,790,324	216.1	41.21

We see here the vast disparity in the use of the post office in the two countries. While the population of Great Britain averages nearly 15 letters to a person annually, the American population averages 4 letters to a person. The residents of the 7 cities of Great Britain write 38 letters to a person annually, while our city population write but 19. We see with us as in Great Britain, it is the cities that the Post Office Department is principally dependent on for postal receipts and postal profits, and yet so far from having this local circulation fostered, drawn out, and, as it were, harvested, both for the profit of the Department and the convenience of the citizens, it is entirely neglected. Would it be believed in any country in Europe, were any person to hold that we have not one particle more postal accommodation, or post-offices any nearer together on New York Island, with a population of 600,000 people than in any of our country districts? We have more Post Office clerks here, certainly, as there must be to do the work, but that is simply laboring persons in proportion to the amount of labor to be done, and not an extension of postal accommodations. It is a positive fact that in many country districts they have Post Offices nearer together than we have here on New York Island. There is the same paucity of postal ac-

commodations in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and other cities. I mentioned this lack of local sub-offices and receiving houses to Mr. Rowland Hill during our conversation in November last, and he laughed and said really he was not aware how far behind hand we were in postal facilities. The following figures show the number of employed persons, their salaries, and the local expenses of the Post Offices of Great Britain:—

Postmasters, Clerks, Stampers, and Sorters,.....	260,843,205
1,862	847,910
Total in the 974 Post Offices,.....	2,836
Sub-Postmasters and Letter Receivers,.....	8,561
Letter Carriers in Cities and Towns,.....	4,996
Letter Carriers in Rural Districts,.....	4,599
Total Carriers and Receivers,.....	17,282
Contingent Expenses,.....	165,785
Grand Total,.....	20,139

Here are more than 20,000 persons employed in the Post Offices and sub-post offices of Great Britain and in the delivery of letters, and of these, over 17,000 are letter carriers and letter receivers. Their wages amount to nearly \$1,900,000, and yet the profit on local letters in London alone furnishes two-thirds of the entire sum. Can there be a doubt but the letter carriers and letter receivers in Great Britain are a source of immense profit to the Post Office Department, aside from the convenience to the public?

I have dwelt at greater length on this branch of the subject in consequence of its possessing a two-fold interest; one of convenience to the citizen, and, in fact, a right to demand, and the weighty reason that it will have no good effect on the balance sheet of the Post Office Department. Let our system once pay its way well and the Administration of the Department and Congress will be ready to increase our postal facilities, and multiply the Post Office conveniences, not only in our cities but in our rural districts and back settlements. But it scarcely seems to be appreciated that unless our postal system is made what it should be—made to accommodate the public—that it never can be supported well, or show a fair balance sheet at the end of the year. At every request to extend postal facilities to our citizens, whether in the large cities or in the frontier towns, there is one reply; and that is "there is no money, the Post Office is in debt, and you cannot be accommodated." Very likely, if we had not more than half the Post Offices that we now have, and our mails were to go at only half the speed they do at present, we should find the Department five millions in debt at the end of the year instead of two. Cut off two-thirds and three-fourths of the postal facilities that we now have, and very likely our mail bags would be empty, and Postmasters have nothing to do. But give increased facilities for correspondence in our large cities and towns, give us low and uniform postage, rapid conveyance and punctuality in delivery, and give us letter carriers and receiving houses; cut off the franking privilege and have Government pay its own postages, and see then if we cannot have a self-sustaining Post Office.

The great postal reform so auspiciously introduced by Mr. Rowland Hill, in Great Britain, in 1840, is very imperfectly appreciated in this country. There seems to be a very general

impression that that reform consisted in the introduction of a low rate of postage—the penny postage. Part of the improvement did consist of a cheap postage, but the ground work of the reform was in UNIFORMITY OF POSTAGE. By uniform rates of postage, labor was so simplified, that in proportion to the circulation, there was an actual saving of more than two-thirds of the expense. It is not asserting too much to say that we have no appreciation of the vast benefits of uniformity of postage in simplifying labor and reducing the expenses of our postal system. We do not know the enormous tax that we pay for the extra useless labor entailed on our postal system, through this lack of uniformity. Were we to assert that there was positively four times the labor and expense of receiving, stamping and mailing letters, supplying stationery, and attending to the various duties in our post offices, that there is in Great Britain, we should undoubtedly be asked for proof. And proof we can give. There is no difficulty in arriving at the correct cost of each branch of the postal service and finding the amount of labor as well as expense in each. In mail transportation there is a difference between our country and Great Britain. But in the internal arrangements of the Post Offices, and the duties of receiving, stamping and delivering letters, the cases are certainly parallel. The entire expense of the British Post Office, in 1853, was \$7,003,399. This was made up of the following items:—

Conveyance of the mails,.....	\$2,588,865
Surveys, or Special Agents,.....	185,080
Colonial postal expenses,.....	81,775
Expenses of the money order office,.....	262,625
Letter carriers,.....	1,400,903
General Post Office and miscellaneous,.....	972,274
Total General expenses,.....	\$5,964,289
Compensation to Postmasters, sub-Postmasters and clerks, expense of stationery, rent, fuel, lights, etc.,.....	\$645,245
Expenses of the London City P. O.,.....	402,430
London letter receivers,.....	91,435
Total expenses for work, etc. in the Post Offices,.....	1,139,110
Grand Total: entire postal expenses,.....	7,003,399
The expenses of the United States Post Office in 1853, amounted to \$7,982,756, consisting of the following items:—	
Mail transportation,.....	\$4,906,328
General Miscellaneous expenses,.....	708,700
Total, general mail expenses,.....	\$5,615,028
Compensation to Postmasters,.....	1,823,473
Salaries of Clerks,.....	659,820
Stationery,.....	47,454
Total for work, etc., in Post Offices,.....	2,532,748
Grand Total: entire postal expenses,.....	\$7,982,756

We have here \$2,372,748 for expenses in our Post Offices to go against \$1,139,110 in the Post Offices of Great Britain, but as we have in round numbers 24,000 Postmasters, while the whole number of Postmasters and sub-Postmasters in Great Britain amount to but little over 8000, the circumstances are not equal. We will then deduct from the expenses of our Post Offices two-thirds of the amount of all the salaries of our Postmasters, (\$1,214,316) and that will leave \$1,158,432, to go against the sum of \$1,139,110, for the same kind of services in Great Britain. Now we have taken away 14,000 of the laborers in our postal service, and if we once suppose that the remaining Postmasters and clerks could attend to the work, what do we get as the result of their labor. It is

certainly not to be supposed that they could do the work with our complicated and heterogeneous system; but if they could perform it, how does it compare with the results of the labor in the Great British Post Office. In 1852, there were 95,790,524 letters mailed in the United States, and in Great Britain during the same year, 379,501,499. According to the above expenses every million letters in the United States cost for despatch and reception—Independent of transportation—the sum of \$12,067, while the same number in Great Britain cost \$2,998, being less than one-fourth the amount. Were the British method of doing business as complicated, laborious and expensive as ours, their 379 million letters would have cost in the stamping, mailing and handling, \$4,585,460, instead of \$1,139,110, and this besides transportation and general post expenses. On the other hand, were our system as simple, uniform, and in consequence, as cheap as theirs, our 96 million letters would have cost \$287,908 instead of \$1,158,432, or we could have despatched 400 million letters at the same cost and trouble that it now takes for less than one-fourth of that number.

Nothing is said of papers, books and pamphlets, but as they are similar in both countries it would not effect the general result. If we added to the expense of the Post Offices of Great Britain as given above, the salaries of all the letter carriers in the kingdom, (\$1,405,935) it would only raise the amount to \$2,545,045, and this would only be about \$6,000 for every million letters; not far from half the sum that our letters cost. These gigantic results in the British Post Office are most certainly attained in simplifying labor by making postage uniform. It may appear at first like a small matter that we have three rates of letter postage, one for drop letters, one for general post letters that go less than 3,000 miles, and another for distances beyond 3,000 miles. It may appear to be of little consequence that we have two methods of paying for our letters, either in stamps or in money, and that we have three methods of computing the rates of postage by weight. But these are not small matters, or unimportant. In the mailing and delivery of a hundred million letters, and the management of 24,000 post offices, it is a question of millions of dollars. So long as we go on the principle that our Post Office must sustain itself, it becomes a question of high or low rates of postage. Were every rate and process in our postal system reduced at once to the greater uniformity and simplicity, the single rate of letter postage might to-day be put at one cent and a half instead of three and ten cents, and have our post office revenue and expenses as nearly balanced as they are at present.

By the English system, every letter is charged at the same rate, drop letters and letters for any distance within the kingdom. All go by weight, one penny for those under half an ounce, and double that sum up to an ounce, and beyond that half-ounces are not reckoned; but all over one ounce and less than two ounces are charged four postages, and so on for heavier letters. And then at all offices except in London, letters must be prepaid by stamps only or not at all, money not being received in payment for letters when they are mailed. And

Postmasters and clerks are not obliged to weigh or rate letters for the public. Every one must weigh or rate his own letters, and any and all postages, not prepaid, are to be charged double. Now see how different, how complicated, laborious and inconvenient is our system. In the first place there are three rates of postage, one cent for drop letters; three cents for letters that go less than 3,000 miles, and ten cents for those that go over 3,000 miles. Then we have three methods of rating letters by weight. Drop letters are all the same postage without regard to weight; letters that circulate through the mails, but not going out of the country, are charged a single postage for each and every half ounce or fraction of a half ounce; and letters to foreign countries are rated like the letters in England, a postage for each half ounce up to an ounce, and then two postages for each half ounce or fraction of an ounce. Then, as if these three rates of postage and three different methods of rating did not make it complicated enough, there are two ways of receiving postage, either by money or by stamps, thereby obliging the Postmaster to keep a double set of accounts, one for cash-paid letters, and one for those paid by stamps. The new law does not improve much on this, for instead of obliging the public to put stamps on their letters, the law is so worded that the Postmasters and clerks may be compelled to paste on the postage labels, after being at the trouble of selling them. In all transient books and pamphlets there is the same lack of simplicity and uniformity, the postage being one cent for every ounce in weight, thereby making it a matter of necessity to weigh every book or pamphlet. Why have separate rates for weights less than a quarter of a pound, so that a book or pamphlet weighing four ounces should be four cents, over four and not over eight ounces, eight cents and so on, four cents for each quarter of a pound, or eight cents for each half pound beyond the first? The English postal system recognizes no separate rate except by half pounds, and that is all-sufficient for everything that weighs half a pound or over. Then the weight, or near enough to establish the rate of postage, can in most cases be judged correctly without weighing.

Have all letter postage reckoned by weight, two cents for a single rate of half an ounce, or under, and reckon no half ounces beyond the first ounce, and simplify the rates of postage for books and pamphlets, by reckoning no odd weights of less than four ounces, up to the first half pound, and nothing less than half pounds beyond that. Do away entirely with one, and three, and ten cents stamps, and have new ones of two, four, eight, and twenty-four cents, and oblige the public to weigh, and rate, and put stamps on their own letters, and allow any letters to go that are not prepaid—unless the postage is higher than sixteen cents, but take nothing that is not prepaid. If there is a higher sum due on it than that,—and receive no money in prepayment for letters; and charge each and every postage double that is not prepaid. Have nothing go by mail at less than two cents, charging that sum for every letter, handbill, newspaper, circular, or other package, and allow a single newspaper of any weight, or two ounces of any printed matter to go for that sum,

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provided, it is in a wrapper, open at the ends. Let this be done, and stop sending way-bills with parcels of letters, and more than one-half of the work in our Post Offices is at once done away with. Besides the abridging of labor and the attendant lessening of expenses, it would make the entire postal system far more simple, easy, cheap, and convenient to the public. Give us in addition letter carriers and receiving houses, and have from four to ten deliveries a day, as in the English cities, and we shall double our correspondence in less than two years, and our postal receipts will inevitably increase far beyond the increase of expenses. When penny postage was introduced in England, the annual correspondence was more than doubled the first year, rising from 82,470,596 letters, in 1839, to 168,768,344, in 1840.

A striking result of the benefits of uniformity in postage, as a measure of economy, is shown in the comparative cost of attending to the mailing and transporting letters in Great Britain and the United States, and in Great Britain before and after the rates were uniform. In Great Britain, in 1839, the year before the introduction of the uniform postage, there were 82,470,596 letters, and the gross expenses of the Post Office amounted to \$3,784,997. This shows an expense of 46¢ for each thousand letters. In 1853, the number of letters sent by mail in Great Britain, was 419,817,489, and the gross expenses of the Post Office \$7,093,399. This amounts to 17¢ for every 1000 letters, so that in proportion to the business done, all the expenses of attending to the mail in Great Britain, is only a little over one-third what it was before there was uniform postage. And how is it in the United States? In 1852, the number of letters mailed, was 95,790,524, and the entire postal expenses \$7,108,459, being an expense of 74¢ for each 1,000 letters, a strong contrast to the 17¢ for a 1,000 letters in Great Britain. There are local circumstances that no doubt make certain branches of postal service in Great Britain, cheaper than in this country, particularly the item of transportation, but we have seen that the internal affairs of the British Post Offices are conducted at one-fourth the expense that the same duties are with us, in proportion to the amount of business carried on. There is a certain order of minds that sees a terrible injustice in having the resident of Nassau street, pay the same sum for a letter to go to Union Square or Jersey City, that his neighbor in William street, pays to get a letter to his correspondent in California, Oregon, or New Mexico. These minds must be treated with becoming tenderness. Tell one of these innocent logicians, show him by the clearest evidence in the world, that any graduated scale of postages, few or many, where the pay is according to distance, cannot be carried on with a better financial result and more profitably than the very lowest of his rates, with the advantages of uniformity and simplicity, and he will then tell you that he thinks it very unjust. Can any one seriously think that there is a financial advantage in having letters between the Atlantic and Pacific States pay ten cents, with letters other distances paying three, and drop letters one, while in consequence of these several rates, we are burdened with a varied, complicated,

laborious and expensive system? Is there any reason in believing that there is any other result than a great loss? Look at the following figures showing the gross amount of postages collected in the States and Territories mentioned, in the year 1854.

California.....	\$254,188
Oregon Territory.....	0,495
Washington Territory.....	1,328
Utah Territory.....	1,857
New Mexico.....	806
Total.....	\$270,974

If we deduct one-third of this for the postage on local matter, we shall have \$180,646 for the postage on letters and papers going over 3,000 miles, and which is charged double the rate of mail matter sent less than 3,000 miles. One-half of this, \$90,323, may be considered as the profit or surplus derived from the high rate of postage. If we add to this, an equal sum for the postages collected in the Atlantic States on mail matter going to the Pacific, we shall have \$180,646 as the gain accruing to our Post Office Department from the double rate of postage for long distances. And what does it cost to collect this sum of \$180,000? Why, it costs at the least calculation, over a million and a half of dollars, or more than eight times the sum gained, and we respectfully submit that the facts, figures, and arguments advanced conclusively prove it. Those of our citizens who reside on the Pacific coast, the laborious miners, the patient agriculturists, the hardy pioneers, and the enterprising merchants, are, I believe, at this period experiencing hard times. California, we are told, adds sixty millions annually in hard coin to our circulation, being an actual creation of this amount of wealth, all of which goes to benefit the nation at large. And yet, this brightest jewel in our starry galaxy, this golden setting to our national crest, must be taxed an extra sum for their postage. They and their neighbors on the Pacific and their far-off friends in the old States are taxed the sum of \$180,000 annually in an extra rate on their letters, and it costs between one and two million dollars to collect the impost!!!

But we are spared a further consideration of the manifest injustice of having a portion of our citizens charged heavier than others purely in consequence of their living or transacting business in a certain locality. It is sufficient for our purpose that it creates a great burden on the whole country and as a purely financial question, costs nearly ten times as much as it comes to. There is a certain popular fallacy in this country respecting the operation of the penny postage in England, and that is that it costs a penny a letter to transport and attend to their letters. It really costs but about one half-penny, or one cent a letter, the balance being clear profit, and going into the Treasury, to the amount of several millions a year. The gross receipts of the British Post Office for 1853, amounted to \$12,872,039, and the expenses to \$7,093,399, at the usual increase, the gross revenue for 1854 would amount to \$12,159,723 and the expenses to \$6,718,558. This leaves a clear profit of \$6,441,165. This amount of profit will be reduced somewhat in consequence of a part of this being profit on foreign trans-marine and colonial postages. This profit amounts to the sum of \$1,648,001, and after making a suitable deduction for expenses of these

letters, and the portion due for transportation within the country, there will be an actual expense of 11½ mills (our currency) for each single letter. It is well known that newspapers pay no postage in England, the penny stamp on the paper—by virtue of which they pass free through the mails—going to the national treasurer as stamp duty. The equitable amount of postage for newspapers in Great Britain, cannot be reckoned at less than \$750,000 annually.

Because one penny—two cents—is the letter rate of postage in England, and because that country is smaller and more densely populated than our own, our Post Office logicians jump at once to the conclusion that we cannot have as low a rate as that. These conclusions are on the false basis that letter postage costs a penny in England, while, as we have seen, it only costs a mere fraction over a half-penny. As a supposable case, we will imagine that letter postage in England was reduced in 1840, to two-pence instead of one. Let us suppose further, that this rate of two-pence only just defrayed the cost of the mail service after a fair trial. Now with this example of two-pence postage in England—four cents, our currency—defraying the expenses of mail service there, had some one proposed a rate of eight cents in this country—just double the rate in England—it would not probably have been considered very unreasonable that such a rate of postage would be a paying one. Now, as a logical sequence, it is just as false reasoning to contend that we cannot have a two-cent rate here that will pay, provided one cent pays in England, just as readily as eight cents would pay here, provided it cost four cents there.

As I have stated that I meant to take a financial view of the Post Office Department and the postal service, I should be doing injustice to the subject and to my own feelings were I not to allude to the largest waste, the heaviest expenditure, and the grossest injustice in our entire postal administration. I allude to what is usually called "the franking privilege." If a farmer whose land, location, and materials were entirely unfitted for the grape culture, should expend three hundred dollars a-year for green houses, fuel, and labor, and get as a reward a few pounds of grapes, while at the same time he could purchase a larger quantity and a better article in the market, for less than ten dollars, we should say, that as far as the pecuniary results were concerned, it was decidedly a losing business. I do not wish to attempt to make mountains out of molehills, but when I say that the United States are taxed some two millions dollars a-year to support the franking privilege, and that it comes altogether out of our postage money and correspondence, and that the actual benefits to every person that receives any benefit at all, and reckoned on the most liberal scale, and by every possible standard of value, cannot amount to \$200,000, I am asserting what is a clear and indubitable fact. A postal system is established and kept up by Government for the convenience and benefit of the nation. By a certain enactment Congress designates certain officers, and among them all the individuals comprising their own body, and says that those officers shall send through the mails any and all printed or written matter that they choose free of postage. Under this regulation

articles of the most miscellaneous and heterogeneous description are sent in the semblance of a book, and these, with printed and written documents, form a very large proportion of our mails: one-quarter or one-third. Contracts are made with certain persons and companies to transport the mail over 250,000 miles of post roads; clerks are hired, and the expense attending the mail matter sent, is, of course, proportionate to the quantity. For this large portion of the mail matter that goes free, the expense of handling and transporting must come out of somebody, and it falls on those who use the mails. Were this free matter to form nine-tenths of our mails, instead of one-fourth or one-third, and the postage on the one-tenth sent by the citizens would not defray the expenses of it all, then we should probably have a law raising our rates of postage: not to defray the expense of our letters and papers, but the expenses of the matter sent by Government, while there would be just as much justice in taxing those persons who write letters and read newspapers, and none others, to get money to carry on a war with the Indians, or to maintain fleets and armies.

We know there is such a thing as the franking privilege, and we know it is a source of great dissimulation to the bulk of our population, and that it is said to be subject to great abuse. All these things are proverbial, and yet I am positive that not one-half of this enormous and gigantic fraud is seen or appreciated by our people. It is a fraud, for while this omnivorous system is swallowing up millions of our postal revenue, we are denied mail facilities of the most pressing necessity, and all under the plea that the Post Office Department does not support itself. Let us put this subject, like others, to the test of figures and statistical calculations, and see how it will bear examination. Fortunately we are not obliged to grope in the dark on the subject, or rest on conjecture or opinion. An official statement made by the city postmaster at Washington to the chairman of the Committee of Post Offices and post roads in the House of Representatives, shows the following as the

Quantity of Mail matter sent from Washington during the month of January, 1854, upon which no postage is collected, and showing the amount of revenue that would accrue if the same was chargeable with postage, and prepaid.

Number of letters franked by members of Congress, 77,727	
Weight of the same in pounds, 2,446	
Amount of postage on the same, if prepaid, \$4,658 82	
Weight of Public Documents franked by members of Congress, 106,508	
Amount of postage on the same, if prepaid, \$119,951 20	
Weight of letters franked by Executive officers, 18,706	
Amount of postage on the same, if prepaid, \$8,792 40	
Weight of newspapers, 111,002	
Total amount of postage on the above (the newspapers excepted) for one month, provided it is prepaid, \$132,407 22	
Total amount for twelve months, \$1,588,886 64	
Total amount for 12 months, if not prepaid, \$2,951,049 20	

Without taking any account of the newspapers, here we find nearly a million and a half of dollars for free matter that leaves Washington in one year, besides all that arrives at Washington, and all that is sent free in all other portions of the country. A fair estimate would probably give three millions as the amount of postage on the franked matter annually sent through our mails. The Post Office Committee of the House of Representatives put it at \$2,500,000, and we are willing to admit

that as a fair estimate. The late Postmaster General calculated the postage on the free matter of Washington—going out and coming in—during two years, ending July 1, 1851, at \$4,240,820, being at the rate of \$2,120,410 annually. It is thus very evident that two millions and a half for free, congressional, and Government mail matter is below, rather than above, a correct estimate. Now, in the name of all that is just, why is that enormous tax—as purely a Government matter as supporting the army and navy—why is this sum raised by taxing our correspondence?

We will now make out a balance sheet, and see how much Government is indebted to the Post Office Department—to the citizens of the country who use the mails—for postal service, during a period of—say six years. The following table shows the gross Revenue and Expenses of the Post Office Department, from 1849 to 1854 inclusive, the Revenue being that from postages only, the annual appropriations from the Treasury for Government and Congressional matter being in a separate column:—

Date.	Revenue from Postage.	Post Office Expenses.	Appropriations for Government and Congressional Matter.	Appropriations for Matter that should have been made.
1849.....	\$4,760,178	\$4,479,049	\$200,000	\$2,500,000
1850.....	5,332,971	5,212,083	250,000	2,500,000
1851.....	6,351,978	6,024,567	327,410	2,500,000
1852.....	6,824,527	7,106,499	1,717,035	2,500,000
1853.....	6,240,725	7,982,735	700,000	2,500,000
1854.....	6,358,586	6,577,424	700,000	2,500,000
Total.....	\$32,958,978	\$39,385,209	\$9,917,334	\$15,000,000

If we add to the Post Office Revenue for the last six years, the sum of \$15,000,000 for Government postages, instead of \$9,917,334, the amount that was appropriated, we shall have a gross Revenue of \$47,886,973, to go against expenses to the amount of \$39,385,209, during the same period. This will leave a balance of \$8,503,764, and this sum the Post Office Department has actually earned during the last six years, over and above all expenses. And yet, in the face of all this, we have law passed raising letter postage on all letters that go 3,000 miles or over, from 6 to 10 cents, on the plea that the Department does not support itself!

In addition to this, there is no part of the country, no large city, small town, or back settlement, that is not suffering for mail facilities which are denied on the plea that there is no money. The very fact that an appropriation is made "on account of Government postages," is a tacit acknowledgment of the debt that Government owes to the people of the country for mail service. By what rule of financial calculation, or mercantile fairness, a debt of \$2,500,000—say, to be discharged by a payment of one or eight hundred thousand dollars, is a question that would perhaps puzzle the ablest lawyer in Wall street.

It would be an insult to your understanding to elaborate and extend my demonstration on this head. If I have not made my case, if it is not as clear as a demonstration of Euclid, or a problem in the Rule of Three, or a reduction of thirty-three per cent—no consequence be made on our rates of postage—then have our Post Office support itself, and have an overplus for our country. If provided Government paid for all the mail matter, and we had uniformity of letter carriers and receiving

houses in our cities—I repeat, if any case is not fairly made out, then I am willing to be set down as one “void of understanding,” and without the capacity to appreciate the simplest question of national finance.

I have not the time, nor would you have the patience, to take up the subject of Post Office Money Orders, and some other important branches of the postal service.

There is one outlay, one branch of postal expenses, that of mail transportation by railway, in which, according to contracts formerly made, we have had an expenditure that, if continued, would not only absorb all our postal revenue, but would bankrupt the national Treasury. The sum paid for Railroad transportation in 1848, was \$584,192, and in 1854, \$1,758,610, and with the same rate of progressive increase for fifteen years—to 1870—our annual mail transportation on Railroads alone would be no less than \$32,524,014, and, with other expenditures, would make an aggregate of postal expenses to the amount of \$74,881,198. You need not be told that our postal receipts, cannot by any possibility amount to such a sum within that time.

I am not here to bestow praise or blame on any man or body of men, but to look at the condition of the Post Office as we find it. It is however but fair; it is due to the country, and to the administration of our postal affairs, that I mention one fact in connection with this branch of the postal service. There has, I believe, been a disposition on the part of some portion of the public, to censure the Post Office Department for not complying with the demands of some railroad companies, in making contracts for mail service. Let it be established as a principle that our mails must go on all of our railroads, no matter what prices the companies may charge, and any one can see what would be the inevitable result on the finances of the Department. It is within my knowledge that the Postmaster General has lately concluded contracts with some railroad companies, on long and important routes, and at prices far lower than heretofore paid, and while it is a remuneration for the service, it is a price that the Department can afford to pay. This has only been accomplished by taking a firm stand, and going on the principle which must predominate in every judicious administration of financial affairs, that of paying no higher than the receipts will justify. I shall be able to show in another place, that we now pay nearly one million dollars annually higher for railroad service than we should pay, and nearly twice as high as is paid for similar service on the railroads in England. The railroads in that country originally cost nearly five times as much as the railroads of this country.

The subject of Post Office Improvements has occupied much of my attention for seven or eight years, and not until I resided several years in Great Britain had my attention been called to the vast superiority of the system in that country. Last year I made a journey to Europe for no other purpose than to obtain facts and reports on the postal systems of the principal European nations, and I succeeded in collecting much and most satisfactory information, being aided and assisted with the greatest courtesy by all the postal authorities whom I met, as well as by the United States Ministers at the different Courts.



BENEDICT ARNOLD.

To us, nothing appears more certain than that individuals, like water, are sure to find their level. And we never saw this example more strikingly illustrated, than in the actions of the unfortunate man whose lineaments are depicted above. The career of Benedict Arnold fills one of the most mournfully instructive pages of history; and although he evinced great bravery and wonderful powers of endurance during the time he was an officer in the Continental army, the close observer will readily perceive that his whole action was from animal instincts, and the wish for personal aggrandizement.

From boyhood he exhibited the leading traits of his character. Reckless, pitiless, and daring, he was the terror of his playmates, and disliked by all. It appears to have been his greatest delight to inflict pain, and his scheme of bliss was reached through the intense sufferings of his fellow-beings. We are told “he would not only rob nests of their young, but torture his victims to draw forth the agonizing cries of the parent bird. He would scatter broken glass in the road, where the school children passed barefoot, and tempt them round the druggist’s shop in which he was employed, with broken phials, only to scourge them away with a horsewhip. He was bold as he was cruel, and delighted in those perilous feats, which none of his companions dare imitate. It was a favorite amusement with him at a grist-mill, to which he sometimes carried grain, to seize the large water-wheel by the arms, and go round and round with it in its huge revolutions, now buried under the foaming water, and now hanging above in fierce delight, while his companions looked on in silent terror.” In the

above few anecdotes of his early life, the prominent features of his later career are amply demonstrated. For, although he had some talents of the highest cast, which, with a proper cultivation and the opportunities that were presented him, might have elevated his name high among that list of worthies, who will for ever claim the love and reverence of the world; still his brute nature so largely predominated, that, after giving way to it so long, it was impossible to control it in manhood. And when the time came that “self” could not be gratified in any rational direction, he was ready to pander to it, even by the most vile, unmanly and inhuman measures. And, to our mind, it was this principle that was acting in him when he concocted the scheme—fortunately abortive—that was to consign his native land to the perpetual bondage of monarchy, and which has placed his name in the lowest depths of infamy, side by side with his who was the betrayer of the Saviour of mankind.

Benedict Arnold was born in Norwich, Connecticut, on the third day of January, 1740. His father—first a cooper, then a sea captain—was, after a merchant in that town, where, for a while, he had a somewhat prosperous career, and, during the time, was enabled to give his son the best education which the place afforded. The father eventually met with reverses, and with a tainted reputation, finally filled a drunkard’s grave. His mother was highly esteemed for her piety and virtue; but the whole of her good example was thrown away on her son. After leaving school, Benedict, then a lad, was apprenticed to a druggist, and, after serving a time, he ran away, and enlisted in the army, from which he was shortly after released

through the interposition of his mother and her friends. Ere long, however, he ran away again, and reëntered; but this time, finding the restraint of a garrison life was too much for his restless spirit, he deserted, and once more returned home. Resuming his apprenticeship to the drug business, after serving his time, he went to New Haven, and commenced the trade on his own account. He succeeded so well, that he acquired considerable property, when he disposed of his shop, and purchased vessels, which he commanded in person, commenced the cattle and provision freighting business to the West Indies, and led a life more suited to his roving and adventurous disposition. After a season, he was unfortunate in his speculations, and once more returned to his occupation of a druggist, at which he was employed at the breaking out of the war of the Revolution. He was at that time the captain of a volunteer militia company, and on hearing of the battle of Lexington, he enrolled a portion of his own command, and other volunteers to the number of sixty, and, hastening to Cambridge, tendered his services to the Massachusetts Committee of Safety, by whom he was well received and immediately authorized to raise a company of four hundred men for the reduction of Ticonderoga, and, in a short time, the supplies being ready—promoted to the rank of Colonel—he eagerly started on the expedition, traveling at the rate of fifty miles a day. The impetuosity of his unbridled disposition was often exhibited in this, his first position of responsibility, and was at one time so serious, that everything was thrown in confusion, and the whole command was on the brink of mutiny; finally, when he found it was impossible to gain the chief command over honest Ethan Allen, his restlessness started him off to St. John, at the head of a about fifty men that had been enlisted along the road, by his orders. With only one schooner he sailed down the lake, and having surprised the garrison, and taken thirteen men prisoners, he seized a British sloop, destroyed five bateaux, and then returned to Ticonderoga, in the vicinity of which he organized a small fleet, over which he took command.

Here his arrogance and turbulence was, as usual, getting him in hot water; and after repeated complaints (Howley thinks many of them false and unjust) and investigations, rather than submit to the degradation of having a junior officer placed over him, he resigned his command and returned to Cambridge.

On his return, in the fall of 1775, he was ordered by Washington to lead a project for the invasion of Canada—it having been resolved to penetrate the wilderness of the then "District of Maine"—to surprise and take the city of Quebec, and reduce the Provinces. The whole force selected for this hazardous enterprise was eleven hundred men, Arnold being commander-in-chief, with the rank of colonel. The accomplishment of this perilous and extremely difficult march was creditable in the highest degree to the military genius and skill of its leader, and furnishes evidence that, could the good characteristics of his disposition have predominated, the name of Benedict Arnold, now scoffed and spit at by the honest and virtuous of all countries, might have been enrolled on the highest scroll of fame. Deep must

have been his remorse when, in after years, conscience, no doubt, ever goaded him with the consequences of his degradation and infamy. In reference to this march through the wilderness, Headley remarks, "In a few days, the army arrived, having accomplished one of the most remarkable marches on record. The world-renowned passage of San Bernard, by Bonaparte, with twenty thousand men, will not compare with it. He had an open path, a short distance, and provisions in abundance. The great difficulty was in the transportation of artillery. There was no uncertainty about the way; nothing, indeed, to daunt the soldier but hard work. True, it was a large army, but he could subdivide it in as many portions as he pleased, leaving each to pass by itself. The boldness of the undertaking is its great attractive feature. But San Bernard is only a few miles over, and the soldiers, leaving the rich valley of Martigny in the morning, could sleep in the hospice on the top at night; while here was an army of more than a thousand men, marching for over forty days, through fearful solitudes, wading streams, climbing mountains, scaling precipices, drenched with rains, and wasted with toil, enduring hunger, cold and famine, and all to place a forest of two hundred miles in extent between them and safety. That army of a thousand men, in the heart of that wilderness, toiling slowly yet resolutely on, is one of the sublimest sights our history furnishes. Men in a retreat may do such things—Bonaparte fleeing from Moscow, Julian retreating across the desert, Snowball over the Alps, are wonderful events in human history, but the wonder would have been ten-fold greater had they encountered these perils and hardships in marching after an enemy instead of fleeing before one. Men will dare any peril in their path, if less than the one that threatens from behind, but it is quite another thing to enter voluntarily upon it; and that march to Quebec is a standing monument of the hardihood and boldness of American soldiers, and of the amazing energy and firmness of Arnold's character."

The battle of Valcour Island, on Lake Champlain, was a queer episode in the life of a military chieftain, and further evidence of the brute courage of Arnold; but like most of his previous efforts, was without benefit to the cause. The rank of major-general, which he had coveted for a long time, was eventually conferred on him, principally for great bravery displayed at Ridgefield, Connecticut, where he acted as a volunteer under Generals Silliman and Wooster.

At the battle of Stillwater, he displayed the reckless daring of his character in the highest degree; although he commenced operations in his usual way, viz.: by a quarrel with his superior officer; but it is now generally admitted that his altercation with General Gates was anything but creditable to the latter. No doubt, from what Arnold considered the injustice of Congress, and other causes, that prevented the accomplishment of his ambition, he had become perfectly reckless, and at the last-mentioned battle had determined to sacrifice his life on the sacred altar of his country. His rashness on this occasion knew no bounds; he rushed in the most dangerous positions, regardless of consequences. Once, wishing

to go from one extremity of the line to the other, instead of passing behind his troops, he wheeled in front and galloped the whole distance through the cross-fire of the combatant—in fact, one of his biographers says, "he fought like the devil incarnate," and had the grape-shot, by which he was severely wounded in the leg, selected his head, his run would have gone down in glory, and his memory been embalmed in the hearts of grateful millions.

This was his last active service in the cause of American freedom. After the evacuation of Philadelphia, he was appointed to the command of that city, where he was only distinguished for his delinquency and dishonest extravagance. Whilst here, he became enamoured with and married the daughter of one of the citizens, Mr. Edward Shippen. After some time, becoming pressed down with pecuniary and other difficulties—having, of course, the usual amount of quarrels on hand—he devised the act that branded his name with infamy. Owing to the friendship of Washington, he succeeded in obtaining command of West Point, but not in delivering that important station over to General Clinton and the British Government.

He at first corresponded with Clinton, at New York, under a forged name, but the latter suspecting, from the information given, that it was no common man to whom he was indebted, began to cast about for the author, and soon came to the conclusion that it must be Arnold. The negotiations then became more direct, and the contract was soon completed. Arnold was to surrender West Point for a certain rank in the British army, and a certain amount in money. The plan which had been ripening for eighteen months now drew to a close. Under the name of Anderson, Arnold had carried on a long correspondence, until, finally, Andre was appointed to have a personal interview with him. After several unsuccessful attempts, they at length met and concluded all the arrangements. A large British force was to ascend the river, on a certain day, and land at the most important points, which Arnold was to leave unprotected. The hand of a kind Providence frustrated the design, the successful execution of which would have been most disastrous to American liberty. The inability of Andre to return on board the "Vulture" on the same night he left; the steady refusal of the man who brought him ashore to take him back the next day; his sudden determination to change his route after the guide left him, and the loss of his presence of mind, and supreme folly, when arrested on the highway by three Americans, are all a connecting chain, with the links hung so precariously together that he must be a mad man who cannot trace an unseen power controlling the whole transaction. I do not design to go into the particulars of this affair; they are known to all. By the folly of Colonel Jamison, to whom Andre and the papers he had on his person were committed, Arnold escaped. This officer sent on the prisoner to West Point, where he would safely have arrived, but for the interference of Major Tallmadge, who, being told on his return from White Plains in the evening of the events that had occurred, urged his superior officer with such earnestness to bring Andre back, that he at length reluctantly consented, and the party was overtaken before it reached

the river. He, however, stubbornly insisted on sending a letter to Arnold, and did so; Washington, in the mean time, was on his return route from Hartford to headquarters, by way of West Point. The messenger sent to him with the papers missed him, by taking the lower road, while he took the upper one. To complete the misfortune, Washington, who had arrived at Falmouth, in the afternoon, with the intention to proceed to West Point that night, where Arnold still remained, ignorant of Andre's arrest and his own danger, was not just out of town, by the French Minister, M. de la Luzerne, on his way to Newport to visit Count Rochambeau, and persuaded by him to turn back. The next morning, early, he started for West Point, having sent word on to Arnold that he would breakfast with him. But when he reached the river, opposite the fort, instead of crossing immediately, he rode down to visit some of the redoubts. He sent over two aids to tell Arnold not to wait, and so they sat down to breakfast. While at table, a messenger came in and handed a letter to him. He immediately broke the seal, and read with consternation the letter of Colonel Jarneson. With wonderful self-possession, and without betraying any emotion, he rose hastily from the table, saying that urgent business called him away, and requesting them to tell Washington so on his arrival. Ordering his horse to be saddled, he went up to his wife's room, and sent for her. In a brief and hurried manner he confessed the whole affair, saying, that unless he reached the English lines without detection, he would lose his life. He told her, perhaps they would meet no more, but had hardly said farewell, before she sank in a swoon at his feet. Leaving her pale and lifeless on the couch, a crushed and broken thing, he hastened down stairs and sprang to the saddle. Galloping straight for the river, he entered a boat, and ordered the oarsman to row, as for life, for the English ship 'Vulture.' He reached it in safety. Washington, in the meantime, arrived at Arnold's house, and after taking a hearty breakfast, went to visit the garrison, where he expected to meet Arnold. Disappointed in not finding him there, he remained for awhile, and then turned back to the house. On his way he saw Hamilton walking rapidly towards him. The latter, taking Washington aside, showed him the papers that had been in his possession. Calm and unmoved, he instantly hurried off Hamilton to Verplank's Point, to intercept, if possible, the traitor. It was too late, however; he had escaped, leaving his beautiful wife in a paroxysm of grief, and on the verge of madness. As the reward for his treason, he obtained the rank of colonel, with the brevet of brigadier-general in the English army, and twenty thousand dollars. There he was distinguished for the same reckless daring and cruelty, that has been designated "bravery," which he was quite as willing to use against, as for his native land. Among the prisoners he took on a certain occasion, was a captain, who, on being asked by him what the Americans would do if they captured him, replied, "They will cut off the leg which was wounded in fighting for liberty, and bury it with the honors of war, and hang the rest of your body on a gibbet."

After this, he was sent to New London, and

burned it to the ground; and there, around the very haunts of his childhood, committed enormities worthy of a traitor.

In perusing the various histories, we are at a loss to account for the great friendship that appears to have always existed between Washington and Arnold, until after the treason of the latter. And we have to agree with Sparks, who intimates that the "injustice of Congress grew out of the stern integrity and virtue of the members, who, conscious of Arnold's moral defects, did not wish to place power in such dangerous hands." We, in common with all true and loyal Americans, have all the national fraternal love and reverence for the father of our country. But the evidence is conclusive that he was deceived in Arnold, and why not before as well as after the latter's treachery. We reiterate, that Arnold, in our opinion, was not a brave man: the courage he displayed was of the kind exhibited by pugilists, when they stand face to face, and lower themselves to the level of the brute creation, and quite a different feature, from the firm, determined, cool, calculating, self-sacrificing bravery that was at all times exhibited by the Commander-in-Chief, and many others of the generals of our glorious Revolution.

After the close of the war, Arnold went to England, where he was despised and detested by the very people to whom he had sold himself; but this, of course, is the just reward of all traitors. Finding himself universally abhorred, he removed to St. Johns, New Brunswick, and established himself as a merchant. Although he rapidly acquired a fortune, the citizens knew no respect for him, and at one time burned an effigy of him, which they named "The Traitor." Not long after this he returned to England, where he continued to reside until his death, which event occurred in London, June 14th, 1801, in the sixty-second year of his age.

THE TOMB OF THE CZAR NICHOLAS, AND THE COTTAGE OF PETER THE GREAT.

[A correspondent of the "Boston Transcript," writing from St. Petersburg, gives the following account of the tomb of the late Czar, Nicholas, and also of the cottage palace of Peter the Great, with its "three rooms," still carefully kept in preservation.]

St. Petersburg, 12th April, 1855.

The most interesting church in St. Petersburg is that dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, otherwise called the "Fortress Church," as it stands within the city walls of the city. Its slender spire, precisely resembling that of the Admiralty, rises far above all others to the height of 340 feet, and its gilded surface shines dazzlingly in the sun. It is said that 12,000 ducats have already been expended in the gilding of this spire. But within the Fortress Church rest the remains of all the Czars since Peter the Great. No European monarchs rest so unostentatiously, and no others are buried within the walls of a fortress. To each Emperor there is erected merely a sarcophagus, with frequently his initial letters engraved upon it. Each of these sarcophagi is covered with a pall of cloth of gold, embroidered with the double-headed eagle. Upon the Grand-Duke Constantine's tomb lie the keys of some Polish fortresses, while Alexander's bears a small military medal with his portrait. Each tomb is surrounded by a neat iron railing, and the part of the nave devoted to the tombs is again separated from the body of the church by a low railing.

As I visited the church during Lent, the cloth of gold was concealed in every case by a faded black covering. Beginning with Peter the Great, I passed by all the Czars in chronological

order. Here lay the great Catharine, and sleeping quietly by her side, her husband, Peter III., to whom she, in her lifetime, refused this place. Around one of the sarcophagi I saw a dense crowd, and, approaching it, found it that of Nicholas. The cloth was new, and no dust had settled on the spot. Several touched with their hands, and one, a candle, was placed upon the tomb. The little relic that was placed upon his breast while he lay in state in the palace, lies upon the middle of the sarcophagus. It is surrounded by a wreath of immortals. Every one who approached the spot seemed touched with mortal sorrow, and all spoke in whispers around the grave of the great man. As I stood there watching the crowd, the gates were suddenly thrown open, and an old general, in full uniform, entered and approached the tomb. Taking off his helmet, he held it before his face, and kneeling, seemed for a few moments to be engaged in earnest prayer. The helmet shook in his hands as with emotion. Finally, rising, he kissed the relic that had lain upon his master's breast, and then, crossing the aisle, kissed Alexander's tomb in the same way. He had stood under both Empresses, and this daily tribute to their memories was most touching. He is the commander of the fortress of St. Petersburg, and one of the last acts in the public life of Nicholas was to thank him for his public services. The Czar sent him the Imperial portrait enriched with diamonds.

Upon the walls and around the pillars of the Fortress Church hang trophies taken from the Turks, Persians and French. In this way have the Russians decorated all their churches, and hardly a nation but is represented in St. Petersburg or Moscow. The English, I believe, are the only exception, but who can tell how long they may continue so. Above three hundred Persian suns and Turkish crescents here bow before the cross of the Christian.

From the church we went to the house of Peter the Great, just without the walls of the fortress, and upon the same island. This was the nucleus of the present city, and could Peter rise from his grave to see the city of his successors, his ambition would be more than satisfied. The cottage is divided into three apartments. The inner one was his sleeping room; the one adjoining, his chapel, in which are still preserved the pictures he worshipped. The third room was his reception-room, and it is filled with rich offerings, which are contained in show-cases ranged round the room. It consequently looks more like a jeweler's shop than anything else. On one side of the house, is shown the boat made by Peter's own hands, also the sails prepared by himself. The whole cottage was rapidly going to decay, but Alexander caused it to be covered by a casing of brick, so that it is now no longer exposed to the weather. Amsterdam was evidently Peter's model of a commercial city, and his first care in commencing his capital was to intersect its proposed site by canals. His successors, however, not being so wise in their generation, have many of these canals to be filled up and gardens to be planted in their stead. The Basilius Island, therefore, has many delightful gardens instead of closely-ranged masses of brick walls.

BOSTONIAN.

PRIZE FOR A CHOLERA SPECIFIC.—The Paris Academy of Sciences have kept, since 1780, a standard list of a prize of one hundred thousand francs, for a prescription which would, "in an immense majority of cases," cure the Cholera. At the sitting of the Academy, in December last, multitudes of communications respecting the disease were received, but the report was that "one of them deserved serious attention." This prize will now be given for a positive, certain indication of the cause of the Asiatic cholera, so that, by the removal of them, it should disappear, or for the discovery of a prophylactic (a sure preventative) such as vaccination is for the small pox. There is, likewise, a prize of 5000 francs for a demonstration of the existence, in the terrestrial atmosphere, of any matter or animalcule operative in the production or propagation of epidemic disease.



MAJOR JOHN ANDRE.

Turn accomplished and unfortunate young British officer was born in England, in 1751. He entered the army at the age of seventeen, and became one of Sir Henry Clinton's aids, in 1776, with the title of major. When the traitor Arnold proposed to deliver up Westpoint and the American army to the British, Andre was appointed to confer with Arnold, and settle the preliminaries of that damnable treachery. Under the name of Anderson he passed into the American lines, and consummated the treasonable propositions of Arnold. Being disappointed of returning to New York by water, he obtained, through Arnold's influence, a pass from the general officer, and started on his return. He had passed, in perfect security, all the posts and guards on the road, and was proceeding to New York in triumph, when on the 23d of September, one of three American militiamen, who acted as a scouting party, sprang suddenly from his covert and seized his bridle, ordering him to halt. This was so unlooked for, that Andre lost his self-possession, and inquired hastily of the soldier, "Where do you belong?" "Below," was the equivocal reply. "So do I," returned Andre. "I am a British officer, and I trust you will allow me to proceed without detention, as I am on important business." A peculiar smile on the face of the militiaman revealed to him his mistake, and the other two men coming up at that moment, he discovered, too late, the fatal trap he had sprung upon himself. He then sought to bribe the American soldiers, offering his purse and watch, and promising them the most ample reward from his government, if they would allow him to proceed. But they were not of the Arnold stamp, and they sternly rejected all his bribes. On searching him, they

found concealed in one of his boots, in Arnold's own handwriting, papers containing exact returns of the state of the forces, stores, ordnance, and defences of Westpoint, with those of all its dependencies, with various other kinds of information necessary to the success of the British, and all addressed to Sir Henry Clinton, commander-in-chief of the British forces in New York.

The three brave men whose patriotism was strong enough to resist such brilliant bribes, and the eloquent appeals of the accomplished Andre, were John Paulding, David Williams, and Isaac Van Wert. They deserve, and will ever receive, the gratitude of their country.

The board of officers composing the court-martial which was to try Andre, and at whose head was General Greene, found him guilty of being a spy, and sentenced him to be hanged. After he found himself fairly a prisoner, he threw off all disguises, and acknowledged everything; indeed, he was convicted on his own confession. Every effort was made to procure a remission of the dreadful verdict, for he was a dear friend of Sir Henry Clinton's, and a favorite with all the officers; but it was thought too flagrant a case to go unpunished, and the commander of the American army, though with the deepest commiseration, ordered the sentence of the court to be carried into immediate execution.

Accordingly, on the 24 of October, 1780, he was led forth to execution. When he saw the fatal gibbet, he manifested some emotion, and exclaimed, "Must I die in this manner?" and in a moment added, "But it will be only a momentary pang;" and, instantly resuming his wonted serenity, he met his fate with a dignity and composure which excited the admiration, and deeply moved the pity, of all who witnessed

the sad termination of a life so full of promise. Thus perished, in the flower of his youth, one of the most accomplished officers in the British army and of which the gifted Hamilton thus speaks:—

"There was something singularly interesting in the character and fortunes of Major Andre. To an excellent understanding, well improved by education and travel, he united a peculiar elegance of mind and manners, and the advantage of a most pleasing person. He had a pretty taste for the fine arts, and had made considerable proficiency in painting, poetry and music. His knowledge appeared without ostentation, and embellished by a diffidence that rarely accompanies so many talents and accomplishments. His sentiments were elevated, and inspired esteem; they had a softness that conciliated affection. His elocution was handsome, his address easy, polite, and insinuating. By his merit he had acquired the unlimited confidence of his general, and was making rapid advances in military rank and reputation."

THE PAPERS FOUND IN ANDRE'S BOOTS.

(See Editor's Table.)

No. 1.—PASS.

[Endorsed.] Pass from General Arnold, dated September 20, 1780, to Joshua Smith and Mr. John Anderson, to pass the guards at King's Ferry.

HEAD QUARTERS, ROBINSON'S HOOKS.

September 20, 1780.

Permission is given to Joshua Smith, Esquire, a gentleman, Mr. John Anderson, who is with him, and his two servants, to pass and repass the guards near King's Ferry at all times.

[Signed.] B. ARNOLD, M. Gen'l.

No. 2.

Sept. 22, 1780.

[Endorsed.] Pass to Joshua Smith to pass to White Plains.

HEAD QUARTERS, ROBINSON'S HOOKS.

September 22, 1780.

Joshua Smith, Esq., has permission to pass the Guards to the White Plains, and to return, being on public business, by my direction.

[Signed.] B. ARNOLD, M. Gen'l.

No. 3.

[Letter endorsed to]

"Thomas Smith, Esq., Haverham."

ROBINSON'S HOOKS, Sept. 23d, 1780.

DEAR BROTHER.—I am here a prisoner, and am therefore unable to attend in person. I would be obliged to you if you would deliver to Captain Carns, of Lee's Dragoons, a British Uniform Coat, which you will find in one of the drawers in the room above stairs. I would be happy to see you. Remember me to your family.

[Signed.] JOSHUA H. SMITH.

THOMAS SMITH, Esq.

No. 4.

Memo.

[Endorsed.] Hensrutz, [a word not intelligible.]

Elijah Butler.

Mr. I. Johnson, B. R.—r.

Mr. J. Stewart, to the care of Joshua Smith, Esq., to be left at Head Q'r's.

Isaac Adams, 5 s n 5.

No. 5.

[Endorsed.] General Arnold's permission to Joshua Smith.

21 Sept. 1780.

to Bobb's Ferry,

etc. etc.

HEAD QUARTERS, ROBINSON'S HOOKS.

Sept. 21, 1780.

Permission is granted to Joshua Smith, Esq., to go to Bobb's Ferry with three men and a Boy in a Boat with a flag to carry some Letters of a Private Nature for Gentlemen in New York and to Return immediately.

[Signed.] B. ARNOLD, M. Gen'l.

N. B.—He has permission to go at such hours and times as the tide and his business suits.

B. A.

No. 6
[Endorsed.] Sep. 22, 1780.
Pass to Joshua Smith to pass to Dobb's Ferry.
HEAD QUARTERS, ROSSIGNOL'S HOUSE.
Sep. 22, 1780.
Joshua Smith, Esq., has permission to pass with a Boat and three hands and a flag to Dobb's Ferry on Public business and to return immediately.
[Signed.] B. ARNOLD, M. Gen'l.

No. 7.
[Endorsed.] Arnold to John Anderson—Pass.
22d Sept., 1780.
HEAD QUARTERS, ROSSIGNOL'S HOUSE.
Permit Mr. John Anderson to pass the Guards to the White Plains, or below, if He Chuses, He being on Public Business by My Direction.
B. ARNOLD, M. Gen'l.
No. 8.
[In Arnold's hand-writing.]
Gustavus to John Anderson.

[The following document is one of the highest importance to the British, inasmuch as it is one of the alarm—made the British—who would have caused the alarm—fully acquainted with the disposition of all the American forces in that vicinity and thus enable them to conduct an attack to the best advantage. It is of course in the traitor's own hand-writing—]

No. 9.
[Endorsed.]—Artillery Orders, Sep. 5, 1780.
ARTILLERY ORDERS.

The following disposition of the corps is to take place in case of an alarm.

Capt. Danniels with his Comp'y at Fort Putnam, and to Detach an Officer with 12 men to Wyllis's Redoubt, a non Commissioned Officer, with 3 men to Webb's Redoubt, and the like number to Redoubt No. 4.
Captain Thomas and Company to repair to Fort Arnold.

Captain Simmons and Company to remain at the North and South Redoubts, at the East side of the River, until further orders.

Lieut. Barker, with 12 men of Capt. Jackson's Company will repair to Constitution Island; the remainder of the Company with Lieut. Mason's will repair to Arnold.

Capt. Lieut. George and Lieut. Blake with 20 Men of Capt. Treadwell's Company, will Repair to Redoubt No. 1 and 2, the remainder of the Company will be sent to Fort Arnold.

Late Jones's Company with Lieut. Fisk to repair to the South Battery.

The Chain Battery Eberburn's Redoubt, and the Brass Field pieces will be manned from Fort Arnold as Occasion may require.

The Commissary and Conductor of Military stores will in turn wait upon the Commanding Officer of Artillery for Orders.

The Artificers in the Garrison, (agreeable to former Orders) will repair to Fort Arnold, and there receive further Orders from the Command'g Officer of Artillery, J. Bauman Major Comm't Artillery.

No. 10.
[Endorsed.] [In the Traitor's own hand.]
Estimate of the Force at West Point and its dependencies. Sep. 1780.
Estimate of the Forces at W't Point and its dependencies, Sep. 13th, 1780:—

A Brigade of Massachusetts Militia and two Regiments of Rank and file New Hampshire Inclusion of 106 Bateaux Men at Verplancks and Stony Points. 992
On command and Extra Service at Fish Kills, New Windsor, &c., &c., who may be called in occasionally. 852
3 Regiments of Connecticut Militia under the Com'd of Colonel Wells on the lines near N Castle. 488
A Detachment of N York Levies on the lines. 115

Militia 2447
Colonel Lamb's Regiment 167
Colonel Livingston at Verplanck and Stony Pts. 80

Continued: 247

Colonel Sheldon's Dragoons on the lines about one half mounted. 142
Bateaux Men and Artificers. 250
Total 3096

No. 11.
[In Arnold's hand.]
Estimate of Men to Man the Works at West Point &c. Sep'r 1780.
Estimate of the Number of Men necessary to Man the Works at West Point and in the Vicinity.

Fort Arnold 620
— Putnam 450
— Wyllis 140
— Webb 140
Redoubt No 1 150
ditto 2 150
ditto 3 120
ditto 4 100
ditto 5 130
ditto 6 110
ditto 7 78
North Redoubt 120
South Redoubt 130

Total 2438

Villapence, Engineer
NB The Artillery Men are not Included in the above Estimate.

[The violence and malice of Arnold's treachery are nowhere more manifest and detestable than in the following document. See how the ardent espousers the weaknesses of the Fort—the ease with which they could be set on fire—the facilities of approach—the commanding heights and rising grounds, &c. The whole, too, an exposure intended expressly for the British, and yet colored as if it had been a memorandum for his own private use and for General Washington.

No. 12.
[In the traitor's own hand.]
[Endorsed]
Remarks on Works at W't Point a Copy to be transmitted to his Excellency's General Washington.
Sep'r 1780.

Fort Arnold is built of Dry Facines and Wood is in a ruinous condition, incomplete, and subject to take Fire from Shells or Cannases.

Fort Putnam stone wanting great repairs the wall on the East side broke down, and rebuilding from the Foundation at the west and South side have been a Chevaux de Frise on the West side broke in many Places. The East side open, two Boom Proofs and Provision Magazine in the Fort, and slight Wooden Barrack—A commanding piece of ground 500 yards West between the Fort and No. 4—or Rocky Hill.

Fort Webb Built of Facines and Wood, a slight Work very dry and liable to be set on fire as the approaches are very easy, without defences save a slight abatus.

Fort Wyllis built of stone 5 feet high the Work above plank filled with Earth the stone work 15 feet the Earth 5 feet thick.—No Bomb Forts, the Batteries without the Fort.

Redoubt No. 1. On the south side wood 9 feet thick, the Wt North and East sides 4 feet thick, no cannon in the works, a slight and single Abaters, no ditch or Picket. Cannon on two Batteries. No Bomb Proofs.
Redoubt No. 2. The same as No. 1. No Bomb Proof.

Redoubt No. 3, a slight Wood Work 3 Feet thick very Dry no Bomb Proofs, a single Abaters, the work easily set on fire—no Cannon.

Redoubt No. 4 a Wooden work about 10 feet high and five feet thick, the West side faced with stone wall 8 feet high and four thick. No Bomb Proof, two six pounders, a slight Abaters, a Commanding piece of ground 500 yards Wt.

The North Redoubts on the East side built of stone 4 feet high, above the stone wood filled in with Earth, Very Dry, no ditch, a Bomb Proof, three Batteries without the Fort, a poor Abaters, a Rising piece of ground 500 yards So, the approaches Under Cover to within 20 yards.—The Work easily fired with Faggots dipid in Pitch &c.

South Redoubt much the same as the North a Commanding piece of ground 500 yards due East—3 Batteries without the Fort.

The following Document explains itself:—

No. 13.
[In Arnold's hand-writing]
[Endorsed]
Copy of a Council of War held Sep'r 6th 1780.
At a Council of War, held in Camp Bergen County Sept. 6th, 1780.

Present—the Commander-in-Chief.

The Commander-in-Chief states to the Council, that since he had the honor of laying before the General Officers, at Morristown, the 6th of June last, a general view of our circumstances, several important events have occurred, which have materially changed the prospects in the Campaign.

That the success expected from France, instead of coming out in one body, and producing a Naval Superiority in these Seas, has been divided into two Divisions, the first of which only consisting of seven ships of the line, one forty-four and three smaller Frigates, with five thousand land Forces, had arrived at Rhode Island.

That a Reinforcement of six ships of the line from England having reinforced the Enemy, had made their Naval Forces in these seas amount to Nine Sail of the Line, Two Fifties two forty-fours, and a number of smaller Frigates, a Force completely superior to that of our Allies, and which has in consequence held them Blocked up in the harbor of Rhode Island till the 29th ult, at which Period the British Fleet disappeared, and no advice of them has since been received.

That Accounts received by the Alliance Frigate, which left France in July, announces the second Division to be Confined in Brest with several other Ships by a British Fleet of thirty two Sail of the line, and a Fleet of the Allies of Thirty six, or thirty eight Ships of the line ready to put to sea from Cadix to relieve the Port of Brest.

That most of the States in their answers to the requisition made of them, give the strongest assurances of doing every thing in their power to furnish the men and supplies required for the expected Co-operation. The effect of which, however, has been far short of our expectations, for not much above one-third of the Levies declared, by our Allies, against any attempt of the Enemy that way, and two Connecticut State Regiments amounting to 800 at North Castle.

That the Times of Service for which the Levies are Engaged will expire the first of January which, if not replaced, allowing for the usual Casualties, will reduce the Continental Army to less than 6000 men.

That since the state to the Council above Referred to, the Enemy have brought a detachment of about 3000 men from Charles Town to New York, which makes the present operating Force in this Quarter between Ten and Eleven thousand men.

That the Enemies Force now in the Southern States has not been lately ascertained by any distinct accounts, but the general supposes it cannot be less than 7,000 (of which about 2,000 are at Savannah) in this estimate the Diminution by the Casualties of the Climate, is supposed to be equal to the increase of Force derived from the Disaffected.

That added to the loss of Charles Town and its Garrison accounts of a recent misfortune are just arrived from Major General Gates, giving advice of a general action which happened on the 16th of August near Camden: In which the army under his Command met with a total de-

feat, and in all probability the whole of the Continental Troops, and a considerable part of the Militia would be cut off.

That the State of Virginia has been sometime exerting itself to raise a Body of 3000 Troops to serve till the end of December 1781, but how far it has succeeded is not known.

That Maryland had Resolved to raise 2000 Men of which a sufficient number to compose one Battalion was to have come to this Army. The remainder to recruit the Maryland line—but in consequence of the late advices, an order has been sent to march the whole Southward.

That the Enemies Force in Canada, Halifax, St. Augustine, and at Pensacola, remains much the same as stated in the preceding Council.

That there is still reason to believe the Court of France will prosecute its Original Intention of giving effectual succor to this Country, as soon as Circumstances will permit; and it is hoped the second Division will certainly arrive in the course of the fall.

That a Fleet greatly superior to that of the Enemy in the West Indies, and a formidable land Force had sailed sometime since from Martinique to make a Combined attack upon the Island of Jamaica, that there is a possibility of a reinforcement from this quarter also, to the Fleet of our Ally at Rhode Island.

The Commander in Chief having thus given the Council a full view of our present Situation and future prospects, requests the Opinion of each Member in writing, what plan it will be advisable to pursue, to what objects Our Attention ought to be directed in the course of this fall and winter, taking into consideration the alternative of having or not having a Naval Superiority, whether any Offensive operations can be immediately undertaken and against what Point, what ought to be our immediate Preparations and dispositions, particularly whether we can afford or ought to send any Reinforcements from this Army to the Southern States, and to what amount, the General Requests to be favored with these opinions by the 10th instant at farthest.

TOM PAINE AND HIS FOLLOWERS.

[SECOND ARTICLE.]

[We gave in the last number of this magazine, an article from the "Louisville Journal," upon the character and writings of that apostle of liberty and deliverer of Christianity, Tom Paine. The following note extended and still more interesting article is from the same source. It handles the subject in a very able manner, and is no less enriched by instruction than interest. While it does justice to the efficient aid rendered by Paine to the progress of civil liberty, it exposes in strong colors the degradation he inflicted on morals and religion, and his bad conduct as a man.]

TOM PAINE AND THE RED-REPUBLICANS, OR TURNERS.

In a previous number of this journal we promised a further exposition of the matters connected with the outrageous, insolent, and lawless extravagances of the band of German Atheists and anarchists, called Turners, in this region, but known under various other names in various parts of the country. Prior to the begina of these enemies of the law, of order, of civilization, and of religion, from the successful fields of freedom in Europe, feeble, sickly, dying attempts had been made by a few persons, in a small number of places, to keep alive the memory of Tom Paine, but so irrevocable was the public sentiment of Americans of all parties, as to the character of the man, that these efforts had nearly died out when the influx of Hecker's Red-Republicans was flooded upon our shores. Then that idol of infidelity found appropriate worshippers, and the votaries were worthy of the temple. But for these men, Europe might now be rejoicing in the life-giving energies of Christian freedom; where now she

vultures of despotism prey upon humanity, the republicanism which blesses North America would have been in the ascendancy, and the deep wrongs of centuries might now be atoning for their errors and crimes. The light that shone upon the Mount of Transfiguration, and which was carried over the world by twelve men, triumphant over every obstacle, which gave life and strength to human intellect, which shed the rays of peace and freedom over the human soul, was roused for a little while in Europe from its long latency. It was again the star of hope and joy, and freedom was once more about to bless the old Teutonic race, as when Hermann, at the head of a renovated people, crushed the legions of Varrus and caused wailing in the palaces of Augustus Cæsar. But, alas! the light of so much joy and hope suddenly went out; the ghouls and vampires of red republicanism crawled from their caverns and dens and carried more terror to the victors over Austrian and Prussian domination, than the despotism of the aristocracy was able to create. Successful freedom sought shelter under despotism from red republicanism. The land sped out these atheistic anarchists who defied alike God and all human experience; the waves of European horror and alarm threw them upon our land, and they crawled from the surf on our coast, demanding the destruction, the utter destruction, of all that millions of freemen had been engaged for nearly a century in building. All ideas of God, of Bible truths, of religious civilization, of faith in the past, and of hope for the future were to be blotted out at the demand of these houseless, landless anarchists. Amidst the profanities of their Song of the Weavers, they had cursed the land of their birth, and the first notes that they raised from the waves that had driven them to America were a demand of the privilege of cursing the land that had given them a refuge. They had realized the fate of Arian in the poem of the Harvard Student—

"Sin is a ladder, which, as the soul climbs,
Despair takes out the rungs, and stops return
Save by a leap, which largely must increase."

The anarchists of Germany, after landing here, soon discovered the congenial qualities of Tom Paine, and they adopted him as their idol. It is not probable that many of them ever read a chapter of his political or irreligious writings, but that made no difference. It was enough for them that he was a coarse, profane, low, vulgar enemy of the Bible, who, amidst that abundant self-conceit, which all who knew him recognized, and the maddening dreams of whiskey, might have hoped for the services of the Turners—such services as Mokanna, the veiled prophet of Khorsassan, saw in perspective for himself—

"So shall they build me altars in their land,
Where knaves shall minister and fools shall kneel;
Where faith may mutter o'er her mystic scroll,
Written in blood—and bigotry may swell.
The sell he spreads for heaven with blades from hell."

The "Anzeiger," as we quoted it on Saturday, announces Tom Paine as "one of the associate founders of the American republic." In what distempered vision, what maddening dream or foolish reverie that absurd falsehood originated, we have no means of even imagining. Such a libel upon the fathers of American freedom is a disgrace to the hand that first penned it, and we scorn to vindicate such names as

those of Samuel Adams, Patrick Henry, John Hancock, Thomas Jefferson, and John Adams, from such a contemptible, nay atrocious falsehood.

The "Anzeiger" also expresses surprise that Tom Paine's memory should now be held in such general contempt by Americans, when one hundred thousand copies of his "Common Sense" were sold at a time when the colonies scarcely numbered three millions of people!

We think we explained this mystery in our first notice. When Tom Paine wrote his political pamphlets he pretended to be a Christian, and, when his first publication appeared, it was uttered to a people who had been largely instructed in republicanism before Tom Paine immigrated to Pennsylvania. He knew that these people were religious, and he was hypocrite enough to pretend to be a Christian. When he unveiled the hideous features of his mind, in the Age of Reason, his former friends and admirers left him almost to himself—As some of these Turners have denied the facts stated by the "Journal" in its first notice of them, we proceed to establish the truth of all that we said.

In the "Common Sense" pamphlet, entitled "Monarchy and Hereditary succession," Paine appeals to scriptural chronology to show that as there were no early kings there were no early wars. And he urges "that the will of the Almighty, as declared by Gideon and the prophet Samuel, expressly disapproves of the government of kings. It is recorded that the Jews wished to make Gideon a king; Paine quotes from the Bible record the conversation of God with Samuel, and comments upon the whole scene, in the spirit of a Christian writer. And he uses this language: "Till then their form of government, that of Israel (except in extraordinary cases where the Almighty interposed), was a kind of republic. When a man seriously reflects on the idolatrous homage paid to the persons of kings, he need not wonder that the Almighty, ever jealous of his honor, should disapprove a form of government which so impudently invades his prerogative." "What a champion of the revealed will of God!

Paine has a great deal to say about what God did and said. He urges that in "Adam all sinned," and speaks of "all mankind being subjected to Satan, and of monarchy and succession being a form of government which the Word of God bears testimony against."

In the paper entitled "Thoughts on the present state of American affairs," Paine says, "We claim brotherhood with every European Christian."

Again: "Let a day be solemnly set apart for proclaiming the charter; let it be brought forth, placed on the *Dunne Law*, the Word of God."

"On the present ability of America" is a paper full of Paine's Christianity. He says: "For myself, I fully and conscientiously believe that it is the will of the Almighty that there should be a diversity of religious opinions among us; it affords a larger field for our Christian kindness." Again: "I look on the various denominations among us to be like children of the same family, differing only in what is called their Christian names."

In the "Epistle to the Quakers" he says:

"Even the dispersion of the Jews, though foretold by our Saviour, was effected by arms."

Again, in referring to George III., Paine says: "I conceive likewise a horrid idea in receiving mercy from a being who at the *last day* shall be shrieking to the rocks and mountains to cover him," etc.

In No. 2 of "Crisis" Paine says: "It seems as if God had given them over to a spirit of infidelity, and that they are open to conviction in no other line but thoughts of punishment." And in the same number he says: "I wish, with all the sincerity of a Christian," etc.

Such are a few specimens of the profligate hypocrisy which Paine practised upon the readers of his political pamphlets, and now, when the American people know what a hypocrite he was, the "Anzeiger" is astonished that Americans do not love Tom Paine's works!

We have quite clearly established the charge of hypocrisy against the idol of the German republicans. We now turn to considerations of the contempt into which he fell some twenty years before his death. After Paine's singular and remarkable escape from the guillotine of Robespierre, Mr. Jefferson lentred him a passage from France to America in the national ship, the "Anzeiger," which had conveyed Mr. Dawson to France on public business. Paine had written to Mr. Jefferson begging this favor, and it was granted in the way we have mentioned. Paine returned in 1801. There are living witnesses to the fact of the beastly character of his habits in the city of New York, and at Greenwich, or New Rochelle. Many years ago, old Grant Thorburn published in the city of New York an account of Paine's habits. He called to see Paine at the City Hotel, on the day after his return to the United States. Old Thorburn, the Laurie Tod of Galt's novel, says that he was clerk in the Scotch Presbyterian church in Cedar street at the time, and the kirk-session summoned him from psalm-singing for three months, because he had shaken hands with Tom Paine.

A few years after this, when Paine was almost universally shunned on account of his vulgar writings and hard drinking, he boarded with Carver, a blacksmith and horse doctor. Thorburn having intimate social relations with Carver, often saw Paine. Thorburn told him that he believed "his life was spared from the guillotine in France, in order that he might give to the people of this country, where his writings had been so very popular, a living comment on his doctrines, and to show to all the world what human nature is, when left to the Creator to wander in its own councils." "Here," said Thorburn, "you sit in an obscure uncomfortable dwelling, bedabned with snuff and stupefied with brandy; you, who were once the companion of Washington, Jay, and Hamilton, are now deserted by every good man, and even respectable Deists cross the streets to avoid you." Paine replied, "I care not a straw for the opinions of the world." Thorburn says, "He was the most disgusting human being you could meet in the street. Through the effects of intemperance, his countenance was bloated beyond description—he looked as if the mark of Cain was stamped upon his countenance. A few of his disciples, to hide him from the gaze of men, conveyed him

to Greenwich, where they supplied him with brandy till he died."

These facts were published by Grant Thorburn in the midst of hundreds of persons who would have contradicted the statements if it could have been done successfully. There are now living persons at New Rochelle who were witnesses of the closing years of Paine's life. He died in 1809. We have seen persons who conversed with Paine's gardener, who was his errand-boy after brandy, and he bore testimony to his dreadful habits of drunkenness, profanity, obscenity, vulgarity, and filth. When he died, and was huddled into his grave, there were but few persons at his funeral. His awful habits in life had driven nearly everybody from his society. No one but an old negro was found willing to give the dead remains of the author of the "Rights of Man," the companion of Washington, of Hamilton, and of Jay, and a member of the French Constituent Assembly, who had voted on the fate of Louis XVI., the decency of a speech at the grave. And living persons bear testimony of the character of the negro's speech. It was a species of doggerel, and ran in this wise:—

"This is Tom Paine—here he lies;
Nobody laughs and nobody cries,
Where he is gone or how he fares,
Nobody knows and nobody cares."

But why did Tom Paine's infidelity create so much disgust? His "Age of Reason" is probably the very feeblest attack ever made upon the Bible. An intelligent Sunday school pupil could triumphantly refute it. Hume and Gibbon maintained their relations with society, and with religious persons after their attacks upon Christianity, and why could not Paine. Simply, because of his coarseness, profanity, profligacy, and dishonesty. We have already shown his treachery in publishing confidential documents, while he was clerk to the Committee on Foreign Affairs to the Continental Congress. That act of treachery forced him to resign his office, and involved this country in a trouble that threatened the loss of the French Alliance. Gerard, the French Minister, complained loudly of Paine's publication, and Congress had to pass a resolution, expressly denying the statements of Paine. That was a part of his services in founding this republic—his treachery came near prolonging the revolutionary struggle for years, if indeed, it did not come near involving its failure.

We give but two specimens of Paine's glaring falsehoods about the Bible. He quotes Matthew XXVIII, and 7th, and represents that the angel said to the two Marys, "Behold Christ is gone before you into Galilee, there you shall see him." Paine makes this falsehood in order to find a contradiction to it in the fact that the Marys met Christ in Jerusalem. But, if the reader will turn to Matthew, he will find that the angel said, "he goeth before you into Galilee," which was literally true. In the 26th chapter of Matthew, 33d verse, the Saviour had declared, "after I am risen again, I will go before you into Galilee," and the angel's language was a souvenir of that promise.

Again, in putting together the statements made by Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, of occurrences after the resurrection, Paine says, "When it is considered that the whole space of time, from the crucifixion, to what is called the ascension, is but a few days, apparently not more

than three or four, and that all the circumstances are reported to have happened near the same spot, Jerusalem, it is, I believe, impossible to find in any story upon record, so many and such glaring absurdities, contradictions, and falsehoods, as are in those books."

Now, Messrs. Turners, if you have one particle of respect for truthfulness, we pray you to look at that statement of your high priest of reason. No man, having the least claim to honesty, could have manufactured such falsehood. Look now, at the statements of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, as to the three or four days time, and Jerusalem as the locality that embraced the occurrences between the resurrection and ascension. John says that Christ appeared to his disciples, when Thomas Didymus was not present—the same John says he appeared to them again, *eight days* afterward, when Thomas was present, and this latter was at the Sea of Tiberias, *sixty miles from Jerusalem*. And Luke says he showed himself alive after his resurrection by many infallible proofs, "being seen of the Apostles *forty days*, and speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God." And Paul, in one of the cities of Greece, among the keenest intellects then in the world, not only bore personal testimony to these things, but declared that there were then more than two hundred and fifty living witnesses to the fact of the resurrection, and to the occurrences that succeeded that event. In truth, there is not one fact in the whole history of the past that stands on more invulnerable testimony than the resurrection of Jesus Christ and his kindred events. It is as perfectly proved as that Tiberius Caesar wore the purple in partnership with Augustus, and afterwards became sole Emperor of Rome. The facts were proclaimed at Rome, where the documents of Judea could have been controverted there, for Pontius Pilate was an officer under Tiberius. But we shall not press these proofs. We should rejoice to see the Turners vindicating their claims to reason by its proper exercise. If they have any desire to see how Tom Paine's "Age of Reason" stands in the presence of logical truth, we refer them to "Watson's Apology," where they will find the most rigid investigations coupled with gentleness and courtesy. Their high priest, Tom Paine, says, "where knowledge is a duty, ignorance is a crime," and if knowledge respecting a religion that has commanded the earth for nearly nineteen centuries, that has received the faith and obedience of the brightest intellects that time has known, is not a duty, pray what can be? Polycarp, Justin Martyr, Chrysostom, Augustin, Jerome, Leibnitz, Luther, Newton, Grotius, Lord Bacon, and hosts of kindred spirits, were not men likely to be ridden by priests or misled by superstition.

We fear that a great deal of the faith of the German rationalists is as confined and physical as that which Carlyle ascribes to Cagliostro, the arch impostor of the eighteenth century. Carlyle says, the only item of faith he had was, "that ginger is hot in the mouth," and Pulci's Margate, in his answer to Morgante, when the latter asks him if he believed in Christ or Mahomet, merely spreads the article; the elements are the same:—

"Margotte answered then, to tell thee truth,
My faith in black 's no greater than in white;

But I believe in capons, roast meat, bouilli,
And, above all, in wine, and carnal pleasure."

But even for this life, there are small enjoyments compared with that enfranchisement of the faculties of the soul which teaches that God is the Creator and Redeemer of men; which teaches that this earthly pilgrimage is but a probationary state, to train and fit men for a future life. The purity, the freedom, the aspirations given to humanity by Christianity are worth all that Greece and Rome ever knew or imagined without it. Socrates, after pushing his daring thoughts far, far beyond those of all other men, after standing confidently above all other heathen intellects, despairingly said that all was dark, and that human nature needed a messenger from the skies to aid its vision as to the origin and future of man. And if that towering intellect could thus acknowledge its inherent weakness, what may the humbler minds of the Turners hope?

We earnestly desire the welfare of the Turners, the Freemans, and all the other forms of German infidelity. But we should be inattentive to all the lessons of history if we failed to warn them, that a steady faith in the Bible, and obedience to its precepts and principles, are the only guarantees for republicanism, freedom. On those ideas our revolutionary fathers based this republic, and as long as it remains upon them it may bid defiance to all assaults. We pray these phases of infidelity to look into the profound depths of history in search of what we submit to their consideration to-day.

There are two conspicuous miracles standing in the presence of the earth to-day. They are as inexplicable, without the Bible revelation, as any problems known to men; they are as true miracles as the incarnation of God, the resurrection of the body of Jesus, or his ascension from Mount Olivet into heaven. Neither priestcraft nor superstition created or shaped either of the miracles of which we speak, as now present in the world. We shall show that humanity could not have made either of them.

The first of these miracles is the art of speech. There is not now one human being who ever uttered a word without hearing words spoken. There never was one on earth that ever spoke except from previously hearing speech. History has numerous examples which incontrovertibly establish the facts of which we speak. The experiment of Ptolemy in order to discover the original language, the young Frenchman, whose case was thoroughly investigated in 1824, by the Academy of Sciences, the history of Casper Hauser, in Germany, cases of loss of hearing and loss of speech in this city, place the facts we now exhibit beyond any successful contradiction. The moment a deaf man hears, that moment he ceases to be dumb, because he can then acquire the art of speech. If, then, the progenitors of the human race had not heard speech from some source that possessed the power to speak, the whole human family would have been dumb, so far as speech is concerned, at this hour. Plato and Aristotle attempted to ascertain the origin of speech, and both gave up the inquiry in despair. But Moses shows from whence man learned the art of speech. He does not commit the blunder of making Adam talk before he heard speech, but says Adam heard the voice or speech in the

garden. All history on this point, all daily observation conclusively proves the fact, that man acquired the art of speech from a power superior to himself. There is not one truth in the whole history of mankind that gainsays this invulnerable fact. God taught Adam to speak by speaking to him, and through Adam the human family have retained the power thus acquired directly from the Creator.

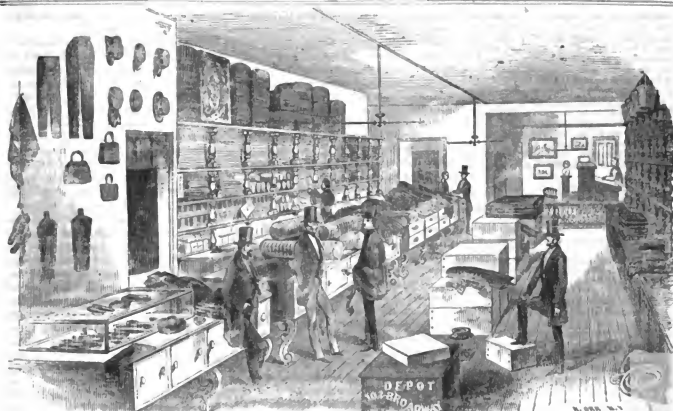
The second miracle which has been before the eyes of the human family for nearly three thousand years, and is now in full life before us, is the separate condition, and preservation, as such, of the Jews. Three thousands years ago, Moses predicted a series of specified calamities which should befall them if they disobeyed the laws which he had just delivered to them. There were seventeen distinct points in the prophecy. There were to be two captivities; one, after a specified time, was to cease; they were to return to Judea, again rebel against the divine laws, and then another series of disasters were to happen. The second captivity was to differ widely from the first. It was to occur in fifteen hundred years from the time that Moses wrote the prediction. The King of Babylon was to be the author of the first captivity; it came to pass; the predictions were translated into the Chaldean language; and when the Greeks were masters of the world, they were translated by the seventy into Greek, and scattered over the Greek world. When Alexander the Great was in Judea, the predictions were shown to him. These predictions were thus in Hebrew, in the hands of the Jews, and their enemies, the Samaritans, in Chaldean among the Chaldeans, and in the Greek language among the Greeks; so that they were widely diffused in human languages, in various parts of the world, centuries before Titus, the author of the second captivity, was born. More than forty years before Titus was born, Jesus Christ repeated the predictions of Moses respecting the calamities that were to come upon the world, and added to the details. Those predictions were preached all over the world, were written in Greek, Hebrew, and Latin, while Judea was flourishing under the Herods. Profane historians, and Josephus, as bitter an enemy of Jesus Christ, as any Turner can be, record the exact fulfillment of each prediction thus made by Moses and by Jesus Christ. And at this moment the miracle stands before our eyes. There is not one person who can be distinguished as an Assyrian, a Chaldean, a Greek of the Greeks, or a Roman of the Cæsarean world, but here are the Jews, in spite of, and in defiance of nearly nineteen centuries of the most grinding and destructive oppression, as distinct from all that surrounds them, as they were the day that Joshua crossed the Jordan with them into the Holy Land. Can Rationalism, in all its boasted power, even in its surreptitious claims, give any clue apart from revelation to a solution of these two startling problems. They stand imperishable and invulnerable monuments of the truth of the Mosaic revelation.

We entreat these Turners to look into the pure word of revealed truth and survey its art and glorious developments. A higher duty does not belong to human beings. We are persuaded that there is not a book on earth

which stands on a more invulnerable basis, in its claims and statements, than the Bible. Whenever the light of unclouded reason examines that basis, everything that truth and testimony teach, will be found there in their purest forms. And in the words of one, who, at one time, at least, equalled any Turner or Freeman in his hatred of the Nazarene and of his doctrines, let all remember, that "God, who in sundry places and in divers manners anciently spoke to the fathers by the prophets—has in these last days spoken to us by a Son, whom he constituted heir of all things (through whom also he made the worlds), who, being an effulgence of his glory and an exact image of his substance, and upholding all things by the word of his power, when he had made purification of our sins by himself, sat down at the right hand of the Majesty in high places. He is so much better than the heavenly messengers by how much he has inherited a more excellent name than they. . . . When he brings again the first-born into the world, he says, Yes, let all the heavenly messengers worship him. . . . And to the Son, thy throne, O God, endure forever. The scepter of thy kingdom is a scepter of rectitude. Thou hast loved righteousness and hated wickedness, therefore God, thy God, has anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy associates." And the same writer, who assisted at the killing of the first Christian martyr, and who persecuted Christians in every way, says, after recounting the awful things at Mount Sinai, when the law was given to Moses—"Take care that you refuse not him, speaking. For if they did not escape who refused him who spake on earth, much more we shall not escape who turn away from him speaking from heaven. His voice then shook the earth. But now he has promised, saying,—Yet once I shake not the earth only, but also the heavens! Now, this speech, 'Yet once,' signifies the removing of the things shaken, is of things which were constituted, that the things not to be shaken may remain. Wherefore, we having received a kingdom not to be shaken, let us have gratitude whereby we may worship God acceptably, with reverence and religious fear. For even our God is a consuming fire."

These things were uttered fully eighteen hundred years ago, in the very midst of the witness of the resurrection of Christ, and of the miracles of his Apostles and other disciples. They are as imperative and as vital this day in Louisville, as when they were spoken. The Bible, believed and obeyed, is the only security for freedom under the guarantees of laws and morals, and every lover of republicanism should know the foundation on which the Bible rests, and stand steadfastly by them.

At a late library sale in London there were several lots of manuscripts and of eastern books, which brought a very high price. Thus, a Persian manuscript, *Thah Jahan Naara*, two volumes in folio of 1616 pages, with thirty-six illuminations, of which some were portraits of the kings of Persia, were bought at the price of £24; it is probable, that this manuscript, which was first in the possession of the King of Delhi, will enrich the library of the British Museum. The Koran in Arabic, 888 pages, was sold for £7 5s.; the Odes of Hafiz, in 8vo, 364 pages, £3 2s. 6d.; the Chinese Dictionary by Morrison, 6 volumes, £12 15s.



SALESROOM AT THE WAREHOUSE.

OUR MANUFACTORIES.

NUMBER TWO.

GUTTA PERCHA.

Continued from page 278 of Volume I.

The company employ at the present time about one hundred and seventy-five hands, one hundred of whom are females, but, from present indications, a largely increased force will be required during the coming summer. We were much pleased with the appearance of the operatives (*especially the female portion*). The girls all work by the piece, having a stated price for each pair of shoes, cap, coat, or whatever articles they may make. We understood their wages average from \$4 to \$5.50 per week. Attached to this establishment, is a laboratory for testing the purity of the different articles used, and for preparing the various chemical compounds used in the establishment, as well as in its experimental department.

There is also a blacksmith shop, with various tools incident to it, for repairing, at a moment's notice, any of the machinery, molds, or tools that might, by accident, be damaged; also a carpenter's shop, for making and altering patterns, making boxes, etc., etc. All the different shops are heated by steam pipes, and lighted by gas, there being over two hundred and fifty burners for the latter. In every principal apartment there is also a two-inch Croton pipe, to each of which is constantly attached from two hundred to four hundred feet of hose. In fact, for good order, cleanliness, and general management, it has rarely been our good fortune to examine a more perfect establishment than the manufactory of this company.

In conversation with the superintendent, we were forcibly impressed with the following remarks, as from it we were convinced that we had drawn profitable and practical conclusions from our experience in the matter. He says—

"Many persons suppose that gutta-percha and Indian-rubber are identical; but they are entirely different; and should manufacturers of Indian-rubber work their material as we work gutta-percha, it would be ruined beyond redemption; and should we undertake to work our substance as they do Indian-rubber, we would produce an article of no value whatever. Indian-rubber, from the first process to the last is soft and pliable, while gutta-percha is stiff and springy, like whalebone, until it goes through the vulcanizing process, which then entirely changes the nature of it. It is then soft and pliable as Indian-rubber, and it would be difficult for one not accustomed to goods made of gutta-percha to tell them apart, were it not for the peculiar balsamic, woody smell that always accompanies fabrics made of the last-named material."

Of the uses and appliances of gutta-percha, a volume could be written, but as we have previously remarked in this article, to our mind, its adaptation to water-proofing textile fabrics, is the most important. When Indian-rubber was first used for this purpose, it was thought that the great desideratum was obtained, and large orders were received from government, for supplies for the army and navy; but, after trial, it was found, from its inability to stand changes of temperature, to be valueless.

In fact, by advices by the last steamer, we understand that the 40,000 suits of Indian-rubber clothing made in England, for the British army in the Crimea, and of which the "London Illustrated News," contained such graphic accounts, has proved to be utterly worthless, by the decomposition of the rubber. And both in this country and in Europe, we think its further employment for government purposes is wholly discontinued; and that vulcanized gutta-percha, which has now been thoroughly test-

ed both for naval and military purpose and is adopted in its stead. Since this article has been in the course of publication, this Company has received large orders from our own government, and also from the British government for the army in the Crimea.

We have read a large number of certificates from our army and naval officers, in which they speak with the greatest confidence in regard to manufactures by the Rider patents.

Lieutenant Colonel J. H. Eaton, writing from Albuquerque, New Mexico, says—

"I procured from your agent in New York, the last summer, several articles of gutta-percha goods, appropriate to the use of an officer in campaign. There were used in my journey across the plains to this territory, and I have no hesitation in saying, that, compared to the old Indian-rubber water-proof articles, they are of infinitely greater value."

"The tent cloth I used chiefly for a bed cover, and as a protection to my bedding; it was exposed to as great a heat from the sun as if used in a tropical climate, and without the slightest change or wear on its surface. As a durable article in texture, it was exposed to the fretting against sharp and rude articles always found in a baggage wagon, for two months, without any appreciable injury. The same remarks are applicable to the cloaks and traveling bags I used. As water-proof articles, the gutta-percha goods I believe to be complete and perfect, suited to every climate and every kind of use."

Captain R. B. Marcy, in speaking of his late trip across the plains, says that during the summer months they were subjected to a climate with the thermometer ranging from 95 to 100 in the shade, and during a portion of the time there were very heavy rains.

"I have, previous to this trip, used the Indian-rubber procured from several different establishments, but have never found it to answer a good purpose but for a short time, as the rubber appears to rot the fabric, and becomes soft and adhesive when used in a warm climate.—The canteens made of the rubber are almost totally worthless, as they communicate in a very short time a very disagreeable taste to water."

During my trip last summer. I was furnished by the Quarter Master's Dept. with rubber sacks, or tanks, for carrying water upon Pack Mules; I found them of very little use, as in addition to the unpleasant taste they imparted to water, the fabric soon gave way, and I could only use them a few days before they were worn out.

"I used the gutta-percha canteen during the entire trip, and it was in perfect order when I returned. I have occasionally carried water in it for several days at a time, but could perceive no bad taste communicated to it, and I have no hesitation to pronounce it far superior, as a water vessel, to anything I have seen made of Indian-rubber."

Lieutenant James Madison Frailey, of the United States ship "St. Mary's," writing from St. Catharines, Brazil, says:—

"I have great pleasure in stating that I have given a fair trial to the 'Gutta-percha suit of clothing,' which I purchased from you about that period, and have found it in every respect as warranted by you. It was fully tested in the warmest weather, having passed through both tropics, and at times when rain fell in great abundance, during which time I was the only officer on board (other officers being provided with oil clothing), who, after a four hour's watch on deck, went below without having a wet thread upon him."

The following letter was received a few days since:—

U. S. FLAG SHIP, INDEPENDENCE,
VALPARAISO, CHILE, Feb. 5, 1865.

Sir:—I have experienced great comfort and protection during a recent passage around Cape Horn, from a suit of your gutta-percha.

These goods are in my opinion, much superior to those manufactured from Indian rubber, if for nothing else, for their pliability, and their freedom from the smell and sticky property peculiar to that article.

If, as I understand, it be true, that when closely packed in large quantities, they are not subject to spontaneous combustion, I see no reason why they would not prove a good substitute for the pea and monkey jackets, at present supplied to our seamen.

With a view to their adoption as such, I would recommend that an application be made to the Bureau of Provisions and Clothing for the Navy at Washington, in order to their being tested on board some one of our public ships. Respectfully, your obedient serv't,

WM. MENKIVE.

Commanding United States Naval
Forces in the Pacific Ocean.

MR. WILLIAM RIDER, President of the North American Gutta-percha Company, New York.

In fact, had we space, we could give a host of evidence from government officers, masters of vessels, and others who have tested gutta-percha in all weathers, and in all natural temperatures. Among others, we observe that Peter McCabe certifies that he was saved from the wreck of the ill-fated "Arctic," by a life preserver made by this company.

Another of the grand uses of this material is its appliance to tubing. The history of water carrying is the history of civilization. First, the spring at which the wayfarer stooped to drink; then the rude passage formed of trunks of trees laid end to end; then the aqueduct carried over hill and valley to imperial Rome; then the gay splashing fountain, with its routine of water carriers; lastly, the leaden pipe, which does its office stealthily beneath the earth, and bears the stream from Croton lake into our bath rooms, kitchens, etc. But perhaps even the reign of the leaden pipes is doomed, and we would not wonder to see them yet give way to gutta-percha. Even while we write, the system of supply for large cities is undergoing

changes, and medical men are beginning to perceive that the conveyance of water in leaden pipes is hurtful to the health, causing many serious and alarming disorders; such as mania, epilepsy, sudden death, nervous affections, paralysis, consumption, hydrocephalus, heart disease, etc. The whole of which are in many cases introduced into the system through the channel of our daily drink. For all sanitary purposes the gutta-percha pipe is admirably adapted. It possesses wonderful strength, purity, and is entirely unaffected by frost. A series of interesting experiments were made some four years since, at the Birmingham water-works, to ascertain the strength of pipes of $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in diameter, and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thickness. These were attached to the iron main, and subjected for two months, to a pressure of two hundred feet head of water, without being in any way deteriorated. In order to learn the maximum strength of the pipes, they were connected with the company's hydraulic proofing pump, the regular load of which is 250 lbs. on the square inch. At this point they were unaffected, and the pump was worked up to 337 lbs., but to the astonishment of every one, the pipes still remained perfect. It was then proposed to work the pump up to 500, but it was found that the lever of the valve would bear no more weight. The utmost power of the hydraulic pump, therefore, was ineffectual to burst the pipe.

The gutta-percha pipe that conveys the Croton from this city across the river to Blackwell's Island, is 1,000 feet in length, and of but 21 inches in caliber. It has now been in use over three years, and from all indications is as good as new.

The medical profession soon became aware of the extreme value of gutta-percha, in the practice of surgery. Dr. Osby discovered it to be "the best and easiest application ever yet discovered in the management of fractures, combining ease and comfort to the patient, and very much lessening the trouble of the surgeon." He also employed it for bougies, capsules, tubes for syringes, etc. Dr. Montgomerie says, "so well does it mold itself to every sinuosity, that it is more like giving the patient a new bone, than a mere support." A man lately brought to the hospital, who had his lower jaw broken by a kick of a horse, and which was so severe as to cause hemorrhage from the ears, smashing the bone in several fragments, was able to speak and eat three days after the accident, and felt so well with his gutta-percha splint, that he insisted on leaving the hospital within ten days. A gentleman of this city has lately applied this resin to the manufacture of artificial gums, and finds it answer the purpose much better than any other material yet employed.

In the conducting of sound, gutta-percha is also found remarkably useful. Speaking tubes of this substance for the conveyance of messages, are now fitted up in mines, railway stations, prisons, workhouses, hotels, and other large establishments. Partially deaf persons are found to appreciate its value; and ingenious apparatus for hearing, has been devised, including the distribution of the gutta-percha tubing over a church, or other large buildings, so that by seating themselves at particular parts, where these tubes terminate, such

persons are able to hear distinctly the sermons or speeches delivered therein.

Gutta-percha is also brought to the aid of the architect in the ornamental work of the interior of houses. It appears to be admirably adapted for cornices, centers for collages; also for picture frames, and many other uses to which plaster and papier maché have hitherto been applied. A curious and valuable use has been made of gutta-percha tubing in the illumination of buildings. One end being attached to the gas pipe and the rest coiled round a cylinder. The light may be carried about by hand to any part of the building, the tube being coiled and uncoiled at pleasure.

Among the many articles to which gutta-percha has already been applied, are, waterproof garments of all kinds for both male and female; carriage-cloths, table and pianoforte covers, horse covers, life preservers, traveling bags, boots and shoes, hats and caps, mechanics' and ladies' aprons, hospital sheeting, bathing mats, syringes, machine belting, fire buckets, paulins, tents, mail bags, knapsacks, haversacks, canteens, belts, water tanks, holsters, provision bags, tent carpets, camp blankets, cannon covers, leggings, ammunition bags, bridles and other parts of harness, steam packing, military hats, cap covers, pistol cases and belts, carpetings, awnings, sailors' bags, pocket wallets, nursery aprons and sheets, whips, car springs, parlor balls, dolls and other toys, drinking cups, wash basins, policemen's batons, oil cans, acid vats, funnels, car trumpets, picture frames, surgical splints, powder flasks, sponge bags, book covers, gun and sword cases, galvanic batteries, hose and tubing, covering for telegraph wires, gutta-percha tissue for ladies' dresses, splints for dislocations, combs, buttons, cases, knife handles, boxes, hot water bags for cholera, pencil erasers, saddle bags, pump buckets, boats,—in fact, we could go on almost *ad infinitum*, but space forbids, and no doubt the above enumeration will give a good idea of the vast extent of the general appliances of this, to us, new and truly valuable substance.

We would feel that this paper was incomplete were we to omit alluding to William Rider, Esq., the President of the North American Gutta-percha Company, and the principal genius in the invention of the art of vulcanizing the substance that has been our text. Mr. Rider is truly a wonderful man, and has valuable qualities rarely seen combined in the same individual. Independent of his inventive and scientific attainments, he is a shrewd, active, intelligent business man; and the more difficult the object to be attained, the more suitable the element for him, and the more certainty of its being overcome, and the desired result accomplished. The first we heard of Mr. Rider, he was engaged with Goodyear, and, we have understood, that it was mainly through the instrumentality and means of Mr. Rider, that Goodyear obtained his art and patents for vulcanizing Indian-rubber. Mr. Rider formed and successfully put in operation the Union Rubber Company; but when he discovered the superiority of gutta-percha he sold out and devoted his whole attention to that subject; and the above statements are convincing proofs of his success. The North American Gutta-percha Company was also formed by him. He has been the president

and active manager from the first. We are confident the stockholders will keep him there. Such men as William Rider are an honor to any community, and the history of their lives is the true history of the country in which they live. In our opinion we cannot have too many such.

Since the above was in type we have received the report of the Board of Government Officers, who were appointed to examine fabrics covered with vulcanized gutta-percha, with special reference to its introduction in the army of the U. S. The examination was a most thorough one, the articles being tested in various ways—sometimes by an extreme heat, at others by the opposite verge of cold. Shoes were filled with vinegar, oil, water, alcohol, etc.; and, except the alcohol, which was slightly tainted in taste (although each liquid had remained in the vessels several days), they answered the purposes most admirably. In conclusion, the Board strongly recommends its adoption and use for the purposes specified. It, therefore, gives us great pleasure to find all our most sanguine predictions are sustained by such competent authority.

THE PRESENT WAR IN EUROPE.

[The following letter from an American in Paris to his friend in Washington, published in the "National Intelligencer," contains, in a compact form and well written, a large amount of interesting information upon the great struggle now going on in Europe.]

PARIS, APR. 19, 1855.

THE military movements, shipments of all kinds of stores and munitions of war, embarkation of troops, stores, mules, etc., continue to be made at the southern ports of the Empire, on a gigantic Napoleonic scale, and indicate but little prospect of peace, or the speedy withdrawal of Sevastopol. Up to this time 145,000 troops have been embarked for the East from Marseilles, Toulon, and Algiers. Forty-five to fifty thousand more are now going forward, making nearly 200,000 men, that have gone or are going to that slaughter-house, the Crimea. Thirty-five thousand horses and mules have also already been sent there, and from six to eight thousand more are now at or near Marseilles going forward as rapidly as possible. It is vain to estimate the material gone or going, which far exceeds the quantity prepared for the great Russian campaign, in 1812. One item that has been shipped is 350,000 bomb-shells, and 150,000 more are now ready for shipment. Cannon balls go by the cargo, and every vessel takes more or less of them. Several hundred pieces of battering cannon, one hundred and fifty additional for the siege, and mortars of all sizes, are now being sent. Muskets sufficient to arm the entire male Turkish population capable of bearing arms, and powder in quantities that would blow up the earth and reduce it again to chaos; provisions of all kinds; clothing, horses, boards, planks, waterproof tents, and other supplies of every description have gone, and are going in quantities that almost exceed credence.

The vastness of the resources and power of this country is strikingly exhibited by what she is now doing, and all apparently without any great effort, and certainly without the least sign of exhaustion. In former wars to put about on the ocean a military expedition of twenty or thirty thousand men was considered a wonderful thing, but now France sends two hundred thousand to the remote end of the Black Sea, with less effort and in less time than she dispatched the expedition of thirty thousand men to Egypt, in 1798, under Bonaparte.

There are 450 cannon and mortars of the largest size mounted and playing on Sevastopol, whilst the Russians, it is said, have 2,000 pieces in position for the defence of the place, with a still overabundant arsenal. All the above is ex-

clusive of the artillery of the armies on both sides.

France at this moment is decidedly the most powerful nation of the world, and is ruled by an extraordinary man. The Emperor opposes everything, never appears to be hurried, drives all about Paris, alone or accompanied by the Empress; he neither dreads the Legitimists, Orleansists, Red Republicans, nor the assassin's poignard; he thinks himself "the man of destiny."

More than nine hundred merchant vessels, of from 300 to 2,000 tons, are now in public employ in connection with the war in the East. They are generally chartered for six months, certain. Seventy private steamers, some of the largest size, are also in this employ, besides the large number of regular war steamers. Fifty steamers are constantly on duty between Constantinople and Sevastopol.

A letter which I have seen from Marseilles mentions the following American vessels:—

Clipper ship "Ocean Herald," 2,200 tons, chartered at \$5 per ton per month, and had just sailed with 180 horses and 1,700 tons of stores.

Ship "Ticonderoga," 1,500 tons, loading with 1,200 tons of material, 200 horses, and 200 troops; chartered at \$4 per ton per month.

Ship "Emma," 1,100 tons, same kind of cargo; chartered at 17 shillings sterling (\$44) per ton per month.

Ship "Republic," 3,500 tons, and "Queen of the Clouds," 2,400 tons; the former chartered at 17 shillings (\$44) and the latter at 16 (\$44) per ton per month. The former was expected to arrive from London and the latter from Malta, and both to load with munitions and warlike stores and deck loads of stores.

Ship "Kate Howe" had sailed for Algiers to load with hay and barley for Sevastopol, at \$11 per ton, measurement, for the trip.

Ship "Anna Tiff" loaded at Toulon with stores at \$10 per measurement ton.

Steamer "William Penn," 600 tons, chartered at \$10,000 per month and the Government to furnish the crew.

Nineteen others have been chartered in England by the French Government to proceed to Marseilles and Toulon to convey horses, mules, and stores.

All hopes of an early peace have vanished, and so no one pretends to predict the duration of the war, which the nations which are yet to be drawn into the vortex. What I always predicted is every day becoming more certain, that Austria will not take an active part against Russia, and the utmost which can be expected from her will be continued neutrality. The Allies may attempt to coerce her by threats as to Lombardy and Hungary, but I do not believe it will have the desired effect. Besides, it would be a dangerous game on the part of England and France, as it might drive Austria into an alliance with instead of against Russia, in which case she would be supported by Prussia, and a large portion of the rest of Germany, which would be a very fearful combination for the Western Powers in the present position of their affairs, and one which they will not causelessly encounter.

Troops do not at present embark so gaily as formerly for the Crimea. It is no longer considered as a frolic. Sevastopol cannot, as at first estimated, be taken by a *coup de main*, and they have a fearful and brave enemy to fight. This latter, however, would not deter Frenchmen, but they dread the distempers of the Crimea—typhus, dysentery, and cholera—before which all courage is unavailing, and which make dreadful ravages in their ranks, and sweep them down as if the angel of death continually hovered over them. The two former diseases are now raging in the camp to a fearful extent, and vessels returning from the Black Sea with sick and convalescent are put into strict quarantine, so great is the dread in France of these diseases. If the cholera should again appear in the Allied camp, they will have to evacuate summer before the war.

This war has greatly reversed the order of commerce. Formerly the Black Sea was the

granary of Europe and supplied half the continent with grain; now it is shipped in immense quantities from France and Algeria to supply the army. This fact is a proof that the Allies can derive but small support from the country, and that they command only the ground on which they are encamped.

The expenses of this war are incredible, and, instead of diminishing, seem to increase. The British budget is upwards of eighty millions of pounds sterling, of which thirty millions are for the war. In the last great war Great Britain carried off only one quarter of the globe, and had her army, war garrisons and fleets at every point and on every sea; but now the above enormous expenditure is required when the war may be said to be confined to only a single point, and her army and fleet in every other quarter of the globe are in repose, in a peace establishment. Soon we shall hear of the "grains of the Britons" from increased taxes, loans, falling off in trade, and general distress.

What I suggested in a former letter is to be realized. An entrenched camp for 40,000 men is to be established near Constantinople, and will be occupied by British troops. The city also to be strongly fortified. The French will be established in Turkey, and will never again leave there. Mark this prediction, for be assured it will be verified. Doctor Napoleon will take charge of "the sick man." The Turks are convinced that their long encampment in Europe is about being broken up. They are no longer rulers in their own territory. The "infidel" has possession of it, and means to remain. They would, however, much prefer the Russians, as they think they would be allowed freedom for their religion, and remain as they now do in many of the Russian provinces. In addition to the proposed entrenched camp, the French are now constructing some immense and massive buildings there for the accommodation of troops, which cannot possibly be completed for several years, and are evidently intended for permanent establishments.

I still do not believe the Emperor will go to the Crimea. If he does, he will fail, and he had established his entrenched camp near Constantinople, he might probably pay a flying visit under the enthusiasm which would prevail at home, and to show himself to the army. Still, in opposition to my own opinion, General —, of the Imperial Guard, who took leave of the Emperor, a few days since, to embark for the Crimea, called upon me, and said the parting words of the Emperor were, "I shall soon see you at Constantinople." The 8th of May, it is even said, is fixed for his departure; still, I do not think he will go.

Notwithstanding the present state of European affairs, I am prepared to see some new and strange continental arrangements, even to the extent of an alliance between France and Russia, with a view to a division of the spoils. The booty to be divided would be Turkey, Egypt, Belgium, the Rhish Provinces, and something from Italy.

Three days since, the railroad, for the first time, was opened through the whole distance from Paris to Marseilles—a distance of five hundred and fifty miles, which is now performed in nineteen hours, and is one of the most perfect works of the kind in the country. France has now complete lines of railroads to her northern and eastern frontier, and to several points on the Atlantic coast, and now this newly opened line to the Mediterranean. You, in the United States, can hardly realize the immense facilities which such works give for military operations on the gigantic scale in which the latter are conducted in Europe. May we never have occasion for them for such purposes in the United States; but let the American people adhere to their peace policy, as the only guarantee for continued progress and prosperity, and avoid, at almost any sacrifice, except that of national honor, being plunged into all the disasters and horrors of modern warfare, which are fearfully increased to what they were in former wars.

[By the latest accounts from Paris, the Emperor, who had been expected to command in person by a pistol shot from an Italian, had again postponed his journey to the Crimea.]



Editor's Table.

THE appearance of the above engraving on this page requires a word of explanation. We had procured for the *UNITED STATES MAGAZINE*, a series of twelve beautiful engravings, one for each month in the year, representing the twelve signs in the zodiac, as the good old almanacs in the days of our boyhood used to present them, in very striking pictures, with the Latin and English names duly annexed, viz.: Aries, the Ram—Taurus, the Bull—Gemini, the Twins—Cancer, the Crab—Leo, the Lion—Virgo, the Virgin—Libra, the Scales—Scorpio, the Scorpion—Sagittarius, the Archer—Capricornus, the Goat—Aquarius, the Water-bearer—Pisces, the Fishes. This series of cuts was commenced in the January number; so that four of them have already been published.

The magazine has heretofore been published on the middle of each month, but now in commencing the second volume, we have concluded to change the time of publication to the first of the month. We therefore had to throw the present number back a couple of weeks from the usual date, to the first of May, or forward a couple of weeks to the first of June. As a matter of convenience we adopted the latter course, and commence the second volume on the first of June. This will not make the slightest difference in the account of any subscriber, for each one will receive his twelve successive numbers for the year, no matter what number he may have commenced with.

This change of date makes the May number the last instead of the first number of the second volume. But we were not willing to deprive our readers of the engraving for May, the sweet Twins, and have therefore given it a place on the editorial page.

THE PRESENT NUMBER.—As the reader has it already before him, we need not say much about it. We try to furnish wholesome and substantial food for those who choose to sit down

at our humble table, rather than cater to a sickly or diseased appetite. And though the present number may not have quite so much variety, as we generally aim to supply, we trust, with the "Wheat" on the first page, the "Chaff" on the last, and the various "fixins" that intervene, the reader may be able to make a comfortable meal. We hope the wheat article will prove valuable and instructive, as well as interesting, to farmers and others who take an interest in agricultural subjects. It was got up with much labor and no small expense. We had the engravings made expressly for the article at a cost of nearly a hundred dollars. We should think any farmer in the country would gladly pay the price of the magazine for a year for the sake of getting that article.

The post-office article contains more valuable information on postal affairs in this country and England than we have seen anywhere else embodied in the same amount of space.

The article on Tom Paine is written with great ability, and cannot fail to be read with unusual interest.

The portraits and sketches of Arnold and Andre have a permanent historical interest, and Brady's Leap and Butler's Ride add to their historic interest a spice of romance.

Our correspondent, "Nereus," appears again in the present number, with some verses of deep and delicate thought and fine artistic finish. And our fair correspondent, "Xenette," also in the present number furnishes a noble song, or ode, in honor of "Labor."

Our young friend and coadjutor, "Democritus, Jr.," finds his page open to him this month, and spreads himself accordingly. But, gentle reader, take hold and help yourself to what you like best.

BACK NUMBERS AND ODD NUMBERS.—As we now have electrotpe plates made of each number and page of the magazine, and are having the first volume also re-set and electrotyped, we can always furnish full sets from the

commencement of the work, or any odd numbers that may be desired. We are ready to supply orders for the first volume, handsomely bound, at the low price of one dollar and a half a copy; and we believe it would be difficult to find a work of so much interest and value anywhere else for the same money.

THE PAPERS FOUND IN MAJOR ANDRE'S BOOTS.—As curious relics of our revolutionary history, we have annexed to the brief biography of the unfortunate Major Andre, in the preceding pages, a copy of the papers which were found in his boots at the time of his capture. Colonel Beckman, of Flatbush, Long Island, a grandson of Governor George Clinton, had in his possession a large number of trunks of old papers and documents of the revolutionary times. Among these the original papers found in Andre's boots were discovered, some ten or a dozen years ago. They were procured at the time and published by the "New York Herald." We copy the whole series of the thirteen papers, except an elaborate table of figures, showing the different kinds and distribution of ordnance, etc., at the various forts and batteries of West Point, on the 5th of September, 1780.

A WORD TO OUR FRIENDS OF THE COUNTRY PRESS.—We are under very great obligations to our friends of the press in all parts of the country, for the very numerous and highly complimentary notices they have given of our magazine. We could not ask for greater praise than they have bestowed upon it, ranking it, as they do by general consent, as the best magazine for the price there is published, and some doing us the honor to call it the best magazine in the country, regardless of price. But we have one little word of complaint to bring, even against our friends of the press. It is a want of care on their part, in copying articles got up expressly for this magazine, to give us due credit for the same. The incidents in American history, with original engravings, are both written and engraved at large expense, expressly for this mag-

anise. And yet we notice that many of the articles go the rounds of the papers without any credit whatever. And the same also with regard to some other articles.

THE GREAT MONOLITH AT ST. PETERSBURG.—Our engraving on the tinted leaf in the present number represents the *Haut de l'Éclat Major*, or the War Department at St. Petersburg, together, with the remarkable column erected to the memory of Alexander the First, said to be the greatest shaft in a single block that has been erected in modern times. This shaft is upwards of eighty feet long, and is computed to weigh more than four hundred tons. It is of red granite, standing on a pedestal of the same material twenty-five feet high. The capital, statue, and cross on the top, raises the height to about a hundred and fifty feet.

An article on the New York City Schools, in consequence of the extent of other articles, is necessarily postponed till our next.

THY STAR OF LOVE.

BY FRANK.

Thy love should be a cheerful thing,
Made up of sunny hours,
As joyous as the gushing spring,
As fragrant as the flowers;
And every thought or hope should be
Attuned to sweetest harmony.

The beauty of a perfect life
Should not be marred by tears,
Though human destiny is rife
With sorrows, struggles, fears;—
But such, while'er my life may be,
I trust may never come to thee.

The holiness of Nature dwells
Eternal in the heart;
And in its every voice it tells
Our highest human part.
If joy dwells in the better sphere
This should not be a life of tears.

I would not have thee think that earth
Holds little hope in store;
They are not of the greatest worth,
The things which we deplore;
True happiness from simple things,
Like fragrance from the sweetest, springs.

A true heart cannot make nor mar
Its destiny on earth;
Overcoming as the eternal star
It follows, from its birth,
Its duty, through life's varied years,
But never with repining tears.

Thy star beams with a happy ray,
Fair as the stars of Night;
And though a cloud is there to-day
Its future all is bright;
Then ever through thy future years
May star smiles banish clouds and tears.

NEW YORK, MAY 12th, 1855.

A GREAT BOOK FOR THE PEOPLE.

"The American Portrait Gallery" has been laid on our table, just as we were closing up the present number of the magazine, and had no time or space left for a proper notice. We must, however, make room for a brief remark. The magnitude and value of this book, compared with the price, constitute one of the wonders of book-making. It is a large octavo volume, of nearly eight hundred pages, elegantly printed on fine white paper, and containing nearly three hundred and fifty portraits of eminent and distin-

guished persons—mostly Americans—from the time of Columbus to the present day, each portrait being accompanied with a brief well-written biography of the individual. Great pains have been taken to obtain the best possible likenesses of the originals, and the portraits have been drawn and engraved with superior artistic skill, and all expressly for this work. This imperial volume, in superb gilt binding, is sold for the remarkably low price of **TWENTY DOLLARS**, with a large discount to agents who engage in its sale. Published by J. M. Emerson & Company, at the office of the **UNITED STATES MAGAZINE**, No. 1 Spruce Street, New York.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ AND HIS WORKS.

[PERHAPS it is not too much to say that Professor Agassiz, is the most able and learned naturalist now living. He is a native of Switzerland, and a citizen of the United States, but he belongs to the world. It is a matter of congratulation, however, to Americans, that he has determined to make this country his home during the remainder of his life, which is now only in its bright meridian. He believes this continent affords him the best and most complete field for his scientific pursuits, and he will not abandon it for any position of honor or emolument offered him in Europe. Through the liberality of Hon. Abner Lawrence he receives, we believe, three thousand dollars a year, as Professor in the Lawrence Scientific School, attached to the University of Cambridge, and endowed by that princely merchant of Boston. We have seen it stated recently that Professor Agassiz has been offered ten thousand dollars a year to take a position in one of the English universities, which he has declined. The following brief, but interesting notice of the Professor and his scientific labors, we find in the "National Intelligencer."]

A RECENT honor has been conferred upon this distinguished naturalist, in the award of the first *Cuvier Prize* by the Academy of Sciences in Paris.

Soon after Cuvier's death a subscription was raised for the erection of a monument to his memory, which produced a larger sum than was expended for that object. The surplus was placed in the charge of the Academy of Sciences in Paris. This was to accumulate until it should produce a certain amount, which was destined to commemorate the name of Cuvier in a different way, by granting the income every third year to the author who should, during that interval, most contribute to the advancement of either zoology or geology. The first prize, however, was not to be awarded until twenty years after Cuvier's death. And it was then to be given to the author who should have fulfilled the conditions required by the foundation for the whole of that period.

The following extract, translated from the *COMPTES RENDUS* of the Academy, will show in what manner the first prize has been awarded:

"Many works of a superior order have appeared within the last few years upon these two sciences. Among these the commission has given a decided preference to the work of Mr. Agassiz on 'Fossil Fishes.'

"This work, immense in its details, is likewise distinguished by a vast and strong conception, and by sustained and elevated views. Moreover, the commission has not forgotten the flattering encouragements which the author received from Cuvier himself, and the kind of mission which seems to have been imposed upon him by the great naturalist to complete the *Paleontology of Vertebral Animals*—a noble mission, which has been most successfully fulfilled.

The *Cuvier Prize* is therefore awarded to the work of Mr. Agassiz, entitled *Recherches sur les Poissons Fossiles*.

The chief merit of this great work is its originality. It embraces an almost unexplored region of science, in which little had been done by the labors of others. The author's investigations were mainly directed to specimens which had not before been scientifically examined; and the difficulties to be overcome, even in the preparation of such an enterprise, will appear from the fact that these specimens were displayed in more than sixty different cabinets in various parts of Europe.

It may well excite our surprise that, while this work was in progress, several others of scarcely less value in the various departments of natural history the result of profound research and elaborate investigation, were produced by the same author. Among these may be enumerated the *Natural History of Fresh Water Fishes of Central Europe*, four separate treatises on the various classes of Fossil and Living Shell Fishes, and another on the Fossil Fishes in the old Red Sandstone of Great Britain and Russia. All these works are accompanied by numerous engravings drawn from original specimens, and executed with great beauty and exactness.

To these may be added two other works of somewhat different character, indicating prodigious labor and most comprehensive knowledge of the science to which they relate: First, the zoological nomenclature, being a systematic catalogue of all the names of the genera of animals, living and fossil, which have been introduced into the science of natural history. The whole number of genera thus classified amounts to more than seventeen thousand. In this catalogue the author by whom each name was given, and the date of the publication in which it is mentioned, are indicated, and the etymology of the name is defined. Second, a *Bibliographical Description* of all the publications on Natural History which have appeared from the time of Aristotle to the present day, comprised in four large volumes. Both these works are of inestimable value to students devoted to any of the branches of natural history.

In the midst of these laborious achievements Agassiz found leisure to pass weeks for several successive summers in the recesses of the Alps, studying from personal observation the phenomena of the *Glaciers*, a subject which had occupied many able pens and produced ingenious theories. The results of his researches are given in two volumes on the *Glaciers of the Alps*, illustrated by accurate drawings of some of the most remarkable glaciers, exhibiting their forms, progressive changes, and peculiar and varied appearances. This work was received with much applause in Europe, as comprising a series of new and exact observations, as presenting original views and deep philosophical deductions, and especially as unfolding what the author denominates the *Glacial System*.

During the last seven years Professor Agassiz has been a citizen of the United States, holding the office of Professor of Natural History in Harvard University. Tempting offers have been made to him from eminent institutions in Europe with the hope of obtaining his services and the influence of his name. These offers he has declined, and resolved to devote his future life and labors to his adopted country. Since he has been here, the same ardent zeal, the same

energy of purpose, strong love of research, and unwearied activity which marked in so conspicuous a manner his previous career, have been exercised in studying and advancing the natural history of America. He is thus engaged in exploring a new field, with the signal advantage of his eminent attainments and large experience already acquired in the old world, all conspiring to facilitate his present pursuits and to crown them with success.

It is understood that he has now in the progress of preparation, as the fruit of his researches in the natural history of this country, materials sufficient for ten quarto volumes, to be entitled "Contributions to the Natural History of the United States," and that the first part may be expected soon to be ready for the press. Such a work, from such a source, relating wholly to America, will be not less honorable to the country than to its author. It will diffuse a knowledge of American science, and contribute to elevate it in public estimation wherever intelligence and learning are considered as an index of intellectual culture and progressive civilization. A work of this kind must necessarily be expensive, by reason of the illustrative engravings which it requires, yet it can scarcely be doubted that, from patriotic feeling, it will meet with a generous patronage from the intelligent and liberal-minded generally, as well as from those who are specially interested in scientific inquiries.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

CHAFF.

TERMINED OUT FOR THE UNITED STATES MAGAZINE, BY DESIGN, CHAFF, JUNIOR.

THE No-Nothin is the growinist party that ever got root in this country. It grows faster than Jack's bean, that got so high by the third morning that Jack could n't see the top of it. It grows faster than Jonathan's punkin vine, out on the western prairie, that in five minutes after it got cleverly up out of the ground, started off at a dog-trot for the far west, and in fifteen minutes was gone it full chisel, rummish like a streak of chalk; and Jonathan mounted his horse, and rid off upon the gallop to see where it was gone to. He rid day and night, and the third day he found the punkin vine begun to lag, and at last he came up with it, and found it was brought to anchor by growin a monstrous great punkin, half as big as a meeth-house.

It's been only two years since the No-Nothin party took root, and now its branches are running all over every State and Territory of this great country, and Califfory besides, going about everywhere like a roarin lion seekin whom it may devour. It commonly wallows down some large city for breakfast; then takes a walk into the country and does up a few broad counties for dinner, and at night gobbles up a half dozen fat villagenes for supper. No wonder No-Nothinism is growin fat and large. It is a high liver, and a fast liver. It lives like an alderman, and takes late suppers, devourin broiled Irishmen for broiled oysters, and mince-in up an Arch-Bishop for mock-turtle soup. Who wouldn't grow fat on such a livin? Once in a while it starts out on a regular bust, and then a whole State has to go for it. Then the old Bay State, Plymouth Rock and all, is swal-

lowed at a gulp, and Cape Cod thrown in for same. There's no overladin the stomach of No-Nothinism; it swallows New Hampshire and its everlastin granite hills, and General Pierce on top of 'em, and the whole dose sets as easy on its stomach as a cup of soft custard. It puts little Rhody in its pocket to keep for a tit-bit between meals. It marches over the land with giant strides; Sewardites flee before it, and the Wise men of old Virginny tremble in its presence. It will soon be seen ridin straddle on the Rocky Mountains, with New York City for one stirrup and San Francisco for t'other. The Mormons better stan from under, or they'll be "crushed out."

But now about the next Presidency. No-Nothinism is sure to have it, if it don't split in tu. But there's the rub: it may split in tu, or die of a surfeit. It is such an everlastin grow-maddizer, that there seems to be some danger of its splittin from mere fullness. But that isn't the greatest danger. It takes in so many things into its stomach that don't agree well together, that there is a good deal of danger of bringin on a sour stomach that will make it throw up, or else gettin filled up with some sort of a gas that will go off with spontaneous combustion, and split the whole thing in tu, throwing one half into the Atlantic Ocean, and the other half into the Pacific. You can sometimes mix le and water if you use soft soap enough; but there is some things that grow on the two sides of Mason and Dixon's line that all the soft soap in creation could n't mix. To try to mix such things would be like tappin the ocean and lettin it into the burnin mountain of Vesuvius; it would create a sensation. The ocean or the mountain would have to back out. A few sprays thrown up from the northern ocean have already fallen on the southern volcano out there in Kansas, and have made sich a sputterin as ought to be a caution to No-Nothinism what it takes into its stomach, if it don't want to be blowed up like a powder mill and scattered to the four winds.

But, as I said afore, if No-Nothinism don't split, it'll carry the next Presidency. And it is thought there will be no very great difficulty in findin somebody willing to take the office. If commodore George Law won't take it, may be commodore Vanderbilt will. And if he won't, may be General Sam Houston could be persuaded to take it. And if he couldn't be persuaded, may be some one among their twenty fellow-candidates could. But if they all decline, it will be the duty of the twenty candidates to form a joint stock company, and take turns fillin the Presidential chair, week in and week out. For we must have a President some how or other. The country would be as bad off without a President as a load without a tall, every hit and grain. And some folks think the country has run a pretty narrow chance of gettin into that forlorn predicament, for they said the old Whig party was dead and buried, and the old Democratic party was all split up into flinders, and what should we do for a President? But, luckily, No-Nothinism is wide awake, and alive and kickin, and there's hopes of the country yet.

No-Nothinism looks out sharp for the nunnaries and convents, and is pretty sure to find out what's goin on there. The legislature of the

old Bay State sent a No-Nothin committee to look after a little nunnery school in Roxbury. And they went and rummaged carefully, high and low, but they couldn't find nothin. How soever every body said 'twas a great occasion, if they couldn't find nothin, so the "Boston Atlas" celebrated it in the following ode:

Goosey goosey gander,
Where shall I wander?
Up stairs, down stairs,
Is a lady's chamber;
"There slept a lady,
Under the clothes;
In popped a Senator,
With a long nose.

Out popped the Senator—
Schnolly he snored;
Such a sleeping beauty
He never saw before.
When a pretty little son
Is lying fast asleep,
A native born American's
Entitled to a peep.

But though the Massachusetts No-Nothins didn't find nothin, the New York No-Nothins did; for while the Massachusetts No-Nothins hunted the poor nuns, the New York No-Nothins hunted the rich Archbishop. And the huntin went on somethin in this way:—

SENATOR BROOKS. Mr. Archbishop, you are gettin an awful sight of church property into your own individual hands. We No-Nothins aint agoin to stan this. It's gettin to be dangerous to our republican institutions, and we are agoin to put a stop to it. Your property must be worth pretty near five millions of dollars.

ARCHBISHOP. It's a lie, sir. I aint worth a striver in the world—nothin but my library, and a part of the furniture in the house, and the bed I sleep on; that's all. I don't own the roof that shelters me. I'm a very poor man, sir.

NO-NOTHIN SENATOR. But, my dear sir, will your reverence jest please to look here; look at these records. Here is an immense amount of property all deeded right out straight to you and your heirs for ever, as strong as the law can make it. Here, sir, count 'em up; there is over a hundred lots of great value deeded to you here in the City of New York.

ARCHBISHOP. It's a lie, sir; there isn't but seventy-one lots; count 'em up for yourself.

NO-NOTHIN SENATOR. But, my dear sir, here's a nest of very valuable lots up town, that you've omitted. These will swell the list up to pretty near what I said. Please to count these, sir, for they also belong to your property.

ARCHBISHOP. It's a lie, sir; they are not my property, and they never was deeded to me.

NO-NOTHIN SENATOR. [Puts on his spectacles and looks again.] Oh, I see how 'tis; they are leased to you, not deeded; and the lease runs for "nine hundred and ninety-nine years," and you are payin one cent a year rent for that princely amount of property. It is true there is some difference between twiddle-dum and twiddle-dee; but unless you are goin to live a good deal longer than old Methusalem did, I don't see but you are about as well off with the lease as you would be with the deed.

ARCHBISHOP. You are "a vile insect," and I take you "with covered hands" and throw you out of the window.

NO-NOTHIN SENATOR. But the "vile insect" will still buzz, and if you aint pleased with the tune you shouldn't have meddled with him.



United States Magazine.

Vol. II.].....JULY, 1855.....[No. 2.



THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

INTRODUCTION.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old;
His wither'd cheek and tresses grey,
Seem'd to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the Bards was he,
Who sung a border chivalry;
For, well-a-day! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethern all were dead;

And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wish'd to be with them, and at rest.
No more on prancing palfrey borne,
He caroll'd light as lark at morn,
No longer courted and carem'd,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay:
Old times were changed, old manners gone,
A stranger fill'd the Stuart's throne;
The bigots of the iron time

Had call'd his harmless art a crime.
A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door,
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear.

He pass'd where Newark's stately tower,
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower,
The Minstrel gazed with a wishful eye—
No humbler resting-place was nigh.
With hesitating step at last,
The embattled portal arch he pass'd,
Whose ponderous gate and massy bar
Had oft roll'd back the tide of war,
But never clos'd the iron door
Against the desolate and poor.
The Duchess mark'd his weary pace,
His timid mien and reverend face,
And bade her page the menials tell,
That they should tend the old man well.
For she had known Adversity,
Though born in such a high degree,
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb.
When kindness had his wants supplied,
And the old man was gratified,
Began to rise his minstrel pride;
And he began to talk anon,
Of good Earl Francis' dead and gone,
And of Earl Walter, rest him God!
A braver ne'er to battle rode;
And how full many a tale he knew
Of the old warriors of Buccleuch:
And would the noble Duchess deign
To listen to an old man's strain,
Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak
He thought e'en yet, the sooth to hear,
That, if she loved the harp to hear,
He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtain'd,
The Aged Minstrel audience gain'd,
But when he reach'd the room of state,
Where she, with all her ladies, sat,
Perchance he wish'd his boon denied:
For when to tune his harp he tried,
His trembling hand had lost the ease,
Which marks security to please;

And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,
Came wildering o'er his aged brain—
He tried to tune his harp in vain!
The plying Duchess praised its chime,
And gave him heart, and gave him time;
Till every string's according glee
Was blended into harmony.
And, then, he said, he would full fain
He could recall an ancient strain,
He never thought to sing again.
It was not framed for village churls,
But for high dames and mighty earls.
He had played it to King Charles the Good,
When he kept court in Holyrood.
And much he wish'd, yet fear'd to try
The long-forgotten melody.
Amid the strings his fingers strayed,
And an uncertain warbling made,
And oft he shook his hoary head,
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old mad raised his face and smiled,
And lighted up his faded eye,
With all a poet's ecstasy.
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding cords along.
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot:
Cold diffidence and age's frost,
In the full tide of song were lost;
Each blank, in faithful memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied;
And, while his heart responsive rung,
'Twas thus the LATEST MINSTREL sung.

(1) This is a massive square tower, now unroofed and ruinous, surrounded by an outward wall, defended by round flanking turrets. It is most beautifully situated about three miles from Selkirk, upon the banks of the Yarrow, a fierce and precipitous stream, which unites with the Etrick about a mile hence to the castle.

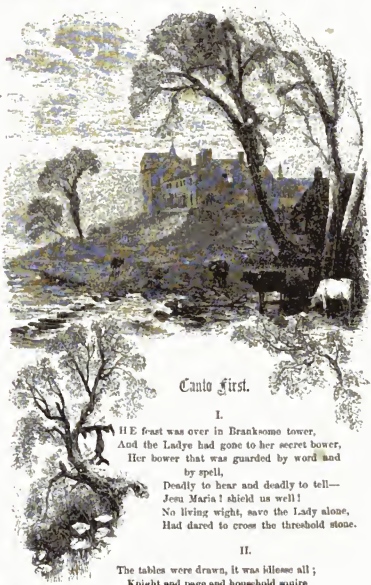
Newark Castle was built by James II. The royal arms, with the unicorn, are engraven on a stone in the western side of the tower. There was a much more ancient castle in its immediate vicinity, called Aldrark, founded, it is said, by Alexander III. Both were designed for the royal residence when the king was disposed to take his pleasure in the forest of Etrick. Various grants occur in the records of the Privy Seal, bestowing the keeping of the Castle of Newark upon different barons. There is a popular tradition, that it was once seized, and held out by the outlaw Murray, a noted character in song, who only surrendered Newark upon condition of being made hereditary sheriff of the forest. A long ballad, containing an account of this transaction, is preserved in the "Border Minstrelsy" (vol. i. p. 209). Upon the marriage of James IV. with Margaret, sister of Henry VIII., the Castle of Newark, with the whole forest of Etrick, was assigned to her as a part of her jointure lands. But of this she could make little advantage; for, after the death of her husband she is found complaining heavily, that Buccleuch had seized upon these lands. Indeed, the office of keeper was latterly held by the family of Buccleuch, and with so firm a grasp, that when the forest of Etrick was disparted, they obtained a grant of the Castle of Newark in property. It was within the court-yard of this castle that General Lady did military execution upon the prisoners whom he had taken at the battle of Philiphaugh. The castle continued to be an occasional seat of the Buccleuch family, for more than a century; and here, it is said, the Duchess of Monmouth and Buccleuch was brought up. For that reason, probably, Mr. Scott has chosen to make it the scene in which the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" is recited in her presence, and for her acquiescent. — *Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

It may be added that Bowhill was the favorite residence of Lord and Lady Dalhousie, (afterwards Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch) at the time when the poem was composed; the ruins of Newark are all but included in the park attached to that modern seat of the family; and Mr. Walter Scott, no doubt, was influenced in his choice of the locality by the predilection of the charming lady who suggested the subject of his "Lay" for the scenery of the Yarrow—a beautiful walk on wooded banks, leading from the house to the old castle, is called, in memory of her, the *Duchess's Walk*.

(2) Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, representative of the ancient Lords of Buccleuch, and wife of the unfortunate James, Duke of Monmouth, who was beheaded, in 1685.

(3) Francis Scott, Earl of Buccleuch, father of the Duchess.

(4) Walter, Earl of Buccleuch, grandfather of the Duchess, and a celebrated warrior.



Canto First.

I.

THE feast was over in Branksome tower,
And the Ladye had gone to her secret bower,
Her bower that was guarded by word and
by spell,
Deadly to hear and deadly to tell—
Jesu Maria! shield us well!
No living wight, save the Lady alone,
Had dared to cross the threshold stone.

II.

The tables were drawn, it was idle as all;
Knight and page and household squire

Loiter'd through the lofty hall,
Or crowded round the ample fire;
The stag-hounds, weary with the chase,
Lay stretched upon the rushy floor,
And urged, in dreams, the forest race,
From Teriot-stone to Eskdale-moor!

III.

Nine-and-twenty knights of fame
Hung their shields in Branksome-Hall;
Nine-and-twenty squires of name
Brought them their steeds to bower from stall;
Nine-and-twenty yeomen tall
Waited, duteous, on them all;
They were all knights of mettle true,
Kinmen to the bold Buccleuch.

IV.

Ten of them were sheathed in steel,
With belted sword and spur on heel:
They quitted not their harness bright,
Neither by day, nor yet by night;
They lay down to rest,
With corselet laced,
Pillow'd on buckler, cold and hard;
They carred at the meal
With gloves of steel,
And they drank the red wine thro' the helmet
brat'd.

V.

Ten squire, ten yeomen, mail-clad men,
Waited the beck of the wardens ten;
Thirty steeds, both fleet and wight,
Stood saddled in stable day and night,
Barbed with frontlet of steel, I trow,
And with Jedwood-axe at saddlebow;
A hundred more fed free in stall—
Such was the custom of Branksome-Hall.

VI.

Why do these steeds stand ready dight?
Why watch these warriors, arm'd, by night?
They watch, to hear the blood-hound baying:
They watch, to hear the war-horn braying;
To see St. George's red cross streaming,
To see the midnight beacon gleaming:
They watch, against Southern force and guile,
Lest Scroop, or Howard, or Percy's powers,
Threaten Branksome's lordly towers,
From Warkworth, or Naworth, or merry Car
listle.

VII.

Such is the custom of Branksome-Hall—
Many a valiant knight > here;
But he, the chieftain of them all,
His sword hangs rusting on the wall,
Beside his broken spear.
Bards long shall tell,



How Lord Walter fell!
When startled burghers fled, afar,
The furies of the Border war;
When the streets of high Dunedin
Saw lances gleam, and falchions redden,
And heard the slogan's deadly yell—
Then the Chief of Branksome fell.

VIII.

Can piety the discord heal,
Or stanch the death-fend's enmity?
Can Christian lore, can patriot zeal,
Can love of blessed charity?
No! vainly to each holy shrine,
In mutual pilgrimage they drew;
Implored, in vain, the grace divine
For chiefs, their own red falchins slew:
While Cessford owns the rule of Carr,
While Ettrick boasts the line of Scott,
The slaughter'd chiefs, the mortal jar,
The havoc of the feudal war,
Shall never, never be forgot!

IX.

In sorrow o'er Lord Walter's bier
The warlike foresters had bent;
And many a sower, and many a tear,
Old Terriot's maids and matrons lent:
But o'er her warrior's bloody bier
The Lady dropp'd nor flower nor tear!
Vengeance, deep brooding o'er the slain,
Had lock'd the source of softer woe;
And burning pride, and high disdain,
Forbade the rising tear to flow;
Until, amid his sorrowing clan,
Her son lip'd from the nurse's knee—
"And if I live to be a man,
My father's death revenged shall be!"
Then fast the mother's tears did seek
To dew the infant's kindling cheek.

X.

All loose her negligent attire,
All loose her golden hair,

Nor in her mother's altered eye
Dared she to look for sympathy.
Her lover, 'gainst her father's clan,
With Carr in arms had stood,
When Mathouse-burn to Melrose ran,
All purple with their blood:
And well she knew, her mother dread,
Before Lord Cranstoun she should wed,
Would see her on her dying bed.

XI.

Of noble race the Lady came,
Her father was a clerk of fame,
Of Bethune's line of Picardie:
He leared the art that none may name,
In Padua, far beyond the sea.
Men said, he changed his mortal frame
By feat of Magic mystery;
For when, in studious mood, he paced
St. Andrew's cloister'd hall,
His form no darkening shadow traced
Upon the sunny wall!

XII.

And of his skill, as bards avow,
He taught that Lady fair,
Till to her bidding she could bow
The viewless forms of air.
And now she sits in secret bow,
In old Lord David's western tower,
And listens to a heavy sound,
That moans the mowey turrets round.
Is it the roar of Terriot's tide,
That chafes against the scar'd red side?



But not alone the bitter tear
Had filial grief supplied;
For hopeless love, and anxious fear,
Had lent their mingled tide:

Is it the wind, that swinge the oaks?
Is it the echo from the rocks?
What may it be, the heavy sound,
That moans old Branksome's turrets round?



XIII.

At the sullen, moaning sound,
The ban-dogs bay and howl;
And, from the turret's round,
Loud whoops the startled owl.
In the hall, both squire and knight
Swore that a storm was near,
And looked forth to view the night;
But the night was still and clear.

XIV.

From the sound of Tevlot's tide,
Chasing with the mountain's side,
From the groan of the wide-swung oak,
From the sullen echo of the rock,
From the voice of the coming storm,
The Ladye knew it well!
It was the Spirit of the Flood that spoke,
And he call'd on the Spirit of the Fell.

XV.

RIVER SPIRIT.

"Sleep'st thou, brother?"—

MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

—"Brother, nay—
On my hills the moon-beams play
From Craik-cross to Skelfhill-pen,
By every rill, in every glen,
Merry elves their morris pacing,
To aerial minstrelsy,
Emerald rings on brown heath tracing,
Trip it deft and merrily.
Up, and mark their nimble feet!
Up, and list their music sweet!"—

XVI.

RIVER SPIRIT.

"Tears of an imprisoned maiden
Mix with my polluted stream;
Margaret of Branksome, sorrow-laden,
Mourns beneath the moon's pale beam.
Tell me, thou who view'st the stars,
When shall cease these feudal jars?
What shall be the maiden's fate?
Who shall be the maiden's mate?"—

XVII.

MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

"Arthur's slow wain his course doth roll,
In utter darkness round the pole;
The Northern Bear lowers black and grim,
Orion's studded belt is dim;
Twinkling faint, and distant far,
Shimmers through mist each planet star;
Ill may I read their high degree!
But no kind influence deign they shower
On Tevlot's tide, and Branksome's tower,
Till price be quell'd, and love be free."

XVIII.

The unearthly voices ceast,
And the heavy sound was still;
It died on the river's breast,
It died on the side of the hill.
But round Lord David's tower
The sound still floated near;
For it rung in the Ladye's bower,
And it rung in the Ladye's ear.
She raised her stately head,
And her heart throbb'd high with pride:—
"Your mountains shall bend,
And your streams ascend,
Ere Margaret be our foreman's bride!"

XIX.

The Ladye sought the lofty hall,
Where many a bold retainer lay,
And, with Jouund din, among them all,
Her son pursued his infant play.
A fancied mose-trooper, the boy
The truncheon of a spear bestrode,
And round the hall, right merrily,
In mimic foray¹⁰ rode,

XX.

The Ladye forgot her puggose high,
One moment, and no more;
One moment gazed with a mother's eye,
As she paused at the arched door:
Then from amid the armed train,
She call'd to her William of Deloraine.



Even bearded knights, in arms grown old,
Share in his frolic gambols bore,
Albeit their hearts of rugged mould,
Were stubborn as the steel they wore.

XXI.

A stark mose-trooping Scott was he,
As e'er couch'd Border lance by knee:



For the grey warriors prophesied,
How the brave boy, in future war,
Should tame the Unicorn's pride,
Exalt the Crescent and the Star."

Through Solway sands, through Tarras moss,
Blindfold he knew the paths to cross;
By wily turns, by desperate bounds,
Had bailed Percy's best blood-hounds;

In Eke, or Liddel, fords were none,
 But he would ride them, one by one;
 Alike to him was time or tide,
 December's snow, or July's pride;
 Alike to him was tide or time,
 Moonless midnight, or matin prime:
 Steady of heart, and stout of hand,
 As ever drove prey from Cumberland;
 Five times outlawed had he been,
 By England's King and Scotland's Queen.

XXII.

"Sir William of Deloraine, good at need,
 Mount thee on the wightest steed;
 Spare not to spur, nor stint to ride,
 Until thou come to fair Tweedside;
 And in Melrose's holy pile
 Seek thou the Monk of St. Mary's aisle.
 Greet the father well from me;
 Say that the fated hour is come,
 And to-night he shall watch with thee,
 To win the treasure of the tomb:
 For this will be St. Michael's night,
 And, though stars be dim, the moon is bright;
 And the cross of bloody red,
 Will point to the grave of the mighty dead.

XXIII.

"What he gives thee, see thou keep;
 Stay not thou for food or sleep:
 Be it scroll, or be it book,
 Into it, Knight, thou must not look;
 If thou readest, thou art lorn!
 Better had'st thou ne'er been born!"—

XXIV.

"O swiftly can speed my dapple-grey steed,
 Which drinks of the Teviot clear;
 Ere break of day," the Warrior 'gan say,
 "Again will I be here:
 And safer by none may thy errand be done,
 Than, noble dame, by me:
 Letter nor line know I never a one,
 Were't my neck-verse at Halibee."¹⁸

Eastward the wooded path he rode,
 Green hazels o'er his basnet nod;
 He pass'd the Peel¹⁹ of Goldiland,
 And cross'd old Borthwick's roaring strand;
 Dimly he view'd the Moat-hill's mound,
 Where Druid shades still fitted round:²⁰



In Hawick twinkled many a light;
 Behind him soon they set in night;
 And soon he spurred his courser keen
 Beneath the tower of Hazeldean.²¹

XXVI.

The clattering hoofs the watchmen mark;—
 "Stand, ho! thou courier of the dark!"—
 "For Branksome, ho!" the knight rejoins,
 And left the friendly tower behind.
 He turn'd him now from Tevlotside,
 And, guided by the tinkling rill,

XXVII.

A moment now he slack'd his speed,
 A moment breathed his panting steed;
 Drew saddle-girth and corset-band,
 And loosen'd in its sheath his brand.
 On Minto-crag the moonbeams glint,

Where Barnhill hew'd his bed of flint;
 Who flung his outlaw'd limbs to rest,
 Where falcons hang their giddy nest,
 Mid cliffs, from whence his eagle eye
 For many a league his prey could spy;
 Cliffs, doubling, on their echoes borne,
 The terrors of the robber's horn;
 Cliffs which, for many a later year,
 The warbling Doric reed shall hear,
 When some sad swain shall teach the grove,
 Ambition is no cure for love!

XXVIII.

Unchallenged, thence pass'd Deloraine,
 To ancient Riddel's fair domain,
 Where Aill, from mountains freed,
 Down from the lakes did raving come;
 Each wave was crested with tawny foam,
 Like the mane of a chestnut steed.
 In rain! no torrent, deep or broad,
 Might bar the bold moss-trooper's road.

XXIX.

At the first plunge the horse sunk low,
 And the water broke o'er the saddlebow.
 Above the foaming tide, I ween,
 Scarce half the charger's neck was seen;
 For he was barder²² from counter to tail,
 And the rider was armed complete in mail;
 Never heavier man and horse
 Stem'd a midnight torrent's force.
 The warrior's very plume, I say,
 Was dagged by the dashing spray;
 Yet through good heart, and Our Lady's grace
 At length he gained the landing place.

XXX.

Now Bowden Moor the march-man won,
 And sternly shook his plumed head,
 As glanced his eye o'er Halidon:²³
 For on his soul the slaughter red
 Of that unhallow'd morn arose,
 When first the Scott and Carr were foes;



XXV.

Soon in his saddle mate he fast,
 And soon the steep descent he past,
 Soon cross'd the sounding barbian,²⁴
 And soon the Teviot side he won.

Northward the dark ascent did ride,
 And gained the moor at Horseliehill;
 Broad on the left before him lay
 For many a mile the Roman way.



When royal James beheld the fray,
Prize to the victor of the day;
When Home and Douglas, in the van,
Bore down Buccleuch's retiring clan,
Till gallant Cessford's heart-blood dear
Reek'd on dark Elliot's border spear.

XXXI.

In bitter mood he spurred fast,
And soon the hated breed was past;
And far beneath, in lustre wan,
Old Melrose rose, and fair Tweed ran:
Like some tall rock with lichens grey,
Seem'd dimly huge, the dark Abbey.
When Hawick he pass'd, had curfew rung,
Now midnight lauds were in Melrose sung.
The sound, upon the stiffling gale,
In solemn woe did rise and fall,
Like that wild harp, whose magic tones
Is waken'd by the winds alone.
But when Melrose he reached, 'twas silence all;
He meekly stabled his steed in stall,
And sought the convent's lonely wall.



Hence paused the harp : and with it's swell
The Master's fire and courage fell;
Dejected, low, he bow'd,
And, gazing timid on the crowd,
He seem'd to seek, in every eye,
If they approved his minstrelsy;
And, diffident of present praise,
Somewhat he spoke of former days,

And how old age, and wandering long,
Had done his hand and harp some wrong.
The Duchess, and her daughters fair,
And every gentle lady there,
Each after each, in due degree,
Gave praises to his melody;
His hand was true, his voice was clear,
And much they long'd the rest to hear.
Encouraged thus, the Aged Man,
After meet rest, again began.

(1) The ancient romance was much of its interest to the lively picture which it affords of the time of chivalry, and of those usages, manners, and institutions, which we have been accustomed to associate in our minds with a certain combination of magnificence with simplicity, and fervor with romantic humor. The representations contained in these performances, however, are for the most part too rude and naïf to give complete satisfaction. The action is always extremely unequal; and though the writer sometimes touches upon the appropriate feeling with great effect and felicity, still this appears to be done more by accident than design; and he wanders away immediately into all sorts of ludicrous or uninteresting details, without any apparent consciousness of inconsistency. These efforts are always corrected with admirable address and judgment in the greatest part of the work now before us; and while he has exhibited a very striking and impressive picture of the feudal usages and institutions, he has shown still greater talent in engraving upon those descriptions all the tender or magnanimous emotions to which the

circumstances of the story naturally give rise. Without impairing the salience of the whole picture, or violating the simplicity of the ballad style, he has contrived, in this way, to impart a much greater dignity, and more powerful interest to his production, than could ever be obtained by the unskillful and unsteady delineations of the old romancers. Nothing, we think, can afford a finer illustration of this remark, than the opening stanza of the whole poem; they transport us at once into the days of knightly daring and feudal hostility, at the same time that they suggest, in a very interesting way, all the softer sentiments which arise out of some part of the description.—*Journal.*

(2) "Of a truth," says Freisart, "the Scottish cannot boast great skill with the bow, but rather bear a spear, with which, in time of need, they give heavy strokes." The Jedwood was a sort of partisan, used by horsemen, as appears from the arms of Jobbing, which bear a cavalier mounted, and armed with this weapon. It is also called a Jewood or Jeddart staff.

(3) The war cry or rallying word of a Border clan.
(4) Among other expedients resorted to for staunching the feud existing betwixt the Scotts and the Kerrs, there was a bond executed in 1629, between the heads of each clan, binding themselves to perform, respectively, the four principal pilgrimages of Scotland, for the benefit of the souls of them of the opposite name who have fallen in the quarrel. This indenture is printed in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," vol. 1. But either it never took effect, or else the first was renewed shortly afterwards.

Such pactions were not uncommon in feudal times; and, as might be expected, they were often, as in the present case, void of the effect desired. When Sir Walter Mauley, the renowned follower of Edward III., had taken the town of Ryel in Gascony, he remembered to have heard that his father by there buried, and offered a hundred crowns to any who could show him his grave. A very old man appeared before Sir Walter, and informed him of the manner of his father's death, and the place of his sepulture. It seems the Lord of Mauny had, at a great tournament, unprovoked, and wounded to the death, a Gascon knight, of the house of Mirepo, whose name was Hilson of Chansy. For this deed he was held at feud by the relations of the knight, until he agreed to undertake a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James of Compostela, for the benefit of the soul of the deceased. But as he refused to go through the town of Ryel, after accomplishment of his vow, he was held and treacherously slain, by the knight of the house he had killed. Sir Walter, with the old man, visited the lowly tomb of his father; and, having read the inscription, which was in Latin, he caused the body to be raised and transported to his castle city of Valence, where masses were in the days of Freisart, daily said for the soul of the unfortunate pilgrim.—*Chronicle of Freisart, vol. 1, p. 12.*

(5) The family of Ker, Kerr, or Carr, was very powerful on the Border. Fynes Morrison remarks, in his Travels, that their influence extended from the village of Prestons Grange, in Lothian, to the limits of England. Cessford Castle, the ancient baronial residence of the family, is situated near the village of Newbattle, within two or three miles of the Cheviot Hills. It has been a place of great strength and consequence, but is now ruinous. Tradition affirms, that it was founded by Halbert, or Halbert, a gigantic warrior, concerning whom many stories are current in Roxburghshire. The Duke of Roxburgh represents Kerr of Cessford, as descended from Halbert, who had the same name upon the Marquis of Lothian as their Chief. Hence the distinction betwixt Kerrs of Cessford and Fairbairn.

(6) The Crautoun, Lord Crautoun, was an ancient Border family, whose chief seat was at Crautoun, in Teviotdale. They were at this time found with the clan of the Kerrs. It appears that the Lady of Buccleuch, in 1557, bested the Laird of Crautoun, seeking his life. Nevertheless, the same Crautoun, who killed his son, was married to a daughter of the same lady.

(7) Padua was long supposed, by the Scottish poets, to be the residence of the learned physician, who, according to the story, slain at Perth in 1609, pretended, during his studies in Italy, to have acquired some knowledge of the cabala, by which he could perform all sorts of magical and other miracles; and, in particular, could produce children without the intercourse of the sexes.

(8) The name of a necromancer is independent of the rest. Glycas informs us that Simon Magus caused his shadow to go before him, making people believe it was an attendant spirit. The vulgar credence of the power of students have made a certain progress in their mystic studies, they are obliged to run through a subterranean hall, where the devil literally catches the hindmost in the race, when he crosses the hall so speedily that the ancients can only apprehend his shadow. In the latter case, the person of an image may after the manner of the shadow, and those who have thus had their shadow, always prove the best magicians.

(9) Here, a precipitous bank of earth.

(10) Here, a predatory invasion.

(11) The arms of the Kerrs of Cessford were, Vert on a chevron, betwixt three unknown's hands crossed, argent three mullets; or, a landscape's head covered with water. The Scotts of Buccleuch bore, Or, on a bend azure a string of six points betwixt two crescents of the first.

(12) Hereby, the place of executing the Border marauders at Carlisle. The next verse is the beginning of the 3d. Minstrel, Murrow, &c., anciently read by criminals claiming the benefit of the clergy. "In the rough but spirited sketch of the marauding Borderer, and in the sentence of his last declaration, the reader will recognize some of the most striking features of the sacred ballad."—*Critical Review.*

(13) Barrioun, the defence of the outer gate of a feudal castle.

(14) Pod, a Border tower.

(15) This is a round artificial mound near Hawick, which bears the name (Met. Arg. See. Cessford Convent) was probably anciently used as a place for assembling a national council of the adjacent tribes. There are many such mounds in Scotland, and they are sometimes, but rarely, of a square form.

(16) The estate of Hasenhead, corruptly Hasenhead, belonging formerly to a family of Scotts, thus commemorated by Battell's.

"Hasenhead came without a call,

"Hasenhead house came without a fall."

(17) Barred, barred,—applied to a horse acquainted with defensive armour.

(18) Halibon was an ancient seat of the Kerrs of Cessford, who were about a quarter of a mile to the northward by the field of battle betwixt Buccleuch and Angus, which is called to this day the Strimish Field.



LEWIS AND THE RATTLESNAKE.

The family of John Lewis were the first settlers of Augusta, in the State of Virginia, and consisted of him, his wife and four sons, Thomas, William, Andrew, and Charles. Of these, the first three were born in Ireland, from whence the family came, and the last was a native of Virginia.

Lewis was a man of wealth and station in the old country, and the cause of his emigration to America was an attempt, on the part of a man of whom he hired some property, to eject him therefrom, which led to an affray in which the noble landlord lost his life. Fearing, from the high standing of his antagonist, the desperate character of his surviving assailants, and the want of evidence to substantiate his case, that his life would be in danger if he staid, Lewis fled the country, accompanied by a party of his tenantry, and settled in the then western wilds of Virginia.

The father appears to have been a man of remarkable force and energy, and all four of his sons rendered themselves conspicuous for deeds of daring and determined bravery, during the early history of Western Virginia, and that of her infant sisters, Ohio and Kentucky, which would require volumes to relate.

Charles Lewis, the hero of my present sketch, was, even in early youth distinguished for those qualifications which have rendered the class to which he belonged—the Indian fighters—so remarkable among men. He was a young man when the Indians commenced their attacks upon the settlement of Western Virginia, but entered the contest with a zeal and courage which outstripped many of his older and more boastful compeers. His astonishing self-possession and presence of mind carried him safely through many a gallant exploit, which has rendered his name as familiar, and his fame as dear to the memories of the descendants of the early set-

tlers, as household words. Cool, calm and collected in the face of danger, and quick-witted where others would be apt to be excited and tremulous, he was able to grasp on the instant the propitious moment for action, and render subservient to his own advantage the most trifling incident.

He was so unfortunate, on one occasion, as to be taken prisoner by a party of Indians while on a hunting excursion. Separated from his companions, he was surprised and surrounded before he was aware of his danger, and when he did become aware of his critical situation, he saw how futile it was to contend, and how reckless and fatal it must be to himself, should he kill one of his antagonists. He knew full well that the blood of his enemy would be washed out in his own, and that, too, at the stake, whereas, if he surrendered peaceably, he stood a chance of being adopted by the Indians as one of themselves. Revolving these things in his mind, he quietly delivered up his rifle to his enemies, and was led away by his captors, who rejoiced exceedingly over their prisoner. Bare-headed, with his arms bound tightly behind him, without a coat, and bare-footed, he was driven forward some two hundred miles toward the Indian towns, his inhuman captors urging him on when he lagged, with their knives, and tauntingly reminding him of the trials which awaited him at the end of the journey. Nothing daunted, however, by their threats and menaces, he marched on in the weary path which led him further and further from his friends, perfectly tractable, so far as his body was concerned, but constantly busy in his mind with schemes of escape. He bided his time, and at length the wished for moment came. As the distance from the white settlements increased, the vigilance of the Indians relaxed, and his hopes increased. As the party passed along the edge of a precipice some twenty feet high, at the foot of which ran a mountain torrent, he, by a powerful ef-

fort, broke the cords which bound his arms, and made the leap. The Indians, whose aim was to take him alive, followed him, and then commenced a race for life and liberty, which was rendered the more exciting by the fact that his pursuers were close upon him, and could at any moment have dispatched him. But such was not their desire, and on, on, he sped, now buoyed up by hope as his recent captors were lost to sight, and anon despairing of success as he crossed an open space which showed them almost at his heels. At length, taking advantage of a thicket, through which he passed and which hid him from their sight for a moment, he darted aside and essayed to leap a fallen tree which lay across his path. The tangled underbrush and reeds which grew thickly around and almost covered the decaying trunk, tripped him as he leaped, and he fell with considerable force on the opposite side. For an instant he was so stunned by the fall as to lose his consciousness, but soon recovered it to find that the Indians were actively searching every nook in his immediate vicinity, and that he had fallen almost directly upon a large rattlesnake which had thrown itself into the deadly coil so near his face that his fangs were within a few inches of his nose. Is it possible for the most vivid imagination to conceive of a more horrible and terrifying situation. The pursuit of his now highly exasperated and savage enemies, who thirsted for his re-capture that they might wreak upon him a fearful revenge, which of itself was a fearful danger, calculated to thrill the nerves of the stoutest system, had now become a secondary fear, for death in one of its most terrifying and soul sickening forms was vibrating on the tongue, and darting from the eye of the fearful reptile before him, so near, too, that the vibratory motion of his rattle as it waved to and fro, caused it to strike his ear. The slightest movement of a muscle—a convulsive shudder—almost the winking of an eye-

lid, would have been the signal for his death. Yet in the midst of this terrible danger, his presence of mind did not leave him, but like a faithful friend did him good service in his hour of trial. Knowing the awful nature of his impending fate, and conscious that the slightest quivering of a nerve would precipitate it, he scarcely breathed, and the blood flowed feebly through his veins, as he lay looking death in the eye. Surrounded thus by the most appalling danger, he was conscious that three of the Indians had passed over the log behind which he lay, without observing him and disappeared in the dark recesses of the forest. Several minutes—which to him were as many hours—passed in this truly terrifying situation, until the snake, apparently satisfied that he was dead, loosed his deadly coil, and passing directly over his body, was lost to sight in the luxuriant growth of weeds which grew up around the

fallen tree. Oh! what a thrill—what a revelation of feeling shook his frame as he was relieved from his awful situation. Tears—tears of joyous gratitude coursed down his cheeks as he poured out his heart to God in thankfulness for his escape. "I had eaten nothing," said he to his companions after his return, "for many days; I had no fire-arms, and I run the risk of dying with hunger before I could reach the settlements; but rather would I have died than have made a meal of that generous beast." He was still in imminent danger from the Indians who knew that he had hidden in some secluded spot, and were searching with the utmost zeal every nook and corner to find him. He was fortunate enough, however, to escape them and after a weary march through the wilderness, during which he suffered intensely from hunger, he reached the settlements.



THE POT ROSE.

We present above an engraving of this beautiful rose, which we have had engraved at considerable expense for the pleasure of our Horticultural readers. The original drawing is found in the "London Florist," which paper has given us five articles describing the method of culture, under the head of "Autobiography of a Pot Rose." The "Florist" informs us that the Prince of Gardeners at the great Chiswick Show, declared the specimen from which this drawing was made to be the finest he had ever seen. It received the gold medal of the London Horticultural Society.

We present it to our readers as a model of what good cultivation and skilful pruning can accomplish; and hope the time is not far distant when our floral friends will become so familiar with the whole process, as to approximate in the training of their plants to the specimen here presented.

A handsome shaped tree, or bush, or plant, is always attractive, while the finest varieties, if ill shaped, are repulsive. A little knowledge and a little care will combine the excellent and the beautiful in the same plant, and thus afford a double source of pleasure.

A few months ago we were attracted to a

florist's window by a very handsome *Pompona Chrysanthemum*, which, on account of its beautiful form readily sold for ten dollars, while an ordinary grown plant of the same variety could be easily obtained for fifty cents. This plant is only an illustration of the idea we wish to impress, and that is, that whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing intelligently and well; it pays best. This plant would sell for twenty-five dollars, while one of the same variety and age would not command more than half a dollar, and this difference mainly arises from good pruning. "Good pruning!" says a reader: "we do not know how to do that, neither can we learn from the directions we receive from books. We are told to cut off and pinch back the shoots, until the tree or shrub assumes a handsome, conical form, but never having seen or learned the process, our attempts would only result in failure."

True it is that so simple an art as pruning is not often learned even by an amateur, except he is favored with a practical demonstration by a florist in the garden, with a knife in hand.

Yet if it makes a fifty cent plant worth from ten to twenty-five dollars in the market, it is well worth making a special effort to learn, particularly when this whole process of pruning is to the amateur one of the most agreeable things connected with the care he bestows on his plants.

We hope our readers will take in hand some young roses and other plants, and by a courageous and thorough system of pruning, and pinching back the ends of the too vigorous shoots, check their growth until the feebler parts gain strength as well as beauty; we hope, we say, our readers will thus succeed in approximating, if they cannot rival this beautiful Pot Rose.

THE INFANT AND THE ROSE.

BY SERA SMITH.

I saw a blushing vernal rose,
In all its new-blown charms arrayed,
And in the arms of soft repose,
Beneath that flower an infant laid.
I gazed on each with wild delight,
For both were lovely to the sight.

I look'd again, and autumn's blast
Had stript that rose of all its charms,
And death, with withering power had part,
And clasped the babe in icy arms.
Now, where the leafless rose-bush sighs,
Low in its grave that infant lies.

How Nature's cruel law, I cried,
Cuts short the hour of beauty's reign!
But Nature's cheering voice replied,
They both shall live and bloom again;
The one in spring shall grace the grove,
And one shall smile in courts above.

LAKE PHENOMENON.—On the 25th of April, a huge wave, seven feet high, suddenly arose on Lake Ontario, and rolled upon the shores at Port Dalhousie, sweeping over the piers with great violence. When it receded, the waters run out from the shore, leaving great quantities of fish floundering on the beach. For some time afterwards the waters of the lake arose and fell repeatedly, until they seemed to have expended the strength of the first impulse, which is supposed to have been caused by a whirlwind that passed in a narrow track partly over the lake and a long strip of the country.



THE SUFFERING FAMILY.

THERE is a rich fund of romantic incident in the history of the "fire lands" of North-eastern Ohio, which afford an abundant field for the novelist and historian in which to indulge their penchant for the terrible. The former might find material for a series of volumes, while the latter would meet with a mass of facts which might challenge the belief of the most indulgent reader. The pen delights to linger while recording the interesting and soul-stirring scenes with which this section of country was so fruitful; but the limited nature of our sketches precludes the possibility of more than a rough outline.

The "fire lands" was a tract of half a million acres, which was set apart by the State of Connecticut, from the "Western Reserve," to compensate the sufferers by British incendiarism, along the coast of the State, during the revolutionary struggle, more particularly at New London, Norwalk and Fairfield. All was new, rugged, and unknown. The Indian title to the lands was not even extinguished, and the first settlers experienced great difficulties arising from this fact. The red man and the beasts of the field contended with the pale-face for the possession of the soil, and the new-comers found themselves isolated, as it were, far from their friends and assistance, and obliged to fight their way to the ownership of their claim. Nor were these the greatest difficulties against which they had to struggle. Disease, that prolific source of misery and destitution, stalked abroad in their midst, and for a year or two after locating, the sturdy pioneer and his family were compelled to undergo an acclimating—happy, indeed, if they escaped with constitutions unimpaired by the ravages of the fevers incidental to a new country. Many, very many, sick and disgusted with the privations which they were called upon to endure, returned to their former

homes, and others would have been glad to do so, but from inability and want of means to retrace their steps.

The following instance of extreme destitution and suffering will serve as a specimen of the trials which many experienced in their endeavors to establish a home in the wilderness; and although an extreme case, perhaps, yet it is a type of others with which the history of the State, for the period of which I write, abounds. Indeed, for a period of six or seven years,—say, from 1809 to 1815 and '16—there were few families located on the "fire lands," who did not experience the keenest suffering from the want of proper food and clothing. Parched and pounded corn was the only food, with the exception of wild meat; and frequently that was so scarce, as to be regarded a luxury when it chanced to be obtained.

One morning, late in the fall of 1810, a hunter, who had been out in pursuit of game, and was wending his way homeward, with a single wild-turkey hung to his belt, came out rather unexpectedly upon a little clearing, not far from the banks of the Huron River, in which stood a solitary log cabin, the appearance of which, so far in the recesses of the forest, and so isolated from the possibility of relief in case of danger or sickness, excited his wonder and surprise. There was something in the appearance of the cabin itself which fixed his attention, and led him to a closer examination. Although appearances indicated a recent occupancy, yet there was no evidence of life about the premises. He approached the door and knocked. A feeble voice bade him "come in," and he entered, but stood aghest on the threshold at the scene which presented itself. On a stool by the side of the fireplace sat a female form, reduced to a mere skeleton; her clothing, as it clung to her attenuated figure, serving to bring out into bold relief its projecting angles and sharp outlines. In her arms she held a babe a few months old, whose puffy

form, blanched features, and sunken eyes, betokened its lack of that nourishment which its starving mother was unable to give. On a rude bed behind the woman, lay a boy of three years old, whose appearance also manifested what everything went to show—disease and starvation. The cabin was without a single article of furniture, except the stool on which the mother sat, and the bed on which lay her sick and dying boy. Everything else had disappeared. On the hearth was a pile of ashes which, to his experienced eye, indicated a lack of fire for at least some days.

As soon as the awe-struck hunter had recovered in a measure from his first surprise, he demanded to know what was the matter and where her husband was. A frantic burst of tears was her only answer. Her overcharged and burdened heart was overflowing with emotions which her tongue could not give utterance to. Mingled feelings of joy and sorrow choked her speech and she could not reply. At length, however, mastering herself by an effort, she managed between her sobs to say, pointing towards the bed: "There lies my little Edward—I expect he is dying,—and here is my babe, so sick I cannot lay her down; I am so weak and feeble, I can scarcely sit in my seat, and my poor husband lies buried beside the cabin!" then as if rendered frantic by the recital of her sorrows and destitution, she exclaimed in tones of deepest anguish—"Oh! that I was back to my own country, where I could fall into the arms of my mother." A tear of sympathetic feeling rolled down the weather-beaten face of the hunter as he listened to the recital of her woes.

Her story was soon told. In company with her husband, she had emigrated to the West in the flattering hope of having a home all their own, where the earth would, at least, yield them a living. Alas! she was destined like many others, to bitter disappointment. Soon after their arrival her husband had erected his cabin,

girdled the trees, and cleared a small spot of ground, but when fall came he sickened and died. His poor broken-hearted wife took the body of her husband in her arms, and half dragged, half carried it to the outside of the cabin, where she contrived, with the aid of the ax and a sharpened stick, to dig a shallow grave in which she placed the body of her best and only friend; then with a tearful eye, but broken heart, and nervous hand, she covered it over with the soil and returned to her children, who demanded her utmost care and attention. Her boy, the image of his father, lay prostrated by the fever, and she could not leave him a moment to go for assistance, which was twelve miles distant. Neither could she leave to procure food, and now her babe was dying for want of nourishment. Every morsel of food was gone, and for three days she had not broken her fast. Every article of furniture, except the bed and stool, had been used to keep alive the fire on the hearth, until that source was exhausted, and the poor woman had taken her babe in her arms, sat down by the embers, and yielded herself up to stern and awful despair. Twenty-four hours more, and death would have left only their pale, emaciated remains to tell the sad story of their sufferings. Relief had reached her, however, at the critical moment, and now the fountain of her tears was broken up, and she wept as she had never wept before. Tears of joy flowed over her haggard cheeks and bathed her infant's brow as she hugged it to her bosom. Not for herself did she weep; no! she could have died, and blessed the stroke which laid her side by side with her husband in the cold and silent grave. There was no want or misery there; no suffering such as she had seen. But for her children: she had prayed for life that they might live, and her prayer was answered. How her heart leaped at the thought that she might yet return to her mother's home with her children. The dream was realized, and there was a melancholy joy in her heart, and words of thankfulness on her lips, as she sat at her mother's knee a few months afterwards, and told the story of her fearful and agonizing experience.

THE ASSEMBLY OF THE DEAD.

BY J. B. WHITE.

[Dr. Rem, a traveler through the highlands of Peru, is said to have found lately in the desert of Alcamo, the dried remains of an assemblage of human beings, five or six hundred in number—men, women, and children, seated in a semi-circle as when alive, staring into the burning waste before them. They had not been buried—life had not departed before they thus sat around, but hope was gone; the Spanish invaders were at hand, and, no hope being left, they had come hither to die. They still sat immovable in the dreary desert, dried like mummies, by the effect of the hot air; they still kept their position, sitting up, as in solemn council, while o'er that Aroquas silence brooded irresistibly.]—*U. S. Journal*, 1854.

Worn dull and hard skin above,
And burning water around,
A lonely traveler journey'd on,
Through solitudes profound,
No wand'ring bird's adventurous wing,
Passed o'er that cheerless waste,
No tree across those barren lands,
A welcome shadow cast.

With something pallid beneath,
The desert bill swept by,
And, with a dull and brazen glare,
The sun looked from the sky.

Yet onward still, though worn with toil,
The eager wretch pressed,
While earnest hope lit up his eyes,
And serv'd his fainting breast.

Why paused he in his onward course?
Why held his struggling breath?
Why could he with bewilder'd eye
Be in the valley of death?

Before him, set in stern array,
All habited, as if in dread,
Yet, cold and motionless, and calm,
A concourse of the dead.

Around the burning statue they gazed,
With fixed and stony eyes,
As if strange fear had chain'd, erewhile,
Their gaze on vacancy,
And woe and dread on every brow
In champion lines were wrought—
Sad traces of the anguish deep
That fill'd their latest thought.

They seem'd a race of other times,
O'er whom the desert blast,
For many a long and weary age,
In fiery wrath had passed;
Still, scathed and dried, each wasted form
In rigid aspect wore,
Unchang'd, as years unresponsive passed
The hasty desert o'er.

Was it the clash of foreign arms,
Was it the invader's tread,
From which this simple-minded race
In wildest terror fled?
Choking, amidst the desert sands
Scathed by the desert's breath,
Rather than by the invader's steel,
To meet the stroke of death.

And there they died—a freeborn race—
From their proud hills away;
While round them, in its lonely pride,
The far free desert lay.
And there, unburied, still they all,
As proud as life and cold,
Lye e'en in death, though o'er their bones
Oppression's tide hath roll'd.

ALBUQUERQUE, MICH., 1854.

THE COST OF WAR.

ENGLAND is just beginning to experience fairly the cost of the war that she has engaged in, the burden of which grows heavier with every month of its continuance. The question as to who in the end is to bear these expenses must become an important one in the settlement of the difficulties. Turkey, already bankrupt, cannot pay them, although they were assumed in her defence, and Russia will have to be greatly reduced before she can consent to pay for her own humiliation. Whoever has to pay, the fact is evident from the statement of the new Chancellor of Exchequer that the war is a terrible tax on the finances of the country. The Budget last year demanded the round sum of \$333,105,000, of which \$247,480,000 were derived from taxation, and the remainder from Exchequer bills. This year the lowest estimate is \$404,595,000, and due allowance being made for contingencies, the grand total may be swollen to \$431,695,000. The Chancellor demands extraordinary sources of supply, to the amount of \$106,500,000, of which \$80,000,000 is raised by loan, and the remainder by increasing the income tax 1 per cent, or from 6 to 7 per cent; the tax on tea & the pound; coffee, lid; cigars. 3s. the hundred; spirits a heavy tax, and bankers' cheques a stamp duty of 1s. The additional burden upon private incomes yields no less a sum than \$10,000,000, which presumes a gross income enjoyed by the people of the kingdom subject to taxation of one thousand millions of dollars. The stamp on bankers' cheques is much complained of as calculated to embarrass business. It is calculated to yield \$1,000,000 per annum. Of the expenditures of the last year the three war items of army, navy, and ordnance, cost \$150,000,000, against \$85,500,000, in 1853. This year the same items are es-

timated to cost \$202,200,000, of which \$98,375,000 were actually spent the first quarter. On the introduction of his statement the Chancellor gave a brief epitome of the history of the public debt of Great Britain, which from the small beginning of \$50,000,000, in 1762, rose to \$475,000,000 to the close of the seven years' war with France, in 1802; to \$1,500,000,000 to the close of the American war, in 1816; and to \$4,000,000,000, its highest point, after the treaty of Vienna, in 1815, at the close of the great continental wars with Bonaparte. From that time to the 1st January last it fell to \$3,755,000,000; so that in a forty years' peace the reduction was to the sum of \$1,245,000,000, or one-fifth of one per cent a year—a fact which, as the Chancellor suggested, makes it abundantly manifest that the decrease must not only stop, but the movement be reversed.

A BEAUTIFUL AND TOUCHING STORY.

THE "GROVE," an East Indian, home-ward bound, goes ashore on the coast of California. It is resolved that the officers, passengers, and crew, in number one hundred and thirty-five souls, shall endeavor to penetrate on foot, across trackless deserts infested by wild beasts and cruel savages, to the Dutch settlements at the Cape of Good Hope. With this forlorn object before them, they finally separate into two parties, better suited to the work on earth.

There is a solitary child among the passengers, a little boy of seven years old, who has no relation there; and when the first party is moving away, he cries after some member of it who has been kind to him. The crying of a child might be supposed to be a little thing to men in such great extremity; but it touches them, and he is immediately taken into that detachment; from which time forth this child is sublimely made a sacred charge. He is pushed on a little raft across broad rivers by the swimming sailors; they carry him by turns through the deep sand and long grasses, patiently waiting at all other times, and share with him sun and purplish fogs as they find to eat; they lie down and wait for him when the rough carpenter, who becomes his especial friend, lags behind. Bored by lions and tigers, by savages, by thirst and hunger, by death in a crowd of ghastly shapes, they never allow Father of all mankind to be blessed for it—forget this child. The captain grows exhausted, and his faithful coxswain goes back, and is seen to sit down by his side, and neither of the two shall be any more behold until the great last day; but as the rest go on for their lives, they take the child with them. The carcases of poisonous berries eat in starvation; and the steward, succumbing to the command of the party, succeeds to the sacred guardianship of the child.

God knows all he does for the poor baby. He cheerfully carries him in his arms when he himself is weak and ill; how he feeds him when he himself is gripped with want; how he folds his ragged jacket around him, lays his little warm face to his mother's tenderness, upon his sun-burnt breast, soothes him in his sufferings, sings to him as he limps along unmindful of his own parched and bleeding feet. Divided for a few days from the rest, they dig a grave in the sand and bury their good friend the coxswain—these two companions of the wilderness, and the time comes when they are both ill, and beg their wretched partners in despair, reduced and few in number now, to wait by them one day. They wait by them one day; they wait by them two days. On the morning of the third they move very softly about in making their preparations for the resumption of their journey, for the child is sleeping by the fire, and it is agreed that he shall not be disturbed until the last moment. The moment comes: the fire is dying—the child is dead.

His faithful friend, the steward, lingers but a little while behind him. His grief is great. He staggers on for a few days, lies down in the wilderness, and dies. But he shall be reunited in his immortal spirit—who can doubt it?—with the child, where he and the poor carpenter shall be raised up with the words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."



HALL OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION, NEW YORK CITY.*

EDUCATION.†

"That which makes a good government, must keep it so, viz.: men of wisdom and virtue, propagated by a virtuous education of the people."—WILLIAM PETER.

To instruct and educate the masses is the cardinal principle of a republican government; and we have the proud satisfaction of knowing the fact, that, in the cause of popular education, the United States stands in the front rank of the nations of the world. Indeed, it was early demonstrated that, to constitute a free government on a firm basis, there must also be established free schools. If the people were to be their own sovereigns, it became imperative to fit them for the positions they were to occupy, and that their mental culture should be raised to the standard that would enable them to promptly distinguish right from wrong, the just from the unjust. Therefore, the method of public instruction that was adopted from the first, was on an enlightened and comprehensive scale, and has, of course, been the key-stone of the arch that supports our glorious Confederacy. In truth, the devotion to the cause of popular education as a distinctive feature in the American character, has been often referred to by even the most distinguished travelers who have made themselves acquainted with the spirit and aims of our people. The almost munificent en-

dowments of our schools by legislatures, the large amounts expended upon them for libraries and apparatus, and the equality of the system as it has been developed in the States, form a striking evidence of the high estimate placed upon the education of the masses by the people of this country. And, indeed, in a community where almost every individual of native birth has enjoyed the advantage of common schools, such a result would be almost inevitable, for an intelligent people could not be supposed to be so insensible to the benefits derived from education, as to consent to the overthrow of the very expedient by which they had themselves been prepared for citizenship.

It has, however, been remarked, that the cross and the press are the instruments of the two greatest movements ever made in behalf of civilization. But still it is argued that to these two great influences, yet three others should be added, viz.: the steam engine, the electric telegraph, and, though last, not least, the common school. Each of these vast powers are necessary to the general improvement of mankind, and each becomes more efficient, in proportion as it coöperates with the rest. It is quite apparent that neither Christianity or the press can exert its appropriate and beneficial influences, or dispense its proper benefits without the aid of common schools. Where the people are ignorant and benighted, what signifies the lofty and spiritual appeals that are sent from the cross of Christ? The press may speak in vain to those who cannot read, and it is only in proportion as minds are awakened by early education that they can share in the fruits of an improved civilization. Look at the wonderful advancements of nearly the whole human race, since the early part of the fifteenth century. Religion, science, literature, the arts, commerce, agriculture, manufactures, in fact, the whole of the economy of life, is changed and improved. It must be rea-

dily admitted that the grand moving power that has been the great first cause of these important changes, is the education of the whole people, and in our own country this advancement has only been effected by our common schools.

Although we have claimed a proud position in regard to the mental culture of our people as a nation, still we must acknowledge the fact, that the cause of popular education is, in a measure, sectional, and that we have large portions of territory that are yet wanting its benign influence, and while each census report makes the number of those who can neither read nor write proportionately less, still the figures have a corollary that should be diminished as rapidly as circumstances will admit, even should the necessity occur of enacting stringent laws to compel parents and guardians to avail themselves of those important privileges placed within their reach by the valuable system of free education; yet, again, we have the record before us, in which we find the evidence given before a committee of the British House of Commons, in which it is officially admitted that "as a community, the inhabitants of New England take the highest standard in intelligence and mental superiority." And no doubt, had the party who gave this evidence made as careful examinations in other sections, he would in many cases have found equal cause of commendation. But having claimed so much for ourselves, we must not forget the fact that throughout a large portion of Europe the most effective measures have been taken in favor of the universal diffusion of knowledge through school systems, which have been gradually maturing for the last two centuries—some under the auspices of governments, and some through private beneficence—and which were, till recently, incomplete and unorganized, but have at length been thoroughly digested, and have become more or less incorporated with the

* The building erected, some years since, by the Public School Society, at the corner of Grand and Elm streets, was found to be inconvenient and insufficient in its accommodations for the use of the Board. The meeting of the two systems brought all the business of the Department of Instruction into one order, and the very large accession made to the Normal Schools by the enrollment of the teachers the Ward Schools, made it imperative upon the Board to provide such accommodations for the brethren and the schools as were required, or to erect a building for a Normal School. After deliberation, it was ordered that the Hall should be altered to meet the demand. The building, accordingly, has been altered and enlarged, by several important changes in its interior, and the addition of one story, which is used as the lecture room, two class rooms being set off by sliding doors in the front. The third story is divided into class rooms, of which there are eight. The second story is occupied by the Hall of the Board, in which its meetings are held, and by Committee Rooms. The first story is devoted to the offices of the Clerk and the City Superintendent. The basement is occupied by the depository for school books, stationery and the general office required for the school.

† Prepared expressly for the UNITED STATES MAGAZINE by DANIEL H. GAYNE.

State. At the present moment, provisions adequate to the elementary instruction of all the children in the land, exist not only in Prussia, but also in Holland, in Germany, in France, Switzerland, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. Who will not remember the noble efforts of Jenny Lind, in the cause of popular education for her native country? And in Russia, so long the abode of barbarism, and generally associated now with little of refinement or civilization, a system of universal education has been some time in the course of construction; and we already hear that the genial influence of the district school is enjoyed in unhappy Poland, in the dreary wastes of Liberia, and in the wild and inhospitable regions beyond Mount Caucasus. Even those whom we have been pleased to style barbarians (the Chinese), and whose mental degradation was so elaborately treated in one of the principal daily journals of this city, a short time since, were the first people on earth known to have passed a law for the universal diffusion of school education, their statute having been on record for two thousand years. According to a late writer (Davis), it required that every town and village, down even to a few families, should have a common school. The course of studies pursued, however, was so regulated by law, that although the individuals learned to read, they generally did so misunderstandingly, and the culture acquired was of little if any benefit.

The state of education in Great Britain and most of her provinces is in that prosperous condition that it is natural to expect from an advanced and enlightened people; but, as in our own case, there is still room for improvement, and each day rapid strides are being made to the goal of universal education.

It has been claimed that the State of Massachusetts was the first, on this continent, to enact statutes for the common school system, which has been so long the pride and strength of New England. As early as 1647, only twenty-seven years after the landing of the "Mayflower" at Plymouth, it was enacted in the colony, "in order that learning might not be buried in the graves of their forefathers, both in church and commonwealth, that (the Lord assisting their endeavors) in every township containing fifty householders or more, one should forthwith be appointed to teach such children as should resort to him to read and write; and that in any township containing one hundred householders, they should set up a grammar school to fit youths for the university." This law, planting elementary schools at the door of every family, was perhaps the first adopted by any Christian State, and is presumed to be the parent of much of the legislation on the subject of popular instruction which has distinguished the last century. Notably has Massachusetts continued in the good work. New York, Connecticut, Vermont, and many other of the States, have kept even pace with her; others are only a short distance behind, but we will have to defer statistical dates and facts in regard to other States for a future paper.

We had set out to give the readers of the UNITED STATES MAGAZINE a historical and statistical account of the common school system of New York City; but our ideas have rapidly expanded on the subject, and we have first, with

the City, embraced the State, then other States; and finally concluded to take the broad text of EDUCATION, and discuss with our patrons the whole subject, according to the best of our understanding. As the great metropolis of the country is, and must continue to be, the center of wealth and commerce, it should, and doubtless will, be the most distinguished seat of learning and the arts. To show what she is doing to elevate and instruct the people, we devote the remainder of this paper to the New York City Schools.

The city of New York, by its population, its advantages, and its resources, is not only happily adapted to develop a system which shall give character to the country, but it is in duty bound by the high regard for the vast reflex benefits which she must undoubtedly derive from her extended business relations with the Union, to establish such a system as will set forth to the country the best educated and most capable population in the world. The great masses of the people, who go into the workshops, foundries and fields, or upon the highway of the sea, or on our magnificent lakes and rivers, may and must be thoroughly prepared to reflect home on the common school system of New York. In this the nation has an interest, and hence a complete exposé of the system should be welcome to any one interested in the welfare of the Union. The facilities here provided by the authorities, keep pace with the increase in the population, and perhaps there is no district in the universe where the poorest individual can so readily procure every requisite for the most elaborate education, without fee or cost of any kind.

The first school in this city was established in 1633, when New Amsterdam was founded by the Dutch. Broadhead, the historian, says "neither the perils of war, nor the busy pursuit of gain, nor the excitement of political strife, ever caused them to neglect the duty of educating their offspring. Schools were everywhere provided at the public expense, with good schoolmasters to instruct the children of all classes in the usual branches of education." This school was established by the colonial government, and dispensed its benefits gratuitously, the teachers receiving remuneration from the authorities up to the period when the colony passed over to the English under Governor Nicolls. At that time (1664) the school was taken under the charge of the Protestant Reformed Dutch Church, and a most remarkable fact is, that it exists in a prosperous condition at the present day. The first schoolmaster was Adam Roelauden: his name should be remembered. This was a public school in the proper sense of the term, and the official record of the date of its establishment would appear to give New York a claim of priority over Massachusetts, which State, as it will be perceived, did not establish public schools until 1647, fourteen years after New Amsterdam. Our Dutch ancestors should be held in honorable remembrance for having seen in that twilight of popular government, the great truth, that providing for universal education was not only the clear right, but the first duty of a free State.

The Thirtieth Annual Report of the Board of Education of the City of New York has been laid upon our table, and we have examined its

contents with great satisfaction. The report fills a handsome octavo volume, containing, in addition to the report of the Board, the report of the City Superintendent, and the Executive Committee on Evening Schools, Normal Schools and the Free Academy. There are also forty beautiful engravings of elevations and plans of new school houses erected during 1854, with brief descriptions of the engravings, the whole forming a valuable public document on education. We are indebted to it for most of the information given in the remainder of this paper.

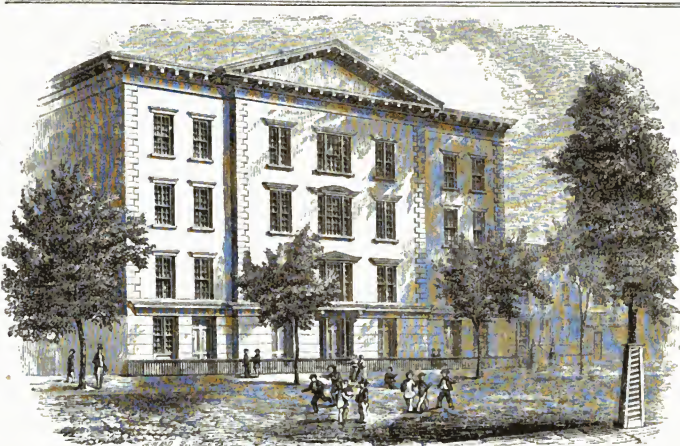
The whole number of schools under the jurisdiction of the Board of Education during the year was 262; of which there were Grammar schools for Boys, 44; Grammar schools for Girls, 44; Primary schools, 101; Colored schools, 14; Corporate and Arylum schools, 28; Evening schools, 27; Normal schools, 3; Free Academy, 1. The attendance at these schools was 146,450, the average being 51,567.

The report furnishes facts showing that our system is becoming not only more popular, but that it is more than ever enjoying the confidence and support of the wealthier classes of the community. "It is unfolding the spirit which should characterize such a system more fully every year, and comprehends under its broad shield the children of every rank and class of the people."

The amount expended during the year was \$776,973 38, of which \$232,359 12 was appropriated for the purchase of school premises, erecting new school-houses, repairing and altering school buildings, etc.; leaving about \$544,000 for salaries of teachers and officers of the Board, superintendents, incidental expenses, books, stationery, fuel, printing, etc., etc., which makes an average cost for each scholar of \$10 66, for charges of all kinds, including the gratuitous supply of every kind of stationery and school-books. Adding the cost of school buildings and real estate, which are city property, the expense is about \$14 00—the whole proving the great economy and great results reached by our system. The cost per scholar for all who have received benefits in our schools, is only about \$4 50.

The report enters into a discussion of the question whether a stock for educational purposes should be created, and presents some valuable and instructive facts and statistics on this point:—

The population of the city, in 1825, was 166,089, and is now 675,000, or an increase of 309 per cent. The assessed valuation of the property at that time was \$107,238,981; for 1854, it is \$462,021,733, an increase a little over that of the population. During the last twenty-eight years, therefore, the population and wealth have twice doubled. At this rate the population of the city, in 1870, will be one million four hundred thousand, and, in 1890, should it continue to increase at the same rate, it will reach three millions. The estimated wealth of the city and county at the same periods will be, in 1870, \$924,000,000, and, in 1890, not less than one thousand eight hundred and fifty millions of dollars. Such estimates founded upon data so well established as those furnished by the past and present condition of New York, are calculated to arrest the attention of every thinking man,



A FIRST-CLASS NEW YORK GRAMMAR SCHOOL.*

and should lead us to a profound consideration of the principles and the practical results of our civil economy.

This vast increase in the population of our city will bring with it a corresponding multitude of youth, who are to be trained for usefulness in society. This cannot be done for nothing. The education which costs nothing is worth nothing. Education has a scale of prices like every other marketable commodity. The best minds must be had to engage in the work, and feel that in this department of labor they are achieving tasks worthy of their country and of the age. It will not do to bid the sun to stand still upon our valleys and hills and broad prairies, while we fight battles with Philistines or Anakim, who would destroy our institutions. The world moves, and the battle thickens, and we must be at our posts and fall or conquer in our own day. We must have experienced and noble generals in our educational armies, and we must have well trained and able-bodied men to win our triumphs. The age is pressing, and urging upon us with its great forces, and the duties must be met or the day will be lost to freedom and to humanity.

* The above is a view of the elevation of the new school, No. 11, which has been finished during the present year. It is located in the southeast street, near the Eighth avenue, and was erected in place of a building formerly built by the Public School Society, and which was designated to make room for it. Although there are one or two of the schools that will accommodate a few more scholars, still, we believe, there are none more perfect in all their arrangements. The main building is fifty feet wide and one hundred feet from front to rear. There are two wings in front and two in the rear of the building, containing sixteen classrooms, each twenty by twenty-three feet. The stairs are wide, and allow free ingress and egress. The basement is six feet high as is the clear, and is equally divided into boys' and girls' play-grounds, rooms for the furnace, storage of fuel, and other conveniences. The Primary Department is on the first floor, and is thirteen feet high in the clear. It is about equally divided with fittings, one half, seats with desks, and the other half, for younger children, seats without desks. The two upper stories are four feet high in the clear, and are respectively the girls' and boys' Grammar schools. They are fitted with all the requirements, and, as well as the primary department, have four class-rooms each. The whole cost of this building, finished complete, was about \$40,000. It has ample accommodations for 2,500 pupils.

Thousands of the school age will be added to our juvenile population every year. In a few years the addition to this class of our people will be not less than ten thousand annually. Their wants must be provided for. Physically they will want bread, and it will be found; clothing, and it will be at hand. They will want knowledge, and it must be given to them. They will want counsel and instruction, and they must be afforded. They will want light, and it must be poured in upon the mind. They will want talent, and the vestments of truth must be given to them in which to clothe their spirit with the radiance and beauty of immortality.

The entire cost of the school system of New York, for 1854, including the valuable additions to the real estate held by the public, was \$776,973 38, while the police and almshouse expenditures amounted to \$1,500,000. The school teacher is a nobler public servant than the policeman: the school-house is a better edifice than a prison or a penitentiary. The penitentiaries cost more to erect than the whole amount spent on school-houses and sites by this Board for thirteen years. During that period there has been an average of one thousand inmates in the penitentiary, and twenty-five thousand children in our public schools. One class has been a burden to the morals, welfare and wealth of the city; the other has been training up for usefulness and honor. The expenditure in one case has been a hopeless sinking of capital; the outlay in the other has been an investment which will repay itself a hundred fold in the present, and in years to come.

During the year the course of studies pursued in the schools has received much attention on the part of the Board, in connection with the grading and classification of the teachers.

The discussion upon these topics was full, and occupied much of the time of the Board during a number of its sessions. The course of studies was revised and enlarged, and on the 15th of November the following scheme was adopted: That the ward schools shall consist of primary and grammar schools; the present upper departments shall be designated as grammar schools for boys and grammar schools for girls, respectively. Each school shall be divided into five classes with as many subdivisions as may be necessary; the highest or the most advanced class to be designated as number one, and the lowest as number five. The subdivisions of classes shall be called sections a, b, c, etc.

The course of instruction in the several schools shall be as follows:—

PRIMARY SCHOOLS.

Class five: The alphabet and its combination into words and syllables; lessons on objects and common things. Class four: Reading, spelling, punctuation, definitions, Roman numbers, and tables in addition. Class three: The simple rules of arithmetic, including the multiplication table; reading, spelling, and definition continued; and slate writing. Class two: Reading, spelling, and definition continued; arithmetic through simple subtraction; geography commenced; writing and drawing on slates and the black board. Class one: Reading, spelling, and definition continued; tables of weight, measures, time, etc.; arithmetic reviewed, and completed through simple division; elementary geography; drawing and writing on slates; elementary instruction in the science of common things, names and qualities of objects, with the elementary principles of natural science; mental arithmetic. Vocal music to be taught and practiced as far as practicable.



A NEW YORK PRIMARY SCHOOL.*

GRAMMAR SCHOOLS.

Class five: Review of the several studies pursued in the primary schools; geography; arithmetic, as far as compound multiplication, including a knowledge of Federal and sterling money; reading, spelling, and definition; mental arithmetic and lessons on natural objects. Class four: Reading, spelling, and definition continued; arithmetic through compound rules of reduction; geography completed, with elementary principles of astronomy; grammar commenced. Class three: Reading, spelling, and definition continued; arithmetic continued, through common and decimal fractions and proportion; English grammar with parsing; natural history and philosophy commenced; history of the United States; astronomy continued. Class two: Arithmetic, through per centage, interest; history of the United States; parsing; descriptive astronomy; natural history and philosophy, including the elementary principles of mineralogy, geology and chemistry; and physiology commenced. Class one: Arithmetic completed and thoroughly reviewed; algebra, geometry, natural history, philosophy, astronomy and physiology; general history and book-keeping.

All the classes in the grammar schools to be instructed in penmanship, composition, declamation and drawing. Vocal music to be taught and practised to as great an extent as practicable.

The course of instruction contained in the above affords a full scope to the teacher, and gives to the pupil who can remain the requisite length of time, a training which will fit him for the high school or the free academy, or to go to business, possessing a fair acquaintance with the

indispensable branches of education, and with a mind somewhat prepared to advance in the path of learning. In some schools it may be that a still higher class of studies might be advantageously introduced, while in some others the upper classes will be obliged to dispense with a part of the prescribed course. This arises from the age and necessities of the pupils. Many are called away to business at an early age, and some schools have but few who can remain the full term contemplated by the scheme of studies adopted by the Board. This has been the case, and it may so continue, in some instances, but the Board has not been deterred from taking the highest ground it could safely reach in reference to the course of studies, believing that a high mark will be more advantageous to the schools than any other.

The elevation of the standard of instruction in our common schools will serve several important purposes, among which, their popularity will be one of the most prominent. In proportion to this advance in the character of our schools, they have advanced in favor with that class of the community which supports private schools, at much larger cost for tuition. The farther we carry this plan of elevation and improvement, the better fitted our schools will be to serve the public and to meet the wants of the people. The Board do not believe that the highest point has been yet reached.

The course of studies adopted, it will be seen, contemplates the introduction of uniform and systematic instruction in music and natural history. The great value and interest of these branches have already been shown by the limited attention which has so far been given to them.

Singing has always been a prominent exercise in the primary departments, and, to a greater or less extent, in female grammar schools, but has been almost altogether neglected in the male grammar schools, until a quite recent pe-

riod. For a few years past, however, this delightful exercise has justly claimed and received much more attention, and professors have been engaged in some of the wards who devote an hour or two in each week to thorough instruction and exercise in the art, giving, as far as possible, a practical and theoretical knowledge of the scientific principles of music. Singing at the opening and close of school, and on special occasions, serves to lend additional interest to the school-room, and to throw around it the purest associations, and the most refining influences. In many of the schools pianofortes are used, which have been either hired or purchased by the school officers, or presented by the liberality of a school officer or friend.

Music should be taught in all our schools, and in every department. The results so far attained in the male departments are highly encouraging, and if there be any refining and moral influences in harmony and pure and elevating song, they should be realised to the utmost by the male pupils of our schools. Even as an aid to literary instruction, its influence is great and lasting, and the cultivation of the voice, the mind, and the heart, which may be gained by a proper course of musical exercises, can hardly be over-estimated.

Vocal music is also of great benefit, by its direct effect on the constitution. It was the opinion of Dr. Rush, that young ladies especially, who by the custom of society are debarrd from many kinds of salubrious exercise, should cultivate singing not only as an accomplishment, but as a means of preserving health. In his remarks, the Doctor says, "It has been suggested to me by my profession, that the exercise of the organs of the breast by singing contributes very much to defend them from those diseases to which the climate and other causes dispose them. The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumption, nor have I ever known but one instance of spitting blood among them. This, I believe, is in part occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquire by exercising them frequently in vocal music, for this constitutes an essential branch of their education."

During the year a uniform scale of salaries was adopted, the chief of which we give. It will be seen that the rate of compensation for teachers has reached a respectable mark, and such salaries should command the services of well qualified and earnest instructors.

1. The maximum rates of salaries in the grammar schools shall be as follows; but the grades or salaries now adopted, shall not be operative so as to reduce the present salary of any teacher now holding office, before the first day of May, 1855—

	Males.	Females.
For Principals.....	\$1500.....	\$800.....
" Vice Principals.....	1000.....	400.....
" First Assistants.....	600.....	350.....
" Second Assistants.....	400.....	250.....
" Third Assistants.....	250.....	150.....

2. In any grammar school where the average attendance is not more than two hundred, the maximum salaries shall not exceed the following:—

	Males.	Females.
For Principals.....	\$1250.....	\$450.....
" Vice Principals.....	800.....	320.....
" First Assistants.....	450.....	240.....
" Second Assistants.....	320.....	200.....
" Third Assistants.....	200.....	125.....

* This school is in 15th street, between First avenue and avenue A. The building is 40 feet wide, and 20 feet deep, two stories in height. The first story is 12 feet in height, and is used for the play-ground, there being also four class-rooms, two front and rear. The second story is 14 feet high. The building is in an commodious 1,000 pupils. The cost of site, house, etc., was \$22,000. The school was opened during the last year, with a full corps of teachers, and is in successful operation.



THE BULL-FIGHTS OF SPAIN.

Our spirited engraving, here presented, will serve to convey to the reader's mind a vivid impression of one among the thousands of thrilling and terrific scenes that occur in the celebrated bull-fights of Spain. This barbarous and bloody sport is peculiar to the Spanish people. It is their great national pastime, pursued with more ardor and enthusiasm than the Romans exhibited in their gladiatorial shows, while it is but little known in other nations or among other people. It is a cruel sport, which humanity cannot but strongly condemn, and which can hardly fail to degrade and brutalize a people who indulge in it. The bull, or the ox, is a noble animal, the great help-meat of man in "subduing the earth," and fairly entitled to the most kind and generous treatment.

The ox—we speak of the genus, the "bos" in zoology—is a native of many different parts of the globe. There are many species of this most useful animal. The "bison" is the species from which most of the races of common cattle have been gradually derived. This species is found wild in many parts of the old and new world, inhabiting woody regions, and often growing to a much larger size than the domestic or cultivated animal. The American bison has been known to reach the weight of two thousand and four hundred pounds. In their wild state they are distinguished not only for their large size, but for the great length and bushiness of their hair, which is so long about neck and shoulders as almost to reach the

ground. Their horns are short, sharp-pointed, very strong, and stand distant from each other at their bases, like the horns of the common bull. Their color is generally a dark brown, their eyes large and fierce, their limbs exceedingly powerful, and their whole appearance impressive and formidable. In their wild state they are often found in immense droves of many thousands. In the old world they are very numerous in the forests of Poland, around the Carpathian mountains, in Lithuania, and in the neighborhood of Mount Caucasus, as well as other parts of the continent. The common ox is the bison reduced to a domestic state, which in different parts of the world has run into a great many varieties, varying in size, form, and color, according to climate and other circumstances.

But we are generalizing too much, when our object was but special, viz.—to give some little idea of Spanish bull-fights. All travelers, who visit Spain, make it a point to witness these great national sports, and not a few have written more or less concerning them. But probably the most interesting and instructive volume, which has appeared on the subject, is one by Richard Ford, published in London, three or four years ago, and illustrated by twenty-six elegant plates, by Mr. Lake Price, representing some of the most remarkable scenes and incidents of these thrilling exhibitions, in the arenas of Madrid, Seville, Cadiz, and other places.

For phrases a translator can always contrive a just equivalent, but not always for a word.

"Our boxing term, Bull-fight," says Mr. Ford, "is a very low translation of the time-honored Castilian title *Fiestas de Toros*, the Feasts, Festivals, Holy Days of Bulls." The difference is as great as between the burly prize-fighter, big-bodied, broken-nosed, and brutal, and the graceful and dignified *matador*, the magnificent dandy of the circus, the beloved of women, the cherisher of his tailor. Hear Mr. Ford describe him:

"The *Matador*, or slayer, is the most important personage of the performance; his is the dangerous part of killing the bull, the catastrophe with which the Taumachian tragedy is concluded. He can only arrive at this height of his hazardous profession by long study, experience, and practice, and by ascending regularly from the inferior grades. As he is the star, the observed and admired of all observers, his costume is worthy of his eminent rank; and as he gains are great, and commensurate with the perils to which he is exposed, he can afford to indulge in personal decoration, the dearest delight of the semi-oriental Spaniard.

"He adheres to the fashion of the *majes*, or fancy men of Andalusia, the native province of the celebrities of his gentle craft. He displays his taste and magnificence in a prodigious richness of silks and velvets, gold and silver embroidery. His wardrobe is as extensive as it is expensive, for he seldom makes his appearance twice in the same dress in the same city. He wears on his head a *montera*, or small cap, decked with black ribbons; his hair is gathered behind into a thick pigtail, like those of which our sailors were wont to be so proud; a gaudy silk handkerchief is passed once round his naked throat, and often through a jewelled ring; his short jacket—the type of which is quite Moorish—glitters all gorgeous with empanoles—fringes, tassels, and bullion lace; his loins are girded up with the national sash—the zone of antiquity; his short, tight

breeches, enriehed with a gold or silver band and knee-knocks, his silk stockings and bull-roose pumps, show off to advantage a light, sinewy, active figure. When not called on the stage, he carries a gay silk cloak, that is laid aside when the death-signal is given, and a long Toledo blade, and blood-red flag, are substituted.

The majority of these worthies are known by some endearing nickname, derived from the place of their birth, or from some peculiarity of person or conduct. Such nicknames are familiar as household words to the million, whose idols these heroes of the ring are, even more than our champions, the Cribbs and Springs, used to be, when prize-fights were in vogue; and in the Matadors there is much to fascinate their countrymen and women. To personal form and courage—sure passports of themselves to popular favor—the attraction of dress, of extravagant expenditure, and boon companionship, are added. Theirs, moreover, is the peculiar dialect, half gipsy, and half slang, which, pregnant with idiomatic pungency, gives a racy expression to the humors of the ring, and to the epigrammatic wit of the south, which is termed through the Peninsula the *Sal Andalusí*, 'Andalusian salt'; this it must be confessed, can scarcely be pronounced with grace.

The names of the two best Matadors that ever graced the arenas of Spain live immortal in the memories of Spaniards. Both excelled equally with pen and sword. Joseph Delgado, *alias* Pepe Illo, wrote a profound treatise on Tauro-machia, which has gone through several editions. He was killed at Madrid, May 11, 1801, by a Panardina bull. The veteran had felt unwell in the morning, and had a presentiment of his fate, but declared that 'he would do his duty,' and, like Nelson, fell gloriously, his harness on his back. Scarcely second to him was Francisco Montes, 'the first sword of Spain.' He was the author of the noblest art of Bull-fighting. All amateurs who contemplate going the circuit of the plazas of the Peninsula will do well to study these works. The more the toresque intellect is cultivated, the greater the consequent enjoyment; and a thousand minute beauties in the conduct and character of the combatants are brought out and polished by the learned, which are lost upon the ignorant and uneducated.

Montes, also, like his renowned predecessor, was severely wounded, July 21, 1830, but was snatched from death by his nephew, *d. Chacoreno*, whose portrait is given by Mr. Lake Price. The youth rushed forth, and pierced with his sword the spinal marrow of the goring bull, who fell at his feet. He then bowed to the spectators and retired, amid thunders of applause, to attend his wounded uncle. An additional bull was conceded to his honor and sacrificed as a blood-offering to the adored Montes. The remark of Seneca, that the world had seen as many examples of courage in gladiators of the Roman amphitheater as in the Catos and Scipios, may be truly applied to the gallant Matadors of Spain. Montes is no more, but his mantle has descended to his nephew, who rules now decidedly the champion of the Spanish ring, and is considered by many eminent judges a greater man than even his illustrious uncle."

Plate No. I. of Mr. Price's series exhibits the office where tickets for the amphitheater are sold. In the choice of places many things are to be considered. The prices depend upon position—enclosed boxes being much dearer than open benches, and shade than sun.

"The sun of tawny, torrid Spain, on whose flag it once never set, is not to be trifled with; and its coup is, indeed, frequent and fatal in summer, the season selected for the bull-fight. In winter the bulls fall off, from the want of artificial green crops, which are hardly known in the Peninsula; they only recover their prime condition, courage, and ferocity, when refreshed like giants, by a free range over the rich pastures which the spring of the South calls into life and luxuriance. Again, it is in summer that fine weather is certain, and the

days are long—considerations of importance in a spectacle that is to be enacted out of doors, and which lasts many hours. The glare and heat of a vertical summer sun in Spain, when the heavens and earth seem on fire, is intolerable to man and beast; the bull-fights, therefore, are naturally deferred until the afternoon, when a welcome shade is cast over the northern portion of the amphitheater. The sun's transit, or zodiacal progress into Taurus, is not the worst-calculated astronomical observation in Spain. The line of subdued coolness, as divided from burning brightness, is sharply marked on the circular arena; and this decaurcation determines the relative prices, which range from one to five shillings each, and are very high for Spain, considering the wages of labor. . . . The love of the bull-fights amounts almost to madness in the masses of Spaniards. There is no sacrifice, no denial, that they will not endure, to save money to go to their national exhibition."

"The Bulls in the Court of the Plaza" is the subject of the second plate. Here the bulls are seen in the yard attached to the amphitheater in which, to-morrow, they are to combat and die. Groups of amateurs are enjoying a "private view," scanning their points and conjecturing their prowess. "The white and brown bull in front proved so unusually savage and murderous in the ring of Madrid, that a Spanish nobleman caused its head to be mounted in silver, and placed among the most cherished memorials of his ancient palace."

After a picture of the Madrid "Place of Bulls," which is capable of containing eighteen thousand spectators, comes the processional entrance of the *toreros*, or bull-fighters, all in full costume. "The locality selected by Mr. Lake Price for this opening scene is the Plaza de Seville; and a most picturesque one it is, although not finished—the usual fate of many splendid beginnings and promises of Spain. The deficient portion lets in, as if on purpose, a view of the glorious cathedral. On grand occasions, this side is decorated with flags; and when the last crimson sun ray sets on the Moorish belfry, and brings it out like a pillar of fire, and the flapping banners wave in triumph as the evening breeze springs up, no more beautiful conclusion of a beautiful spectacle can be imagined by poet or painter." Preceding the procession, the *algazul*, in his ancient Spanish costume of Philip IV.'s day, applies to the chief personage present for the key of the *toral*, or bull-den. When Mr. Hoskins visited the circus at Seville—Seville, once "the capital of the bull-fight," but now surpassed by Madrid in the ceremony and magnificence of that spectacle—the Duke de Montpensier occupied the state-box. "The *algazul* rode beneath the prince's box for the key of the cell of the bulls, which the prince threw; but in catching it the *algazul* displayed such bad horsemanship, that the crowd were convulsed with laughter." The *algazul* ought to catch the key in his hat, but seldom does. When he had handed it to one of the *chulos* or footmen, he gallops off full speed, "amid the hootings of the populace, who insidiously persecute the finisher of the law, as little birds mob a hawk; more than a thousand kind wishes are offered up that the bull may catch and tomb him. The brilliant army of combatants now separate like a bursting shell, and take up their respective places, as our fielders do at a cricket-match. The spectacle, which consists of three acts, now commences in earnest;

from six to eight bulls are generally killed for the day's feat."

In the first act, the principal performers, besides the bull, are the *picadors*. Mr. Price has illustrated their proceedings and exploits in six plates. "When the bull-calf is one year old," says Mr. Ford, "his courage is tested by the mounted herdsman, who charges him violently with his *garrocha*, or sharp goad. If the bold brute turns twice on his assailant, facing the steel, he is set apart for the future honors of the arena." Sometimes, when, emerging from his dark cell into the dazzling glare of the amphitheater, the bull beholds, presented to his charge, the sharp spear of the expectant *picador*, he calls to mind his calf-days and the keen goad, swerves in his headlong and seemingly irresistible rush, and passes on to a second and third antagonist. "If still baffled, stunning are the blows raised in honor of the men. Such bulls as will not fight at all, and show a white feather, become the objects of popular insult and injury; they are booted at as 'cows,' which is no compliment to a bull, and, as they sneak by the barriers, are mercilessly punished with a forest of *porros*, or lumbering cudgels, with which the mob is provided for the nonce. When the bull is slow to charge, the *picador* rushes into the arena, and challenges him with his *oreja* (spear). Should the bull decline his polite invitation and turn tail, he is baited by dogs, which is most degrading." If execrations and abuse are lavished upon a craven, on the other hand, frantic is the applause and enthusiasm when the bull displays unusual pluck. Mr. Hoskins, another author, saw some capital fights:

"A brown bull with white spots," he writes, "then came in and soon rolled on the ground two *picadors* and a *banderille* stevedore; one of the animals was killed on the spot, and the other soon dropped. Immediately the bull upset the third horse and his rider, and was rapturously cheered. '*Viva, toro! viva, toro! Bravo, toro!*' Again he upset two more stevedores, and the *picadors* fell heavily to the ground; the plaudits were deafening. Soon he raised from the earth the third horse and his rider, who kept his seat at first; but both fell—the *picador* underneath, stunned, but able, after a short time, to mount again. Horse after horse this fine beast attacked. One poor animal and his rider were soon prostrate on the ground, and immediately afterwards another. The *banderilles* made him still more mad, and the *chulos* were obliged to run their best to escape his rage. It was most exciting to see them vaulting over the barriers, flying, as it were, out of his horns. At last the matador struck him; and, though the sword was, as usual, deep between the left shoulder and the blade, he seemed as good as over. He was cornered in the enclosure, and a man slowly drew it out. The matador was preparing to strike him again, when he lay down as if to die, but soon rose, apparently desirous of revenge. After one effort he sank on the arena, and the matador gave him his *coup de grace*. The band played, and the stevedores fired out his carcass, and three dead horses, besides two which he had wounded dreadfully: the Spaniards sang with delight."

A little black bull next rushed into the circle, and quickly cleared it, rolling over the *picadors*, and making the *chulos* fly for dear life. After one of these "he galloped at a fearful speed. Not a voice was heard, so deep was the anxiety; but the *chulo* flew over the barrier as if the bull had pitched him, so near to his legs were his horns. The animal seemed astonished at having lost its victim, and then rushed its rage on the red cloak the *chulo* had been obliged to drop." This fierce little bull killed

and badly wounded half-a-dozen horses, goring them disgustingly when on the ground, and galloped round the arena in triumphant defiance, until the terrible matador, with red flag and straight blade, answered the challenge, and slew him with a thrust.

The risks run by the picadors are terrible, although less, perhaps, from the horns of the bull than from bad falls, and from their horses rolling over them. Few of them, Mr. Ford assures us, have a sound rib in their body.

Occasionally, the bull tosses man and steed in one rain, and when they fall, exhausts his fury on the poor beast; for the picador either manages to make him a barrier, or is dragged off by the attendant chulos, who always hover near, and with their cloaks entice the bull from the man, leaving the horse to his sad fate. When these deadly struggles take place, when life hangs on a thread, every feeling of eagerness and excitement is stamped on the countenances of the spectators. Their rapture is wrought to its pitch, when the horse maddened with the wounds and terror—the crimson seams streaking his foam-and-sweat whitened body, flies from the still pursuing bull; then are displayed the nerve and horsemanship of the picador. It is a piteous sight to behold the mangled horses treading out their protruding and quivering entrails, and yet carrying off their riders unscathed. This two frequent occurrence, and which horrifies every Englishman, has, with some other painful incidents, been kindly kept out of sight by our artists, whose object is to please. Spaniards are no more affected with the reality, than Italians are moved by the abstract *toni pitipiti*, of Rosini. The miserable horse, when dead, is rapidly stripped of his accoutrements by his rider, who hobbles off, and the carcass is then dragged out by the mules, often leaving a bloody furrow on the sand, as Spain's river-beds are marked with the scarlet fringe of flowering oleanders. The riders have a more than veterinary skill in pronouncing, off-hand, what wounds are mortal or not. These thrusts with their horns, and fatal are plugged up by them, not immediately they remount the crippled steed, and carry him, like a battered battleship, again into action."

No less than eight of Mr. Price's pictures are devoted to the second act of the Bull's Tragedy in which the chulos chiefly figure. This employment is the novelties of bull-fighting. Great activity and speed of foot are the chief qualifications requisite.

"The duty of this light division is to skim and draw off the bull when the picador is endangered, which they do with their parti-colored silken cloaks. Their mercurial address and agility is marvellous; they skim over the sand like glittering humming-birds, seeming scarcely to touch the earth. The most dangerous position is when they venture into the middle of the Plaza, and are pursued by the bull to the barrier, over which they bound. The escape often takes place in the very nick of time, and they win by a nick; and frequently so close is the run, that they seem to be helped over the bull, that by their horns; nay, so active are the chulos, on which occasion an indestructible hubbub and confusion takes place amid the combatants, water-sellers, alguazils, and persons within; all the doors are immediately opened, and the perplexed beast soon finds his way back again by the arena, to new inflictions. The latest XIV., and XVII., represent two of the most difficult and dangerous performances of the combatants on foot, and which are rarely attempted, except by the most experienced toreros and matadors, who take part in these interludes. Such is the *Sarta de la Copa*, or feat of the cloak. When the infuriated bull, snoring with rage, stands lord of all he surveys, Montes would coolly advance, and when within two yards, turn his back to the animal, and, holding his cloak behind his shoulders, receive

the rushing charge five or six times, stepping adroitly aside at each. The second *Al Salto trasera* is even more hazardous. The performer advances as before, and when the tall lowers his head to charge, places his foot between the horns, is lifted up, and lights on the other side. Those touch-and-go experiments form no part of the strict duties of the chulo; his exclusive province is the *banderilla*. This implement consists of a barbed dart or arrow, which is wrapt around with papers of different colors, each fan-furrowed with patterns of ornamental cruelty; the bearer, holding one in each hand, approaches the bull presenting the point to him, and at the instant when he stoops to toss him, jerks them into his neck, turns aside and eludes him. To do this neatly, requires a quick eye, and a light hand and foot. The ambition of the performer is to place the barbs evenly and symmetrically, one on each side of the bull's neck. Three and four pairs of these are usually stuck in. Sometimes, when the bull has given dissatisfaction these *banderillas* are armed with crackers, which by means of detonating powder, explode the moment they are fired; the agency of the cracked animal makes him plunge and snort frantically, to the delight of a people whose ancestors welcomed the *Auto da Fe*, and the perfume of burning living flesh."

GERTRUDE.

BY ANX ANATRICE.

— "Within a month,
Ere yet the salt of most ungrateful tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married."—*HAMLET.*

She kneels beside the coffin'd dead,
With her mourning tappings on;
And from her pallid lips break forth
The deep heart-thrilling moan.
Her lustrous eyes are dimmed by grief,
And many a gushing tear
Has drenched the sable folds that girt
The monarch's stately heir.

Her's is a high and noble state—
Trend Leolin's princely flower,
Yet drops she now beneath the weight
Of sorrow's crushing power.
Her royal heart is wrung with grief
For him so basely slain,
Her murdered lord, a nation's hope!
The noblest prudent Dane!

Through lonely aisle and pillar'd arch,
No sound save woe is heard,
And the hanging walls and sculptured domes,
By funeral peals are stir'd.
Oh, deep the grief that swells each heart,
Now bursting with a sigh,
But deeper woe has dimm'd the fire
Of the royal Gertrude's eye.

Hark! 'tis the sound of the dancer's feet,
And they move in joy along,
To music's soul-extending strains,
And pleasure's symphony sung.
From each stately tower and steeple high,
Peals the sound of marriage bell;
And sweetly the arches echo back,
The spirit-stirring swell.

The dark'ning folds of the mortal flag
Are wreathed o'er the festive bower;
And the trophy banners are dyed with red
O'er the Norman's flashing sword.
And surging plumes, in the gem-hill hall,
O'er Denmark's chivalry,
Float like crests by the tempest borne
O'er the madly flaming sea.

Though the dew distils through the mould'ring tomb
Where the Danish king is laid,
And the death-mould marks his princely form,
And o'er his lightning blade;
Yet the martial roses are wreathed new
On the brow of the widowed bride,
And her quench'd heart exults in
In her marriage pomp and pride.

She sits beside her lord and king,
And the reverend swells high,
On the side of song, and the dancer's feet
To the merry labors fly.
Yet the thought mars not her happiness
That scarce a moon has fled
Since she, loath, in agony of grief,
Beside her husband died.
Oh, a diamond belt on the fume
Of Denmark's royal throne;
A cloud has passed before the sun
That erst so brightly shone,
And the tear, that passion quickly dries,
Shall briefly start again
At the memory of vanished joys,
And the basely murdered Dane.
—*HAMLET, N. J., May, 1856.*

THE LATE DUEL.

CONSIDERABLE excitement has been caused in New York, and other parts of the country for two or three weeks past, by a duel between two young gentlemen of this city (Breckenridge and Leavenworth—the former a native of Kentucky), in which one was slightly, and the other very severely and dangerously wounded. They fought on Navy Island, near Niagara Falls. Pity, that some poor fellow could not have followed the parties up in the manner described in the following anecdote:—

Two Spanish officers met to fight a duel outside the gates of Bilbao, after the seconds had failed to reconcile the belligerents.

"We wish to fight, to fight to death," they replied to the representations of their companions.

At that moment, a poor fellow, looking like the ghost of Romeo's apothecary, approached the seconds, and in a lamentable voice said:—
"Gentlemen, I am a poor artisan, with a large family, and would!"

"My good man, don't trouble us now," cried one of the officers; "don't you see that my friends are going to split each other? We are not in a Christian humor."

"It is not *almá* I ask for," said the man. "I am a poor carpenter, with eight children, and my wife is sick; and, having heard that those two gentlemen were about to kill each other, I thought of asking you to let me make the coffin."

At these words the individuals about to commence the combat burst into a loud fit of laughter, and, simultaneously throwing down their swords, shook hands with each other and walked away.

CHLOROFORM.—From a communication lately made to the Academy of Sciences, by one of the surgeons belonging to a French regiment in the East, it appears that chloroform has been very extensively employed in the cases of wounded soldiers in the Crimea, and with most successful results. The apparatus used was of a most simple character, consisting of a piece of twisted paper of a conical shape, with the wide end large enough to cover the mouth and nostrils of a patient, and cut round at the sharp end so as to admit the passage of air. A piece of lint placed at this narrow end served to receive the chloroform, of which from twenty to thirty drops were poured on it. The patient being then placed on his back, with a bandage over the eyes, (light being found to materially impede the inhalation,) the little paper bag was placed closer and closer to the mouth. When insensibility appeared fully established the operation was commenced, and sometimes a second and third dose was let fall on the lint and allowed to be inhaled, but always in an intermittent manner. This plan was employed in the case of every man in the French army badly wounded at Alma and Inkermann, and all without accident.



THE PRIMITIVE FOREST AND THE FIRST STEP OF THE FRONTIER.

OUR MANUFACTORIES.

SUNNY TERRACE

SAW-MILLS.

THIS valuable machine (the saw-mill), may be considered one of the "peculiar institutions," illustrative of the intellectual progress and the sterling comforts of civilization over the primitive and rude state of savage or nomadic life. By it we are forcibly reminded of the rapid succession of sturdy strides made, more particularly during the last century, for the reclamation of the whole of our extended territory, and so fashioning the domain as to make it yield food, and become otherwise subservient to the wants of educated man. By it we are admonished, that industry preserves its steady onward movement, and is deeply conscious that hesitation would be inevitable retrogression; and thus it unflinchingly redoubles its efforts to advance—to win new conquests of peace and prosperity.

No art has so much or so long engaged the thought and skill of man, as the working and modeling of wood for his wants and purposes. And the saw is the most valuable of all the tools that have yet been invented to aid in the manipulation. In early periods, the trunks of trees were split with wedges into as many and as thin pieces as possible, and if it was necessary to have them still thinner, they were hewn on both sides to the requisite size. Necessity, sometimes, still continues this simple and wasteful plan. Of course this splitting and hewing is a most difficult and laborious operation; and the invention and adaptation of the saw, was a remarkably important event in the history of mechanical economy.

Saws were known to the ancients of the other

hemisphere, but not to the aborigines of this country previous to its discovery and subjugation by Europeans. A saw that was found, together with some other mechanical tools, in a private tomb at Thebes, can now be seen preserved among the collections of the British Museum. The blade is 10½ inches long, and 1½ inches broad at the widest part; the teeth are irregular, and seem to have been formed by a cutting instrument struck against the edge of the plate, thus forming a tooth or burr. We annex a drawing of this curious relic.

Primitive history gives credit to one Talus for the invention of the saw; and it is said the Greeks honored his name by inserting it in their mythology—with a place among their gods they honored the greatest benefactors of the earliest ages. Talus was a son of the sister of Dardanus (to whom the invention has been wrongfully attributed), and was by his mother placed under the tuition of her brother, to be instructed in his art. Having once found the jaw-bone of a snake, he employed it to cut through a small piece of wood, and by these means was induced to form a like instrument of iron, which was virtually to make a saw. This invention, so greatly facilitating labor, excited the envy of his master, and instigated him to privately put Talus to death. We are told that being asked by a person, when he was burying the body, what he was depositing in the earth, he replied, a serpent. This suspicious answer discovered the murder; and thus, adds the historian, "a snake was the cause of the invention, of the murder, and of its being found out."

Both in Wilkinson's and Rosellini's works on the manners and customs of the ancient Egypt-

ians, we find several representations of the saw and its uses. We have copied one illustration from the latter, in which an individual is depicted in the act of sawing.



The teeth of the saw are tolerably well formed, and altogether it is quite a creditable instrument, and not unlike the hand-saw of

the present day, except the handle, which, as in all cases that have come under our notice, is straight and more like the modern key-hole saw. It is supposed that the Egyptian, saw was made of brass, as were many of the mechanical implements of that remarkable people. It is, however, believed, that the Greeks, Romans, Egyptians, and other ancient nations, understood the sawing of marble and other stone much better than wood, and probably accomplished it in a manner nearly as expeditious and cheap. Hence, those people built most of their edifices of brick, marble, and other mineral substances, only using wood for the doors, casings, and in some instances for the floors, roofing, and other parts of the interior construction; but the great mass of the people appear to have been without such comforts, and it is said that even in the height and glory of Rome, many of her wealthier citizens, cooked, eat, and lived on the bare ground.

We have already given the readers of the UNITED STATES MAGAZINE, a description of the modern manufacture of saws (vol. I, page 345) and in the remainder of this paper we will

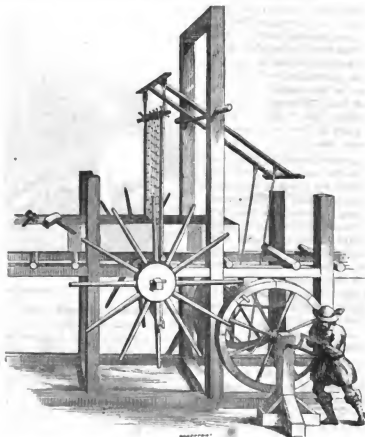
fine our remarks to the history and uses of the saw-mill.

The operation of sawing by hand, although simple, is laborious and inexpedient, and no doubt at an early period men sought for some means to adapt machinery for the purpose. According to Beckmann, saw-mills driven by water-power were erected on the river Roer, or Ruer, in Germany, as early as the fourth century; but this was probably only a rude and unsatisfactory experiment, for at a much later date, they were considered as new and uncommon.

Upon the discovery of Maderia, in 1420, the Infant Henry sent out settlers with seeds and implements. Among the latter was a saw-mill for sawing the excellent timber of that island into planks, large quantities of which were exported to Portugal. About the same time, the cities of Breslau and Erfurt, had saw-mills; but a knowledge of them was not universally diffused, for the Bishop of Ely, Ambassador of Queen Mary, to Rome, about 1555, particularly describes a saw-mill he then saw for the first time.

Saw-mills were at first devised to work by manual labor, as well as by water and other power, and to this machine many crude devices for saving the former, as well as multiplying and increasing the latter, were applied. In a rare old work, *Theatrum Instrumentum et Machinarum*, by J. Besson,* in 1569, there is a representation of a saw-mill, here copied, in which there is a gang of saws, one-half of which have the teeth formed to cut on the downward stroke, while the intermediate ones are formed to cut on the upward stroke. The plan for hanging and vibrating the saws is ingenious for the employment of manual labor; and the log is fed forward by means of a windlass and cord, on rollers, the windlass having arms extended out from it, which are struck by a pin on the fly-wheel upon the crank shaft, that turns the windlass at intervals, by which means the log is moved a given distance at each revolution of the crank. It will thus be seen, that for a considerable period, gangs of saws were known and used;—and, in fact, all the elements for feeding in the log and sawing by power, were known at least as early as 1588, at which time they were described and illustrated by Ramelli, in *Le Diverses d'Artifices Machine*, published in that year.

In England, saw-mills had at first the same fate that printing had in Turkey, the ribbon-loom in the dominions of the Church, and the crane in Strasburgh. When attempts were made to introduce them, they were violently opposed, because it was apprehended that the sawyers would be deprived of them of their means of getting a subsistence. For the same reason it was found necessary to abandon a saw-mill erected by a Dutchman, near London, in 1663; and in the year 1700, when one Hough-



A SAW-MILL OF 1569—FROM BESSON.

ten laid before the nation the advantages of such a mill, he expressed his apprehension that it might excite the rage of the populace. What he dreaded was actually the case, in 1767 or 1768, when an opulent timber merchant, by the desire and approbation of the Society of Arts, caused a saw-mill, driven by wind, to be erect-

made good by the nation, and some of the rioters were punished. A new mill was afterwards erected, which was suffered to work without molestation, and which gave occasion to the erection of others. It appears, however, this was not the only mill of the kind then in Britain, for one, driven also by wind, had been



NUCLEUS OF A CITY IN THE FAR WEST.

ed at Limehouse, under the direction of James Stanfield, who had learned, in Holland and Norway, the art of constructing and managing machines of this kind. A mob assembled, and pulled the mill to pieces; but the damage was

built at Leith, in Scotland, some years before. —In the *Documentary History of the State of New York*, we learn, that The West Indian Company caused three saw-mills to be erected in the New Netherlands, as early as 1623; but we are

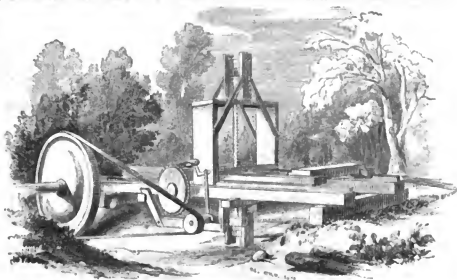
* We have been favored with an inspection of a copy of this rare and truly valuable work, now in the possession of J. J. Greenough, Esq., Solicitor of Patents, at No. 6, Wall street, in this city. Mr. G. is a well informed and fluent writer on mechanical and manufacturing subjects, nature that cannot readily be procured elsewhere, many of whose articles can be found in the *American Polytechnic Journal*, a copy of which should find a place in every well informed man's library. While in Europe, Mr. G. spent much time and means in procuring rare works on his favorite subjects, and met with a success rarely accomplished at the same circumstances.

gravely informed, that "they never realized any profit of consequence, on account of their great charge." We have also data which prove saw-mills to have been in use in the colony of Massachusetts Bay as early as about the year 1633; but we have no information which establishes their existence on this continent prior to the first-mentioned date. The number of saw-mills in Ontario county, New York, in 1799, was twenty-eight; and in Steuben county, there were, at the same time, twenty.

In all new countries abounding in forests, as is, or has been, the case on the most of this country, saw-mills are almost as necessary for the well-being of every little settlement as mills for grinding corn. It is true that the ax, in the hands of our sturdy backwoodsmen, partially takes the place of the saw, and is often used as such; for where timber is of such little value, it is customary, if no better convenience be at hand, where a small quantity of planking or scantling is required, to hew the timber into the proper shape. [We have selected a small clearing in one of our extensive forests, with the pioneer and his rustic abode, as the first pictorial illustration of this paper.] Still, however, no extended operations for profitably clearing the land can be carried on, neither can the conveniences and well-being of refined, or even comfortable life, be enjoyed without the agency of the saw-mill, or its immediate equivalent applied by some other means.

In the United States, from time immemorial, it has been customary, when the woods are surveyed and marked out in allotments of the usual extent, wherever there are streams of sufficient size to put in motion the machinery of grist or saw-mills, and convenient sites for such buildings, for the places to be noted in the field-book kept by the surveyor, and the owner of the land considers such lots more valuable than the rest, and consequently puts a higher price on them. But owing to the great expense of erecting and equipping a proper establishment, the first saw-mills of the new settlements are of the rudest description, and only intended for supplying the immediate neighborhood with boards, plank, etc., they not having the means, should the transportation facilities be sufficient, of manufacturing lumber for the seaboard trade. But the aptitude of native genius and invention has lately overcome all the above difficulties, and it is no longer necessary to have a great capital to erect an extensive building, and to select a running stream, in order to have a perfect saw-mill. Machinery has lately been constructed which renders it only needful to possess a few hundred dollars capital, and the party can at once enter a forest and commence the manufacture of lumber on the most extended scale, with an apparatus of sufficient portability to be readily removed from place to place; in fact, reversing the order of things—instead of carrying the logs to the mill, to bring the mill to the logs.

The valuable characteristics to which we allude, are contained in a saw-mill we have lately examined, which, for cheapness, efficiency, simplicity and durability, comes the nearest to perfection of any similar contrivance that has yet come under our notice; and we feel that, in calling general attention to its superior qualities, we are performing an act that will



FRAZEE'S PATENT PORTABLE SAW-MILL.

result in almost universal benefit. This saw-mill was invented by Benjamin Frazee, Esq., of this city, formerly of Durhamville, in this State, for which he received letters patent, dated October the 18th, 1833.

Most persons, in trying to improve the structure of the saw-mill, have spent their time, money, and inventive genius, in endeavoring to study out something new for mill-gods, saw-sets, water-wheel, etc., etc.; but it appears to have never occurred to them that the framework itself could be greatly simplified and cheapened, and yet leave its strength and efficacy unimpaired. The idea never struck them, that a large, strong frame, pitman, and sash, could be wholly dispensed with, and still secure a powerful and effective mill; yet here have abundant proof of these important facts, in the specimen mill of Mr. Frazee, now before us. Some of the advantages of Mr. Frazee's mill are peculiarly striking. It is constructed with 8 pieces of timber, from 5 to 8 feet long; 4 pieces of plank, from 4 to 6 feet long; and about 1500 pounds of iron, besides 2 long bed-pieces, a carriage, some small wooden fixtures, pulleys, etc., the whole weighing about 2,000 pounds, and, as will be readily perceived, the whole can be loaded and transported on a common farm wagon. The motive power usually sold with it, is a simply constructed, yet efficient and durable, portable steam engine, of about 8 horse power, which, together with the boiler, weighs about 3,500 pounds, making, with the mill, the whole establishment weigh 5,500 pounds, which with three ox teams, can be handily moved at the rate of from thirty to forty miles per day. No building is required, unless the parties choose to erect a rough shed to protect it and the operatives from the weather; nor is there any mason-work. The whole affair can be brought to a given spot, put together, the gear adjusted, steam got up, and be at work in one day after arriving at the scene of operations. Again, this mill will perform a much larger amount of work than can be done by any other, with an equal amount of power, and at the same time the work will be superior in smoothness, straightness, and like desirable qualities.

The simplicity of this mill is not the least valuable recommendation in its favor. It can be constructed by any mechanic, and the

amount of repairs required, with fair usage, is of insignificant import. The price is another great desideratum, being only from \$300 to \$500, or, with engine and boiler complete and ready for action, from \$1,150 to \$1,250.

Many enterprising men have gone into a new country, determined to settle near a saw-mill, so as to use up or make a profitable disposition of their timber; otherwise, in clearing the land, they would be obliged to burn and waste most of it. This will no longer be necessary. The forehanded pioneer may now take his saw-mill along with him with as much propriety and economy as he has hitherto taken his ax and hand-saw. On arriving at his "claim," he can set up his mill, get out the timber for his own residence, if need be, sell the balance to pay for his land, and even get back the cost of the mill besides; and, after all that, sell the mill for nearly or quite the original cost of it, to be moved to some other neighborhood, there to saw its way through another useful career; and no on, till its timbers are shivered, and its existence is ended. Nor is this all. A circular saw, for lath, and other light sawing, can be attached, with very little extra expense, and some parties have added a small grist-mill, and the whole was worked without extra power.

In fact, Mr. Frazee has produced the *ne plus ultra* of saw-mills, and we are gratified to learn that he is meeting with an ample reward for his skill and ingenuity. From his limited means, he was at first unable to manufacture them on an enlarged scale, or even let their usefulness be generally known; but with all these drawbacks, we are told that his sales have averaged two a week for the last six months. Lately he has secured sufficient capital, and is now prepared to furnish orders to any required extent. We recommend it to our readers generally with the most perfect confidence.

Since the above was in type, we learn that Mr. Frazee has disposed of a half interest in his patent to the American and Foreign Patent Agency Company, No. 520 Broadway, in this city. The amount paid was \$50,000, which is abundant evidence that the invention is a most valuable one, and will, no doubt, be speedily adopted in every section of the Union and Provinces adjacent.



HENRY WARD BEECHER.*

Thus distinguished son of a distinguished sire though comparatively a young man, has already acquired a wide reputation. His name has become familiar in almost all parts of the country. In presenting his portrait, as one of our series, we give a little more extended notice of him (with an extract or two from his writings,) than has usually accompanied the portraits we have hitherto published. We do this believing that every reader will be interested in the article, whether he sympathizes with the views and doctrines of Mr. Beecher or not. Our present article is principally condensed from one by David W. Bartlett, in the volume entitled "Modern Agitators," published by Miller, Orton and Mulligan.

Henry Ward Beecher is one of the most popular men in America, and at the same time he is one of our most radical reformers. He is the pulpit reformer—the man who thunders forth the most unpopular truths, every Sunday, from his pulpit, to an audience consisting not of independent country farmers, who have little temptation to do wrong, or young enthusiasts without prudence or position in society—but of sober, staid merchants, and their sons and daughters. No pulpit orator in this country is more fearless in his utterance of truth than Mr.

Beecher; yet he is loved and admired by his church and congregation. The reason is, that while he always insists upon being independent, he is at the same time manly and honest. His denunciations of oppression and oppressors do not proceed from a soured mind, but from a profound sympathy with the oppressed. It is at once evident to his hearers that he is agonizing over the wrongs of the poor; and in that frame of mind, with his great heart, it is impossible for him not to pour forth with astonishing power his convictions of right—his hot censures upon those who deliberately and purposely tread the poor beneath their feet. To gain any just idea of Mr. Beecher's style of eloquence he must be seen in the pulpit. The moment that he arises to commence religious service the listener is struck with his manly, vigorous appearance. There is nothing soft or bland in his manners; he reads a hymn, or a chapter from the Bible, in a clear, firm tone of voice, or utters a prayer, not as if he were studying to so modulate his sentences as to create an effect, but as if he were really wrestling with his Maker. We by no means would give the idea that he is harsh, coarse, and without a proper manner, for such is not the case. We have heard him pray when every word sounded like the moaning sob of a child upon the heart of its mother; so too we have heard him launch his electrical eloquence at the heads of notorious sinners in the most impassioned, declamatory manner. But we were saying, when he rises in the pulpit his *manliness* strikes first upon the attention of the stranger, and next his eager, almost terrible earnestness. He scarcely ever writes out his sermons, but comes into the pulpit with but a few rough notes before him. This allows him a command over his audience which he could not hold were he confined to written sermons. He seems to be

talking directly to each individual hearer. There is no escape; he bends over the pulpit and looks you in the face; he intends that you shall not go home without appropriating a portion of the discourse to yourself. You come perhaps prejudiced against him. You have heard that he is harsh, impudent, and an unpleasant orator; but when you have heard his opening prayer, you feel inclined to give a candid hearing to what so sincere, so honest a man can say. To tell the truth, your prejudices have half melted before a word of the sermon is uttered. He does not open abruptly, but in a clear, straightforward manner lays the subject before his congregation. By and by he warms up with his subject. Is it upon temperance or slavery? With what vigor does he expose the wickedness of the rum-traffic, or the traffic in human flesh! How clearly he unfolds the law of God! How plainly exhibits the loving humanity of Christ!

It is the same with every subject; he is fearless yet tender, vehement yet gentle. He preaches few of what are called doctrinal sermons, but he dwells often and fully upon the wonderful love of God—upon the every day duties of men. He never preaches upon "the exceeding sinfulness of sin," but addresses himself to *sinners*. But though he is bold, he rarely offends any honest inquirer after truth. Such a mind likes his frankness—is charmed by his boldness—is moved to tears by his pathos.

There are some who charge Mr. Beecher with uttering irreverent, witty things in the pulpit. He is sometimes almost humorous in the pulpit, but it is because he cannot help it. It is as natural for him to speak his thoughts in an original manner, as it is for some clergymen to preach stupidities. Occasionally a sentence drops from his lips which starts the smile upon the faces of his audience. He intended no wit, but the odd comparison, or the sparkling sentence bursts forth involuntarily. To set down and snarl over this feature of his pulpit oratory, when there are others so rare and attractive, is the mark of a small intellect and a still smaller heart.

We have spoken of the contrasts presented in Mr. Beecher's sermons—they are in the man. His own character is full of contrasts—his writings are the same. No man has a more refined love of the beautiful. We cannot resist the temptation to copy one of his most exquisite sketches of a country scene. The article which we quote is entitled—

TROUTING.

"Where shall we go? Here is the More brook, the upper part running through bushy and wet meadows, but the lower part flowing transparently over the gravel, through the pasture grounds near the edge of the village. With great ingenuity, it curves and winds and ties itself into bow-knots. It sets out with an intention of flowing toward the south. But it lingers on its errand to coquette with each point of the compass, and changes its mind, at length, just in time to rush eastward into the Housatonic. It is a charming brook to catch trout in, when you can catch them; but they are mostly caught. Nevertheless, there are here in Salisbury, as in every village, those mysterious men who are in league with fish, and can catch them by scores when no one else

*The same face often has a very different appearance, when taken by one artist or in one mode of art, from what it exhibits in the hands of another artist or by another mode of art. We have seen several likenesses of Henry Ward Beecher, which were very unlike each other. Although we had one of these on hand, which was engraved for us some time ago, yet in order to give the truest possible "counterfeit presentation" of Mr. Beecher's face, we have been at the expense of having another one engraved for the present number of our magazine. It is copied from a photograph likeness taken in this city within the past month. It may therefore be considered authentic, for the sun is an artist that seldom makes mistakes in his drawings.

can get a nibble. It is peculiarly satisfactory to one's feelings to have waded, watched, and fished with worm, grasshopper, and fly, for half a day, for one poor feeble little trout, and four *dace*, and at evening to fall in with a merry negro, who informs you, with a concealed mirth in his eye, and a most patronizing kindness, that he has been to the same brook, and has caught three dozen trout, several of them weighing half-a-pound. We will not try that stream to-day.

"Well, there is the Candy brook. We will look at that. A man might walk through the meadows and not suspect its existence, unless through the grass he first stepped into it! The grass meets over the top of it, and quite hides it through the first meadow; and below, through that iron-tinctured marsh land, it expands only a little, growing open-hearted by degrees across a narrow field; and then it runs for the thickets—and he that takes fish among those alders will certainly earn them. Yet, for its length, it is not a bad brook. The trout are not numerous, nor large, nor especially fine; but every one you catch renews your surprise that you should catch *any* in such a ribbon of a brook.

"It is the upper part of the brook that is most remarkable, where it flows through mowing meadows, a mere slit, scarcely a foot wide, and so shut in by grass, that at two steps' distance you cannot tell where it flows, though your ear hears the low, sweet gurgle of its waters down some pet waterfall. Who ever dreamed of fishing in the grass? Yet, as you cautiously spy out an opening between the red-top and fox-tail, to let your hook through, you seem to yourself very much like a man fishing in an orchard. One would almost as soon think of casting his line into a hay-mow, or of trying for a fish behind winnows or haycocks in a meadow! Yet, if the wind is only still, so that the line shall hang plumb down, we can, by some dexterity, drop the bait between grass, leaves, and spikes of aquatic flowers. No sooner does it touch the invisible water than the line cuts open the grass and rushes through weeds, borne off by your speckled victim.

"Still farther north is another stream, something larger, and much better or worse according to your luck. It is easy of access, and quite unpretending. There is a bit of a pond, some twenty feet in diameter, from which it flows; and in that there are five or six half-pound trout who seem to have retired from active life and given themselves to meditation in this liquid convent. They were very tempting, but quite untemptable. Standing afar off, we selected an irresistible fly, and with long line we sent it pat into the very place. It fell like a snow-flake. No trout should have hesitated a moment. The morrel was delicious. The nimblest of them should have flashed through the water, broke the surface, and with a graceful but decisive curve plunged downward, carrying the insect with him. Then we should, in our turn, very cheerfully, lend him a hand, relieve him of his prey, and, admiring his beauty, but pitying his untimely fate, bury him in the basket. But he wished no transaction. We cast our fly again and again; we drew it hither and thither; we made it skip and wriggle; we let it fall plash like a blundering bug or fluttering moth; and our placid spectators calmly

beheld our feats, as if all this skill was a mere exercise for their amusement, and their whole duty consisted in looking on and preserving order.

"Next, we tried ground-bait, and sent our verminian hook down to their very sides. With judicious gravity they parted, and slowly sailed toward the root of an old tree on the side of the pool. Again, changing place, we will make an ambassador of a grasshopper. Laying down our rod, we prepare to catch the grasshopper. That is in itself no slight feat. At the first step you take, at least forty bolt out and tumble headlong into the grass; some cling to the stems, some are creeping under the leaves, and not one seems to be within reach. You step again; another flight takes place, and you eye them with fierce penetration, as if thereby you could catch some one of them with your eye. You cannot, though. You brush the grass with your foot again. Another hundred map out, and tumble about in every direction. There are large ones and small ones, and middling-sized ones; there are gray and hard old fellows; yellow and red ones; green and striped ones. At length it is wonderful to see how populous the grass is. If you did not want them, they would jump into your very hand. But they know by your looks that you are out a-fishing. You see a very nice young fellow climbing up a steep stem, to get a good look out and see where you are. You take good aim and grab at him. The stem you catch, but he has jumped a safe rod. Yonder is another creeping among some delicate ferns. With broad palm you clutch him and all the neighboring herbage too. Stealthily opening your little finger, you see his leg; the next finger reveals more of him; and opening the next you are just beginning to take him out with the other hand, when, out he bounds and leaves you to renew your entomological pursuits! Twice you snatch handfuls of grass and cautiously open your palm to find that you have only grass. It is quite vexatious. There are thousands of them here and there, climbing and wriggling on that blade, leaping off from that stalk, twisting and kicking on that vertical spider's web, jumping and bounding about under your very nose, hitting you in your face, creeping on your shoes, or turning summersets and tracing every figure or parabola or ellipse in the air, and yet not one do you get. And there is such a heartiness and merriment in their sallies! They are pert and gay, and do not take your intrusion in the least dudgeon. If any tender-hearted person ever wondered how a humane man could bring himself to such a cruelty as the impaling of an insect, let him hunt for a grass-hopper in a hot day among tall grass; and when at length he secures one, the affixing him upon the hook will be done without a single scruple, with judicial solemnity, and as a mere matter of penal justice.

"Now then the trout are yonder. We swing our line to the air, and give it a gentle cast toward the desired spot, and a puff of south wind dexterously lodges it in the branch of the tree. You plainly see it strike, and whirl over and over, so that no gentle pull will loosen it. You draw it north and south, east and west; you give it a jerk up and a pull down; you try a series of nimble twitches; in vain you coax it in this way and solicit it in that. Then you

stop and look a moment, first at the trout and then at your line. Was there ever anything so vexatious? Would it be wrong to get angry? In fact you feel very much like it. The very things you wanted to catch, the grasshopper and the trout, you could not; but a tree, that you did not in the least want, you have caught fast at the first throw. You fear that the trout will be scared. You cautiously draw nigh and peep down. Yes, there they are, looking at you and laughing as sure as ever trout laughed! They understand the whole thing. With a very decisive jerk you snap your line, regain the remnant of it, and sit down to repair it, to put on another hook, you rise up to catch another grasshopper, and move on down the stream to catch a trout!

"Meantime, the sun is wheeling behind the mountains, for you are just at the foot of the eastern ridge of Mount Washington (not of the White Mountains, but of the Ticonic range in Connecticut). Already its broad shade begins to fall down upon the plain. The side of the mountain is solemn and sad. Its ridge stands sharp against a fire-bright horizon. Here and there a tree has escaped the ax of the charcoal-craze, and shaggily marks the sky. Through the heavens are slowly sailing continents of magnificent fleece mountains—Alps and Andes of vapor. They, too, have their broad shadows.—Upon yonder hill, far to the east of us, you see a cloud-shadow making gray the top, while the base is radiant with the sun. Another cloud-shadow is moving with stately grandeur along the valley of the Housatonic; and, if you rise to a little eminence, you may see the brilliant landscape growing dull in the sudden obscuration on its forward line, and growing as suddenly bright upon its rear trace. How majestically that shadow travels up those steep and precipitous mountain sides! How it scoops down the gorge and valley and moves along the plain!

"But now the mountain-shadow on the west is creeping down into the meadow. It has crossed the road where your horse stands hitched to the paling of a deserted little house.

"You forget your errand. You select a dry tufty knoll, and lying down you gaze up into the sky. O! those depths. Something within you reaches out and yearns; you have a vague sense of infinity—of vastness—of the littleness of human life, and the sweetness and grandeur of divine life and of eternity. You people that vast ether. You stretch away through it and find that celestial city beyond, and therein dwell O how many that are yours! Tears come unbidden. You begin to long for release. You pray. Was there ever a better closet? Under the shadow of the mountain, the heavens full of cloudy cohorts, like armies of horsemen and chariots, your soul is loosened from the narrow judgments of human life, and touched with a full sense of immortality and the liberty of a spiritual state. An hour goes past. How full has it been of feelings struggling to be thoughts, and of thoughts deliquescing into feeling. Twilight is coming. You have miles to ride home. Not a trout in your basket! Never mind, you have fished in the heavens, and taken great store of prey. Let them laugh at your empty basket. Take their railery good-naturedly; you have certainly had good luck.

"But we have not yet gone to the brook for which we started. That must be for another tramp. Perhaps one's experience of 'fancy tackle' and of fly-fishing might not be without some profit in moral analogies; perhaps a mountain stream and good luck in real trout may afford some easy side-thoughts not altogether unprofitable for a summer vacation. At any rate it will make it plain that oftentimes the best part of trout-fishing is not the fishing."

THE GENTLE LOVER OF BOOKS.

The following extract from an article by Mr. Beecher, which was suggested by one of our large city book-males, would do credit even to the delicate finish of style and dry humor of Charles Lamb:—

"How easily one may distinguish a genuine lover of books from the worldly man! With what subdued and yet glowing enthusiasm does he gaze upon the costly front of a thousand embattled volumes! How gently he draws down the volumes, as if they were little children; how tenderly he handles them! He peers at the title-page, at the text, or the notes, with the nicety of a bird examining a flower. He studies the binding: the leather,—Russia, English calf, morocco; the lettering, the gilding, the edging, the hinge of the cover! He opens it, and shuts it, he holds it off, and brings it nigh. It suffuses his whole body with book magnetism. He walks up and down, in a maze, at the mysterious allotments of Providence that gives so much money to men that spend it upon their appetites, and so little to men that would spend it in benevolence, or upon their refined tastes! It is astonishing, too, how one's necessities multiply in the presence of the supply. One never knows how many things it is impossible to do without, till he goes to Windle's or Smith's house-furnishing stores. One is surprised to perceive, at some bazaar, or fancy and variety store, how many *conveniences* he needs. He is satisfied that his life must have been utterly inconvenient aforesaid. And thus, too, one is inwardly convicted at Appleton's, of having lived for years without books, which he is now satisfied one cannot live without!

"Then, too, the subtle process by which the man misleads himself that he can afford to buy. Talk of Wall street and financiering! No subtle manager or broker ever saw through a maze of financial embarrassments half so quick as a poor book-buyer sees his way clear to pay for what he *must* have. Why, he will economize; he will dispense with this and that; he will retrench here and there; he will save by various expedients hitherto untried; he will put spurs on both heels of his industry; and then, besides all this, he will somehow get along when the time for payment comes! Ah! this summer! That word is as big as a whole world, and is stuffed with all the vagaries and fantasies that fancy ever bred on hope. And yet, is there not some comfort in buying books, to be paid for? We have heard of a boy, who wished his neck as long as the worm of a still, that the draught might taste good so much longer. Thus, it is a prolonged excitement of purchase, if you feel for six months in a slight doubt whether the book is honestly your own or not. Had you paid down, that would have been the end of it. There would have been no affectionate and be-

seching look of your books at any time, every time you saw them, saying, as plain as a book's eyes can say, 'Do not let me be taken from you.'

"Moreover, buying books before you can pay for them, promotes caution. You don't feel quite at liberty to take them home. You are married. Your wife keeps an account-book. She knows to a penny what you can and what you cannot afford. She has no 'speculation' in her eyes. Plain figures make desperate work with airy 'somehow.' It is a matter of no small skill and experience to get your books home, and in their places undiscovered. Perhaps the blundering express brings them to the door just at evening. 'What is it, my dear?' she says to you. 'Oh! nothing—a few books that I cannot do without.' That smile! A true housewife, that loves her husband, can smile a whole arithmetic at him at one look! Of course she insists, in the kindest way, in sympathizing with you in your literary acquisition. She cuts the strings of the bundle (and of your heart), and out comes the whole story. You have bought a whole set of costly English books, full bound in calf, extra gilt, and admirably lettered.

"Now, this must not happen frequently. The books must be smuggled home. Let them be sent to some near place. Then when your wife has a headache, or is out making a call, or has lain down, run the books across the frontier and threshold, hastily upon them, stop only for one loving glance as you put them away in the closet, or behind other books on the shelf, or on the topmost shelf. Clear away the twine and wrapping-paper, and every suspicious circumstance. Be very careful not to be too kind. That often brings on detection. Only the other day, we heard it said somewhere, 'Why, how good you have been lately. I am really afraid you have been carrying on mischief secretly.' Our heart smote us. It was a fact. That very day we had bought a few books which 'we could not do without.' After a while you can bring out one volume, accidentally, and leave it on the table. 'Why, my dear, what a beautiful book! Were *did* you borrow it?' You glance over the newspaper, with the quietest tone you can command: 'That! oh! that is mine. Have you not seen it before? It has been in the house this two months;' and you rush on with anecdote and incident, and point out the binding, and that peculiar trick of gilding, and everything else you can think of; but it all will not do; you cannot rub out that roguish arithmetical smile. People may talk about the equality of the sexes! They are not equal. The silent smile of a sensible, loving woman, will vanquish ten men. Of course you repent, and in time form a habit of repenting."

Of Mr. Beecher's personal history we have not much to say. He was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, was educated at Amherst college, Massachusetts, and spent a number of years in the West before accepting a call to preach in Brooklyn, where he is at the present time. When a boy, he was full of the Beecher spirit and independence. We have heard a friend of the family tell a story of young Henry, which illustrates not only the lad's full flow of animal spirits, but the subtle knowledge of human nature possessed by his father. For some cause or other, while pursuing his studies, Henry one

day informed his parents that he was *going to sea*. If he could not obtain the consent of his parents, he gave them very distinctly to understand that he could run away—at any rate, he was not going to endure any opposition. To the boy's profound surprise, his father made no objection to his resolution, but the next day coolly informed him, that a tailor should sit him out with a suit of sea-clothes, and that he had written to a maritime friend to make arrangements for his reception on board his ship. He wound up by saying, that he had indulged the thought that he (Henry) would go on successfully in his studies until prepared to enter college, and that he would hereafter live a life of honor and usefulness; but that he had decided without advice to adopt a sailor's profession, and he should not be opposed. The more the boy-student thought of the matter, the more he felt. To tell the truth, he threatened to go to sea more to rouse the opposition of his father, than for any other purpose; and now, to be actually *helped off*—it was altogether too bad; and he one morning, with a burst of pent-up tears, confessed that he would like to go on with his preparation for college!

At an early age Mr. Beecher was admitted into the ministry. He was overflowing with an enthusiastic desire to preach the truth to the people. He was willing to go anywhere to do this, and was ready to undergo any suffering or privations if only he could preach Christ. He went to the West, and carried light and peace to the lonely cabins of the farmers, and to the rough homes of the artisans. For years he lived among the grand prairies, and he left his impress there in many a home and heart. But a man of such powers of mind could not be allowed to waste himself in any humble place. Just such a man was needed in New York to speak the truth into the ears of the merchants and lawyers of our Empire City. More than this: in New York (or rather Brooklyn) a man of his talents would be sure of attracting transient residents from all parts of the Union, and thus he would be felt all over the country. Such is the case. Scarce a merchant goes to New York to buy goods, whether from Maine, Wisconsin, or Ohio, who leaves the city without bearing Henry Ward Beecher's preach.

Socially, Mr. Beecher is one of the most interesting men we ever met. He is brimful of anecdote and humor. No man can tell a story better than he—no man can set a circle into a roar quicker than he, nor is he surpassed in all that is affectionate and lovely. He has a big heart, which takes in his friends. He is half-worshipped in his family, and no one wonders at it who knows him.

In his person Mr. Beecher is not very remarkable. He is of medium height, has a firm, independent air, look, and gait, has dark hair, an intelligent eye, and a hearty voice. He dresses well—not finely. He is the exact opposite of a modern fop in dress and manners, for in everything he is *manly*.

Mr. Fowler, the phenologist, speaking of the main points in his character says:—

"The first is the soundness and vigor of his physical constitution. Every bodily organ is strong, and exceedingly active; his vital organs are large, and peculiarly healthy. Only his stomach is in the least degree affected, and

that only partially and occasionally. His lungs are very large and very fine; he measures under the arms more than one in thousands, and his muscles are uncommonly dense, sprightly and vigorous. All his motions are quick and elastic, yet peculiarly firm and strong, tossing his body about as if it were as light as a foot-ball—a condition always characteristic of distinguished men; for no man can be talented without a first-rate muscular system. He fosters this condition by taking a great amount of physical exercise, and also of rest and recreation. When he does work, he works with his whole might, until his energies are nearly expended, and then gives up to sleep, relaxation, and cheerful conversation, perhaps for days together, until having again filled up the reservoir of life power, he becomes capable of putting forth another vigorous effort.

“The second cardinal point in his character, is the unwonted size of his benevolence. In all my examinations of heads, I have rarely, if ever, found it surpassed, or even equaled. It towers above every other organ in his head, and is the great phrenological center of his brain. While most heads rise higher at firmness than at benevolence, his rises higher at benevolence. It is really enormous, and forms altogether the dominant motive of his life; and this constitutes the second grand instrumentality of his success.

“His social affections are also large, and working in conjunction with his supreme benevolence, mutually aid and strengthen it. Adhesiveness is very large. I rarely find it as large in men. Hence he makes friends of all, even those who oppose him in doctrine, and is personally attached to them; and this explains one of the instrumentalities by which he so powerfully wins all within range of his influence. They love the man, and therefore receive his doctrines. His philoprogenitiveness is also large; and hence his strong and almost paternal interest in the success of young men just starting in life; for this faculty, rightly directed, especially in public men, extends a helping hand not to physical children merely, but to those who are just starting in life, whatever may be their occupation; and he also preaches most effectually upon the education of children.

“His amableness is fully developed, yet conjoined with his fine grained temperament and exalted moral affections, it values woman mainly for her moral purity, and her maternal and other virtues, and seeks the elevation of the sex. Probably few men living place the family relations of parents and children, husbands and wives, upon higher grounds, either practically in his family, or in his public capacity, than Henry Ward Beecher. He is perfectly happy in his family, and his family in him; and this is one cause of his peculiarly bland, persuasive, and winning address.

“His third point of character is his force. This is consequent on his large combativeness and firmness, and his enthusiastic temperament. What he does, he does with all his might. He takes hold of great things as though they could and must be done. Every sentence is uttered with an energy which carries it home to the innermost souls of all who hear, yet his comba-

tiveness is never expended in personal defense, or in opposing his enemies, but simply in pushing forward his benevolent operations.

“His destructiveness is fair, but always subordinate.

“Acquisitiveness is almost entirely wanting. I rarely find it as small, and, unlike too many reverends, he never thinks whether this or that sermon or doctrine will increase or diminish his salary, but simply asks whether it is *TRUE*.

“His firmness is extraordinary, but, acting under his higher faculties, he never evinces obstinacy, but only determination and perseverance in doing good. Though cautiousness renders him careful in taking grounds, yet he is one of the most straightforward men we meet with.”

A JUST VIEW OF WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—The Legislature of Wisconsin has recently passed a law relative to the rights of married women. It is as follows:—

“Any married women whose husband, either from drunkenness, profligacy, or from any other cause, shall neglect or refuse to provide for her support or for the support and education of her children, shall have the right in her own name to transact business and to receive and collect her own earnings and the earnings of her minor children, and apply the same for her own support and the support and education of such children, free from the control and interference of her husband, or any person claiming the same, or claiming to be released from the same, by or through her husband; provided, that if it is denied by plea that either of the causes enumerated in this act as entitling the married woman to sue in her name exists in point of fact, then the issue upon this plea shall be tried and determined by the jury trying the case, with the other issues submitted.”



REV. ORVILLE DEWEY, D. D.

Dr. Deway is regarded by many as the most able and eloquent clergyman of the Unitarian denomination in the United States. He was born in Sheffield, Berkshire county, Massachusetts, in the year 1794. His father, who was a wealthy and intelligent farmer, determined to give his son the opportunity for getting an education of a high order, and after keeping him at the best schools in the county, he sent him to Williams College when he was seventeen.

Born among the picturesque scenes of the mountains of Berkshire, his spirit seems to have caught something of their beautiful inspiration. With a refined taste for all the harmonies of nature, amidst the labors of study, which he did not neglect, he cultivated the acquaintance of the muses. Poetry, painting, music, etc., were the solace of his hours of relaxation from study; and he produced, before he left college, some very respectable offerings to his muse. While in college, he was conspicuous for his close application and courteous deportment to all, and he was graduated, in 1814, with the highest honors of his class.

On leaving college, he retired to the farm on which he was born, and taught a school in his native village for a considerable time. Afterward, he turned his attention to mercantile pursuits, and entered himself as clerk to a commercial house of influence in New York. Here, however, he did not long remain, when he decided to devote himself to the ministry, of which he afterward became so bright and shining a light. Educated a strict Calvinist, he was led to doubt the doctrines of the sect of

which both he and his father were members; and that he might satisfy himself in this respect, he entered as a student of divinity into the very center and fountain of New England Calvinism, the Theological Seminary, at Andover, Massachusetts, where he pursued a thorough and careful study of the Christian doctrines, which resulted in the conviction that he had hitherto been in error. Accordingly, on leaving the school at Andover, and preaching for a while among his father's sect, and assuming as agent to the Education Society of Massachusetts, he announced his change of views, and recommenced his ministerial course under the patronage of the Unitarian body.

The change of Mr. Dewey's views produced considerable excitement and surprise in the theological world, for he had already acquired a high reputation for his learning and eloquence, which were supported by a demeanor at once dignified and serious. He went to Boston, then the center and focus of what was called the *new system*, and entered immediately into co-operation with the late celebrated Dr. Channing, who was considered at that time the leader of the Unitarian party. The health of Dr. Channing failing him, he was advised by his physicians to seek its restoration in Europe, and during his absence Mr. Dewey supplied his pulpit with entire satisfaction.

On the return of Dr. Channing to the United States, Mr. Dewey, after supplying the pulpits of several minor parishes, was invited to take charge of a new parish which had been raised in the city of New York. This invitation he accepted, and immediately after entered upon his new field of labor, where he soon rose to the highest rank in the metropolitan pulpit. He held this place until within a few years, when he was obliged to relinquish the charge of his parish on account of failing health.

Dr. Dewey has justly been considered one of the first among those engaged in his profession. As a pulpit orator he has few equals. His clear, sonorous voice, and deeply impressive and serious manner find their way to every heart; while the absence of all dogmatism, and the logical manner in which he treats the subjects of his discourse, make his sermons convincing at the same time they are attractive.

Although Dr. Dewey has relinquished his parochial charge, he has not utterly abandoned the pulpit or his pen. He has supplied for some time the Unitarian pulpit at Washington, District of Columbia. He has written and published several volumes, a part of which were collected and published in London, in 1844, making nearly one thousand pages finely printed octavo.

The most elaborate and important production from Dr. Dewey's pen has not yet been published. It consists of a course of eight lectures on the great problem of humanity, or the condition and destiny of the race, the existence of evil in the world, etc. This course of lectures was originally written for the Lowell Institute, at Boston, and delivered before that Society four or five years ago. Since that time, the lectures have been delivered by Dr. Dewey, in New York, in Brooklyn, in Washington City, and in several other cities, west and south, and, last winter, they were again repeated before the Lowell Institute. Wherever these lectures have

been listened to, they have produced a profound impression, and for comprehensive thought, clear reasoning, and force and beauty of language, they have not often been surpassed in this country or elsewhere.

Dr. Dewey has twice visited Europe. After his first visit to the "Old World," he published one of the most interesting and beautifully written books of travel that have yet been given to the American reader. It was entitled "The Old World and the New." We make a few brief extracts from this work, both for their intrinsic interest, and as specimens of the style and thought of the author.

ST. PETER'S, AT ROME.

"But to return to the top of St. Peter's: we went up into the ball on the top of the dome, and found that, although it does not appear much larger than a man's head from below, it was of a size sufficient to hold twenty two persons. Another fact may better show the immensity of this structure. The dome of St. Peter's is as large as the Pantheon, or rather larger, indeed. That is to say, it is one hundred and forty feet in diameter at the base, and one hundred and seventy-nine feet high. [The Pantheon is one hundred and forty-two feet in diameter, one hundred and forty-two in height, and the wall twenty feet thick.] Michael Angelo boasted that he would 'hang the Pantheon in air,' and this cupola is raised more than two hundred feet above the pavement of the church. But what is raised? Why, a mass of masonry; not a wooden dome, but a cupola of brick, *twenty-three feet in thickness!* The passage to the summit is within this wall. That is to say, as you go up this stairway, you have ten feet thickness of wall on each side of you. The whole wall is equal in thickness to the width of most of our city houses. And this stupendous mass is 'hung in air.' It is not only putting one immense church on the top of another, but with such walls as were never before put into any building standing on the ground, except the Pantheon.

"I wish to convey to you some idea of St. Peter's—of its magnitude, at least, though I cannot of its magnificence. But one word, first, in abatement. Though St. Peter's is the largest, and far the most expensive structure in the world, it falls entirely in its exterior appearance to make any just impression as a piece of architecture. It falls from two causes. First, because the front is mean, and totally unworthy of such an edifice. It ought to have had a stupendous portico, according to Michael Angelo's plan. And secondly, because it is hemmed in on each side by other buildings—the Vatican on its left, and the Baptistery and other buildings on the right—so that from no proper point of view can this mighty structure be seen. The first fault is owing to the want of means, and therefore not to be blamed; but the last is an unaccountable, an almost incredible fault in the original plan of this vast structure. Surely there is waste land enough in Rome, and has been for ages, to open a view to the most magnificent temple in the world. Why was it made thus vast, but to produce an impression by its size, and especially by its exterior appearance? Why, but for this, have such millions upon millions, untold, and unknown, and incalculable, almost to the ruin of the papal see, been ex-

pended upon it? And yet St. Peter's, as an exterior building, is *not seen!*

"But now let us, crowding the area of its noble piazza—ten acres in extent, probably—surrounded by its circular colonnade, contemplate the great object itself.

"Its front is one hundred and sixty feet high, and three hundred and ninety-six feet wide—that is, twenty-four rods—the thirtieth part of a mile. It is six hundred and seventy-three feet—forty rods—long, and four hundred and forty-four feet—twenty-seven rods—at the transept, or widest part; that is to say, it covers about seven acres.

"I have before spoken of the size of the dome with its walls twenty-three feet thick, its own height one hundred and seventy-nine feet, and itself raised two hundred and seventy-seven feet above the floor of the church. This dome is sustained by four square pillars, two hundred and twenty-three feet in circumference. That is to say, each one of these pillars, or masses of masonry, is nearly sixty feet on each side, and therefore as large as one of our common-sized churches, if it were raised up and set on the end. There is a small church and an adjoining house on the Strada Felice, in Rome, designedly built so as to be together equal to the size of one of these columns. And yet these columns do not seem to be in the way at all; they do not seem to occupy any disproportionate space; they do not encumber the mighty pavement!

"*A walk in St. Peter's is something by itself—a thing not to be had, nor anything like it, anywhere else in the world.* The immensity of the place; its immense, unequalled magnificence; the charming temperature of the air, preserved the same the year round, by the vastness of the mass of masonry; the incense-breathing walls—for there is literally an odor of sanctity always here, from the daily burning of incense; the rich, beautiful, variegated marble columns; the altars, the tombs on every side, the statues, the paintings, the fine medallions in marble, of the heads of saints and fathers of the church, which are set into the sides of the columns in great numbers; then the arches on arches that present themselves to the view in every direction; and, if the walk be towards evening (the only right time), the music of the vesper hymn, now swelling in full chorus upon the ear, and then dying away, as the music changes, or the walk leads you to the chapel whence it proceeds, or farther from it; all this, with the gathering shadows of approaching evening—the shadows slowly gathering in arch and dome—makes a walk in St. Peter's like nothing else!"

THE COLOSSEUM BY MOONLIGHT.

"But to return to the Coliseum—we went up, under the conduct of a guide, upon the walls, and terraces, or embankments, which supported the ridges of seats. The seats have long since disappeared; and grass overgrows the spots where the pride, and power, and wealth, and beauty of Rome sat down to its barbarous entertainments. What thronging life was here then! what voices, what greetings, what hurrying footsteps up the staircases of the eighty arches of entrance! and now, as we picked our way carefully through decayed passages, or cautiously ascended some mouldering flight of steps, or stood by the lonely

walls—ourselves silent, and, for a wonder, the guide silent too—there was no sound here but of the bat, and none came from without, but the roll of a distant carriage, or the convent bell, from the summit of the neighboring Equiline. It is scarcely possible to describe the effect of moonlight upon the ruin. Through a hundred rents in the broken walls—through a hundred lonely arches, and blackened passageways, it streamed in, pure, bright, soft, lambent, and yet distinct and clear, as if it came there at once to reveal, and cheer, and pity the mighty desolation. But if the Coliseum is a mournful and desolate spectacle as seen from within—without, and especially on the side which is in best preservation, it is glorious. We paced around it; and, as we looked upward, the moon shining through its arches, from the opposite side, it appeared as if it were the coronet of the heavens, so vast was it—or like a glorious crown upon the brow of night.

"I feel that I do not and cannot describe this mighty ruin. I can only say that I came away paralyzed, and passive as a child. A soldier stretched out his hand for *us*, as we passed the guard; and when my companion said I did wrong to give, I told him that I should have given my cloak, if the man had asked it. Would you break any spell that worldly feeling or selfish sorrow may have spread over your mind, go and see the Coliseum by moonlight."

[The outer wall of the Coliseum is one hundred and seventy-nine feet high. The area of the building is six hundred and nineteen feet long, by five hundred and thirteen broad. That is to say, it covers nearly four acres.]

Editor's Table.

THE PRESENT NUMBER.—We believe our readers will all agree that "Excelsior," is yet the appropriate motto for the UNITED STATES MAGAZINE; for, although the very first number, fourteen months ago, won very high praise, and was pronounced to be too excellent and valuable a magazine to be afforded at a dollar a year, and although, from that time to this, we believe the numbers have steadily improved from month to month in useful and interesting matter, and especially in pictorial embellishments, still we have no hesitation in saying that the present number is decidedly ahead of all its "illustrious predecessors." Indeed, if there is any three dollar magazine that can present a stronger and juster claim to public favor than this one dollar monthly, independent of price, we should be glad to see it. This publication is actually cheaper than the celebrated "London Penny Magazine," which was regarded as a phenomenon for its low price, and while many good judges have pronounced this work fully equal to the "Penny Magazine" in valuable reading, it is unequivocally ahead of the London publication in the number and excellence of its pictorial embellishments.

And still the UNITED STATES MAGAZINE is published at one dollar a year. It is true it could not by any means be afforded at that price, without a very large circulation. The publishers determined to publish a first class magazine for the million, and therefore put it at a price to bring it within the reach of the

million. And the million are bound to have it. Believing in Jeremy Bentham's "utilitarian law," "the greatest good to the greatest number," we design hereafter to adapt the matter of the magazine a little more to reading for the masses, in order that we may reach "the greatest number." It will also be filled mainly with original matter, and always with original, except when we have selections of decidedly greater value and interest, for a good selection is always more desirable with intelligent readers than a poor and flat original article. The present number is nearly all original, excepting, of course, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," which we do not quite presume to claim, and which, we have no doubt, with its exquisitely beautiful illustrations, will be "to the greatest number" the most acceptable article in the magazine. Many other articles, we believe, will be found to possess a high interest, and the numerous illustrations, about thirty in number, present an array of attractions that may well be looked upon with wonderment in a dollar magazine. These engravings are got up at very large cost, and most of them expressly for this magazine, several of the best artists devoting most of their time to these pages. But without specifying further the contents of the present number, we invite the reader to examine the whole, and see if he does not find a sufficient guaranty that the publishers are sparing no pains or expense to furnish the best possible magazine at the lowest possible price.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL: MOST BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

We commence in the present number the publication of this most delightful poem of Walter Scott, profusely illustrated with most exquisite designs. We copy the poem, with the notes and designs, from the splendid Edinburgh edition, published a few years ago by Adam and Charles Black. The designs and drawings, which are of the highest order, are by Birket Foster and John Gilbert. We have some of our best artists now executing the engravings for the UNITED STATES MAGAZINE. The whole number of engravings to complete the poem will be between sixty and seventy. As the poem consists of six cantos, it will be contained through six numbers of the magazine, one canto a month. This single poem, with its illustrations, will be richly worth to any subscriber the amount he pays for the magazine one year. It costs us a large outlay to furnish our readers with these numerous and beautiful specimens of art, but we are determined they shall have the worth of their money, in Quaker measure, flowing full and running over.

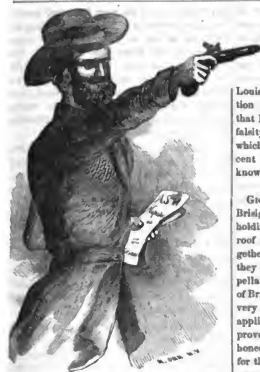
GREAT MEDICAL DISCOVERY.—The achievements of science in the half century past, have been most wonderful, both in the departments of mechanical arts and medical knowledge. One of the latest, and, certainly, one of the most interesting and important discoveries in medical science, is one recently announced in Paris for extracting from the human system, by means of electricity, all metallic substances, mercury, lead, silver, etc. If the facts are as stated, we have to record a new and proud triumph of chemical science. We hope the medical profession in this country will immediately bring the

discovery to the test of experiment, in order that, if successful, the thousands who are hopelessly suffering from the introduction of mercury and lead into their systems, may find relief. There is one poor fellow whom we have seen about the streets of New York for two or three years, whose face is almost a blue-black, from the effects, as we have understood, of nitrate of silver. Will not some one of our enterprising medical men take him to bed, and apply electricity in his case, and pump the poisonous mineral out of him. The man, of course, suffers much in health as well as looks, being often subject to fits? The facts of this discovery, and the *modus operandi* of its application are given in the "Scientific Bulletin," of Paris, in an article entitled, "The application of Chemical Electricity to Therapeutics," of which the following is the substance:—

"Chemistry is about to drag from an anticipated death, thousands of men, who, in the exercise of their cruel professions—gilding, looking-glass plating, white lead manufacturing, etc., and also those whose systems have been ruined by mercury in its various forms—for this, science has raised her right arm and arrests their misery and destruction. This discovery extracts from their bodies, atom by atom, every particle of metallic substance from every part of the human system. Where do we get this great hope? In a memoir presented to the French Academy of Sciences by M. Dumas, which has for its authors two men whose names will strike the ear of the public for the first time to-day. But if they prove what they promise to do, they will soon take rank among the greatest benefactors of humanity. These authors are Andre Poly, of Havana, and Maurice Vergnes. The invention consists of an application of chemical electricity to accomplish the above purpose, and of all the marvelous things that electricity has achieved, this is the boldest and most triumphant.

"The *modus operandi* is as follows: A metallic bath is insulated from everything and partially filled with acidulated water, to convey more readily the electrical current. The patient lies upon a seat in the tub insulated entirely from the bath. When gold, silver, or mercury is in the system, nitric or hydrochloric acids are employed. When lead is suspected, the acid used is sulphuric. This done, the negative pole of a battery is put in connection with the bath, while the positive pole is in the hands of the patient. Now the work of purification commences. The electricity precipitates itself, hunts, digs, searches, and discovers every particle of metallic substance concealed in the most profound tissues, bones, nerves, and joints of the patient, resolves them into their primitive forms, and extracting them entire from the human organism, deposits them upon the sides of the bath, where they can be seen with the naked eye.

"After the end of one of those operations, a chemist of Havana, M. Moissand, having analyzed 913 drachmas of the liquid in the bath, saw forming a metallic globe of the diameter of nine-tenths of a millie metre, and this was mercury. At another time the same chemist saw a very light white precipitated substance, which gave two globules of metallic lead, perfectly visible to the naked eye, and M. Poly announced that he had taken from the tibia, and thigh bone of a patient a quantity of mercury that had been there, creating intense suffering for fifteen years."



GIOVANNI PIANORI.

[The above is a spirited and life-like engraving of the unfortunate Italian, who, on the 26th of April fired a pistol at Louis Napoleon, for which, on the 14th of May, he suffered death by the guillotine. The drawing was furnished us by an Italian artist, who knew him well, and we immediately ordered it engraved for the *Commonwealth*. We do not pretend to justify his attempt upon the life of the French Emperor; but it appears there were extenuating circumstances in his case, and that false charges were brought against him, the infamy of which should not be suffered to rest upon his memory. The following history of his case has been furnished us by a reliable Italian gentleman, now residing in this city, who during the late Roman Republic was a member of the "Constituent Assembly," and who knew Pianori and his family. The article is in some parts quite severe, but when the reader remembers that it is from an Italian patriot in exile, who believes that the liberties of his country were crushed by the iron heel of Louis Napoleon, he will feel much inclined to "pardon something to the spirit of liberty."]

To the Editor of the United States Magazine.

LAY no one believe that I wish to justify assassination, if I beg leave to make public some statements concerning the man who had lately attempted to kill Louis Napoleon. Now, what they call human justice has done its bloody work. Louis Napoleon reigns as before, having not a hair of his head hurt; but the man who sought his life has been slaughtered in a most barbarous manner, through wrath and vengeance—violating the common law; and, besides, they have tried every means to accumulate upon his head the most horrible and false charges. In this way, of course, the servile newspapers of Louis Napoleon intend to excuse the enormity of those proceedings, and strengthen the power of despotism; and the English press, too, must now be no less warm in the matter. But here, in America, a free and Christian nation may express their horror for assassination, and condemn the attempt; but the press and the people would disgrace themselves by applauding the lawless bloody vengeance that followed, and giving credit to the falsehoods which have been invented to excuse it. So I thought; but, to my surprise, I have read in

a leading newspaper in New York ("Herald," May 31), these words: "To remove such a brute from the ranks of humanity was to wipe away a blot which disgraced and degraded the earth." And those words were uttered, not against Louis Napoleon, but applied to the execution of the unfortunate Pianori. I confess that I was shocked at this, for I knew well the falsity of those extra charges, the infamy of which is to fall on his unhappy wife and innocent children. Let all the truth, therefore, be known.

GIOVANNI PIANORI was born in the town of Brisighella, where his father is still living and holding a municipal office. From the paternal roof he moved to the near city of Tesser, together with his mother and five brothers, and they were known there under the common appellation of Brisighellini, which means native of Brisighella. Giovanni Pianori married when very young the daughter of a shoemaker, and applied himself earnestly to that trade, which proved profitable to them; and he lived quiet, honest, and comfortably at home, till the war for the Italian Independence broke out, in the year 1848; and then leaving wife, children, and trade, he went to fight against the Austrians in Lombardy. He came back after the capitulation of Vienna, and in a short time took up arms again, seeing the Roman State invaded from every part by Frenchmen, Austrians, Spaniards, and the King of Naples, banded together in an impious league. Giovanni Pianori was one of those many thousands, who were imprisoned soon after the violent restoration of Papacy; but having been tried by the regular court residing in Ravenna, an absolutory sentence was passed upon him after six months, as he has admitted in his trial; but the constant provoking persecutions of the police constrained him to seek refuge in Piedmont.

In the meantime a brother of his, called Ginesio Pianori, who from his youth had been in the military service of the Pope, and then had served under Garibaldi during the siege of Rome, was imprisoned and tried before the Austrian court martial, charged by a bad woman with violence and robbery. He was sentenced twelve years to prison, and confined in Cervia. But in a short time he found the means of making his escape, and was never heard of. It is impossible to know whether he was guilty or not, not having been regularly tried; but it is too certain that the telegraphic despatches received in Paris had accumulated on the head of Giovanni Pianori the charges existing against Ginesio Pianori, suppressing by Jesuitical skillfulness the first name, and using the nick-name, *Brisighellini*, which was common to them, meaning a native of Brisighella, as I said. All these facts are testified to by the persons who were present and personally acquainted with them, and who now reside in New York.

How could a man, not degraded by previous crimes, attempt so firmly such a bold deed? The answer is an easy one. He had been deprived of his property, of his native country, and of his sweet home. He had been forced into foreign lands to seek for bitter bread, while his wife and children were reduced to

starvation, and his native country to the most dreadful oppression. And all this for the crime of one man, Louis Napoleon. There is a party in France which regards Louis Napoleon as a savior from the impending ruin of Society, and even Englishmen now depend upon him as the only savior from the power of Russia.

But, in the eyes of an Italian, Louis Napoleon appears in a very different light. It was by his impious aggression that the cause of Italian Independence was lost, and the Pope restored in Rome, where he is still supported by Louis Napoleon under such a government as was styled by an English statesman, "the negation of God by system," because no one believing in a God could indulge in such cruel, bloody deeds. Now, Pianori was in London at the time of the visit of Louis Napoleon, and witnessed the base adulation with which the English government and populace welcomed "the powerful ally." I need not say that Pianori's mind, already filled with bitter hatred, must necessarily have been exceedingly excited at that sight. In fact, he determined to expose himself to death in order to make an example of that courted culprit, and avenge his own wrongs and those of his native country. And in such an idea he was confirmed, of course, by the similarity of his case to that of Muzio Sevola, whom he heard so praised like a very great hero, in school. In fact, Porsenna had desired nothing but to restore in Rome a king, certainly not so cruel a tyrant as the Pope, and who had not yet succeeded in filling Rome with his troops, killing, imprisoning, or casting out the best of Roman citizens; and Muzio Sevola, attempting to assassinate Porsenna, earned the admiration even of his intended victim, and is still regarded as one of the greatest of heroes. I know, of course, that Christianity has proscribed those ideas of murder, even as against enemies, and in case of deserved punishment; and, for myself, I profess to be a Christian, and to act accordingly. But who told that man that there was a Christianity, and what Christianity was? Certainly no one but Jesuits, and they teach that it is a good action to kill an heretic king, because he is the worst man in the world; and you may depend upon it, that Pianori held Louis Napoleon in no better esteem than the "Herald's" correspondent expressed for him, saying, "To remove such a brute from the ranks of humanity was to wipe away a blot which disgraced and degraded the earth."

Now, Giovanni Pianori, after his unsuccessful attempt was overpowered by the by-standers and then half killed by the intimate gendarmes of Louis Napoleon, who fixed immediately the day for the trial, condemnation and execution.

It has been thought proper to charge Pianori with many and atrocious crimes previously committed, and the accusation was based upon the foundation of two telegraphic despatches, provoked from Rome, in great haste, speaking of one Pianori, a very common name in Italy, and saying he was known under the name of Brisighellini, which, of course, Giovanni Pianori shared with his four brothers and some eight hundred men who were born in that same village of Brisighella.

The only part of these despatches speaking of Giovanni Pianori, was that which said, "accused of two acts of incendiarism in February,

1849,"—revolutionary acts—and he admitted it, adding, he was set at liberty after six months. The condemnation to twelve years of imprisonment, the escape from the prison of Cervia, the note of the terrible assassin, the charge of coming back home to commit new crimes—all this, whether true or not, concerned *Giovanni Pianori*, known under the name of *Brisighellino*. So that *Giovanni Pianori* denied firmly these charges, declaring that his name was *Giovanni*, and asking for a necessary delay to have the proofs against what he thought a mistake, not a diabolical jesuitical trick. But the judges having received the command to condemn him, immediately and punctually executed it. If anything could justify the monstrosity of that condemnation, it was certainly the previous crimes *Giovanni Pianori* was charged with. Those crimes had been established by the loose way of telegraphic despatches, in which even his own name was not found. He had been denied the means of proving that it concerned another person and not himself, and had been given an interpreter whom he was not able to understand well. There was, of course, more than sufficient reason to grant a new trial, according to the laws of France, and every civilized nation. But the Court of "Cassation" was brought into such a painful situation by that appeal, that they hastened to get rid of it in the most expeditious way, and carefully avoided any discussion. In fact, that tribunal was all composed of the same persons who, on the morning of the 2d day of December, 1852, sentenced *Louis Napoleon Bonaparte* "hors de la loi," which means, there was no wrong—nay, it was a duty for every Frenchman to assassinate him for having thrown into prison some members of the Assembly; but on the evening of that day they saw that *Louis Napoleon* had besides killed a great many people, and spread terror everywhere; and then they recognized that he was right, and repenting of their fault, threw themselves at his feet, asking for pardon, which was generously granted. Should they not be grateful?

"What do you think," said I to a Frenchman, "of the conduct of the Court of 'Cassation' proclaiming *Louis Napoleon hors de la loi*, and then executing as a parried the man who had the intention of killing him?" "Well," said the Frenchman, "they condemned *Louis Napoleon* because they thought it was impossible for him to succeed in his bold attempt; had *Pianori* been successful they would have decreed that a statue shall be erected to him."

Now my statements tend only to show that *Giovanni Pianori* was not guilty of previous crimes; that great were the impulses he had to attempt to take the life of *Louis Napoleon*; that this unsuccessful attempt met with excessive punishment after a lawless trial; and I will add that he was not a common hired assassin. In fact, the sum of 100 francs, twenty dollars, which he possessed is far from giving plausibility to that charge; and his firmness during the trial, and the wonderful calmness with which he met his fate, prove that there was in that body a mind of uncommon strength, and to appreciate it we must remember that he had but a word to say in order to save his life, and that word would have ruined nobody; but it was not the truth, and he resisted to the last

moment all the arts which were practiced in order to make him say that he had been commissioned by *M. Mazzini*, or somebody else in London.

Let people have more correct and Christian ideas on the assassination of a tyrant than *Pianori* had; but let no honest man cast upon his grave the infamy, which more justly belongs to the butcher who is left alive.

GIUSEPPE GAJANI,
82, Third Avenue, New York.

THE FINE ARTS.—William W. Story, Esq., son of the late distinguished Judge Story, is an amateur artist of fine genius and talent. He has spent considerable time in Italy, where, we believe he is at present. He executed several years since, a beautiful and life-like marble bust of Judge Story, which was placed in the library of Harvard College. He has now completed a full statue of the eminent jurist, in judicial costume, which, as we learn from the *Boston Courier*, "has been placed for a few weeks in the Boston Athenaeum, and is considered by all who knew the judge to be a most successful work. It is larger than life-size, clothed in the judicial gown worn by the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, and seated on the bench. One hand holds a book and the other is raised in an attitude very characteristic of the Judge when lecturing or arguing (as he sometimes did, even upon the bench). The face is very happy in its expression, and vividly recalls the animated benignant features of the eloquent jurist. The statue is cut from a fine block of marble, remarkably free from blemish. It is a most honorable work to Mr. Story as an artist, and a noble monument of filial piety. It now stands in the vestibule of the Athenaeum, in Beacon street, but is ultimately to be placed in the new chapel at Mount Auburn.

Crawford has just sent out, by the same ship, a marble group, "Hebe and Ganymede," the property of Charles C. Perkins, Esq., of Boston. This, says the *Courier*, "is a very beautiful group, the figure of Hebe being that of a young girl just budding into womanhood, slender and graceful, the countenance full of maidenly shame and grief as she resigns to her successor, in the office of cup-bearer to the gods, the vase from which the nectar is poured. The hair is drawn back from the forehead in the most severely classic style—too severe for modern taste—and the figure is partially draped. Ganymede is far less pleasing—apparently a conventional representation—and almost insignificant by the side of the beautiful Hebe. This group is also in the Athenaeum.

SCIENCE AND THE BIBLE.—The following beautiful thoughts are thrown out by Lieutenant Maury, in his late work, entitled the "Physical Geography of the Sea."

"The Bible frequently makes allusion to the laws of nature, their operations and effects. But such allusions are often so wrapped in the fold of the peculiar and graceful drapery with which its language is occasionally clothed, that the meaning, though peeping out from its thin covering all the while, yet lives in some sense concealed, until the lights and revelations of science are thrown upon it; then it bursts out

and strikes us with the more force and beauty.—As our knowledge of nature and her laws has increased, so has our understanding of many passages in the Bible been improved. The Bible called the earth 'the round world;' yet for ages it was the most damnable heresy for Christian men to say the world is round; and, finally, sailors circumnavigated the world, proved the Bible to be right, and saved Christian men of science from the stake.

"Canst thou tell the sweet influence of the Pleiades?" Astronomers of the present day, if they have not answered the question, have thrown so much light upon it as to show that, if ever it be answered by man, he must consult the science of astronomy. It has recently been all but proved that the earth and sun, with their splendid retinue of comets, satellites, and planets, are all in motion around some point or center of attraction inconceivably remote, and that point is in the direction of one of the Pleiades! Who, but the astronomer, then, could tell their sweet influences?

And as for the general system of atmospheric circulation which I have been so long endeavoring to describe, the Bible tells it all in a single sentence: 'The wind goeth toward the South and turneth about into the North; it whisteth about continually, and the wind returneth again according to his circuits.'—Ecc. i. 6."

THE MAY NUMBER.—We stated distinctly in the last issue of the magazine, that we have no number dated for May this year, but we still continue to receive letters inquiring for the May number. Therefore, we state again, that in commencing the second volume we changed the time of publication from the middle of the month to the first of the month, and instead of going back two weeks, we went forward two weeks, that is, from the middle of May to the first of June. No number of the magazine is omitted by this change of date, and it does not make the slightest difference in the account of any subscriber; for each one will receive twelve consecutive numbers for his year's subscription, whatever number he may have commenced with. The simple story is: the first volume was commenced on the middle of May, and the second volume is commenced on the first of June. Each volume, of course, has twelve numbers.

COURTESIES.—The conductors of the UNITED STATES MAGAZINE, respectfully return acknowledgments to the Hon. William Trivitt, Secretary of State, Columbus, Ohio; Hon. Albert Gilbert, Clerk Board of Education, New York City; Robert Allen, Esq., Commissioner Public Schools, Providence, R. I.; C. A. Black, State Superintendent of Common Schools, Harrisburgh, Pa.; Professor Joseph Henry, Secretary of Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C.; John H. Phillips, Esq., State Superintendent Common Schools, Pennington, N. J.; and R. J. Hemphill, Esq., Secretary of Controllers of Public Schools, Philadelphia, Pa., for valuable documents and other important material on the subject of Education.

VOLCANIC PHENOMENA IN NOVA SCOTIA.—The St. John's "News" states that there has been a great excitement among the inhabitants along the south-west shore of Nova Scotia, by a series

of small earthquakes, which have taken place on the Granville mountains. Several months since, the mountain quaked, and a deep fissure was opened in it, from whence smoke issued for about four weeks. About three weeks since, the ground was again violently agitated, a large chasm was opened, and forthwith a volume of smoke and stones were ejected. Eruptions of this mountain, since that time, have occurred almost daily, and many persons have moved from the immediate neighborhood, owing to the danger of being destroyed by the huge rocks thrown from the crater.

A SALT LAKE IN MINNESOTA.—A salt lake has been discovered about 150 miles west from St. Cloud, in Minnesota, by W. H. Ingersoll, who was attached to the Pacific Railroad Survey. Mr. Ingersoll says, that around the edges of the lake, the salt can be gathered in baskets, and is of as good quality as ever he found in any other part of the United States. Mr. Ingersoll also says, that near the lake there are large beds of coal of the first quality.

THE VOICE FROM THE ANCIENT DEAD, AND THE INTERPRETATION THEREOF.

WE now have the gratification of presenting to our readers a translation of the remarkable Phœnician inscription on a sarcophagus, discovered in ancient Sidon, in January last, which was first published to the world in the Phœnician character, in the April number of this magazine. Before giving the translation, it may not be amiss to recapitulate some of the facts of the case.

Tyre and Sidon, which were rich and powerful cities in the time of Solomon, were about five miles apart. At present, Sidon has a population of some ten thousand. A tradition some prevailed among the people, that treasures were buried in the old grave yard grounds of the ancient city, and under this impression a Moslem obtained permission to dig for them. For some time his persevering efforts were unavailing. But about a year ago he was fortunate enough to exhume three copper pots containing gold coins to the amount of twelve thousand dollars. The coins were of the value of about five dollars each, and all bore the name or head of Philip or Alexander. This discovery produced quite a mania to search for buried treasures. Many obtained permission from the authorities to dig, and among them were the English and French consuls. A person who was employed to dig for one of these consuls discovered the sarcophagus in question. But it turned out that he was digging on ground which the other consul considered his "claim," as they say in California, he having contracted with the owner for the exclusive privilege to dig there. So when the sarcophagus was fairly exhumed and found to consist of a fine blue-black marble, hard and highly polished, and bearing a long inscription, finely cut, in the ancient Phœnician characters, the longest and most perfect specimen of that mother language which had hitherto been discovered, it was considered to be a more rare and valuable relic, and the two consuls were soon at loggerheads, each claiming the right to it, and each zealous to have the honor of sending it to his own government.

The governor of Sidon interfered, and ordered the sarcophagus replaced, and a military guard placed over it till the dispute should be settled by the consuls or their governments.

But in the meantime, while the sarcophagus was exposed to inspection, Rev. Dr. Van Dyck, of Albany, in this State, missionary of the American Board in Syria, took an opportunity to make an exact transcript of the inscription, which he sent to a friend in Albany, and which was communicated to the Albany Institute. The Institute had some lithograph copies taken, which they sent to distinguished scholars, linguists, and men of science in different parts of the country. In the meantime, having obtained early permission to use the Albany copy, we went to the very considerable expense of having the whole fairly engraved on wood, and published it in our magazine.

The inscription immediately excited very great interest among linguists and eminent scholars, and many of them have been zealously engaged in rendering it into Hebrew and English. Considerable portions of the inscription are found to be easily translated, while other portions are very difficult. The gentlemen, however, who have been engaged on it, by uniting their labors and comparing notes, have given an interpretation of the whole, though a part of their translation is conjectural, and they are still pursuing their labors, and will publish their results in the transactions of the American Oriental Society. In the meantime some gentlemen at Yale College, members of the Oriental Society, have thought it best to publish the translation as far as it has been perfected. We therefore have the pleasure now of laying it before our readers. The inscription consisted of twenty-two lines, averaging about forty-six letters each, written continuously. The translation is divided according to the lines into twenty-two sections or verses. The parts in *italics* are not relied upon as accurate, but conjectural translations:—

1. In the month of Bul, in the year 14, the thirteenth of the reign of *Malkiel Esmunied King of the Sidonians,*
2. son of King Tibnath King of the Sidonians, speaks King Esmunied King of the Sidonians,
3. saying: *My death has taken place in the midst of my course of misfortune, the end has come and silence, and I am resting in my sarcophagus and in my grave,*
4. in a place which I myself have built for myself, together with the whole kingdom. And let no one open my resting place, nor
5. seek within the place of sleep as for a man outside of the place of sleep, nor take away the sarcophagus of my resting-place, nor remove
6. the elevation of my resting-place. *Shouldst thou enter my resting-place, whoever thou art, being a master of judgment, like a god, mayst thou bear a judgment on the part of the whole kingdom.*
7. And if any one opens the entrance of my resting-place, if any one takes away the sarcophagus of my resting-place, if any one removes the elevation of my resting-place,
8. let neither of them have a resting-place with the shades, nor be buried in a grave, nor have a son,
9. and let it be ill with them below, and let them come to a judgment on the part of the holy gods, together with the kingdom. *By the beginning of the reign of the son of the King*
10. of the Sidonians over the kingdom, if any

one opens the entrance of my resting-place, if any

11. one takes away my sarcophagus, may he have experience of what is said. When he, whoever he is, is made to die, let him not have a shelter of peace. *Prosperity*

12. *is weaker than the cause of languishing to those who live under the sun, and so am I reposing. My death has taken place in the midst of my course*

13. of misfortune, the end has come and silence. I Esmunied King of the Sidonians, son

14. of King Tibnath King of the Sidonians, son (or grandson) of King Esmunied King of the Sidonians, and my mother Amashtoreth,

15. a priestess of Ashtoreth, our royal lady, daughter of King Imunied King of the Sidonians, have built for ourselves the House

16. of the Gods, the House of Judgment, of the land of the sea, as well as founded the [House] of Ashtoreth * * * and we

17. have built for ourselves a temple to * * * and have built for ourselves temples

18. to the supreme deity of the Sidonians, in Sidon, the land of the sea, a temple to Baal-Sidon, and a temple to Ashtoreth "the Glory of Baal. To us Lord Molech giveth a city

19. the joy and beauty of the earth, our glorious splendor, which is in the dwelling of our deity, to spread out the fortresses which I have made; and they have reared them

20. on the borders of the land, to sustain all the Sidonians forever. *My curse to every kingdom and every man: let him not open my cover,*

21. and not remove my cover, and let him not take the front of my resting-place, and not remove the sepulchre of my resting-place. As for them, those

22. *holy gods shall terrify them, and they shall cut off that kingdom and the men that slayeth, that it may be ill with them forever.*"

To the translation of the inscription, as given above, we append the following remarks respecting its approximate age, and other points of interest in it, prepared by the gentlemen of Yale College:—

As regards the age of the inscription, it is to be observed, in the first place, that the Sidonians had an era from which they dated their autonomy, at rather a late period, beginning with 111 B. C.;—that all the autonomous coins of Sidon which have been preserved, with dates, are dated from this era; and that the numerical signs for the dates on these coins, as on those of Acco and Amathus, correspond to certain signs on our inscription, by which, as we suppose, the thirteenth year of the King's reign is indicated. In view of these circumstances, one might be disposed to count the year 14 of the inscription from B. C. 111, making its date to be B. C. 97. But they do not restrict us to this conclusion, and there are reasons for believing the inscription to be much more ancient. A comparison of the letters with those of the inscriptions of Cyprus collected by Pococke, to which Genesius assigns an age not long posterior to Alexander, shows our inscription to be palæographically older than those, or at least, not at all later. To this is to be added, that one of those very inscriptions of Cyprus reads, "To Esmunied,"—giving us the same name as that of the King on whose sarcophagus our inscription is cut; and it seems not unlikely that the name person is referred to. This identifica-

tion, and the conclusion from our paleographical argument, is rendered more plausible by a statement which we find in Phœnician history, that a person named Tennes was made King of the Sidonians in the time of Artaxerxes Ochus, about B. C. 350, in consequence of a revolt from the Persians; for Tinnath, it will be remembered, is the name given in the inscription to the father of the later King Esmunazar. The general bearing of the inscription, too, is not such as one would expect in a monument of a King who was subject to the Ptolemies or to the Seleucids, or whose individual reign began, as might be supposed from circumstances above mentioned, only one year after a declared autonomy of Sidon. It therefore appears, at present, most probable that this interesting inscription is as old as the time of Alexander the Great. Future research may prove it to be much older still.

The historical contents of this inscription, of course, give it value. It gives us the names of three Kings of Sidon, of one line of descent from father to son, succeeding each other; and it tells us of public edifices built and founded by this dynasty. The connection of this dynasty with persons already known in Sidonian history, is the great problem before us. The inscription affords us a glimpse, also, of the government wielded by these potentates—showing that religious and political elements were mingled together in it.

The particular deities who were the objects of worship are also named: Baal and Ashtoreth, the deities of Sidon and Tyre in the most ancient times of which we have any record, (see 1 Kings, 16, 31, 11, 33), and Esmun, a recognized divinity of the Phœnicians.

The inscription also presents a view of the state of the departed, which is of much interest for comparison with the representation of Sheol in the Hebrew Scriptures, as, for example, in the 14th chapter of Isaiah. With respect to the language of the inscription, the following examples of Hebrew words occurring in it may be given, *baal*, son; *malak*, king; *keber*, grave; *miakhal*, resting-place; *mamleket*, kingdom; also the plural-sing of Hebrew, *m*, as in *Theodora*.

The names of deities are traceable in some of the names of persons mentioned in the inscription, as Esmunazar and Amashtoreth—in accordance with the usage of all the ancient nations of the East.

From the translation above given it will be seen that the substance of the inscription consists of direful imprecations against any one who shall in any way violate the repose of the deceased King.

Correspondence.

[A FRIEND who has just returned from a few weeks' sojourn in the South-Western States, has favored us with some of his "experiences of travel," with an intimation that we may hear from him again. The Chattahoochee River, upon which he describes his lone voyage in his light canoe, forms for a long distance the boundary line between Georgia and Alabama.]

LIFE IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

BY HORACE.

CHATTAHOOCHEE RIVER.

THE river being very low, and un navigable for steamboats, I was obliged to make one of

fifteen (who ever saw a stage that had not at all ways room for one more!) in the stage coach for Fort Gaines. I passed the night, going over that rough and tedious road, in alternate and benevolent efforts to keep a very large fat man on my right from falling asleep, while he gave me full benefit of two hundred pounds solid flesh, and making myself as agreeable as circumstances would admit to a maiden lady (she said she was) of uncertain age, who selected me as her temporary guardian and overseer of innumerable trunks, band-boxes, baskets, bundles and bags, said to contain her traveling apparel. Arriving at Fort Gaines, I was informed by "mine host," a whole-souled, good, humane fellow of six feet three, that the connecting mail coach consisted of a *one horse sulky*, capable of holding one man comfortably, or two, well packed; but that a traveler had been waiting two days for a chance. Looking up, I noticed near us, listening with much apparent interest, a very little man in "green specs," dressed half clerical, half jockey, and no sooner had I finished speaking, than, grasping a trunk, he ran from the tavern.

After eating breakfast, I sallied forth with the intention of bribing the driver, if possible, as it was important that I should arrive at Chattahoochee in time to take the steamboat for Appalachicola. Much to my surprise, I was pointed to a miserable little box, on two wheels, which served as the Uncle Sam mail coach between this place and Chattahoochee; and there stood my friend in green specs, with his hair trunk already in the two-wheeled wagon, and holding on to the wheels for life. As he wiped the perspiration from his face, he said, "You can't go this trip, stranger; I've been booked to days, and I'm goin' this 'ere time, or there's no makes." This last argument proved too much for me, so I returned to "mine host," who, to console me, informed me that, owing to a country dance given some twenty miles back, there was nothing in the shape of a four-footed animal to be got, everything in that line having been pressed into the service.

The old saw, "necessity is the mother of invention," proved good on this occasion, for, going to the river side, I soon secured a batten about the size and shape of an ordinary coffin, and, placing my trunk in the bow, and myself in the stern, I launched her from the shore, and commenced my paddle-voyage alone down the Chattahoochee River (signifying "swift river") for a distance of one hundred and twenty miles, with nothing but wild birds and alligators for companions. The day was excessively warm, but being anxious to arrive in good season, I bent upon my paddle, and soon left Fort Gaines far behind. I thought, as I looked about me, what a change had taken place within a few short years; for scarce twenty have gone by since the banks that were upon either side of me were dotted over with the village and wigwam of the Indian, and at every turn of the river his dusky form might be seen paddling his light canoe over these very waters, that I, a modern from the dust of the city, was now gliding down. While rousing thus, and keeping my skiff near the bank, I espied a large snake lying on a rock overhanging the water's edge, and to all appearances lately killed. Now I

always feel an uncontrollable desire to examine snakes closely whenever I see one, although I inwardly detest and shudder at the "vile creature." I headed my skiff for the shore, and proceeded to lift his snakeship upon my paddle. I had scarcely touched it, before, quick as a flash, another large live snake darted from a crevice in the rock, and struck my paddle with the greatest precision. I was, of course, much startled at first, for he was very large and angry; but I lost no time in laying him dead beside his mate, and fortunately, too, for he proved to be a *Moccasin*, one of the most deadly of the snake kind, and dreaded even more than the rattlesnake, for, while his sting is equally as fatal, he gives no warning. I congratulated myself, and started again.

The air was fragrant with the scent of the "Magnolia," which grows to an enormous size here. The sun soon sunk behind the trees, and beneath the cold pale moon the tall pines cast a broad shadow far across the river. I had many miles yet to go ere I reached the log-cabin where I was to pass the night. The deep shadow from the trees on the margin of the river, made it difficult at times to keep in the current, and I was more than once warned of danger by some branches sweeping not very gently across my face, and I could scarcely extricate myself from among them, when the rushing, bubbling, and hissing of the water warned me that I was surrounded by crags, rocks, or shoals.

I was startled sometimes upon emerging from beneath some tree, whose branches overhung the river, to hear something fall and splash in the water, and learned afterwards that the snakes often lie upon the branches of old trees on the river's edge, to catch the last rays of the setting sun, and started by my passing beneath them, slid off into the water. Fortunately none of them dropped into my boat, as I am told they sometimes do, for I should have stood a poor chance in so small a space.

Arriving at my log-cabin about nine o'clock, I found the inmates seated round the table, eating *loc* cake; and making my wants known, and myself as agreeable as possible, I soon perceived I was a welcome visitor: in fact, we became "old cronies," and talked of the weather, crops, gunning, fishing, etc. After partaking heartily of their "frugal fare," (and, oh! how good it tasted!) I joined the old hunter in a cup (in of course) of old *rye*, for the Maine Liquor Law is yet unknown in this region; and the old woodsman soon became communicative. I touched his sympathies with the history of a favorite dog I once possessed—my noble "Bonny,"—and had scarcely finished, ere he broke out—

"Wall, stranger, I've had a good many dogs in my day, and reckon I thought as much of them as any man, but arter all, there ain't nothin like a good *beaver* (bear) for a pet, if taken when young. I had one—took him from his mother, and named him like a baby, and for years he never left my side. At first I was "obliged" to be very harsh with him, and he finally learned I was master, and behaved "according." At night his place was side of my bed, and no one could come near me without my first speaking to him. *Bears* are very easi-

frightened; and many times I frightened this one nearly to death. On one occasion he followed me, and I endeavored in vain to send him back, for as soon as my back was turned he would again be on my track. Watching my chance, I hid behind an old tree; on came bruin at a little quicker pace, and as he was passing the tree I jumped out and dashed my cap at his feet: he fell as though struck by a bullet, and trembled like a leaf; and it was some time before he mustered sufficient courage to rise, and when he finally did, he turned towards home, with head to the ground, looking as though he were ashamed of himself."

The pine knot fire grew dim; so, with a good night, I stretched myself upon the soft side of a pine board, and was soon lost in sleep.

My river voyage, of course, was continued, and so, also, at some leisure hour may be my yarn, which is in no part a fancy sketch, but an "ow's" true tale."

[Auntie's friend, a young "salt," who has lately returned from Europe and South America, furnishes us with the following sketch of the capital city of Brazil.]

BIO DE JANEIRO.

We anchored at Franquia in the evening, the great "Sugar Loaf" towering up visible through the darkness, while dim dusky outlines of hills rose high in the air. Up the harbor an immense number of lights, in regular rows, presented a very singular appearance. S. informed me that the lights were on the different barracks. I was up with the sun on the following morning, and was well repaid for my early rising, by the beauty of the scene which was spread before me. On one side, the immense rock known as "Sugar Loaf," the barracks, and beautiful rising grounds; on the other, hills frowning high in the air, and pleasant valleys, stretch away far into the distance. Farther up the harbor, ships, boats, etc. gave signs of commercial importance. I have never visited the far-famed Bay of Naples, but I feel that it must be extraordinary indeed, if it surpasses the harbor of Rio.

We tripped anchor, and ran into the inner harbor, or loading ground. There are large numbers of vessels here, and of every nation, but the flag of "Uncle Sam" waves over the finest, fastest, and trimmest kept vessels of all; and so it is, whatever part of the world we visit, the Americans take the lead.

The city does not show to any advantage from the bay, for it is principally built in a valley, with very high hills rising above it. I was surprised to find such an appearance of driving business, people hurrying through the streets, with something such an air as the busy New Yorker wears. The streets, like most of Spanish cities, are narrow, though some of them are of very good width. Those which are not wide enough for carriages to pass each other, are marked with a hand on the corner, which points the direction a carriage must go, and by that simple arrangement, quarrels among the drivers are prevented, for that hand is law.

One of the streets is paved with very fine blocks of stone, similar to the rase pavement in New York, and I have been told that the stone was cut and sent from Europe; but I shall not vouch for the truth of it, for where a country has so much granite as the neighborhood of Rio, it seems singular that they should pave

with European stone. Many of the stores show very finely, and display in their windows, silks, satins, laces, and thousands of other things, which show that Rio is not behind the world in certain luxuries. But the stores which most attract my attention are the feather and feather-stower stores. Some of these fowls are very beautiful, made as they are from the feathers of birds of every shade, from the bright scarlet, and rich golden color, to the sombre brown. They surpass in beauty the feather-flowers of Madeira, which are also very pretty, and somewhat celebrated. Flowers made from the fine downy feathers taken from the breast of the humming bird are really exquisite, and bear a high price.

Many of the churches (which are always a prominent feature in Spanish and Portuguese cities), are really very fine. The palace is also rather a fine building. I speak only of the outside appearance. The different entrances are guarded by sentinels.

For hotels, the "Pharox" seems to be the largest, though it has considerably depreciated from its once great excellence. I speak generally with regard to its management, politeness of waiters, etc.

The streets in the vicinity of the palace and hotel are well lined with coffee-houses and drinking saloons. The coffee is not such as we have in New York. The cups hold about a gill, or four swallows, and the coffee, which is drank without milk, is as strong as it can be made. Some people mix brandy with it, but I consider such coffee stimulating enough without the liquor. "The American Coffee House," kept by "M. Julia," is a very good place to procure lunch, etc., etc., and its proprietors, Monsieur and Madame, are very obliging and attentive.

I spoke of the "Sugar Loaf" at the commencement of my letter. It is an immense rock of great height, and when seen from some positions, has a very regular sugar-loaf shape. It is remarkable for its shape and height. The barracks of which I spoke, are occupied by the different detachments of soldiers.

I believe the slaves are generally worked harder here than in any other part of the world. They carry the bags of coffee from warehouse to warehouse, and from store to lighters upon their heads, always keeping on a dog-trot. When there are a number together, the head one carries a rattle, which he shakes while the others sing. Though I have often been somewhat amused to see them singing and trotting along, yet I never could really laugh, for their dark faces gave evidence of privation and suffering; and upon being told what was the average length of these poor creatures' lives after they are put to this work, I was really shocked—for five or six years is a terribly short period. A man purchases a large, healthy, strong negro, sets him to work carrying coffee, and in six years the poor fellow dies, dies from the fatigue of work, which, in other countries, would be borne by beasts of burthen, not by a human being. Why, I would rather have the position of a New York dray horse, than that of a coffee-carrying slave; for the carmen in the United States treat their animals, generally speaking, kindly, and are careful not to overwork them. But in Rio a negro is worked early and late, day after day, month after month, giving evi-

dence that he is wearing out, and yet the order is, work, work, until the poor fellow dies, dies from the cruelty of his master. Is not such a master guilty of murder?

Horses seem to be kept for riding, drawing carriages or stages, and really held a better position than the negro, and they prance along holding up their heads, while the slave trots under his heavy load, feeling that his condition is worse than the beasts of burthen, obeying the order, work, work, till the end is exhaustion and death. What can we call such usage but barbarous? and what name is more appropriate to the hard task-master than barbarian? Is Brazil a civilized country, when it allows such abuses as this?

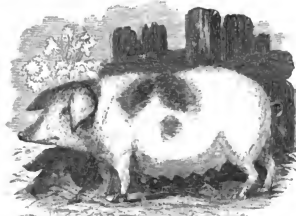
The government has taken strong measures against the slave trade, and has so far been quite successful in putting it down. Indeed I consider the slave trade, so far as the Brazils are concerned, as stopped. And I have been informed that laws for the protection of the slaves have been passed, with a view to prevent cruelty to them. Yet no notice is taken of the poor fellow who carries coffee.

While strolling along near the square, I was amused to see some negroes paving with "cobble stones." They would take hold of the heavy piece of wood, iron bound, and sing at the top of their voices, at the same time shuffling their feet in tune, and after performing in this manner for near five minutes, they would raise the driver and bring it down in workmanlike style, and then commence to sing again. I stood about ten minutes watching them, and in that time they drove about four times. They were taking it easy, and enjoying themselves at the same time, while frequent bursts of laughter showed them to be as happy as could be. A strange contrast to the poor coffee carriers.

The city is well supplied with water, which for pureness is unsurpassed by even the "Croton." Ice is brought here from Boston and other places, and is of course a great luxury. Ice creams are made—iced liquors are drunk, and, in short, ice is in great demand.

I took a short drive into the country, and was quite delighted with its appearance. Hills and valleys stretching away, and dotted with pretty country houses, all served to make the effect very charming. I have not seen as much of the interior as I could wish, for I am certain that the country is very beautiful, and well worth the attention of any one that is fond of rambling through pleasant valleys and climbing high mountains. But my time was so limited that I could not go far beyond the limits of the city, and even my view of that was but a sort of hurried "bird's-eye view."

My letter would not be complete, if I omitted speaking of the ladies of Rio de Janeiro. Now, picture to yourself, a sybil-like form, moulded to Nature's most perfect model, with eyes sparkling in their rich darkness, teeth of the most beautiful white and perfect shape, while the dark glossy hair is falling over the shoulders in the loveliest ringlets, in short, picture to yourself an angel of loveliness, a goddess of beauty—and place her *any* where except in Rio. For a more ill-favored, hard-featured, repulsive set of women I never saw in any other city. Not one handsome woman, nor one who could even be called pretty, did I see in Rio.



THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

"HERE 'tis," said Democritus, shying into the sanctum, half sideways, and touching our elbow.

"Here's what?" we asked, a little impatiently at being interrupted just as we had caught the glimpse of an idea for an editorial.

"That portrait," said he, "and it's a capital likeness, tu."

"What! have you been having your portrait taken, Democritus? Well, it is a good idea; we'll have it in the magazine."

Here Democritus burst into a roaring fit of laughter. He laughed till the tears came into his eyes, and he held his breath and reeled as though he would fall. We shoved him a chair to sit down. At last he held up the engraving of "that same pig" presented above, and tried to speak, but his sides shook, and he went off again into another "convulsion fit" of laughter. At length, however, his risible powers became so far exhausted that he was able to command his voice, and holding up the engraving, again, he asked with a chuckle, "do you call that a portrait of me?"

"Not unless it is very highly flattered," we replied; "but whose portrait is it?"

"It's a portrait of that same pig," said Democritus.

"What same pig? You always seem to get at your subject backwards."

"Why, I mean that same pig who was astonished when she found herself on this side of the fence, that she almost fainted away, and was fairly scared out of a year's growth."

"Astonished at being on this side of the fence! How's that?"

"Yes, as much astonished as the western member of Congress was, when he found his speech in the house was Russia in a circle."

"Running in a circle, Democritus? Well, you are growing interesting. First tell us about the member of Congress, and how his speech ran in a circle."

"Wal, the story is not long," said Democritus; so I'll give it you. One time there was a bill before the House of Representatives for increasing the number of hospitals, and one of the western members got up to make a speech upon it. Colonel Crockett was sitting right at his elbow. The member cleared his voice, and cast his eyes round the House to see that all hands was payin' attention, and began:

"Mr. Speaker—My opinion is, that the *generality* of mankind—in *general*, are disposed to take disadvantage of the *generality* of mankind in *general*."

"Sit down, sit down," whispered the colonel; "you are comin' out at the same hole you went in at!"

"The member looked amazingly astonished, and set down. But his astonishment was not equal to that pig, arter all," said Democritus, looking again at the engraving, "and I want to immortalize that pig in the magazine."

"Well, give us the story of the pig," we replied, "and if it is as good as the member of Congress, it shall go in, portrait and all."

"Agreed," said Democritus, "here 'tis. I've got the story all writ out," and he handed us the manuscript, which we found to the following purport:

Uncle Rawson had a yearlin sow pig. She wasn't a No-Nottha, but a real cunnin, smart pig. She was the 'llo bred, and the 'llo pig is the smartest in the world. Wal, uncle Rawson kep her in a little pig pasture, 'twin his cornfield. And one mornin Aunt Polly came in, all of a fluster, and says she, Mr. Rawson, as true as you are alive, the pig's been in the cornfield.

"Poh, poh, says Uncle Rawson, that can't be. I know hinger will break through a stone wall, but our pig always has enough to eat, and I know she can't get through my tight fence, nobow."

"I don't care, says Aunt Polly. I know the pig's been in the cornfield, and eat up and trod down twenty hills of corn, and there's her tracks all over the field, and she's as full as a tick, now."

Uncle Rawson went out to the cornfield, and found it just as Aunt Polly said. And he went all round and examined the fence, and found it all right, and it was a great puzzle how she got in and how she got out. But the next day it was just so again, and the day arter it was just so again. Uncle Rawson was puzzled. He began to think there must be some evil spirit got into the pig. But he made up his mind to give up his day's work and watch the pig, and see if he could find out the mystery. After watchin' in her two or three hours, the pig got up from where she had been lyin, and shook herself, and marched off straight to the fence, and there Uncle Rawson lost sight of her. He rubbed his eyes, and couldn't see nothin of her; but in a minute he sees her the other side of the fence, in the cornfield. Uncle Rawson began to believe in witches; but he mustered up pluck to go to the fence where he lost sight of the pig, and take another look. And there he found a long hollow log, that made the lower part of the fence, was so placed that one end opened into the pig pasture, and the other into the cornfield. So the mystery was all explained.

Uncle Rawson scratched his head and muttered to himself: "You think you are a cunnin pig; but I'll show you a trick worth two of that." So, after quietly drivin her out, he went to work and turned the crooked log, and fixed the fence so that both ends of the log opened into

the pasture. And then he kept out of sight, and watched to see how matters worked. In an hour or two, the pig began to hanker for corn again, and marched off to the hollow log. Uncle Rawson had called Aunt Polly to see the sport. The pig entered the log with perfect confidence, and when she came out at the other end, she shook her ears and almost danced with delight at the thought of another feast of green corn. And then she began to look round. And then she stood kind of amazed; for she see she wasn't in the cornfield, but in the same old pasture. She thought she'd made some mistake; so she whisked round, and went to the other end of the log, where she went in before, and tried it again. Presently she come out again on this side of the fence, in her owa pasture. And now she looked more astonished than she did before. She looked all round every way, and grunted and whisked about, and then she stood still awhile considerin the matter. Then she made up her mind to try the back track through the log; so she tried it that way, and like the member of Congress, "came out at the same hole she went in at." When she found herself still on this side of the fence she seemed to be perfectly bewildered. She looked round, she grunted, and stamped her feet, and then stood still and considered. The whole mystery seemed to be growin darker and darker to her mind, and at last she crooked up her tail, and fetched a heavy grunt, and ran like the wind-fire clear to the upper end of the pasture. Arter that, Uncle Rawson said he never could get that pig near the hollow log again. He rally believed she thought the log was haunted.

"Well, Democritus," we said, "you have told that yarn pretty well; but haven't you any moral to it?" Don't you know of any other folks, besides that pig, who always seem to come out on the same side of the fence, however hard they may try to get through?"

"Wal, yes," said Democritus, "I know some slich folks. There's the Filibusters, they've been through the hollow log three or four times, and they get into the rich cornfield of Cuba. But they always come out at the same hole they went in at, and are on this side of the fence still. And then there's Colonel Kinney, he's been tryin the hollow log a number of times, expects to work his way into the cornfield of Nicaragua. But he's come out on this side of the fence every time yet. When one log fails, he tries another, and may be he may get through yet if he tries long enough."

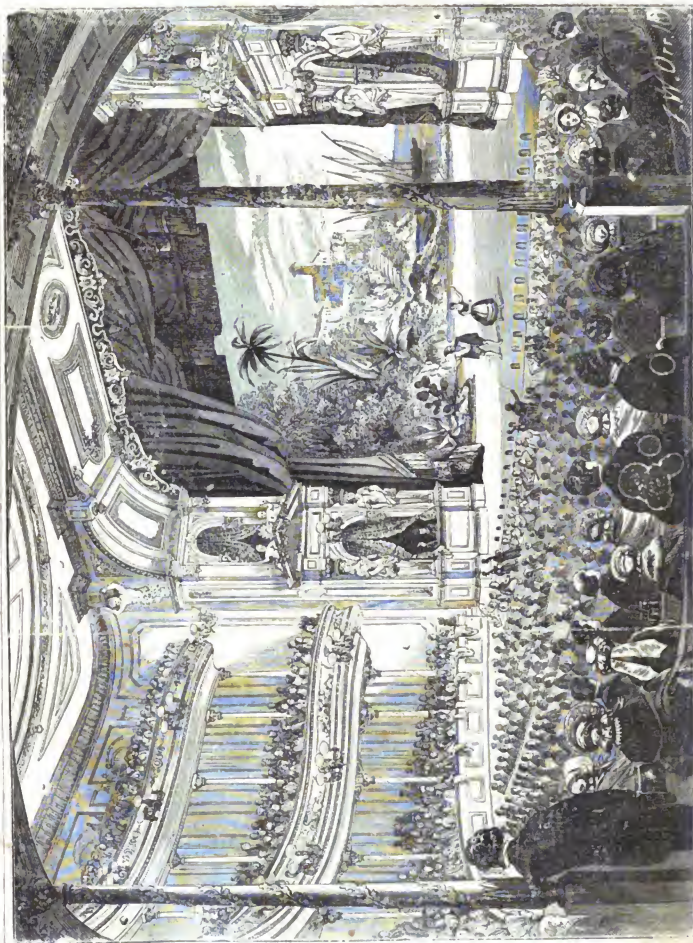
And then there's the British and French allies, they've been diggin their way this six months through all sorts of hollow logs to get into the cornfield of Sevastopol. And John Bull is very much astonished to find his soldiers still on the outside of the fence."

And then there's the old log fence across Uncle Sam's farm, along Mason and Dixon's line. There's been more searchin and tryin, and toggin, and gruntin, and fightin, this twenty years, to get through that old fence, than any other fence in the world. Them that's on the north side is all the time axin round and gruntin and tryin to find a hollow log that they can work through into the south cornfield. And them that's on the south side keeps tryin just as hard, and sometimes a little harder, to get through the fence or over the fence somehow or other into the north cornfield. Some say they have found a great hollow log through the fence out there in Kansas, and both parties are pitchin into it headforemost, and tryin to get through it each on their own side at the same time. Of through again, and a good of squealin and fightin. But the No-Notthas say the are goin to drive 'em all back both sides, and make every one keep on his own side of the fence."

"But, Democritus, you are getting on to forbidden ground, and you must immediately decline to post on, or your official connection with the UNITED STATES MAGAZINE must cease. If you are an abolitionist, you must say so; and if you are a pro-slavery man, you must say so. Now, right up, flat and plain, on which side of that old log fence do you stand, ar?"

"I don't stand on nary side, sir; but if I must, I'll say flat and plain, I'm settin' straddle of it."





INTERIOR OF METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY.



United States Magazine.

Vol. II.)..... AUGUST, 1855.....[No. 3

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.



Canto Second.

I.

IF thou wouldest view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruin'd central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;

When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owl to hoot o'er the dead man's
grave,
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruin'd pile;
And, home returning, soothingly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair!

II.

Short halt did Deloraine make there;
Little reck'd he of the scene so fair;
With dagger's hilt, on the wicket strong,
He struck full loud, and struck full long.
The porter hurried to the gate—
"Who knocks so loud, and knocks so late?"
"From Brankome I," the warrior cried,
And straight the wicket opened wide;
For Brankome's Chiefs had in battle stood,
To fence the rights of fair Melrose;
And lands and livings, many a rood,
Had gifted the shrine for their souls' repose.

III.

Bold Deloraine his errand said;
The porter bent his humble head;
With torch in hand, and feet unshod,
And noiseless step, the path he trod:
The arched cloister, far and wide,
Rang to the warrior's clanking stride,
Till, stooping low his lofty crest,
He enter'd the cell of the ancient priest,
And lifted his barr'd aventail,
To hail the monk of St. Mary's isle.

IV.

"The Layde of Brankome greets thee by me;
Says that the fated hour is come,
And that to-night I shall watch with thee,
To win the treasure of the tomb."
From sackcloth couch the monk arose,
With toil his stiffened limbs he reared;
A hundred years had flung their snows
On his thin locks and floating beard.

V.

And strangely on the Knight looked he,
And his blue eyes gleamed wild and wide,
"And, darrest thou, Warrior! seek to see
What heaven and hell alike would hide!



My breast, in belt of iron pent,
With shirt of hair and scourge of thorn;
For threescore years in penance spent,
My knees those flinty stones have worn;
Yet all too little to atone
For knowing what should not be known.
Would'st thou thy every future year
In ceaseless prayer and penance dree,
Yet wait thy latter end with fear—
Then, daring Warrior, follow me."

VI.

"Penance, Father, will I none;
Prayer know I hardly one;
For mass or prayer can I rarely tarry,
Save to patter an Ave Mary,
When I ride on a border foray.
Other prayer can I none;
So speed me my errand, and let me be gone."

VII.

Again on the Knight look'd the churchman
old,
And again he sighed heavily;
For he had himself been a warrior bold,
And fought in Spain and Italy.
And he thought on the days that were long
since by,
When his limbs were strong, and his courage
was high:
Now, slow and faint, he led the way,
Where, cloister'd round, the garden lay;
The pillar'd arches were over their head,
And beneath their feet were the bones of the
dead."

VIII.

Spreading herbs and flowrets bright,
Glisten'd with the dew of night:
Nor herb nor floweret glisten'd there,
But was carried in the cloister-arches as fair.
The Monk gazed long on the lovely moon,
Then into the night he looked forth;
And red and bright the streamers light
Were dancing in the glowing north.
So had he seen, in fair Castle,
The youth in glittering squadrons start,

Sudden the flying jennet wheel,
And hurl the unexpected dart.
He knew, by the streamers that shot so bright,
That spirits were riding the northern light.

IX.

By a steel-clenched postern-door,
They enter'd now the chancel tall;
The darkened roof rose high aloof
On pillars lofty, and light, and small.
The key-stone, that lock'd each ribbed aisle,
Was a fleur-de-lys, or a quatre-feuille;
The corbels were carved grotesque and grim,
And the pillars, with cluster'd shafts so trim,
With base and with capital flourish'd around,
Seem'd bundles of lances which garlands had
bound.

X.

Full many a scutcheon and banner riven,
Shook to the cold night-wind of heaven,
Around the screened altar's pale;
And there the dying lamps did burn,

O fading honors of the dead!
O high ambition, lowly laid!

XI.

The moon on the east oriel shone;
Through slender shafts of shapely stone
By foliaged tracery combined;
Thou would'st have thought some fairy's hand,
Twist poplars straight the osier wand,
In many a freakish knot had twined;
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
And changed the willow-wreaths to stone.
The silver light, so pale and faint,
Show'd many a prophet, and many a saint,
Whose image on the glass was dyed;
Fell in the midst, his Cross of Red
Triumphant Michael brandished,
And trampled the Apostate's pride.
The moonbeams kiss'd the holy pane,
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

XII.

They sat them down on a marble stone,
(A Scottish monarch slept below);
Thus spoke the Monk, in solemn tone:
"I was not always a man of woe;
For Paynim countries I have trod,
And fought beneath the Cross of God;
Now, strange to my eyes thine arms appear,
And their iron clang sounds strange to my ear.

XIII.

"In these far climes it was my lot
To meet the wondrous Michael Scott;
A wizard of such dreaded fame,
That when, in Salamanca's cave,
He listed his magic wand to waver,
The bells would ring in Notre Dame.
Some of his skill he taught to me;
And, Warrior! I could say to thee
The words that cleft Eildon hills in three,
And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone;
But to speak them were a deadly sin;
And for having but thought them my heart
within,
A treble penance must be done.

XIV.

"When Michael lay on his dying bed,
His conscience was awakened;



Before thy low and lonely urn,
O gallant chief of Otterburne!
And thine, dark Knight of Liddendale!

He bethought him of his sinful deed,
And he gave me a sign to come with speed:
I was in Spain when the morning rose,



But I stood by his bed ere evening close.
The words may not again be said;
That he spoke to me on death-bed laid;
They would rend this Abbey's massive nave,
And pile it in heaps above his grave.

XV.

"I swore to bury his Mighty Book,
That never mortal might therein look;
And never to tell where it was hid,
Save at his Chief of Branksome's need:
And when that need was past and o'er,
Again the volume to restore.
I buried him on St. Michael's night,
When the bell toll'd one, and the moon was
bright,
And I dug his chamber among the dead,
When the floor of the chancel was stained red,
That his patron's cross might over him wave,
And scare the fiends from the Wizard's grave.

XVI.

"It was a night of woe and dread,
When Michael in the tomb I laid!
Strange sounds along the chancel pass'd,
The banners waved without a blast!"—
Still, spoke the Monk, when the bell toll'd
one!—
I tell you, that a braver man
Than William of Deloraine, good at need,
Against a foe ne'er spurr'd a steed;
Yet somewhat was he chilled with dread,
And his hair did bristle upon his head.

XVII.

"Lo, Warrior! now, the Cross of Red
Points to the grave of the mighty dead;
Within it burns a wondrous light,
To chase the spirits that love the night;
That lamp shall burn unquenchably,
Until the eternal doom shall be."
Slow moved the Monk to the broad flag stone,
Which the bloody Cross was traced upon:
He pointed to a secret nook;
As iron bars the Warrior took;

And the Monk made a sign with his withered
hand,
The grave's huge portal to expand

XVIII.

With beating heart to the task he went;
His sinewy frame o'er the grave-stone bent;
With bar of iron heaved amain,
Till the toil-drops fell from his brows, like
rain.

It was by dint of passing strength,
That he moved the massy stone at length;
I would you had been there, to see
How the light broke forth so gloriously,
Stream'd upward to the chancel roof,
And through the galleries far aloof!
No earthly flame blazed e'er so bright:

XIX.

Before their eyes the Wizard lay,
As if he had not been dead a day
His hoary beard in silver roll'd,
He seem'd some seventy winters old;
A palmer's amice wrapped him round,
With a wrought Spanish baldric bound.
Like a pilgrim from beyond the sea:
His left hand held his Book of Might;
A silver cross was in his right;
The lamp was placed beside his knee.
High and majestic was his look,
At which the filiest fiends had shook,
And all unruddled was his face:
They trusted his soul had gotten grace."

XX.

Often had William of Deloraine
Rode through the battle's bloody plain,
And trampled down the warriors slain,
And neither known remorse nor awe;
Yet now remorse and awe he own'd;
His breath came thick, his head swam round,
When this strange scene of death he saw.
Bewild'rd and unnerved he stood,
And the priest pray'd fervently and loud:
With eyes averted prayed he;
He might not endure the sight to see,
Of the man he had loved so brotherly.

XXI.

And when the priest his death-prayer had
pray'd,
Thus unto Deloraine he said:—
"Now, speed thee to what thou hast to do,
Or, Warrior! we may dearly rue;
For those thou may'st not look upon,
Are gathering fast round the yawning stone!"—
Then Deloraine, in terror, took
From the cold hand the Mighty Book,
With iron clasp'd, and with iron bound
He thought, as he took it, the dead man
frown'd;"!
But the glare of the sepulchral light,
Perchance had dazzled the Warrior's sight.



It shone like heaven's own blessed light,
And, issuing from the tomb,
Show'd the Monk's cowl, and visage pale—
Danced on the dark-brow'd Warrior's mail,
And him'd his waving plume.

XXII.

When the huge stone sunk o'er the tomb,
The night return'd in double gloom;
For the moon had gone down, and the stars
were few;

And, as the Knight and Priest withdrew,
With wavering steps and dizzy brain,
They hardly might the postern gain.
'Tis said, as through the aisles they pass'd,
They heard strange noises on the blast :
And through the cloister-galleries small.



Which at mid-height thread the chancel wall,
Loud sobs, and laughter, louder, ran,
And voices unlike the voice of man ;
As if the fiends kept holiday,
Because these spells were brought to-day.
I cannot tell how the truth may be ;
I may the tale as 'twas said to me.

XXIII.

" Now, his thee hence," the father said,
" And when we are on death-bed laid,
O may our dear Ladye, and sweet St. John,
Forgive our souls for the deed we have done !"
The Monk return'd him to his cell,

And many a prayer and penance sped .
When the convent met at the noontide bell—

The Monk of St. Mary's aisle was dead !
Before the cross was the body laid,
With hands clasp'd fast, as if still he pray'd.

XXIV.

The Knight breathed free in the morning wind,
And strove his hardihood to find
He was glad when he pass'd the tombstones
gray,

Which girdle round the fair Abbaye ;
For the mystic Book, to his bosom prest,
Felt like a load upon his breast ;



And his joints, with nerves of iron twined,
Shook, like the aspen leaves in wind.

Full fain was he when the dawn of day
Began to brighten Cheviot grey ;
He joy'd to see the cheerful light,
And he said Ave Mary, as well he might.

XXV.

The sun had brighten'd Cheviot grey,
The sun had brighten'd the Carter's side ;

The wild birds told their warbling tale,
And waken'd every flower that blows ;
And peep'd forth the violet pale,
And spread her breast the mountain rose.¹³
And lovelier than the rose so red,
Yet paler than the violet pale,
She early left her sleepless bed,
The fairest maid of Teviotdale.

XXVI.

Why does fair Margaret so early awake,¹⁴
And don her kirtle so hostile ; [make,
And the silken knots, which in hurry she'd
Why tremble her slender fingers to tie ;
Why does she stop, and look often around,
As she glides down the secret stair ;
And why does she pat the shaggy blood-bound,
As he rouses him up from his lair ;
And, though she passes the postern alone,
Why is not the watchman's bugle blown ?

XXVII.

The ladye steps in doubt and dread
Lest her watchful mother hear her tread ;
The ladye carresses the rough blood-bound,
Lest his voice should waken the castle round



The watchman's bugle is not blown,
For he was her foster-father's son ; [of light,
And she glides through the greenwood at dawn
To meet Baron Henry, her own true knight

XXVIII.

The Knight and Ladye fair are met,
And under the hawthorn's boughs are set.
A fairer pair were never seen
To meet beneath the hawthorn green.
He was stately, and young, and tall ;
Dreaded in battle, and loved in hall ;
And she, when love, scarce told, scarce hid
Lent to her cheek a livelier red ;
When the half sigh her swelling breast
Against the silken ribbon prest ;
When her blue eyes their secret told,
Though shaded by her locks of gold—
Where would you find the peerless fair,
With Margaret of Branksome might compare !

XXIX.

And soon beneath the rising day
Smiled Branksome Towers and Teviot's tide.

And now, fair dames, methinks I see
You listen to my minstrelsy ;



Your waving locks ye backward throw,
And sidelong bend your necks of snow;
Ye ween to hear a melting tale
Of two true lovers in a dale;
And how the Knight, with tender fire,
To paint his faithful passion strove;
Swore he might at her feet expire,
But never, never, cease to love;
And how she blushed, and how she sighed,
And, half consenting, half denied,
And said that she would die a maid;—
Yet, might the bloody feud be stay'd,
Henry of Cranstoun, and only he,
Margaret of Branksome's choice should be.

XXX.

Alas! fair dames, your hopes are vain!
My harp has lost the enchanting strain:
Its lightness would my age reprove:
My hairs are gray, my limbs are old,
My heart is dead, my veins are cold;
I may not, must not, sing of love.

XXXI.

Beneath an oak, moss'd o'er by eld,
The Baron's Dwarf his consner held,
And held his crested helm and spear.
That Dwarf was scarce an earthly man,
If the tales were true that of him ran
Through all the Border, far and near.
'Twas said, when the Baron a-hunting rode
Through Beesdale's glens, but rarely trod,
He heard a voice cry, "Lost! lost! lost!"
And, like tennis-ball by racket toss'd,
A leap of thirty feet and three,
Made from the gorse this elfin shape,
Distorted like some dwarfish ape,
And lighted at Lord Cranstoun's knee.
Lord Cranstoun was some whit dismay'd;
'Tis said that five good miles he rode,
To rid him of his company;
But where he rode one mie, the Dwarf ran four,
And the Dwarf was first at the castle door.

XXXII.

Use lessens marvel, it is said:
This elfish Dwarf with the Baron staid;—



Little he ate, and less he spoke,
Nor mingled with the menial flock:
And oft apart his arms he toss'd,
And often mutter'd, "Lost! lost! lost!"
He was waspish, arch, and litherlie,
But well Lord Cranstoun served he:
And he of his service was full fain,
For once he had been ta'en or slain,
An it had not been for his ministry.
All between home and Hermitage,
Talk'd of Lord Cranstoun's Goblin-Page.

But the Lady of Branksome gather'd a band
Of the best that would ride at her command:
The trying place was Newark Lee.
Wat of Harden came thither amain,
And thither came John of Thirlestane,
And thither came William of Deloraine;
They were three hundred spears and three.
Through Douglas-burn, up Yarrow stream,
Their horses prance, their lances gleam.
They came to St. Mary's lake ere day;
But the chapel was void, and the Baron away.



XXXIII.

For the Baron went on pilgrimage,
And took with him this elfish Page,
To Mary's Chapel of the Lowes:
For there, beside Our Lady's lake,
An offering he had sworn to make,
And he would pay his vows.

They burn'd the chapel for very rage,
And cursed Lord Cranstoun's Goblin-Page.

XXXIV.

And now, in Branksome's good green wood,
As under the aged oak he stood,
The Baron's coursers pricks his ears,
As if a distant noise he hears.

The Dwarf waves his long lean arm on high,
And sign to the lovers to part and fly;
No time was then to vow or sigh.
Fair Margaret, through the hazel grove,
Flew like the startled snail-dove;
The Dwarf the stirrup held, and rein;
Vaulted the Knight on his steed amain,
And, pondering deep that morning's scene,
Rode eastward through the hawthorn green.

Wmms thus he poor'd the lengthen'd tale,
The Minstrel's voice began to fall:
Full airy smiled the observant page,
And gave the wither'd hand of age.
A goblet, crown'd with mighty wine,
The blood of Veize's scorched vine.
He raised the silver cup on high,
And while the big drop fill'd his eye,
Pray'd God to bless the Duchess long,
And all who cheer'd a son of song.
The attending maidens smiled to see
How long, how deep, how zealously,
The precious jule the Minstrel quaff'd,
And he, embolden'd by the draught,
Look'd gaily back to them, and laugh'd.
The cordial nectar of the bowl
Swell'd his old veins, and cheer'd his soul;
A lighter, livelier prelude ran,
Ere thus his tale again began.

(1.) The Bunchgrass family were great benefactors to the Abbey of Melrose. As early as the reign of Robert II., Robert Bosc, Baron of Hurdston and Raskbourn, (now Boscworth), gave to the monks the lands of Hildon, in Dyrk Forest, *pro animis animarum*—*Charter of Melrose*, 25th May, 1418.

(2.) *Amesbury*, vicar of the school.

(3.) The Borderers were, as we have supposed, very ignorant about religious usages. *Chilvile*, in his *Parsons or Admonition*, states that the reformed divines were so far from understanding distant journeys to convert the heathen, "as I would say at that time you would only go to the Highlands and Borders of our own realm, to gain our own countrymen, who, for lack of preaching and administration of the sacraments of the church, be some either infidels or atheists." But we learn from *Lely*, that, however deficient in religion, they regularly told their beads, and never felt more than them when going on a plundering expedition.

(4.) The cloisters were frequently used as places of sepulture. An instance occurs in *Wyndham Abbey*, where the cloister has an inscription, bearing, *Mile sancti fratris Archidiaconi*.

(5.) Corbels, the projections from which the arches spring, usually cut a fantastic face or mask.

(6.) The famous and desperate battle of Otterburne was fought 15th August, 1388, between Henry Percy, called Hotspur, and James, Earl of Douglas. Both these renowned champions were at the battle in a chosen body of troops, and they were rivals in military fame; so that prominent assertions, "Of all the battles and encounters that I have made mention of here before in this my history, great or small, this battle that I treat of now was one of the worst and best foughten, without cowardice and feyned battles: for there was a hard fight, and a long, but that dyde his devoyrte, and fought hand to hand. This battle was like the battle of Beowulf, the which was valiantly fought and ended." The issue of the conflict is well-known: Percy was made prisoner, and the Scots won the day, dearly purchased by the death of their gallant general, the Earl of Douglas, who was slain in the action. He was buried at Melrose, beneath the high altar. "His obsequy was done reverently, and on his body layde a tomb of stone, and his banner hanging over hym."—*FOUNTAINE*, vol. ii., p. 166.

(7.) It is impossible to conceive a more beautiful specimen of the lightness and elegance of Gothic architecture, when in its purity, than the choir-window of Melrose Abbey; Sir James Hall, of Douglas, Bart., has, with great ingenuity and plausibility, traced the Gothic order through its various forms and seemingly eccentric ornaments, to an architectural imitation of wicker work, of which, as we learn from some of the legends, the earliest Christian churches were constructed. In such an edifice, the original of the clustered pillars is treated to a set of round posts, begirt with slender rods of willow, whose knave axillimae were brought to meet from the top of the posts, and sprung artistically, so as to produce the framework of the roof; and the tracery of the window tracery is displayed in the meeting and interlacing of the rods, affording an inexhaustible variety of beautiful forms of the open work. This ingenious system is almost the basis of the canon, Sir James Hall's *Essay on Gothic Architecture*, now published in *The Edinburgh Philosophical Transactions*.

(8.) A large marble stone in the chancel of Melrose, is pointed out as the monument of Alexander II., one of the

greatest of our early kings; or, says any, it is the resting-place of Michael, one of the early abbots who died in the odor of sanctity.

(9.) Michael Scott was, once upon a time, much embarrassed by a spirit, for whom he was under the necessity of finding constant employment. He constantly tried to build a cauld or dam head, across the Tweed, at Kelso; it was accomplished in one night, and still does honor to the architect. Michael next ordered the building of a mill-hill, which was then a uniform cone, should be divided into three. Another night was sufficient to part its top into three picturesque points, and to give it three new ears. At length the enchanter conquered this insatiable demon, by employing him in the hopeless and endless task of making ropes out of sea-weed.

(10.) The agitation of the Monk, at the sight of the man whom he had loved with brotherly affection—the horror of Deloraine, and his belief that the corpse forever lay in the tomb, were the magic volleys of a most able pen in a succeeding part of the narrative, circumstances not more happily conceived than exquisitely wrought—*Critical Review*.

(11.) William of Deloraine might be strengthened in this belief, by the well-known story of the Old Bay Dias. When the body of that famous Christian champion was sitting in state by the high altar of the cathedral church of Toledo, where it remained for ten years, a certain malicious Jew attempted to pull him by the beard, but he found the corpse touched the formulae which, most of the time, the corpse started up and half-unheeded his sword. The Israelite fled, and so permanent was the effect of his terror, he became Christian. *History of the Jews*, p. 480, quoted from *Sebastian Cabot's Travels*.

(12.) A mountain on the Border of England, above Jedburgh.

(13.) How lovely and exhilarating is the fresh, cool, mountain landscape, which, relieved the mind, after the horrors of the spell-guarded tomb.—*ALAN HARVARD*.

(14.) How true, sweet, and original is this description of the ravishing battle with which she attires herself, descends, and speaks to the lover.—*ALAN HARVARD*.

(15.) The idea of the lamp domesticating himself with the first person he met, and subjecting himself to that one's authority, is perfectly common to old opinions. Ben Jonson, in his play of the "Devil is an Ass," has founded the leading incident of that comedy upon this article of the popular creed. A good, staid *Pug* is ambitious of figuring in the world, and petitions his superior for permission to exhibit himself upon a *Hotspur*. The devil grants him a day's rule, but claps it with this condition:—

"*Hotspur*—Only thus more, I bid you
To serve the first man that you meet; and him
I'll show you now; observe him, follow him:
But, once engaged, there you must stay and sit."

It is observable that, in the same play, *Pug* alludes to the first person he meets, as a *robber*, though "waspish, sharp, and libidinous" proves a useful and honest retainer to the lord, into whose service he had introduced himself. The sort of inconsistency seems also to form a part of the diabolic character. Thus, in the romances of the Round Table, we find Merlin, the devil, exercising himself, sometimes in the cause of virtue and religion, the friend and counsellor of King Arthur, the chastiser of wrong, and the scourge of the infidel.

THE PEOPLE AND PROGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES.

[In the following article, our able correspondent, L. W., has condensed into a small space a large amount of valuable and interesting information, derived from the ponderous volumes of the United States Census Reports. His facts are drawn mainly from the Compendium of the Seventh Census, including the results of each previous census, prepared by J. D. De Bow, Superintendent of the Census Bureau. Although the seventh census of the United States was taken five years ago, and a large force has been occupied ever since in preparing the results for publication, by order of Congress, the whole has not yet been given to the public. The subject is the more interesting at the present time, from the fact that some of the States—including New York—are now engaged in taking a State census, which keeps the subject before the people, and leads to useful discussions, comparisons, &c.]

AMONG all nations, and in all times, the facts usually collected under the head of census statistics, have the deepest value and significance wherever their accuracy can be depended on. All the varying conditions which mark the development of a community in numbers, health, morals, and enlightenment, throughout their infinite details, are thus indicated; and, as it were, daguerretyped in figures, for the benefit of the historian, the philosopher, the political economist, and of the people themselves.

Unfortunately, such statistics were rarely attended to among the nations of antiquity, except as the exigencies of revenue or military power required some knowledge of the numbers and wealth of the State; and it is on this account chiefly that we must always remain perplexed, and often totally ignorant, of the condition of the earlier communities in many important respects. Statistical science, as it now exists among the most cultivated nations, is at once the fruit and the exponent of a higher civilization. It owes its origin to a couple of Prussian Savans—Achenwall and Schlozer—who lived about a century ago. It has since been further developed, both on the Continent and in Great Britain.

In the United States of America, where, for obvious reasons, this science should be thoroughly attended to, the system of collecting statistics has been poorly arranged, though it has steadily improved from one decade to another. The superior intelligence of our people, however, may balance the errors of system, and render our statistics as accurate as those of the Old World. And whenever our means for pursuing statistical investigation shall be as well adjusted as they are at present in England, we may look for results more satisfactory and important than have yet been obtained in any part of the world. Though a large force has been employed much of the time during the last four years by the Census Bureau at Washington, the returns are not yet all reduced, and the statistics of crime and mortality would each fill a volume the size of the compendium—at present, the results given under these heads are very limited.

A large portion of the compendium is filled with ratio tables and aggregated results, which, from their arrangement, speak so well to the eye, that we shall often quote them with little explanation or comment. Figures are sometimes said to be eloquent—they are never more so than when made to exhibit the character and progress of a distinguished people—the figures and the results of the historian often speak more forcibly, and to the point, than the most labored display of words. Besides, it is in tables that the aggregated and compared results of the census are most easily exhibited, and many important elements brought together within reach of the eye on a single page. Begging our readers, therefore, not to be appalled at the long lines of digits and cyphers they may meet, and not to pass too hastily over these most important portions of our article, we will proceed to a brief and careful examination of the compendium.

AREA OF THE UNITED STATES.

All facts relating to the climate and topography of a country are properly included in statistical science. Although we have made but slight progress toward a full knowledge of the meteorology, or physical geography of our continent, like that already attained by the science and statistics of Europe; yet even rough and general details, often approximate in their accuracy, must be of considerable interest. Think for a moment of the countless relations existing between man and the world he inhabits, and you soon perceive that the greater part of those depend on the climate and geography of the earth. It is not

a matter of small account or interest whether we have above us skies of lead or azure—a briar and pure air, like that of Scotland and the Alps, or an atmosphere heavy and surcharged with mist like that of the Norwegian coasts—whether the earth beneath us is regular or abrupt in level, and what is the nature of its forests, lakes and rivers.

Science, aided by many practical observations, has already mapped out Europe in all these respects, and more; and we long to see the work begun in our own country, but it must, of course, await the more complete spread and growth of the people. We ought to say, however, that much is being done in this kind of investigation by the Coast Survey, and that, too, in such a thorough and extensive manner as to excite the admiration of Europe itself. Most of the results we shall copy under the present head, were ascertained, either wholly or in part, through the labors of this and the Topographical Office. Seeking for the most natural division of our territory into sections, and one more in accordance with its main geographical features than any hitherto adopted, Mr. DeBow separates the Republic into four great divisions, or slopes. These are—1st. The Mississippi Valley, comprising all that portion of our country drained by the Mississippi and its tributaries. 2d. The Pacific slope, including all that territory whose waters enter the Pacific Ocean. 3d. The Atlantic slope, drained by all the waters which enter the Atlantic north of the Mississippi Valley. 4th. The Gulf slope, or that portion of territory whose waters flow into the Gulf of Mexico. The following table shows the number of square miles included in each of these divisions of the Union, and also the area of several European States, with which the reader may make some interesting comparisons:—

	Square miles.	Ratio to total area.
Mississippi Valley.....	1,217,662	41.47
Pacific slope.....	746,002	26.09
Atlantic slope north of Mississippi Valley.....	627,005	21.25
Gulf slope.....	225,337	11.09
Total area.....	2,906,166	
Area of United States at the peace of 1783.....	820,680	

AREA OF SOME EUROPEAN COUNTRIES.

Russia in Europe. 2,130,297	Prussia.....	107,921
Austria..... 267,268	Spain.....	162,270
France..... 207,145	Turkey.....	290,648
Great Britain.... 121,912	Sweden and Nor- way.....	208,313

To these, Mr. DeBow adds the area of 26 other European States, the whole making only 3,811,594 square miles. The territory of this Republic covers over one-third the entire area of the North American continent. It is nearly ten times as large as that of Great Britain and France combined; three times as large as the whole of France, Britain, Austria, Prussia, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Holland, and Denmark together; one and a half times as large as the Russian Empire in Europe; only one-sixth less than the area covered by the fifty-nine or sixty Empires, States and Republics of Europe, and of equal extent with the Roman Empire, or that of Alexander, neither of which is said to have exceeded 3,000,000 square miles. In less than sixty years our territory has increased over three-fold. The following table, showing the comparative distances between

American and foreign cities, affords a good idea of the extent of our continent:—

Pittsburg to Hudson.....	814	Paris to Vienna.....	625
New York to Mobile.....	1,476	Paris to St. Peters- burg.....	1,510
Philadelphia to Pen- sacola.....	1,483	St. Petersburg to Con- stantinople.....	1,400
Boston to Nashville.....	1,690	London to Constantin- ople.....	1,400
N. York to Charleston	790	London to Vienna.....	760
Boston to Galveston.....	2,386	Stockholm to Madrid.....	2,100
Texas.....	2,386	London to Rome.....	910
New York to New Or- leans.....	1,640	St. Petersburg to Thebes, Egypt.....	2,800
Source to mouth of Mississippi.....	2,995		

POPULATION.

There was no general enumeration of the United States, earlier than the census of 1790, and conjectural estimates alone can be formed of the population of this country during the colonial period.

As near as can be ascertained, however, the total white and slave population was, in 1701, 262,000. In 1749, 1,046,000, and in 1775, 2,803,000, of which 500,000 are estimated as slaves. The aggregate increase during the first 48 years, was 299.24 per cent., and the average increase per annum for the whole 74 years, 13.11 per cent. At the beginning of the revolution, the Southern colonies had 812,000 white inhabitants, and the Northern, 1,491,000. Connecticut was then the fourth State in rank. Massachusetts and Pennsylvania were each a third larger than New York, which was even excelled by Connecticut.

POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES AT THE SEVERAL CENSUS PERIODS.

	White.	(free col'd and slave)	Total.
1790.....	8,172,464	787,263	8,959,727
1800.....	8,804,489	601,436	9,405,925
1810.....	9,862,094	1,217,810	11,079,904
1820.....	7,866,840	1,711,022	9,577,862
1830.....	10,337,378	2,328,642	12,666,020
1840.....	14,198,946	2,673,458	16,872,404
1850.....	19,553,958	3,638,568	23,192,526

CLASSIFIED POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES AT THE CENSUS OF 1850.

	Male.	Female.	Excess Male.	Total.
Total White.....	10,026,402	9,820,666	499,736	19,847,068
White native born.....	8,796,968	8,578,840	261,402	17,375,808
Foreign born.....	1,229,434	1,241,826	-12,392	2,471,260
Free colored.....	208,734	226,771	17,947	435,505
Free mulattoes.....				150,096
Slaves.....	1,602,530	1,051,778	787	2,654,308
Slave mulattoes.....				2,107,457

The foreign born were, according to the last census, about one-eighth as numerous as the native white population, and comprised about 11 per cent. of the total number of whites. It seems probable that many of those enumerated as of foreign birth, were only the children of foreign-born parents, and were themselves born in this country.

Looking at the nativity of our foreign population, we find the Irish and Germans greatly predominant. There were in the United States in 1850, 961,719 persons born in Ireland, 583,774 in Germany and Prussia, and 278,675 in England. The total for Great Britain and Ireland is 1,488,523, or two-thirds of the total foreign born. A very large proportion of our foreign population resides in cities, and in general they are very irregularly distributed over our country.

The Middle States contain the highest percentage, which is one-fifth of the entire free native population. In the Eastern States, it is

about the same as the average for the Union, while it decreases to one-twentieth in the South-west, and less than one-fiftieth in the South.

FREE COLORED POPULATION.

Maryland contains by far the largest number (74,723) of this class; Pennsylvania and Virginia stand next, containing 53,626 and 54,333 respectively. Many of the statistics given in the census under this head, are highly interesting; we only have room for a few of them.

The increase of the free colored class, in the aggregate, throughout the Union, has been steadily growing less during the last sixty years. In New England, the per centage of increase has diminished from 31.63 in 1800, to 1.71 in 1850. In the South-western States, there has even been a decrease of 19½ per cent. The North-west shows the heaviest ratios of increase at the time of the last census, indicating a large emigration to that quarter. The proportion of free colored to the total population is considerably less in all parts of the Union than it was fifty years ago, notwithstanding the liberation and escape of slaves.

INCREASE OF POPULATION.

The aggregate rates of increase diminished regularly during each successive census decade from 1790 to 1840; but between 1840 and 1850, it increased over three per cent., corrections being made for the admission of new territory.

During the last census decade, Wisconsin increased in population 891 per cent., this being the largest percentage of increase which has occurred in any part of the Union during any decade in the last fifty years. Michigan stands next in order, and gained 574 per cent., between 1830 and 1840, and Indiana gained 510 per cent. between 1810 and 1820. In some of the Eastern and Middle States, however, the ratio of increase is much less, being in Connecticut only 0.28 per cent. during the last census period, and in Delaware there was even a decrease of 0.14 per cent. between 1810 and 1820. The table in the compendiums showing the percentage of increase for every State in the Union at each census period during the last fifty years, is a very interesting one to those who wish to study the increase and distribution of our population, and their results. In no State has there been any regular gain or diminution of the percentage of increase throughout the various census periods, but in the same State the ratio of increase which has doubled in one decade, has often diminished as much in the succeeding one, and so on. It should be observed that the figures just given include only the white population of the United States.

PROPORTION OF MALE AND FEMALE POPULATION.

The predominance of male births to a greater or less degree among most communities, is often alluded to, and has received the attention of scientific men, who have sought an explanation of the fact. The average excess of white males in the United States, during the last sixty years, has steadily increased, and is now in the proportion of about five per cent. It is strikingly different in the several sections of the Union; for, in New England, the females have always been in excess, and sometimes, as in 1820 to 1830, in as high a ratio as two and three per cent. The largest excess of males is found in the South and South-west, in some instances

reaching ten and twelve per cent. A considerable excess of male births seems, according to investigators, to indicate a natural and healthful condition of society, and a decided preponderance of females the reverse. And in support of this, it is affirmed, that the proportion of male births in a community has been observed to decline during the prevalence of severe epidemics, and that, in most portions of the Old World, where the physical condition of the people is vitiated and degraded, the excess of males is much less than in the United States. From some cause, perhaps not very easy to be determined, we find the females decidedly predominant in the colored population of our country, as has been already stated in the tables. The excess of males in the total slave population is only 757, while among the free colored the females are largely predominant.

OCCUPATIONS OF THE MALE POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES OVER FIFTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

Several hundred different occupations are given, and the number of persons engaged in each was ascertained as nearly as possible. The following table shows the number of persons engaged in the leading occupations. The figures include both white and free colored persons:—

Farmers.....	2,368,958	Physicians.....	40,564
Laborers.....	909,786	Coopers.....	43,604
Carpenters.....	184,671	Students.....	42,169
Cordwainers.....	186,472	Cabinet and Chair makers.....	37,359
Clerks.....	101,325	Boatmen.....	32,454
Merchants.....	100,752	Clergymen.....	26,942
Black and White smiths.....	99,700	Lawyers.....	23,049
Miners.....	77,410	Printers.....	14,740
Mariners.....	70,663	Editors.....	1,372
Masons and Plasterers.....	63,392	Authors.....	82

During the last decade, the percentage of those devoted to the learned professions has nearly trebled, and that of those engaged in commerce and manufactures has increased in about the same proportion. Of those occupied in agricultural pursuits, the proportion has slightly increased, and in navigation the percentage has doubled. The proportion of all those engaged in the various employments, as compared with the total population, seems to have about doubled within the last fifty years. We can only give a few of the results presented by Mr. De Bow, under the head of moral and Social Statistics. Viewed in connection with the other returns of the census, these statistics possess the highest interest, and should be carefully studied by all who have access to the Census Report.

The following table gives a general view of the facts ascertained relative to

RELIGIOUS WORSHIP.

Churches.....	38,150
Total valuation of church property.....	\$49,983,028
Average value of churches.....	\$2,507
Capacity of accommodation.....	14,369,028
Average capacity of accommodation.....	376

The Methodists have the largest church accommodations. Next are the Baptists, then the Presbyterians. There are, on the average, 4 churches to every 300 square miles, or one to every 75 square miles of territory. In Massachusetts, there are nearly 19 churches to every 100 square miles, whilst in Texas, the number is only 1 in about every 700, and in Arkansas, 1 in 175 square miles.

The Methodists and Presbyterians have a larger amount of church property than any other denomination, that of the former amount-

ing to \$14,826,148, and that of the latter, \$14,557,089. The Baptist and Episcopal are next, and are also about equal. The Catholics, though they have but one-eleventh as many churches as the Methodists, have much more than half the church property.

EDUCATION.

The total number of Colleges, exclusive of theological, medical and law schools, in the United States, in 1850, was ascertained to be 119, and including these, 215. The total number of students belonging to these institutions was 18,733. The total number of Academies and Public Schools was 6,085, and of their pupils, 263,096.

ILLITERATE.

The aggregate of persons over twenty years of age unable to read and write, was 1,053,420. Of these, by far the larger proportion were of foreign birth, so that in nearly all the States containing a noticeable proportion of foreign population, the illiterate of this class considerably outnumber those of the native. Thus, in New York, we find 30,670 native, and 68,052 foreign illiterate. In Massachusetts, 1,861 native, against 26,484 foreign, and so on.

Virginia contains the largest number of native illiterate—87,383; next is North Carolina, which numbers 80,083 of this class. New England greatly surpasses every other section of the Union in the efficiency of her school system, and only 1 in every 400 of her native inhabitants is unable to read and write. In the South and South-west, the number is 1 in 12, in the Territories, 1 in 6, in the slaveholding States, 1 in 12, in the non-slaveholding, 1 in 40, in the whole Union, 1 in about 22.

THE PRESS.

Newspapers first originated in Italy during the sixteenth century. The first in England appeared under Queen Elizabeth, at the time of the Spanish Armada. It was entitled the "English Mercurie," and printed at London by her highness' printer, 1588. Periodical papers were first used during the civil wars of the Commonwealth. The earliest newspaper in North America was the "Boston News-Letter," issued April 24, 1704. In 1720, there were but seven newspapers in the American Colonies. In 1775, there were thirty-five, seven of which were in Massachusetts, and nine in Pennsylvania. The census of 1840 gave 1,631 as the number of newspapers and periodicals published in the United States. In 1850, the number was 2,526. The following table shows the number and circulation of each class of papers:—

	No.	Circulation.
Literary and Miscellaneous.....	568	1,692,403
Neutral and Independent.....	83	389,722
Political.....	1,000	1,997,794
Religious.....	191	1,071,657
Scientific.....	33	597,941
Aggregate.....	2,526	3,848,917

An intelligible abstract even of the Agricultural and Commercial statistics of the census would extend this article far beyond the space it was designed to occupy.

The industrial development of a people indicates, in a high degree, its condition with regard to progress and enlightenment. For, in the commerce and occupations of a community, we find directly the character and effect of the laws by which they are governed, we see unfolded the peculiarities and resources of the

country within its limits; and we may observe the steady progress of mind in its subjugation of nature and her vicissitudes. Commercial, Agricultural, and Manufacturing statistics, therefore, when fully exhibited, claim a high importance, and should be carefully studied by themselves. The following table is abridged from the Census Report. It is only approximately in accuracy, but doubtless the most reliable that can be obtained:—

VALUE OF SOME AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS OF THE UNITED STATES IN 1850, AND AMOUNT OF LAND ACTUALLY CULTIVATED IN THE SEVERAL CROPS.

	Value.	Acres cultivated.
Indian Corn.....	\$206,000,552	\$1,000,000
Wheat.....	100,485,944	11,000,000
Cotton.....	98,603,720	5,800,000
Hay.....	96,879,494	13,000,000
Wool.....	48,975,252	7,900,000
Butter.....	50,120,548	
Potatoes—Irish.....	28,319,158	1,000,000
Potatoes—Sweet.....	19,154,874	750,000
Wool.....	10,750,097	
Tobacco.....	15,992,698	600,000

The total value of agricultural products, including stock of all kinds, for 1850, was estimated at \$1,299,197,682, and the total of improved lands at 113,032,614 acres.

Since commencing the preparation of this review, the valuable and elaborate report of Honorable Israel D. Andrews, on Colonial and Lake trade, has fallen under our eye. It is the object of this report to furnish an exposition as full and complete as possible, of the character and extent of the inland commerce of the United States, as well as of that connected with the British possessions in North America; and not only to exhibit the present condition of this commerce, but also to consider and describe the different geographical features of the country, and the nature of those productions which have given it birth. In accordance with this plan, Mr. Andrews has given a very fair exhibit of our inland and coast trade, of the geological and agricultural productions of the continent, together with a general survey of that curious system of land and water which nature has so wonderfully provided for throughout the interior of this country. Everywhere throughout the almost boundless regions of the North-west and the Mississippi valley, we see offered on a scale of magnificence not elsewhere equalled on our globe, nearly all those productions which the Earth and its waters yield to the use and subsistence of man. And everywhere the channels and facilities of commerce are as abundant as its material.

A brief examination of the facts and statistics given in Mr. Andrews' report, will convince any one that it is yet impossible to realize the power, wealth, and resources, which are the destiny of this portion of our continent. We have alluded to this work that we might recommend it to our readers, and introduce the following brief quotation, which must conclude this article:—

"In 1841, the gross amount of the lake trade was sixty-five millions of dollars. In 1846, it had increased to one hundred and twenty-five millions. In 1848, according to the estimate of Colonel Albert, of the topographical engineers, the value of the commerce of the lakes was one hundred and eighty-six millions. These are estimates of the value of the property constantly changing hands, nor has any notice been taken of the cost of vessels, or the profits of the passenger trade." L. W.



CAPTAIN ALDEN AND GENERAL PRESCOTT.
ROBBING A TYRANT.

GENERAL PRESCOTT, the commander of the British troops on Rhode Island, was one of those mean-spirited petty tyrants, who, when in power, exercise their ingenuity to the utmost in devising means of annoying and harassing all who have the misfortune to be subject to their authority, but, when circumstances place them in the power of others, are the most contemptible sycophants and parasites. An aristocrat by birth, he had been reared in the lap of power, and nurtured under the influence of those peculiar institutions which, in elevating the few by depressing and degrading the mass, prepare that privileged few to become the most vicious and arbitrary rulers, particularly of a people who aspire to freedom and equality. Narrow-minded in the extreme, with a heart which knew not the least touch of benevolence, and callous to every feeling of pity, he was far from being a fit person to be placed in authority over the patriotic inhabitants of Rhode Island, who could be more easily conquered by lenient measures than by the use of constraining influences. From the first day of his power, he pursued a system of the most pitiful tyranny, with a view to crush the spirit of those who had dared to resist the oppressions heaped upon them by the mother country.

Writing under a sense of wrong and injustice, and maddened to desperation by the meanness and malignity of their tyrant, the people of the island determined to rid themselves of the curse, no matter at what risk or sacrifice. Various plans were suggested, and even assassination was hinted at; but it was reserved for Colonel Barton, of Providence, a bold and courageous man, to mature and carry out a plan by which they were relieved of their burden for a time, and their tyrant was taught a severe but well-merited lesson. It was a bold and daring experiment, but its success proved that the most hazardous enterprise, when undertaken

with zeal and carried out with decision and energy, may be accomplished. Its very daring is a guarantee of success.

With a few chosen men, in four whale-boats, Barton embarked about nine o'clock in the evening, at Warwick Point, and with muffled oars, carefully and stealthily felt his way across to the Rhode Island shore, passing the British ships and guard-boats lying at anchor in the bay, without attracting attention. Landing in a little cove not far from Prescott's headquarters, he divided his men into squads—each having its special duty assigned—and silently advanced toward the house. Passing about midway between a British guard-house and the encampment of light horse, the colonel and his party reached the gate where stood a sentry on guard. "Who goes there?" he cried, as he became aware of the approach of the party. "Friends," replied Barton. "Advance, friends, and give the countersign." "We have no countersign to give; have you seen any deacons here to-night?" This threw the soldier off his guard, thinking them friends from the camp, and his musket was seized, and himself gagged and bound, before he was aware that he was in the hands of enemies. Entering the house, Barton found Mr. Overton, the proprietor, reading in the large open hall, the rest of the family having retired, and inquired of him for Prescott's room. He pointed upward, intimating it was immediately above. Hastily ascending the stairs, the colonel found the door locked. No time was to be lost, and the door was burst open by a blow from the head of a negro, who was one of the party, and they rushed in to find Prescott, who took them for robbers, on the floor, in his night clothes, with his watch and purse in his hands. Stepping up to him, and laying his hand quietly upon his shoulder, Barton informed him that he was his prisoner, and that any noise or alarm would insure his immediate death. Prescott begged time to dress, but it being a hot July night, this was refused,

and he was hurried on board the boat, with his aid-de-camp, who was also secured, together with the sentinel. With as little noise as they came, the party returned to Warwick, where they found a carriage in waiting to convey the prisoners to Providence. "You have made a bold push to-night," said Prescott to Barton, as they drove hastily over the road, endeavoring to draw him into conversation. "We have been fortunate," replied the colonel, laconically, and thus the colloquy ended.

Before morning, the prisoners and their captors were in Providence, where Prescott was delivered into the custody of General Spencer, who treated him with consideration far above his deserts.

After a few days' stay in Providence, Prescott was sent, under an escort, to the headquarters of Washington, on the Hudson. On reaching Lebanon, the party stopped for dinner at the tavern of a Captain Alden, who was an ardent whig, and hated the very name of Prescott. Nothing could afford him higher gratification than the opportunity to inflict condign punishment upon the detested tyrant, and the general unwittingly afforded him that opportunity.

At the table, Mrs. Alden waited upon the general, and among the dishes presented for his acceptance was some "succotash," or corn and beans, a favorite dish with New England people, but which seemed to excite Prescott's wrath and resentment. Taking the dish in his hand, and forgetting that his position was that of a prisoner, and not a master, he looked at it for a moment, and exclaimed, indignantly, "What's this! what's this! are you going to treat me with the food of hogs?" As he said this, he dashed the dish with force upon the floor, breaking it in pieces, and scattering the contents in all directions. Mrs. Alden was a woman of too much spirit to brook such an insult to her cookery and table, and left the room to inform her husband of the circumstance. In

a few moments, Captain Alden, bearing a huge cart-whip in his hand, entered the room, and demanded of Prescott what he meant by such conduct in his house. The general, seeing vengeance written on every lineament of the captain's face, appealed to the officers of his escort for protection.

"Protection!" said the captain, "I'll show you the protection you deserve;" and seizing him by the collar, he dragged the cowering wretch from his chair, and with all the force of a vengeful arm rained down upon his devoted head and shoulders a shower of blows with his whip, which made the victim writhe with agony, and cry for that mercy he had so frequently deared to others. "I'll teach you manners," said Alden; "I'll teach you to insult those who are ministering to your wants, you tyrannical minion of English oppressors," and at every word, the long lash of the whip wound its make-like folds around the quivering body of the wretched victim, until, from mere exhaustion, he released him, remarking, as he did so, "There, if you ever want another lesson in good manners, come to me, and I'll give it to you with pleasure."

The officers present made no effort to relieve their prisoner from the well-deserved punishment. They felt that he had richly merited the chastisement, and the crest-fallen general was too well assured of their feelings toward him to reproach them; but he took a terrible revenge, when, after a time, he was exchanged and returned to his command at Newport, by burning the towns and hamlets in his immediate neighborhood, and turning their inhabitants homeless upon the world. He never forgot or forgave this infliction of punishment upon his person, and when, upon a subsequent occasion, three of the citizens of Newport waited upon him, regarding the business of the town, he stormed and raved in such a manner at one of them, that he was compelled to withdraw. After the others had announced their business, and the general had become somewhat calm, he inquired: "Was not my treatment of Folger rather uncivil?" "Yes," replied the other. "Then," said Prescott, "I will tell you the reason: he looked so much like a damned Connecticut man that horsewhipped me, that I could not endure his presence."

A VERY MAN-LIKE MONKEY.

THREE or four weeks ago a vessel arrived at New York, having on board a "chimpanzee," a name given to a superior species of the monkey family. We have heard nothing of the distinguished stranger since. Perhaps he is in some quiet retirement receiving an "education." The chimpanzee is said to be decidedly ahead of apes, baboons and orang-outangs, yet known, in his man-like qualities and approaches to the human family. Lord Montebello long ago said man was but a higher order of monkey; and some of our modern philosophers, taking a more extended view of the works of creation, have advanced a "development theory," linking all orders of animal life together, and contending that the series, commencing with the lowest, develops and grows from the lower to the higher orders, till, finally the highest order of the monkey tribe is developed into the complete man.

In opposition to this absurd and ridiculous theory, we have heard the greatest naturalist of the age, Professor Agassiz, demonstrate in the clearest and most satisfactory manner, that one order or species of animal life never runs into another, or produces another, but that each type is a distinct creation, and always retains the distinctive character it first received from the hands of the Creator. We shall venture therefore to give our readers the following amusing account of a man-monkey, or monkey-man, without any fear of adding a new argument in favor of the "development theory."

The narrative was furnished to the editors of "Chambers' Edinburgh Journal," by the captain of the French schooner "Adrienne," who last summer was stationed at Pernambuco, Brazil:—

A short time ago, says the captain, I dined at a Brazilian merchant's. The conversation turned upon the well-tutored chimpanzee of Mr. Vanneck, a creole gentleman, whose slave had brought him the monkey, which he had caught in the woods. Every one praised the accomplished animal, giving accounts of its talents so wonderful, that I could not help expressing some incredulity. My host smiled, saying that I was not the first one who would not believe in these results of animal education, until he had seen it with his own eyes. He therefore proposed to me to call with him on Mr. Vanneck.

I gladly consented, and on the following morning we set out. The house of the creole lies on the road to Olinda, about an hour's ride from town. We proceeded along hedges of cactus, shaded by bananas and palm-trees, and at length reached the charming villa. A negro received us at the entrance and took us to the parlor, hastening to tell his master of our visit.

The first object which caught our attention was the monkey seated on a stool, and sewing with great industry. Much struck, I watched him attentively, while he, not paying any attention to us, proceeded with his work. The door opened, and Mr. Vanneck, reclining on an easy chair, was wheeled in. Though his legs are paralyzed, he seemed bright and cheerful; he welcomed us most kindly. The monkey went on with great zeal. I could not refrain from exclaiming "how wonderful!" for the manner and process of the animal were those of a practiced tailor. He was sewing a pair of striped pantaloons, the narrow shape of which showed that they were intended for himself.

A negro now appeared announcing Madame Jasmin, whom Mr. Vanneck introduced as his neighbor. Madame J. was accompanied by her little daughter, a girl of twelve years, who immediately ran to the monkey, greeting him as an old friend, and beginning to prattle with him. Jack furtively peeped at his master; but as Mr. Vanneck's glance was stern, the tailor went on with his sewing. Suddenly his thread broke; and he put the end to his mouth, smoothed it with his lips, and twisted it with his paw, and threaded the needle again. Mr. Vanneck then turned to him, and speaking in the same calm tone in which he had conversed with us, said, "Jack, put your work aside, and sweep the floor."

Jack hurried to the adjoining room, and came

back without delay, a broom in his paw, and swept like a clever chambermaid. I could not perfectly make out his size, as he always walked upright, and not on his four hands. He was about three feet high, but stooped a little. He was clad in linen pantaloons, a colored shirt, a jacket, and a red handkerchief. At another hint from his master, Jack went and brought several glasses of lemonade on a tray. He first presented the tray to Madame Jasmin and her daughter, then to us, precisely like a well-bred footman. When I had emptied my glass, he hastened to relieve me of it, putting it on the tray.

You have no notion, said Mr. Vanneck, how much time and trouble, and especially how much patience, I have bestowed on the training of this animal. Confined to my chair, however, I continued my task methodically. Nothing was more difficult than to accustom Jack to his clothes; he used to take off his pantaloons again and again, until at last I had them sewed to his skirt. When he walks out with me, he wears a straw hat, but never without making fearful grimaces. He takes a bath every day, and is, on the whole, very cleanly.

"Jack," exclaimed Mr. Vanneck, pointing to me, "this gentleman wants his handkerchief." The monkey drew it from his pocket, and handed it to me. "Now, show your room to my guests," continued his master, and Jack opened a door, at which he stopped to let us pass, and then followed himself. Everything was extremely tidy in the small room. There was a bed with a mattress, a table and some chairs, drawers, and various toys. A gun hung on the wall. The bell was rung; Jack went and reappeared with his master, wheeling in the chair. Meanwhile I had taken the gun from the wall; Mr. Vanneck handed it to the monkey, who fetched the powder-flask and the shot bag, and in the whole process of loading, acquitted himself like a rifleman. I had already seen so much that was astonishing, that I hardly felt surprised at this feat. Jack now placed himself at the open window, took aim, and discharged the gun, without being in the least startled by the report. He then went through sword exercises with the same skill.

It would be too long to jot down all Mr. Vanneck told us about his method of education and training; the above facts witnessed by myself, bear sufficient evidence of the abilities of the animal, and its master's talents for tuition.

A CHURCH TELEGRAPH.—The "Caledonian Mercury" say, that a lady connected with one of the principal churches in the New Town, Edinburgh, having become enfeebled in health, and unable to leave her bed, rented a house adjoining the church, and had a gutta serena conductor actually led into her bed, and now, in the solitude of her sick chamber, she listens to the public ministrations of her spiritual adviser.

A MAGNIFICENT CLOCK.—The clock made for the new Houses of Parliament has dials 22 feet in diameter, the largest in the world. Every minute the minute hand moves thirteen inches. This clock will go eight and a half days, but will strike only seven and a half days from its winding up. It is said to be an excellent time-keeper, varying but a few seconds a month.



THE DUTCHMAN AND THE RAKE.

AN INCIDENT OF THE BURNING OF KINGSTON.

HENDRICK JANCKE, or Dutch Henry, as he was more familiarly called by his neighbors, was a short, fat, dumpy little Dutchman with a face and head which the disciples of Lavater and Spurzheim, would have pronounced as very indicative of an over-weening fondness of the creature comforts of this life, and a great lack of those "anterior developments of the brain," which are so essentially necessary to a proper balance of the mental machinery. Moreover, his gastronomic powers were made manifest by

"A little round belly,
Which shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly," and gave evidence of the fact, that if he did not pay much attention to the full development of his reasoning faculties, he certainly did to that next best and most important organ in the human economy, the stomach. Hendrick was a very self-conceited little Dutchman, garrulous withal, and the exciting topics of the day furnished him with abundant material on which to exercise his abilities as a debater.

Of course, such a distinguished individual essayed to be a leader, and many were the conversations which, according to his story, he had held with Jay, Livingston, and others, wherein he had endeavored to show these gentlemen, the folly of the course which Congress was pursuing in the conduct of the war; and those gentlemen were fully informed of the course he would pursue, if the country had had the benefit of his talents in its councils. So ardent was Hendrick in his advocacy of the principles for which the republicans were contending, that he devoted the greater portion of his time in explaining those principles and decanting upon the merits of the movements of the respective armies in the field to the group of idlers usually collected about the porch of the village tavern. It had been a cause of wonder to some of the villagers, that one so enthusiastic in the cause had not taken up arms in defense of the

principles for which he professed such an enthusiastic admiration. Some malicious and wicked individuals had ascribed his want of alacrity in answering the many and earnest appeals of the commander-in-chief for volunteers and recruits, to a want of courage on his part; but such aspersions were, of course, the offspring of envy and malice. Yet Hendrick was never able to give any satisfactory reason for not joining the army, and whenever questioned on the subject, invariably flew into a passion, and belabored his questioner with his tongue, in a most unmerciful manner. This was unfortunate for him, for it is a well-known axiom, that a man who loses possession of himself in debate, invariably finds himself in possession of his opponent, particularly if the latter is cool. But Henry could never be taught this truism by experience, and his earnest endeavors to enlighten his neighbors almost always ended in a tongue-lashing inflicted upon some unlucky wight who had had the audacity to call in question Hendrick's bravery and courage.

On one occasion, soon after the capture of Forts Clinton and Montgomery by Sir Henry Clinton, when the war was brought, as it were, home to their very doors, and they did not know at what moment they might be houseless wanderers, a group of idlers were collected as usual in the tavern porch, discussing, in animated language, the probability of an attack upon their quiet village by the British on their way up the river, as it was universally supposed that Clinton was moving up the Hudson to the relief of Burgoyne, who was there in the toils of Gates at Saratoga. Of course, Hendrick was an active participant in the discussion and, as usually was the case on such occasions, when some of the group had been borne down by the weight of Hendrick's argument he fell back upon the usual resort of doubting his courage. Such an imputation, at such a moment, was more than Hendrick could bear with patience, and he gave utterance to such a

volley of expletives and torrent of words, as to convince his opponent that if he lacked the qualities of a good soldier, he certainly did not want for energy in the use of his tongue.

"Cot for tam!"—Hendrick would sometimes use harsh and unseemly language when he became excited—"Cot for tam! vat for you dinks I vas run away ven te Britishers cum, and leave mine vrow to be murdered, and mine haus to be burnt up mit fire. Donder and Blitzen! I shall kill goot many, and ten I shall be killed 'fore I vas run away. Cos I vas not gone mit General Vashington, and leave mine vrow, I no can ste le red cotes. Ve shall see who shall be run away ven te British shall be cum. Ten I shall see you run away, and te tyfel shall be run after you mit a sharp stick."

Such was Hendrick's arguments and such his intentions, if we may believe his words; but alas for poor human weakness, the hour of trial came all too soon, for his boasts were still fresh in the minds of his hearers, when a few days afterward the British frigates came up the river, and landed a body of troops, whose aim was to burn the village. One division landed in the cove, just north of the present steamboat wharf; the other, landed from small boats at a place called Penkhooken point, near which point are extensive flats, which at low water are dry, and yield an abundance of coarse salt grass.

It so happened that when they landed, Hendrick and others were at work on the meadow, gathering the grass, and among them his late opponent in debate. They did not discover the approach of the British until they were quite near to them, and when they did look up from their work, one boat had already landed on the edge of the meadow. No time was taken to deliberate in the matter, but the whole party of haymakers fled as fast as their legs would carry them towards the upland—Hendrick among the number. Now, I should be willing to ascribe Hendrick's haste to his desire to alarm his neighbors and the village, or to the

fact that he was unarmed, and running to get his gun, or to any other cause, rather than to fear, were it not that a slight accident occurred to him as he fled, which caused such a sudden change in his political principles, as to lead to much animadversion afterward on the part of his neighbors and acquaintances. It so happened that directly in his path as he fled toward the point, lay a rake, which had been left by former haymakers, and which was hidden by the long grass in which it lay. The tines or points of the rake were uppermost, and on these Hendrick happened to tread as he ran. The handle, as a natural consequence, flew up behind him, and struck him a pretty violent blow on the back of the head. Thinking, doubtless, that the British were at his heels, and that one of them had struck him the blow to admonish him to surrender, Hendrick dropped on his knees, and, clasping his hands together in an agony of fear, his whole frame trembling and teeth chattering, exclaimed: "O mein Cot! mein Cot! I kive up, I surrender. I is a tory. Hurrah for King Shorge! O good Mr. Soljur, spare mine life." The roar of laughter which burst from his companions induced the poor fellow to turn his tearful eyes over his shoulder, where he beheld the handle of the innocent rake towering up behind him, while the enemy were on the march in a different direction, full half a mile in his rear. It is hardly necessary to add, that Hendrick never returned to his allegiance to the States; at least, he was never heard to argue their side of the question again, and even at the present day his descendants feel very sore at the mention of Hendrick's adventure with the rake.

WHO IS DOST MOHAMMED?

This intelligence which came from India some months ago, that Russia has formed an alliance with Dost Mohammed has brought into notice a name famous enough ten years ago, but lately almost forgotten. There are, doubtless, thousands of our readers, especially the younger ones, wondering who Dost Mohammed is. We will tell them, for it is a name that will probably live in history.

The country of the Affghans, lying on the northwest of British India, is a mountainous region, inhabited by bold and hardy tribes, whose blue eyes, light hair, and marked countenances, show them to be of the best Caucasian race. Some years ago, the monarch of Afghanistan dying, the ancient kingdom split into fragments, and among those who profited by the occurrence was Dost Mohammed, a younger brother of a former vizier. The British, however, taking the part of Shah Shuja, a former occupant of the throne who had been deposed, marched an army into Afghanistan, seized Cabul, the capital, and, having made a prisoner of Dost Mohammed, sent him across the Indus, to their own territories, where they retained him in a sort of honorable captivity. At the same time, Shah Shuja was replaced on the throne of Cabul. These events happened in 1839 and 1840.

For this interference in the affairs of Afghanistan the British had no excuse whatever. It is true that the Persians were at war with Herat, and that the British feared if Herat fell, that the Persians, instigated by Russia, would assail

British India next. It is true, also, that Dost Mohammed was believed to favor the Persians' designs on Herat. But that Dost Mohammed was, at this juncture, hostile to the British, has never been proved. Doubtless, however, did the British pay for their interference. In November, 1841, an insurrection broke out at Cabul against the British. In the tumult, Sir Alexander Burnes, and several other distinguished officers, lost their lives. This partial rising was followed by an insurrection over the whole kingdom. The British, for the first time in India since Lord Clive began to lay the foundations of their power, quailed before the storm. Sir William McNaghten, the British envoy at Cabul, agreed with Akber Khan, the favorite son of Dost Mohammed, to evacuate the country, Akber stipulating to escort the British Army to the Frontiers, and Sir William pledging that Shah Shuja should abdicate in order to make room for Dost Mohammed's return. At a second meeting between Sir William and Akber, a dimension arising, probably provoked on purpose by the latter, Sir William was shot dead by the Afghan chief. Akber, however, agreed subsequently to carry out the terms of the treaty.

Now began a retreat, the horrors of which only that of Moscow has equalled in modern times. Akber professed to escort to British army, but secretly instigated, it is believed, the mountain tribes to assail them; and consequently the march of the fugitives was a daily scene of massacre. The season was cold, the defiles were blocked up with snow, the troops were encumbered with a large number of women and children, besides a vast body of camp followers. Some died from exposure and some were left to perish from sickness on the way-side; but the greater quantity fell by the swords of the merciless mountaineers. Never but once in modern times has a more signal vengeance been visited on invaders. The passes were filled along the whole line of retreat with corpses that often were piled in heaps. Almost the only persons who escaped were some officers and their wives, who had placed themselves under Akber's personal care, a few marchers from Cabul, and who, after months of captivity, after terrible privations, and after long weeks of suspense more agonizing than the worst privations, succeeded by bribes in making their escape, and reaching the nearest British force, having ridden several days in hourly peril of their lives.

The British, meantime, had advanced in force from their own side of the Indus, and had even penetrated to Cabul; but the prisoners having been recovered, and Shah Shuja having been assassinated, it was resolved to leave the Affghans to themselves. Accordingly Dost Mohammed who had been retained in captivity all this time, and whose participation in the late events, though suspected, could not be proved, was set at liberty. He took possession at once of the throne of Cabul. The British simultaneously abandoned that capital, but not until they had destroyed its famous bazaar. It was in November, 1842, that the last division re-crossed the Indus, and the Afghan Prince was restored to freedom and escorted to the frontiers of his kingdom. Just twelve months had elapsed since the insurrection in Cabul; but

in that single year a more fatal blow had been struck at the British power, by destroying the idea of British invincibility, than the whole ninety preceding years had witnessed since the British arms first began to make headway in the East.

Dost Mohammed has no love for the English. There is little doubt that he secretly caused the massacre at Cabul, and that he will, at the first chance, seek still further vengeance. In releasing him, the British acted from policy more than any other motive; for they found they could not hold Afghanistan, and they thought it would conciliate Dost Mohammed, to set him at liberty. They have been mistaken, as they will find, if not now, that at the first really favorable opportunity.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

TO HER I LOVE.

BY HERBERT.

Thou little gift of Earth, the hollow praise,
The love that lives not but in empty words,
That smelteth only in the sunshiny days,
And fadeth when the sorrow note is heard—
Not this, the worship of my heart for thee,
Not this, the aspiration of my life;
Fate keeps for us a higher destiny,
For life with higher things than love is thine.

The great Appointer of our humble spheres
Gives each of us a mission to fulfil;
Some do their tasks with vain, rejoicing tears,
And some do well, while some, alas! do ill.
Thy star of destiny, to mine allied,
Will never with diminished luster shine;
While mine, with higher aim and higher pride,
May gain a more enduring light from thine.

Like to the bark upon a storm-torn sea,
With none to guide her when the tempest came,
So do I make my earth-career will be,
Who lives without a purpose, or an aim;
And, like that bark, unconscious of its fate,
With no controlling hand upon the deck,
The knowledge of his peril comes too late,
And leaves him on the shore of life, a wreck.

I should not love thee if thy woman heart
Craved nothing more from me than simple love;
And were that all it could to me impart,
It would not thus my higher nature move.
We both may throw a more enduring grace
Around this higher, purer life of ours,
And duty then will wear a sweeter face,
If we do, daily, venerate her bow with flowers.

I owe a double homage unto thee—
The worship of the heart and of the mind;
The one makes up the life of "thee and me,"
The other has no "self," but all mankind.
I glory in thy loveliness and grace,
But in thy intellect and soul the more;
For Time will steal the beauty from thy face,
While those have won eternal fame from years.

He who, to learn the purposes of life,
Perceives o'er the tones of Wisdom's mighty strains,
Had better turn unto his daily strife,
The lesson is not found in ancient lore;
I sought myself the problem once to solve;
In vain I searched among the sages' shrines:
The stars, which in their perfect spheres revolve,
Perpetual shine on all, except themselves.

Let us, O worshipper of my heart! reclaim
Our thoughts from every selfish thing which maims
The perfection of life for which we aim,
And humbly strive to emulate the stars,
And with this inspiration from the skies,
And study, deep, of Nature's holy laws,
We may, perchance, deserve a higher prize
Than simple Fame, or all the world's applause.



LOUIS AGASSIZ.

Among the distinguished men of the present day and generation, few names will be more widely known or longer remembered in the world than that of Louis Agassiz. Although scarcely past the meridian of life, being but forty-eight years old, he has already acquired, by the general consent of scientific men, the title of the greatest living naturalist. He possesses a very fine physical formation, and enjoys excellent health, and has therefore a prospect of many years before him to continue his scientific labors. Already rivaling Linnaeus and Buffon in extent of acquirements and philosophical power, should he be spared to the world to a good old age he will probably leave a name behind him not less illustrious than that of Cuvier. The first "Cuvier prize," for advancements in zoology or geology, has been awarded, during the present year, to Professor Agassiz, by the French Academy of Sciences. Though we have before published a statement of this award, it may be interesting to repeat some of the main points in this connection.

Soon after Cuvier's death a subscription was raised for the erection of a monument to his memory, which produced a larger sum than was expended for that object. The surplus was placed in the charge of the Academy of Sciences in Paris. This was to accumulate until it should produce a certain amount, which was destined to commemorate the name of Cuvier in a different way, by granting the income every third year to the author who should, during that interval, most contribute to the advancement of either zoology or geology. The first

prize, however, was not to be awarded until twenty years after Cuvier's death. And it was then to be given to the author who should have fulfilled the conditions required by the foundation for the whole of that period.

The following extract, translated from the "Comptes Rendus" of the Academy, will show in what manner the first prize has been awarded :-

"Many works of a superior order have appeared within the last few years upon these two sciences. Among these the commission has given a decided preference to the work of Mr. Agassiz on 'Fossil Fishes.'

"This work, immense in its details, is likewise distinguished by a vast and strong conception, and by sustained and elevated views. Moreover, the commission has not forgotten the flattering encouragements which the author received from Cuvier himself, and the kind of mission which seems to have been imposed upon him by the great naturalist to complete the 'Paleontology of Vertebral Animals'—a noble mission, which has been most successfully filled.

"The 'Cuvier Prize' is therefore awarded to the work of Mr. Agassiz, entitled 'Recherches sur les Poissons Fossiles.'"

Mr. Agassiz is a native of Switzerland, but he has resided eight or ten years in this country, has become by our laws a naturalized citizen of the United States, and declared his determination to spend the remainder of his days, and pursue his scientific labors to the end, as a citizen of this republic. In thus making himself a Yankee, and fixing his residence near the capital of "the universal Yankee nation," (at Cambridge, Massachusetts) he has by no means acquired the Yankee spirit of money-making. He is a more lofty aim; he prizes knowledge

above fine gold, and wisdom above rubies. Hence he declined an honorable professorship, with a salary of ten thousand dollars a year, in Europe, and fills one, at Cambridge, with only three thousand dollars attached. And this, because he considers this country affords the most ample and desirable field for his researches in natural science.

It has been stated, that on account of some early favors received from Baron Humboldt, Mr. Agassiz had laid himself under obligations to that great man to return again to Europe, after his visit to this country, and pursue his labors on the old continent. But that after he found this country was the proper place for him, he wrote to Von Humboldt stating his views and wishes, and asking him what he should do. Humboldt promptly returned a reply characteristic of true greatness. He at once released his friend Agassiz from all obligations, telling him, in substance, that his labors belonged to the world, and "the world was all before him," and "Providence his guide." In short, that it was his duty to remain where he believed he could do most to advance the great cause of human science and human improvement.

When Mr. Agassiz first came to this country, that noble and honorable specimen of our "merchant princes," Abbott Lawrence, was about founding the Lawrence Scientific School, as an appendage or department of Harvard University; and with the sagacity and just appreciation which have given him such success in life, he invited the Swiss stranger to fill the professorship of the natural sciences. The invitation was accepted, and thus a position was at once secured to Mr. Agassiz, insuring both the means of support in this country and an opportunity of pursuing, under the most favorable auspices, the researches to which he has devoted his life.

Our first knowledge of Professor Agassiz was derived from a course of lectures delivered by him in New York, soon after his arrival in this country. No one could have heard those lectures or witnessed the bearing of the lecturer, without the conviction that he was listening to no ordinary man. His use of the English language was then a little broken, but still he wielded it with scholarly ability and with sufficient readiness to enchain the attention and interest of his audience. He had great facility, expertise and accuracy in delineating on the black board the different species of fishes, animals, and birds; and while the audience were listening to a lucid and eloquent description of the characteristics of some animal or fish, they would often be delighted at seeing the form of the animal or fish rapidly traced on the black board as the description fell from the lecturer's lips. He traced animal life in all its forms, from its earliest embryo state to its full development in each species; and described the separate orders, genera, and species, from the lowest up to the crowning work of creation, in man. He eloquently refuted the "development theory," which teaches that all animal life has a spontaneous growth from one and the same point; that one species grows up and develops into a higher species, and this again into one still higher, and that man is nothing but the last and most perfect fruit of this natural growth

or development of animal life—in short, that man is developed from the higher orders of apes or monkeys. Mr. Agassiz showed conclusively that it is not in the order of nature for one species of animal life to produce another, or to run into another, and that each species must therefore be a distinct creation, which implies an omnipotent and omniscient Creator for their author, and not merely a principle of simple spontaneous growth.

In the course of these lectures he traced and described animal life in all its various forms and changes, up through the primary, secondary, and tertiary strata of the crust of our globe to the present geological epoch, when the types and forms reached their present perfection, and the great plan of the Creator, so far as concerns animal life upon this globe, was consummated by the creation of man "in his own image," to "have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth."

Professor Agassiz thinks that the whole view of animal life upon our globe proves that the great, and beautiful, and harmonious plan of the Creator has been carried out and finished; that it is a complete whole, and that no further or higher types or developments of animal life should be looked for on this globe. What though the progress of this work of creation has occupied millions and millions of years, as we compute time; what though the days of the creation mentioned in the first chapter of Genesis may mean geological epochs, of whose duration we can form no adequate conception; what is that to the great Creator, to whom one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day? And what though man, whose creation was delayed for so many millions of ages, has been but recently placed on this globe?

"The blood to-day is as completely so
As who began a thousand years ago."

It is not for us mortals with our limited powers, to fix times and seasons for the Deity, to whose infinite works of creation we cannot even stretch a thought.

"Through words unnumbered though the God be known,
The ours to trace him only in our own."

Among the interesting facts brought to view in the professor's closing lecture was the limitation of different species of animals to particular locations on the earth. Man's dwelling place is on every portion of the earth's surface, and he traverses every sea; but there is no other specimen of animal life which extends generally over the earth or through the waters of the oceans. They are all confined to limited fields, whose bounds they never pass. Each continent, and the different portions of continents, have each their peculiar species of animals, which are unknown in other portions of the earth. They all seem to remain upon the field where they were created; and the fossil remains in the different strata of the earth's surface show that this law has always prevailed. In New Holland there are species of animals entirely different from any others found in the world, and the fossil remains of the same species are found in the different strata in New Holland, and nowhere else on the earth. What seems more remarkable is, that fishes, which appear to have no barrier to locomotion round

the globe, obey the same law, and remain always in the same oceans and the same fields. There is a family of fishes around the islands between New Holland and southern Asia, differing from any others found in the world. They never leave those waters, except for a short distance into the Indian Ocean. The fishes on the Atlantic shores of Europe are entirely distinct from those on the Atlantic shores of North America, till we get far north, where the mean temperature is thirty-two degrees and the two continents approach each other. They never migrate, even along the coast, beyond certain limits.

The next opportunity we had of seeing Professor Agassiz was in August, 1851, at the annual meeting of the "American Association for the Advancement of Science," which was held that year in Albany, and continued nearly two weeks. Professor Agassiz was president of the association for the year, and made the opening address, in which, with simple eloquence, he impressed upon the members that the proper object of their meeting was not for self-glorification, but for the high and noble advancement of science. He urged upon them the importance of making the society truly an American association. It belongs to this country to build up an American science. We should not look to Europe for our guide. The world of nature is all before us; we must investigate for ourselves; shape our own course in the regions of science, and carve out our own national fame. For this purpose he urged the establishment of scientific schools and scientific museums. We must not go to Europe for our books of science. We must make our own text-books. The text-books of Europe in natural sciences are not sufficient for us; for both the animal and vegetable kingdoms with us differ in many important respects from those of Europe. He also urged the importance of establishing in this country a proper university, which we do not now possess—an institution possessing in the highest degree all the advantages and facilities for instruction and acquirement in all branches of knowledge, and one in which the student can at all times choose his own course of study, and regulate the time and course of his scientific pursuits.

During the closing scenes, on the last day of the meeting of the association, a touching incident occurred, which showed the exceeding sensitiveness and deep attachments of Professor Agassiz in a strong light. Among the resolutions offered was one by Professor Rogers, of Virginia, in honor of the memory of the late distinguished naturalist, Samuel G. Morton, of Pennsylvania, who had deceased within the past year, expressing the high appreciation, by the association, of the profound scientific labors of the deceased, and their deep sorrow at his loss. When the resolution was seconded, having been supported by the mover in a few eloquent remarks, Professor Agassiz rose from the president's chair with changed countenance and evidently much affected. He said, in a subdued tone and with difficult utterance, that the subject was so painful to his feelings he could not put the resolution to the association—he could not bear to see a formal vote passed upon it, and hoped the members would excuse him, and accept the sentiment of the resolution in their hearts and con-

sider it adopted in silence. A motion was then made and adopted that a copy of the resolution be conveyed to the family of the deceased. Two or three more motions were put to the society by the president with the same subdued and now faltering voice, which showed him to be suffering from great depression or sudden indisposition. Presently he asked Professor Baché to take the chair, and retired to a distant seat among the members. Just before the adjournment, Professor Agassiz rose again and desired to apologize to the association for his inability to preside during these closing scenes. He said, when the resolution was offered, which was in itself so very painful to his feelings, it brought suddenly and fresh to his recollection the circumstance that fourteen years ago he was occupying the chair of an association similar to this, when word was suddenly conveyed to him of the decease of his dearest friend—the severest and most afflictive calamity that man in this life can endure. It was this sudden recollection that so overwhelmed him at the time and disabled him from performing the duties of the chair. He had now in a measure recovered his tone of feeling—reason and reflection had resumed their sway; he was confident that friend was now in a better and more perfect state of existence, in a world where they should again meet and be happy.

This touching recital—earnest, genuine and simple as simplicity itself—filled the whole audience with the strongest sympathy, and many eyes with tears. It was manifest the president had the hearts of the whole association. And in truth he seems to be eminently qualified from nature, personal bearing, acquirements, feelings, and principles, to win hearts and golden opinions wherever he goes.

In turning back to some notes and sketches of this meeting of the association, which we prepared at the time for another publication, we find the following paragraphs in reference to Professor Agassiz, which it may not be out of place here to repeat.

Had the reader been in the Convention, there would need no description of this gentleman, "the observed of all observers," for nature has set her seal upon his brow "to give the world assurance of a man." There would need no mention of that perfection and symmetry of form which gratifies taste, or that vastness and profundity of knowledge which excites admiration, or that simplicity of manners and exceeding modesty which wins the heart. At once the lover and the child of nature, he has explored her three kingdoms, animal vegetable and mineral, and earned his title to a throne in each. He has explored animal life, in its embryonic state, up to its first starting point, from the eternal fountain of existence. He has traced it in all its forms, from the microscopic "infusoria" up to man. He has taught us

"How high progressive life may go
Around how wide, how deep extend below,"

Bring him a bone from any quarry of the earth, and he will describe the animal from which it came, and give you the entire history of its species. Nay, more, show him but a single scale of a fish, even though brought from the deep bowels of the earth, where it has lain imbedded in fossil remains for countless ages, and though the life of the whole species to which it

ones belonged was extinct from the earth thousands of years before the flood, yet from that single scale he shall construct the perfect animal, and make you a drawing of its size, form, and character. If, then, you will bring up from the fossil bed the perfect fossil fish, you shall find his drawing and description true to the life. This is the great naturalist who came from the hills of Switzerland to make our country his home, and the Lawrence Scientific School, at Cambridge, the stand-point of his teachings. He is yet in the meridian of life, and apparently in excellent health, and with the continued blessing of Providence, many a ripe scholar of our country shall hereafter point to Agassiz with pride, and say:—

"Thy wert my guide, philosopher and friend."

WORKS OF PROFESSOR AGASSIZ.

Mr. Agassiz has already given to the world a number of elaborate works on natural history, of great labor and research, and prepared with distinguished ability.

"Among these," says a respected contemporary, "may be enumerated the *Natural History of Fresh Water Fishes of Central Europe*, four separate treatises on the various classes of Fossil and Living Shell Fishes, and another on the Fossil Fishes in the old Red Sandstone of Great Britain and Russia. All these works are accompanied by numerous engravings, drawn from original specimens, and executed with great beauty and exactness.

"To these may be added two other works of somewhat different character, indicating prodigious labor and most comprehensive knowledge of the science to which they relate: First, the *Zoological Nomenclature*, being a systematic catalogue of all the names of the genera of animals, living and fossil, which have been introduced into the science of natural history. The whole number of genera thus classified amounts to more than seventeen thousand. In this catalogue, the author by whom each name was given, and the date of the publication in which it is mentioned, are indicated, and the etymology of the name is defined. Second, a *Bibliographical Description* of all the publications on Natural History which have appeared from the time of Aristotle to the present day, comprised in four large volumes. Both these works are of inestimable value to students devoted to any of the branches of natural history.

"In the midst of these laborious achievements Agassiz found leisure to pass weeks for several successive summers in the recesses of the Alps, studying from personal observation the phenomena of the *Glaciers*, a subject which had occupied many able pens and produced ingenious theories. The results of his researches are given in two volumes on the *Glaciers of the Alps*, illustrated by accurate drawings of some of the most remarkable glaciers, exhibiting their forms, progressive changes, and peculiar and varied appearances. This work was received with much applause in Europe, as comprising a series of new and exact observations, as presenting original views and deep philosophical deductions, and especially as unfolding what the author denominates the *Glacial system*.

EARLY LIFE AND STUDIES OF AGASSIZ.

It appears that young Agassiz was blessed

with the best of parental example and instruction, and had fine opportunities in his youth for developing his genius. His father was pastor of the church in his native village, and his mother appears to have been no ordinary woman. The following paragraph, respecting the early life and pursuits of Agassiz, we copy from the "American Portrait Gallery":—

"In early childhood, he manifested a deep love of knowledge, and eagerly listened to the instructive conversation of his father, or read such books as could satisfy his hunger for knowledge. As he grew up, he exhibited a passion for natural history, and would spend whole days among the crags and ravines of his wild mountain home, seeking out the curious manifestations of the natural world, and transported with joy whenever a new plant, or flower, or rock, or fossil, rewarded his untiring zeal. At the age of eleven, he was sent to the gymnasium at Biel, where, such was his proficiency, that, in 1822, he was promoted to the Academy of Lausanne. From this place, he was transferred to the University at Zürich, where he studied medicine and the exact sciences. He then entered the famous schools in Munich and Heidelberg, where he spent two years in the study of comparative anatomy and its kindred sciences, particularly chemistry; taking from the last-named institution the degree of M. D.

"While pursuing his studies, and immediately after taking his degree, Agassiz devoted himself to the study of the natural history of the piscatory tribes; and such was the thorough manner in which he pursued this branch of science, that Martins asked his aid in publishing an account of the fishes discovered by Spix in the Brazilian waters. The work of arranging and classifying the one hundred and sixteen species of fish which Spix had discovered fell entirely upon our young naturalist, and so faithfully did he execute his duties, that he has as yet had no occasion for a reclassification. Having finished this great work, he published his "Natural History of Fresh-water Fishes in Europe," both antediluvian and since. This was in 1839, and the work was executed with the most thorough completeness. At the same time, he gave to the world his "Researches on Fossil Fishes," and his "Description of Echinodermites." While engaged on his work on fossil fishes, a friend sent him a scale which he had exhumed from the chalk formations near the city of Paris. On this slender foundation he undertook to draw a portrait of the fish, long extinct, to which it had once belonged, giving a description of its habits, fixing its place in the piscatory family, etc., etc., and sent his paper to the Academy of Arts and Sciences in Paris, where it was published in their scientific journal. Five years after this, that same friend had the good fortune to discover a perfect fossil of the same fish; and so perfect had been his drawing of the same, that there was no necessity of altering a single line."

THE FAMILY OF AGASSIZ.

The venerable Professor Stillman, of Yale College, who, accompanied by his son and son's wife, visited Europe three or four years ago, and published an account of his travels on his return, gives the following exceedingly inter-

esting and graphic sketch of his visit to the family and mother of Agassiz, in Switzerland, to whom he had letters of introduction.

"The distinguished Swiss naturalist, now adopted among us in the United States, whose American home is in Cambridge, New England, formerly lived at Lausanne, where we found his sister and his mother, who resides with her son. Introduced by Agassiz, we soon made our way to the house of M. Franchillon, the brother-in-law of Agassiz. We were conducted by a valet to a parlor in the third story, and soon Madame Franchillon appeared, with a smiling face and brilliant black eyes, the softened features of her brother; she gave us a hearty welcome, which was promptly repeated by her husband, who soon came in. He is M. Franchillon Agassiz, according to a custom which prevails here; while the wife, as with us, takes the name of her husband; if the lady be of high standing in society, she adds her own name to her husband's.

"It was near the hour of the evening repast, and we soon perceived a movement of hospitality. A center table was, in a few minutes, garnished with the requisite furniture, and we were drawn around the hospitable board as if it were a matter of course, and needed no formal invitations. Excellent bread and butter, and the best of raspberries, now in full season here, with the luxury of cream in our finely flavored tea, gave us, exactly as in New England, a most refreshing repast; especially to me, to whom tea is a cordial. They have a lovely school of children, a beautiful group, seven in number; the youngest, a plump, joyous little fellow, full of physical happiness, with a promise of mental enjoyment as his higher powers unfold.

MOTHER OF AGASSIZ.

"Although it was raining, our new friends took us a considerable distance to the residence of this venerable lady, in the family of her son. She soon made her appearance, and, although nearly four score, her beautiful person was erect, tall, and dignified, while her animated and warm address placed us instantly at ease. Madame Franchillon had sent before us her brother's introductory note by her little son, a lad of ten years; grandma had mislaid her spectacles, and could not read the note; she said, however, that her young grandson was a faithful commissionaire, and told her that two American gentlemen and a lady were coming, in a few minutes, to see her, and she felt at once convinced that they were friends of her son Louis. As soon as we explained to her our intimacy with him—that he had been often a guest in our families—that we had the pleasure of knowing his interesting American wife—and when we added the friendly notice of her son's domestic happiness, and of his high standing and success in his adopted country, her strong frame was agitated, her voice trembled with emotion, and the flowing tears told the story of a mother's heart, not yet chilled by age.

"A beautiful group of lovely grandchildren was gathered around to see and hear the strangers from a far-distant land, beyond the great ocean. When we inquired of Madame Agassiz her entire number of grandchildren, she replied fifteen; and when she was informed

that my whole number exceeded hers, she was both amused and surprised, and smiles of sympathy succeeded to tears; for she had considered me—from my being still an active traveler—a younger man than I am. She is the widow of a Protestant clergyman, who was the father of Agassiz. She has a vigorous mind, speaks with great spirit, and is a mother worthy of such a son. She was grieved when she heard that our stay was to be very brief, and would hardly be denied that we should become guests at her house; or, at least, that the senior of the party should accept her hospitality.

"The next morning she came walking alone, a long distance in the rain, to bid us farewell, and parted, evidently with deep emotion, and not concealed, for we had brought the image of her favorite son near to her mental vision again. She brought for Mrs. S. a little bouquet of pansies, and bid us tell her son her *penses* were all for him.

"Such scenes come near to every benevolent heart, and prove that human sympathy has a moral magnetism whose attraction is universal. I value highly the art of statuary, but I prize more highly still such a family scene as this; a scene away here in Switzerland, four thousand miles from my home, on the borders of the beautiful Lake Lemane; and I would not exchange such living exhibitions of the human heart for all the mate marble men and women in the Vatican, although they have a high value as exhibitions of talent, and still more as representations of human character and feeling.

"Agassiz, and many others of the excellent people in these countries bordering on France, are descendants of French Huguenots, who fled from persecution, and, like the Puritans of New England, they retain strong traits of the Protestant character—for they were the Puritans of France."

THE GREAT AMERICAN WORK TO COME.

Since Professor Agassiz has been in this country, he has constantly and zealously pursued his investigations in the natural history peculiar to this continent. For this purpose he has traveled much, and labored assiduously. He has now commenced the preparation of a work to be comprised in ten quarto volumes, and to be completed and published in ten years, or at the rate of one volume a year, which will undoubtedly be by far the most important American contribution to natural science yet published. It will be an honor to the country, and should receive a liberal patronage from the American people. The author gives his time to the work purely from the love of science, without expecting pecuniary returns to himself. He only asks subscriptions for the volumes sufficient to defray the expenses of publication. We think too well of our countrymen to doubt their giving a liberal support to such a work. We submit the prospectus of Professor Agassiz, which has been quite recently published:—

PROSPECTUS.

For more than eight years I have been in this country, devoting my attention chiefly to the study of those classes of the animal kingdom which American naturalists have, thus far, not fully investigated. The amount of materials I have already brought together is so great that the time seems to me to have come when I should proceed with the publication of

the more important results of these investigations. Desirous of contributing my share to the rapid progress natural sciences are making at present in this part of the world, I wish to present my work to my fellow-laborers in this field, in the form most easily accessible to them. It has therefore appeared to me desirable to bring it out in a series of independent volumes. This plan will, moreover, leave me entirely free to present my contributions to science with such minute details, and to such an extent, as I shall deem necessary to the fullest illustration of my subject.

Without entering into a detailed account of the contents of this work, it may be sufficient here to state that it will contain the results of my embryological investigations, embracing about fifty monographs, from all the classes of animals, especially selected among those best known as characteristic of this continent; also descriptions of a great number of new genera and species, accompanied with accurate figures, and such anatomical details as may contribute to illustrate their natural affinities and their internal structure.

I shall not extend my publications to classes already illustrated by others, but limit myself to such additions to the natural history of the States I have visited, as may constitute real contributions to the advancement of our knowledge.

As far as possible, I shall always select first such of my papers as contain the largest amount of new matter, or may contribute most directly to the advancement of science. Having devoted the greatest part of my time to investigations of the embryonic growth of our animals, I trust these investigations will afford our medical students a fair opportunity of making themselves familiar with the modern results of a branch of physiology which has the most direct bearing upon their science. Moreover, the extent of my embryological researches, covering, as they do, all the classes of the animal kingdom, will furnish, I trust, a new foundation for a better appreciation of the true affinities, and a more natural classification of animals. I foresee the possibility, upon this basis, of determining, with considerable precision, the relative rank of all the orders of every class of animals, and of furnishing a more reliable standard of comparison between the extinct types of past geological ages, and the animals now living upon earth.

I shall have frequent opportunities of acknowledging the many favors I have received from naturalists of all parts of the country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, and from the shores of our great lakes to those of the Gulf of Mexico; and also of mentioning the many specimens which have been furnished to me from every part of the Union, and of which I shall publish descriptions.

It is a matter of course that a work like this, illustrated by a large number of plates, cannot be published without a liberal and extensive patronage. As it has been prepared solely with the view of throwing additional light upon the wonderful diversity of the animal creation of this continent, its structure, and its general relation to that of the other parts of the world, without the slightest hope of compensation for myself, I trust I may meet with the approbation of those conversant with the importance of the subject, and receive sufficient encouragement from the enlightened part of the community to enable me to bring to a successful close an undertaking upon which I enter now, and in this form, for no other purpose than to contribute my share toward increasing the love of nature among us.

From a careful estimate of the materials I have now on hand, I am satisfied I shall be able to include the most valuable part of my investigations in ten quarto volumes; each volume containing about three hundred pages, with at least twenty plates. I therefore now open a subscription for such a work, in ten volumes, quarto, in cloth binding, at the price of twelve dollars each volume, payable on delivery. Each volume shall be complete in itself, containing one or several independent monographs; so that, if any unforeseen difficulties should inter-

rupt the publication of the whole, the parts already published shall not remain imperfect.

As the printing of this work cannot begin until a sufficient guarantee is secured for the publication of the whole, I take the liberty of making an appeal to the lovers of science to send to the publishers their own subscriptions, and such others as they may procure, as soon as convenient, and, if possible, before the first of August next, that I may be able to proceed at once with a work which, relating to animals peculiar to America, I wish to make, in every respect, an American contribution to science, fostered and supported by the patronage of the community at large.

To render the work more generally accessible, it is intended to publish at the rate of about one volume a year. Such an arrangement will bring the whole within reach of every student of natural history, and of every friend of the progress of science in the country. The periods of publication, however, cannot be more definitely fixed, because the required uniformity of execution of the plates, to which particular attention will be paid, will demand that they be all intrusted to the same artist, who has drawn on stone most of the plates of my former works.

L. AGASSIZ.
Cambridge, May 28, 1855.

WHERE MOSQUITOES COME FROM.

A WRITER in California discourses about these summer pests, thus handles the subject:—

"The mosquito proceeds from the animalcule commonly termed the 'wiggie-tail.' I took a bowl of clean water, and set it in the sun. In a few days some half dozen wiggie-tails were visible. These continued to increase in size, till they were about 3-16ths of an inch in length. As they approached their maturity, they remained longer at the surface, seeming to live in the two mediums, air and water;—finally, they assumed a chrysalis form, and by an increased specific gravity, sank to the bottom of the bowl. Here, in a few hours, I perceived a short black furze, or hair, growing out on every side of each, until it assumed the form of a minute caterpillar. And thus its specific gravity being counteracted, or lightened, it readily floated to the surface, and the slightest breath of air wafted it against the side of the bowl. In a very brief space of time afterward, the warm atmosphere hatched out the fly, and it escaped, leaving its tiny house upon the water. How beautiful, yet how simple!

"After the water had gone through this process, I found it perfectly free from animalcule. I therefore came to the conclusion that this wiggie-tail is a species of the shark, who, having devoured whole tribes of animalcule, takes to himself wings and escapes into a different medium to torture mankind, and deposit eggs upon the water to produce other wiggie-tails, who in turn produce other mosquitoes.

Any man who has "kept house," with a cistern in the yard, has doubtless observed the same effect every summer. Open your cistern cover any morning in the mosquito season, and millions of them will fly up in your face. Close the windows of your room at night, at the risk of being smothered for want of air, being careful at the same time previously to exclude every mosquito, and go to bed with a pitcher of that same cistern water in the room, and enough will be introduced during the night to give you any satisfactory amount of trouble. In fact, standing by a shallow, half-stagnant pool, in a midsummer's day, you may see the wiggie-tails become perfectly developed mosquitoes, and they will rise from the surface of the water, and fly into your face and sting you. What is it that is known as the wiggie-tail? Has there yet been discovered any positive exterminator of that infernal pest, and disturber of night's slumbers, the mosquito?



N. Webster

NOAH WEBSTER, LL.D.

WHEN the mother tongue is spoken, the name of this distinguished philosopher is one of the familiarities of every-day life. His biography is found in the history of his works. Startling incident and romantic adventure is not to be expected. The development of the progress of his genius can best supply the record of its existence. Not only throughout the whole network of district schools—the glory and pride of our happy and prosperous country—spreading over the greater portion of our wide domain, but also in our universities, colleges, and all high institutions for learning, Webster's Dictionary is almost universally acknowledged as the standard in the English language.

Noah Webster was born in Hartford, Connecticut, about three miles from the center of the city, on the 16th day of October, 1758. His father was a respectable farmer, and justice of the peace, and was a descendant, in the fourth generation, of John Webster, one of the first settlers of Hartford, who was a magistrate, or member of the Colonial Council, from its first formation, and, at a subsequent period, governor of Connecticut. His mother was a descendant of William Bradford, the second governor of Plymouth Colony. The family was remarkable for longevity. His father died at the advanced age of ninety-two. He and one of his brothers lived considerably beyond the age of eighty. His remaining brother died in his eightieth year; and of his two sisters, one was advanced beyond seventy, and the other had nearly reached the same age at the period of her death.

At the age of fourteen, Mr. Webster commenced the study of the classics, under the tuition of the Rev. Nathan Perkins, D.D., and in

1774, was admitted a member of the Freshman Class, in Yale College. The war of the Revolution, commencing the following year, interrupted the regular attendance of the students in their usual exercises, and deprived them of the advantages of a collegiate course of instruction. In his Junior year, when the western part of New England was thrown into confusion by General Burgoyne's expedition from Canada, Mr. Webster volunteered his services under the command of his father, who was captain in the *alarm list*, a body comprising those of the militia who were over forty-five years of age, and who were called into the field only on pressing emergencies. In that campaign all the males in the family, four in number, were in the army at the same time. Notwithstanding the interruption of his studies by these causes, Mr. Webster graduated, with reputation, in 1778.

The country being greatly impoverished and quite prostrated from the effects of the war, the period at which Mr. Webster entered upon life was an unpropitious one for a young man of straightened means to be cast upon the world. At that time the national struggle was at its height; there was no prospect of peace, and the issue of the contest was felt by the most sanguine to be extremely doubtful, and the practice of the law, which profession Mr. Webster intended to pursue, was, in a great measure, set aside by the general calamity. Not having the pecuniary means necessary to continue his studies, at the suggestion of a friend, he resorted to the occupation of a school teacher, the intervals between his active duties being filled up by his study of the law, without the aid of an instructor, and having presented himself for examination, at the expiration of two

years, was admitted to practice in the year 1781. In 1782, while teaching a classical school at Goshen, in Orange County, New York, and while suffering under a despondency of mind, occasioned by the unsettled state of the country, and the gloomy prospect of business, he undertook an employment which gave a complexion to his whole future life. This was the compilation of books for the instruction of youth in schools. His pioneer publication was issued in Hartford, to which he had returned during the previous winter, in 1783. It was entitled "First Part of a Grammatical Institute of the English Language." The second and third parts were published in the years immediately following. These works, comprising a spelling book, an English grammar, and a compilation for reading, were the first books of the kind published in the United States. They were gradually introduced in a large number of schools in every section of the country, and to so great an extent has the spelling book been used, that during the twenty years he was engaged in compiling his "American Dictionary," the entire support of his family was derived from the profits of this work, at a premium for copyright of less than one cent per copy. In the winter of 1784-5, after producing various papers on the then political crisis, he published his pamphlet entitled—"Sketches of American Policy," in which, after treating of the general principles of government, he endeavored to prove that it was absolutely necessary for the welfare and safety of the United States to establish a new system of government, which should not act on the States, but directly on individuals, and vest in Congress full power to carry its laws into effect. Being on a journey to the Southern States, in May, 1785, he went to Mount Vernon, and presented a copy of this pamphlet to General Washington. Mr. Webster's friends claim that it contained the first distinct proposal, made through the medium of the press, for a new Constitution of the United States.

On his return from the South, Mr. Webster spent the summer of 1785 at Baltimore, and employed his time in preparing a course of lectures on the English language, which he delivered, during the year 1786, in the principal Atlantic cities. These lectures were afterwards published under the title of "Dissertations on the English Language." Following the bent of his literary inclinations, during the two or three years preceding the last mentioned date, he published several works. Among others, he embarked on the rough and stormy sea of periodical literature, and for one year he published the "American Magazine," in the city of New York, which, however, failed of success—as, at that early date, the country was not ripe enough for such a work.

In 1789, when the prospects of business became more encouraging, Mr. Webster returned to Hartford, and established himself in the practice of the law. In the autumn of the same year, encouraged with the prospect of increasing business, he married the daughter of William Greenleaf, Esq., of Boston, a lady of highly cultivated intellect, and of great elegance and grace of manners. His friend, Trumbull, speaks of this event in one of his letters to Walcott, who was then in New York, in his characteristic vein of humor. "Webster has returned, and brought with him a very

pretty wife. I wish him success; but I doubt, in the present decay of business in our profession, whether his profits will enable him to keep up the style he sets out with. I fear he will breakfast upon Institutes, dine upon Disquisitions, and go to bed superfluous. Happily the result was more favorable than it appeared in the sportive anticipations of his friend; for Mr. Webster not only found his business profitable, but constantly accumulating, during his residence of some years in the practice of the law at Hartford.

Owing to an interesting crisis in public affairs, in 1793, Mr. Webster was once more induced to relinquish his profession, and in the fall of that year he removed with his family to New York, where he established a daily paper, under the title of "Minerva," and afterwards a semi-weekly paper, with that of the "Herald," names which were subsequently changed to those of the "Commercial Advertiser," and "New York Spectator," both of which are continued, and are the wheel-horses of one of our most respectable newspaper houses of the present day. This was the first example of a paper for the country, composed of the editorial and news matter of a daily paper, without recomposition—a practice which has now become almost universal in all the large cities of the Union. In addition to his duties as sole editor of these papers, Mr. Webster published, in 1794, a pamphlet which had a very extensive circulation, entitled "The Revolution in France." In 1795, under the signature of CURTIS, he published a series of twelve papers in vindication of Mr. Jay's treaty with Great Britain, to which there was violent opposition. These papers were extensively copied by the press, and as an evidence of their effect, it may not be improper to state that Mr. Rufus King expressed his opinion to Mr. Jay, that the essays of CURTIS had contributed more than any other papers of the same kind to allay the discontent and opposition to the treaty, assigning as a reason that they were peculiarly well adapted to the understanding of the people at large.

When Mr. Webster resided in New York the yellow fever prevailed at different times in most of our Atlantic cities; and a controversy arose among the physicians of New York and Philadelphia on the question whether it was introduced by infection or generated on the spot. The subject interested Mr. Webster deeply, and led him into a laborious investigation of the history of pestilential diseases at every period of the world. The facts which he collected, with the inferences to which he was led, were embodied in a work of two volumes, octavo, and, in 1799, it was published, both in this country and in England. This work has always been considered as a valuable repository of facts; and during the prevalence of the Asiatic cholera, in 1832, the theories of the author seemed to receive so much confirmation, as to excite a more than ordinary interest in the work, both in Europe and America.

During the wars which were excited by the French revolution, the power assumed by the belligerents to blockade their enemies' ports by proclamation and the multiplied seizures of American vessels bound to such ports, produced various discussions respecting the rights of neu-

tral nations in time of war. These discussions induced Mr. Webster to examine the subject historically, and, in 1802, he published a treatise full of minute information and able reasoning on the subject. The same year, he produced a valuable treatise under the title of "Historical Notices of the Origin and State of Banking Institutions and Insurance Offices."

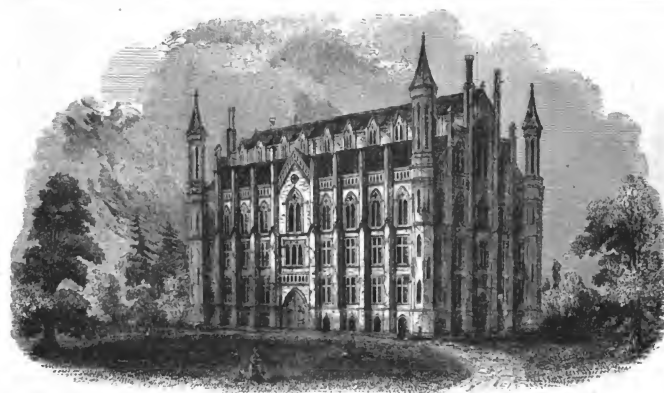
At this time Mr. Webster resided in New Haven, to which place he had removed in the spring of 1798. For a short period after he left New York, he wrote for the papers mentioned above, which, although placed under the charge of another editor, continued to be his property. He very soon succeeded, however, in disposing of his interest in them, and from that time devoted himself entirely to more solid literary pursuits.

In the year 1807, Mr. Webster published "A Philosophical and Practical Grammar of the English Language." This was a highly original work, the result of many years diligent investigation. The author's views may be gathered from the motto on the title page—"Antisthenes, being asked what learning was most necessary, replied, 'To unlearn that which is taught.'" He considered our English grammar as objectionable in one important respect, namely, that of being too much conformed to those of the Latin and Greek languages in their nomenclature and classification. True philosophy he maintained, requires us to arrange things, and give them names according to their real nature. But our language is rude and irregular in comparison with those of the ancients. It cannot be reduced to the same orderly system. The several parts of it cannot be brought under the same names and classifications. We need therefore a nomenclature of our own, in some important particulars. Thus the word *pronoun* purely denotes a *substitute* for a noun. But in many cases words of this class are substitutes for clauses, or parts of sentences, and not for single nouns. There are also other words, not ordinarily arranged among pronouns, which act equally as substitutes, that is, perform the office of pronouns. Mr. Webster therefore proposes to lay aside the word *pronoun* and apply the term *substitute* to this whole class, as describing their true office. Other changes were proposed of the same nature, and for the same reasons. No one who examines the subject with attention, can doubt the advantage of Mr. Webster's nomenclature, in itself considered. It enabled him to give an analysis of sentences, and to explain constructions in a manner incomparably superior to that of the ordinary systems. His intimate acquaintance with the sources of our language prepared him to account in the most satisfactory manner, for many puzzling forms of expression. Still the prejudice against a change of nomenclature is so great, that this work has been far less known than it ought to be. It contains many valuable data and thoughts, found in no other work, and is believed to be the most truly philosophical grammar, which we have of the English language.

In 1806, he issued the prospectus of the grand work of his life—the one, of all others, that most contributed to his fame and popularity; and immediately after completing the Grammar last-mentioned, he set to work on his twenty

years' task of labor, the preparation of "The American Dictionary of the English Language." From this time, his reading and general exertions were turned more or less to this object. A number of years were spent in collecting words that were not introduced in the English dictionaries, in discriminating with exactness the various senses of all the words in our language, and adding those significations they had recently received. Some estimate may be formed of the labor bestowed on this part of the work, from the fact that the first edition contained twelve thousand words and between thirty and forty thousand definitions, which are not to be found in any preceding work. The number has been swelled, by subsequent additions, to about thirty thousand new words. Seventy years had elapsed since the first publication of Johnson's dictionary; and scarcely a single improvement had been attempted in the various editions through which it had passed, or the numerous compilations to which it had given rise, except by the addition of a few words to the vocabulary. Yet, in this period, the English mind was putting itself forth in every direction with an accuracy of research and a fertility of invention which are without a parallel in any other stage of its history. A complete revolution had taken place in almost every branch of physical science; new departments had been created, new principles developed, new modes of classification and description adopted. The political changes which so signally marked that period, the excitement of feeling and conflict of opinion resulting from the American and French Revolutions, and the numerous modifications which followed in the institutions of society, had also left a deep impress on the language of politics, law and general literature. Under these circumstances, to make a defining dictionary adapted to the present state of our language, was to produce an entirely new work. And how well Mr. Webster executed the task will appear from the decision of men best qualified to judge, both in this country and in Europe, who have declared that his improvements upon Johnson are even greater than Johnson himself made on those who preceded him. Still more labor, however, was bestowed on another part of the work, viz: the etymology of our leading terms. In this subject, Mr. Webster had always felt a lively interest, as presenting one of the most curious exhibitions of the progress of the human mind. But it was not till he had advanced considerably in the work, as originally commenced, that he found how indispensable a knowledge of the true derivation of words is to the exact development of their various meanings. At this point, therefore, he suspended his labors on the defining part of the dictionary, and devoted a number of years to an inquiry into the origin of our language, and its connection with those of other countries. In the course of these researches, he examined the vocabularies of twenty of the principal languages in the world, and made a synopsis of the most important words in each, arranging them under the same radical letters, with a translation of their significations, and references from one to another, when the sources are the same or similar. He was thus enabled to discover the real or probable affinities between the different languages, and, in many instances, to discover the primary, physical idea of an original word, from which the secondary senses have branched forth.

NOTE.—The conclusion of this article is unavoidably deferred till the next number.



FREE ACADEMY, NEW YORK CITY.

EDUCATION.

SECOND ARTICLE.

"Education is the guardian of liberty, and the bulwark of morality. Knowledge and virtue are generally inseparable companions, and are in the moral, what heat and light are in the natural world—the illuminating and vivifying principles. Every effort ought to be made to fortify our free institutions; and the great bulwark of security is to be found in education—the culture of the heart and the head, the diffusion of knowledge, piety and morality."

—In WITT CLAYTON.

The rearing of children is the universal element and essential feature of the human family. But in its high state of improvement this institution performs many other valuable functions. It brings about an economical cooperation in procuring and enjoying the means of subsistence; maintains the old, the weak, and the sick; develops the warm affections, and multiplies the feelings that enter into and enrich the current of life, and thus softens the blow of disaster and misfortune. How important, then, that each individual should feel the responsibility thus placed upon him; that he should remember that, no matter how humble his sphere, he has only to put his shoulder to the wheel—to do his share in the general advancement and improvement of mankind. After providing food and shelter, prominent among the duties of the parent is the education of his offspring; that when, in their turn, they become fathers and mothers, they will be better prepared to fulfil the responsible duties with which they become invested.

By the blessings of our free institutions, how little effort on the part of the parents is required in most portions of our country to secure not only a liberal, but, in many instances, an elaborate and finished education. Nor are these superior benefits spread forth in a manner that can stigmatise or bring odium on the recipients: quite the contrary. Many of those who have been honored with the highest gifts their fellow-citizens can bestow, have been proud in the acknowledgement that, to the benefits of

our glorious *Common School System*, they are mainly indebted for the advantages they enjoy. The following quotation is the closing sentence of the brilliant and learned oration, delivered at Dorchester, Massachusetts, on the Fourth of July, by the Honorable Edward Everett, in which, it will be perceived, he gives a beautiful tribute to the public schools of this country:—

"Let us, my fellow-citizens, on this anniversary of the nation's birth, unite in the hope that we shall still be sustained by the same Almighty arm which bore our fathers over the waters—supported them under the hardships of the first settlement—conducted them through the difficulties of the colonial period—protected them through the dangers of the revolutionary struggle, and has guided their career as an independent State. [Cheering.] Thus, my friends, in the neighborhood of the spot where, in my early childhood, I acquired the first elements of learning at one of those public schools which are the glory and strength of New England, I have spoken to you imperfectly of the appropriate topics of the day. It is probably the last time I shall ever have occasion to address an audience precisely of this kind, either in Dorchester or anywhere else. Retired from public life, without the expectation or the wish to return to it, but the contrary—grateful for the generous marks of public confidence which I have received, and which I feel to be beyond my merits—respecting the convictions of those from whom I have at any time differed, and asking the same justice for my own—I own, fellow-citizens, that few things would better please me than to find a quiet retreat in my native town, where I might pass the rest of my humble career in the serious studies and tranquil pursuits which befit the decline of life, till the same old bell, whose voice is never hushed, though Time silences first the fathers and then the children, shall announce for me

also that the chequered scene is over, and the weary is at rest." [Loud and long-continued cheering.]

In a previous article, we endeavored to lay before our readers a general idea of the Public School system of New York City—that is, from the Primary to the Grammar or High schools. But there is still one other feature, and we thought it of sufficient importance to defer notice at the time, and make its history the subject of a special paper. Of course, we allude to that proud example of the results of republican principles, THE FREE ACADEMY—an institution whose benefits, like the dews of heaven, are distributed without pay or price, alike on all classes—the highest and lowest in the land.

The New York Free Academy is a legitimate and almost inevitable development of the system of popular instruction, so liberally endowed by the State, and so amply provided for by the city whose name it bears. The interests of the body politic, viewed from an enlightened standpoint, in its public as well as in its less extended relations, demand some liberal scheme of instruction by which the children of the masses may enjoy the privileges and advantages of at least a good English education. The circumstances of many are such, that they would be precluded from receiving any instruction whatever of a literary character, were the chances left to the ability or the disposition of parents or guardians. The question accordingly becomes one of vast importance to the State, whether some system of popular instruction shall be established and maintained at the public charge, or whether the children of tens of thousands of parents shall be left to the improbabilities of their circumstances. To overlook and to neglect the education of the youth of a State is to give them as a pledge to ignorance, and to assign them to thriftlessness, poverty and crime. The economy of providing an education for the young, as a



CHAPEL OF THE FREE ACADEMY.

simple safeguard against social disasters and public burdens, is so apparent, that it needs no illustration.

The founders of the school system of the city of New York, acted early in obedience to the teachings of such a policy, and half a century since, a society of benevolent men was incorporated by the Legislature of the State, under the title of the Free School Society of New York. Under the control of that institution, nearly one hundred schools were organized at various times, all of which were conducted with great economy and prudence, yet with an enlightened liberality fully up to the means placed at its disposal by the City Treasury.

About the year 1840, a desire for some alteration in the Common School system was expressed by some of the people of the city, and after an earnest discussion of two years, an act was passed by the Legislature, by which the Board of Education was created, and in compliance with which act, the Commissioners were elected and entered upon the duties of their office.

Only a few years had transpired before it became apparent to many, that a very important advance in the standard of popular education was not only expedient, but demanded by the wants of the city, at that time numbering half a million of inhabitants. This advance, it was believed, would be obtained by the endowment of an institution which should afford to the people the opportunities and advantages of a thorough collegiate course in all the branches which give dignity and power to a high school or college of the first rank.

On the 27th July, 1846, Mr. Townsend Harris, one of the Commissioners, offered a resolution to the Board of Education, upon the adoption of which a committee was appointed to report upon the expediency of establishing such an institution. After a deliberation of six months, on the 20th of January, 1847, a report from the

committee was submitted, urging the importance of the proposed High School upon the attention of the Board. On February 10th, following, the report was considered, and a committee appointed to memorialize the Legislature to procure the passage of a law authorizing the Board of Education to found and organize the New York Free Academy. On the 7th of May, in the same year, the Legislature of the State passed the act under the provisions of which the institution was established, with a clause providing that the question of adoption should be submitted to the people at the next ensuing election of school officers, to be held in June. The question was so submitted, and the result of the vote was a majority of 15,985 in its favor, the vote being 19,404 in the affirmative, and 3,409 in the negative. On the rendition of this enormous popular verdict, the Board proceeded to procure the plans of distinguished architects, and before the close of November of that year, the ground was broken for the new institution.

The lot upon which the building stands extends 200 feet on Twenty-third street, and 122½ feet on Lexington avenue, and was purchased for \$25,000. The edifice is 125 feet by 80, and consists, exclusive of the basement and great hall, on the upper floor, of three spacious stories, which are intersected at right angles by two wide passages through the middle of the building. It was constructed with a view to the accommodation of one thousand students. The entire cost of the building was a little less than \$50,000.

On the 15th of January, 1849, the institution was opened for the examination of candidates for admission, and on January 27th, the formal dedication ceremonies and inauguration of the Principal and Faculty took place, and the active duties of instruction were commenced on the 5th of the following month.

As the Academy depended upon a class of students assembled for the first time from many

different schools in the city, whose qualifications and scholarship were to be fully tested, and the number of candidates having been a matter of doubt, a thorough examination was not at first attempted. Considerations of the highest importance in regard to the range of studies, the wants of the institution, and the necessity of some experience in the particular sphere which the Free Academy was designed to fill, furnished additional reasons for this delay in the permanent organization of the institution. The Academy, however, after the fullest and most mature deliberation, was organized as already stated, and the following named gentlemen entered upon their several duties:—

Hornace Webster, LL.D., Principal.

Edward C. Ross, Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy.

Gerardus B. Docharty, Assistant Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy.

Theodore Irving, Professor of History and Belles Lettres.

John J. Owen, D. D., Professor of Ancient Languages and Literature.

Oliver W. Gibbs, Professor of Chemistry and Physics.

Jean Roemer, Professor of French Language and Literature.

Augustin J. Morales, Professor of Spanish Language and Literature.

Theodor Gustav Glaubenacke, Professor of German Language and Literature.

Paul F. Duggan, Professor of Drawing.

This originated and commenced the Free Academy—the first institution in the State of New York which was specially designed to afford to the poorest as well as to the wealthiest citizen the benefits of a thorough collegiate course of studies, without any cost whatever to the student. The liberality and noble policy of its founders, and of the Legislature of the State, have not by its history so far been made a matter of question, but the institution continually extends its influence and wins new friends by its career.

The qualifications for admission to the Academy are as follows: No student can be admitted unless he reside in the city of New York, be thirteen years of age, shall have attended the Common Schools twelve months, and shall pass a good examination in Spelling, Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Geography, Arithmetic, Elementary Book keeping, History of the United States, and Algebra, to Simple Equations inclusive.

There are two examinations for the admission of students during the year, one in the month of February and the second in July. There are also two examinations for the advancement of students, which occupy about two weeks, just preceding the examinations for admission. These are both oral and written, the written papers being answers to questions proposed by



DRAWING SCHOOL OF THE FREE ACADEMY.

the professors, and which are placed in the hands of the students only on the morning of the day upon which the examinations in the respective subjects are to take place.

A few weeks previous to the time for the examination of candidates for admission, a circular is addressed by the President of the Faculty to the Principals of the various ward schools, notifying them thereof, and enclosing blank certificates in the following form, to be filled by the teacher:—

I certify that..... now residing at No..... street, in the city of New York, aged..... years, on the..... day of..... 18..... has been a pupil in..... School No..... for..... from..... A. D. 18..... to 18..... Of this time the pupil was..... in the Primary Department. Dated the..... day of..... Principal.

Appended to the above is a certificate to be signed by the parent or guardian, as follows:— I hereby certify that the age of..... as given in the foregoing certificate is correct. Parent or Guardian.

The candidate thus endorsed presents himself before the Principal of the Academy, who directs the Registrar to make an accurate entry of the various facts, which are recorded in the respective journals, on the completion of which the student is furnished with a printed card, containing the following directions:—

1. Throughout the examination you will be known only by the number on the opposite side of this card.
2. Do not write your name upon any of your exercises. Every exercise so marked will be rejected.
3. Write your number conspicuously at the top of every exercise.
4. Avoid all talking or communicating with other candidates, either at your seat, or while passing in and out.
5. Bring no book of any kind to the Examination.

6. Be careful not to lose this card, which will be called for at the close of the Examination.

The reverse is blank, affording space for the entry of the subjects in which the student is examined. The number by which his name is registered is written upon this card—the name, school from which he came, and parentage, being altogether unknown to the professors. This serves to prevent names or personal influences from affecting the decision of the examiners in regard to the merits of candidates, and the record is made of a number in a scale of ten, which indicates the merit of the pupil. Ten is the maximum, and should the required number not be reached, on a comparison of results in the various departments, the candidate is marked deficient, and his application is rejected.

The student having passed his examination, enters upon his course of studies, which is to be, in every respect, absolutely free. There is no charge of any kind. All the supplies are furnished by the institution—lexicons and textbooks, even to the slate pencils, paper for literary exercises, crayons, pen-holders, drawing materials and mathematical instruments. The Academy furnishes the means, and requires only that the student shall furnish the industry, the talent, and the ambition to use them to the best possible advantage.

There is a well-selected chemical and philosophical apparatus from the best European and American establishments, and additions are constantly made to these departments. The Library now numbers about four thousand volumes, including many of the most valuable literary and scientific works in English, French, German, Spanish, Latin and Greek. Additions are made to the Library from the annual appropriations out of the Literature Fund of the State, amounting at the present time to about \$1,000 per annum.

The Drawing School, which furnishes instruction in the Fine Arts, and in every department of

mechanical and practical drawing and descriptive geometry, is furnished with a rich supply of the finest casts of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, and also casts of many of the Elgin marbles, secured especially for the Academy.

The department of Natural History, which is but in its infancy of effort, is supplied with a fine cabinet of minerals, shells, skeletons, etc., to which contributions and additions are made from time to time, and which will eventually become a valuable repository of specimens in this department.

In order to advance the interests of the institution, and to stimulate the students to greater effort in their career, several citizens have donated funds for the presentation of medals at the annual examinations. In 1849, Duncan C. Pell placed in the hands of Trustees \$500, to be invested, and the income applied annually, forever, to procure a gold medal, to be awarded to the student who shall have made the greatest proficiency in his general studies.

In 1850, Edwin Burr created a similar trust for a gold medal, to be awarded to the best mathematician.

In 1850, Charles T. Cromwell created a similar trust for a gold medal, to be awarded to the best scholar in History and Belles Lettres.

In 1853, Augustus A. Ward created a similar trust for the presentation of twenty bronze medals, to be awarded to the students who shall have made the most proficiency in the following named subjects: Chemistry, Natural History, Natural Philosophy, Moral Philosophy, Law, English, Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, German, Oratory, Composition, Logic, Geography, History, Drawing, Algebra and Geometry, Engineering and Hygiene.

The Board of Education is authorized to confer degrees upon the graduates of the Free Academy, and in order to preserve the distinction between the full classical and the modern course, the degree of Bachelor of Arts is conferred upon the graduates in the department of

Ancient Languages, and that of Bachelor of Sciences upon those who have completed the course of Modern Languages and General Science and Literature.

The union of the Infant School and the College is completed by the Free Academy. Comprehending these under one grand system of popular education, the little child may step from the nursery to the school-room, and advancing step by step, he may make those attainments in literary and scientific studies, which will prepare him for the University, or for entering upon a professional career. The Academy is the completion of the system of instruction, the measure of a magnificent provision for pupils of whatever class, who desire to enjoy the benefits of even a partial course of classical and scientific studies.

The value of the Free Academy is not to be judged by the number of those who spend two or three years within its walls, or even by the number of those who complete the course and graduate. While this is a prominent consideration in any question concerning its operations, its results, and its advantages, there is one which affects a far greater number than can be assembled within its class rooms. The influence of the institution, in elevating the standard of attainment in a city which is rapidly reaching a population of a million of inhabitants, cannot be measured. The examination through which the Common School pupils must pass to entitle them to a place in the Academy, establishes not only a higher standard than previously existed, but it demands a more perfect acquaintance with, and proficiency in the study themselves. To secure admission to the Academy is consequently an aim in the minds of all who can afford to devote the time to a superior course of scientific and literary culture. It awakens the ambition of pupils in the schools. It stimulates them to greater exertions. It incites to more diligent and critical acquisition, and nerves to a bolder struggle. This ambition exercises a permanent influence on the character of thousands to a greater or less extent, and hence, even in these cases where only a partial course is enjoyed, the results are great and lasting.

But this spirit of emulation is also shared by the teachers. There is an honorable rivalry among them as to which school shall send the largest number of candidates, and of those who shall pass a good examination. This spirit does not exist to the extent which is desirable, but it exerts a great influence in some of the schools. The teachers in these schools set before their pupils the opportunities and privileges freely offered to them, and by careful training and preparatory labors, they send to the examiners a fine body of candidates every year. As soon as these have entered the Academy, a new promotion of pupils throws into the highest class a new group of learners, all training with special reference to their eligibility as students in the Academy. In such schools the purpose of the institution is best developed. It is not merely to afford the advantages of the College to a few, but to distribute, reflexively and positively, its influence for the elevation of the grade of instruction and attainment throughout our schools.

The expense of such an addition to our sys-

tem of Common School instruction is trifling, compared with the advantages which may be reaped from it, and the Board have no hesitancy in commending the Free Academy to the friendship and cordial support of their successors in office, and to the large body of diligent teachers who have the immediate and responsible task of carrying out the policy of the Board.



Since the Academy was established, 1,163 students have been admitted, who have, for longer or shorter periods, been subjected to its instruction and discipline. Such of them as have left, have gone forth to speak its praise, and to look back to it with gratitude and pride, and to feel it always as one of the ties that binds them to the city of New York, and her honor and prosperity. Had it done nothing but educate these, it would be well worth the money it has cost. But, in addition to these direct results, the institution has an influence which reaches down through all the Grammar-Schools, and affects the entire system of public instruction. The pupils of nearly



fifty Grammar-Schools, before their teachers, have a stimulus and prize before them which awakens interest and ambition, both humble and noble. Coming from these schools, the pupils of the Academy meet on the common ground of intellectual competition, and the most worthy, whether of high or lowly birth, is he who wins the honors of the strife.

The Academy deserves the confidence and friendship of the public; and all interested in literary institutions, and particularly in the great scheme of public instruction, should visit it, witness its operations, and become acquainted with its details.

VALUE OF A POUND OF THE FINEST LINEN THREAD.—A single pound of flaxen thread, intended for the finest specimens of French lace, is valued at six hundred dollars, and the length of the thread is about two hundred and twenty-six miles. One pound of this thread is more valuable than two pounds of gold.

UNCLE SAM'S 4TH OF JULY ORATION.

[Reported expressly for the UNITED STATES MAGAZINE, by our fair correspondent, XENOTIA.]

'Twas morning—and lightly the soft summer breeze
Issued over the meadows, and played with the trees;
Fresh flowers to the sunbeams each delicate eap,
All sparkling with dew, lifted gracefully up,
"Bathing out to the light of the pure azure sky,
Midst beauty and gladness, the streamlets went by;
While birds in the forest rejoicingly sang,
"The echoing wilds with the melody rang.

Yet this was not all, for from every vale
The shouts of rejoicing were borne on the gale;
Every city, and village, and rural retreat,
Every highway and by-way, and sidewalk, and street,
Were thronging with people, of all ranks and grades,
Tall folk, and short folk, old women and maids,
Mamma with their daughters, prim-dances and young girls,
In lace and ribbons, and holiday curls,
While old men, and young men, and light-hearted boys,
Seemed striving to see which should make the most noise.
Hidst cannons and drums, fife, fiddle and fife,
No mortal eye had such a din in its life—
One might plainly perceive 'twas no trifling occasion,
To call from all quarters this strange demonstration.

At length, all together, the party sat down
In a beautiful grove half a mile out of town;
The drums were beaten, the fife and the flute
By the side of their masters by quiet and mute—
So silent was all, one might easily hear
The sigh of the breeze in the elm branches near.

Then the President rose, with a smile and a bow,
Saying, "Ladies and Gentlemen,—Honor us now
By your careful attention; and allow me, I pray,
To announce "Uncle Sam" as your speaker to-day."

"Uncle Sam" slowly rose—took his quilt from his cheek
Put his spectacles on, and made ready to speak—

"Mr. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—We
Are a very great people, as doubtless you see.
Our country extends from the east to the west—
Of all men under heaven our own is the best—
And so other nations, as well as we,
Can be truthfully titled the brave and the free."

"Why, sir! since our origin, we have done more
Than the whole world together accomplished before.
The world, sir, appeared to be scarcely alive
Till the glorious dawn of the year Seventy-five.
There was never, but once, in the history of man,
A great act achieved till we Yankee began;
And that, sir, was when, by kind Providence blest,
Columbus discovered this land of the West."

"But little he thought that a nation should rise
In those newly found regions, the world to surprise;
Whose wonderful deeds and discoveries vast
Would fairly eclipse everything in the past.
And little thought Britain—proud, stately old dame—
When, with letters and chains, to our country she came,
That the red in the hand of her spunky young daughter,
Would soon scourge her back to her home o'er the water
And, much as she hated to, make her declare
That she couldn't govern us, young as we were."

"I was never a boaster; but, sir, I must say,
That I think we've done wonders almost to-day;
Just think of our twice whipping England completely—
And the world says we did that thing fairly and really.
Then we've twice showed the Mexicans what we could do
And I think we've been paid for it cleverly, too;
For we forced them to yield us the best of their hands,
And near half their dominion fell into our hands."

"Then, we've routed the hellions out of all places,
And have nearly effaced of their works the last traces—
Made their fow, fertile hunting grounds wholly our own,
And all that opposed are now scattered and gone.
Yet we gave them, to keep, till we wanted it back,
Of deeds and favors a beautiful tract;
And they'll always be welcome to place it and send it;
Till we make up our minds that we're likely to need it;
And then, I presume, 'twill most likely be best
For them to remove a few miles further west."

"Our Generals the greatest of heroes have been—
No nation on earth boasts such wonderful men."

Is there an American does not remember

The glorious acts of the tenth of September ?
When COLUMBUS FIRST met England's proud host
On the waves of Lake Erie, and claimed their host ?
Or what our brave "Hercules" did at Orleans ?
Ah, sir, you know well what true bravery means.

"Why, sir, you may take all the heroes of yore—
Hannibals, Belshazzars, Camars, a score—
Or, of more modern times—take a Nelson and Ney,
Napoleon and Wellington, brave as they were—
And they'll hide, as the stars fade away from the sun,
Expelled by the fane of our own WASHINGTON !

"Well, for years we've gone on, growing wiser and stronger,
Till the world sees our equal on earth, sir, no longer !
What'er we've attempted we always have done,
And the notion of failure with us is unknown.
Mr. President—really, I don't mean to boast,
But look at our country—just one what a host
Of cities and villages everywhere rise,
And all the result of our vast enterprise.

Then look at our rivers, all reviving and teeming
With big boats and little boats, puffing and steaming ;
And then, too, in passing, I may as well mention,
That steamboats themselves are a Yankee invention.

"Our harbors, too, are all fairly alive
With steamers and vessels that hourly arrive ;
Every region of earth, whether far or near,
That can muster a sail, will be sure to come here ;
And every poor wretch, who from famine would die,
Ships himself and his rag for 'the land of the free.'"

"Then there are our railroads—I say with pride—
I presume we have more than the whole world beside ;
And we make them ourselves, sir, and pay for them too ;
We Yankees don't lounge when we're up something to do—
But we roll up our sleeves, sir, and handle the paddle
With a heavy good will, till our roads are all made

"Why, sir, from old Maine to the 'Father of Gods,'
Through valleys and marshes, o'er streams and through
woods,
The snort of our stout iron Horse may be heard,
As he dashes along with the speed of a bird.
And to tell you the truth, before many a year,
The Pacific sail will arrest his career.
We are bound to go on, be it fair or foul matter,
Till we link the Atlantic and Pacific together !

"Then think of our mineral resources too—
We can never exhaust them, whatever we do.
We have got enough coal, sir, left safely in store,
To last us forever, and probably more ;
Our Lead is exhaustion—Galesin alone
Would amply supply the whole Temper to Rome.
We have iron to equal our richest deposit,
For the making of railroads and telegraph wires,
And for all other uses besides that there are,
And we'll have a plenty remaining to spare.
We've Copper enough, six—place pardon the figure—
To make boilers as big as Lake Erie, or bigger—
And, though you may smile, my opinion is strong,
That *our* *ships* *require* *them* *as* *large* *before* *long*.

"And then, sir, the credit is all due to us
Of making the lightning obedient to us,
Had it not been for Franklin, who opened the way
To those mighty discoveries, the world, sir, to-day
Might have been just as foggy as ever it was
About Electricity's wonderful laws.

"We avail ourselves, too, of all valuable labors,
And of all new discoveries made by our neighbors—
And are they surprised that they scarcely are known,
Since Yankee inventors has made them his own—
Improved his lighting, and set them in motion,
Ere they're fairly complete 't'her side of the ocean.

"I don't boast of all this, sir, but who doesn't know
That the world sits on the whole knows how does
Of setting the telegraph wires in motion ?—
And we're going to send them, sir, straight 't'her the coast !
When we first talked about it, old cronies exclaimed
That the thought was enough to make some folks ashamed ;
And hundreds said, 'wistly, we never could do it—
But the thing could be done, and we very well knew it ;
And now we're our charter, and the work is progressing,
And will soon be all done, sir, with Providence's blessing."

"There's one thought, however, connected with this,
Which acts as a damper somewhat to our bliss.
We always supposed that no time would be taken
For the news to pass over—but we were mistaken.
It has lately been proved—and, I think, pretty clearly—
That the time can't be less than a second, sir, nearly ;
And that's a good while to be waiting, you know,
For folks who have got so much business to do."

"We're a learned people, too—there is no other nation
Does as much as we do to promote Education.
Young people are wiser at twelve years old now
Than folks were at sixty a few years ago.
A few years old just can read, whistle, and sing ;
At five, smoke cigars, and all that sort of thing ;
Read novels at six, and talk gravely of marriage ;
At eight, take the ladies to ride in the carriage ;
At ten, having climbed to the height of all knowledge,
Receive his diplomas and honors at college ;
At twelve, can sleep, and a charming young wife,
And very soon after be settled for life."

"Then in Literature—where's there a people can boast
Like us of their authors—so mighty a host ?
Not the frogs that assembled at Moses' command
Could outnumber the Poets we have in our land—
Not mere rhymers and scribbles, who write but for fame,
But those who a *high inspiration* may claim—
Who even to the top of Parnassus will climb,
And rival old Homer and Milton in time."

"Our Novelists, too, only think what a number !
I wonder if ever they eat, drink or slumber ;
One would think they should work with incessant dispatch
To turn out of novels so mighty a batch.
And all first-rate *low stories*, written with taste—
Not a word or a syllable ever misplaced—
And each nicely covered with beautiful yellow,
Enough to bewitch any sensible fellow !

"There's another great movement just now going on,
And I deem it important that this should be known.
You all are aware how the ladies have been
Oppressed and controlled by tyrannical men ;
But now, like true Yankees, they're rising in might,
And nobly contending for woman's true right."

"And it's proper they should—they're Americans, *free*,
Independent, and equal, as justly as we !
And when they aspire to some glorious deed,
We should pull off our hats, and say, *bravely*, '*proceed* !'
I know no good reason why they should not stand
As high as the men, in their own native land—
Be Lawyers, or Doctors, or long faced Divines,
Or Leaders of *Arms*, should that suit their minds."

"The fact of it is, they will have their own way,
Let us grumble, and fret, and complain as we may.
If they say they will vote at elections, they will,
And we may as well just be calm and keep still,
For our long, pious sermons will do us no good ;
They will have their just *Reveries*, and it's right that they
should."

"And now, in conclusion, permit me to say,
That though ours is a glorious position to-day,
Yet we have still loftier projects in view,
Which none but true Yankees could ever carry through."

"First of all, our Republic, free, honored, and blest,
Must extend o'er the whole of this far-spreading west.
We must drive from our Continent all foreign powers ;
Make the British Possessions and Mexico ours ;
Get Cuba away from old crooked Spain ;
And her fair sister lies we must surely obtain."

"Then there's South America—the too, must be
Annexed to this country. And now let me see—
There's Central America, we can't do without it ;
And the Pacific Islands, while we are about it,
I guess we'll secure. And I think a good plan
is to take in old China, and also Japan.
For if there's two countries that acknowledge our way,
All Asia will doubtless go with them some day.
As for Africa—why, we already have got her
All fairly disposed of this side of the water—
So that now there is nothing but Europe remaining,
That we need to move very much about gaining.
But I guess we'll not meddle with her right away,
For we're certain to have her at no distant day."

"Then, certain of ruling all nations are long—
Secure in the present, united and strong—
We will hope that our country forever may be
'The land of the brave, and the home of the free.'"
Albion, Mass., July 5, 1856.

[The following lines from an anonymous correspondent
exhibit some *free*, though they occasionally lack *freedom*.
The writer is, perhaps, a little too hard upon old "At-
lantis," but nevertheless he shall have a hearing.]

SEBASTOPOL.

SEBASTOPOL. default work of death !
Evil by the Jewish Golem's hand,
Most Britain's sun before thy furnace set,
And beam no more upon her Indian strand ?
Shall orphan shudder at thy uttered name,
And Europe wear her sable cloak of woe,
Till thou shalt fall to save the martial fane
Of one who has been Freedom's deadly foe ?
Must Christian blood be shed in this foul work,
To shield the idle voluptuous Turk ?

Alas ! what manna this carnage, blood, and strife—
This incantation of a plural deity !—
But dashes endeavoring to prolong the life
Of Alton, while she dwains a dying breath !
Her ill-starred empire round the Indian main,
And Turkey's freedom in voluptuous stride,
Are all this hateful warfare is to gain,
With such a cost and expenditure of life !
Let Ireland, Hungary, Italy, attest
That Freedom has no place in England's breast.

The proud nurser of the throne of Gaul,
Whose legions once for Freedom's progress stood,
Must seal—with Britain's Queen—his Uncle's fall,
When he should walk away that stain in blood !
Thou dwarf of Heracles' origin !
Has come covered St. Helena's shore,
That she who Gaul's eternal foe has been,
Must win her laurels by thy subject's grove ?
But, weak and base one ! the assassin's hour
May give the Roman premium to such power.

The mighty Eagle of Johnson's France
Has now descended from her lofty flight,
And with the British Lion must advance,
To lead her worshippers to shame and Might.
No bitter memory of Waterloo
Dare live within the Gaul's avenging breast ;
His patriot pride, though veiled to Britain's view,
But sleeps within a transitory rest ;
And soon shall wake, in vengeance, to smother
The first Napoleon's death and fall.

What thought the Russian Bear the haven guard,
And wags, by growling, its unhallo'd rust ?
It were a more appropriate reward
Than Alton's lion guarding Alton's blast !
That offspring of obesity and blood,
The lot of years, and man's eternal shame,
Shall fall before the warrior who has stood
Unflinchingly through deadly fire and flame.
Then Russia, conquer, and Turkey's land shall be
The home of Freedom and Morality. S. A. O'N.

New York, July 12, 1856.

DEFINITION OF SEBASTOPOL.—Sebastopol has
been a household word in all Christendom for
nearly a year past ; but probably very few who
have repeated it so often, have any idea that
the word itself had any classical significance.
A writer in one of the daily journals says :—

I would inform such of the public as do
not know it already, that there was formerly
a Roman Emperor called Augustus, which,
being made Greek, becomes *Sebastos*, both sig-
nifying venerable or worshipful ; that the
Greek for 'city' is *polis*, and that *Sebastopolis*,
or *Sebastopol*, a word compounded of these,
means the City of Augustus, analogous to
which are the compounds Constantinople (City
of Constantine), Adrianople (City of Adrian),
etc. Several cities were called after Augustus :
one in Cilicia, and another in Judea, were both
called *Sebastos*. London was called *Agricola* after
him. But few would recognize in the modern
Sargones the ancient name of *Cesar Augustus*.

Editor's Table.

VESUVIUS AND ITS LATE ERUPTION.

MAN has been an inhabitant of this globe about six thousand years; and yet his knowledge of its internal structure can scarcely be said to be skin-deep. The diameter of the earth is about eight thousand miles; but man has been able to send his plummet down into the ocean only nine or ten miles, whilst in the solid earth, he has scarcely penetrated to the depth of a single mile. The fly that crawls over the rough skin of an orange, knows comparatively more of the internal condition of the orange, than man does of the internal condition of the earth. For thousands of years, the question has been mooted, whether the interior of the earth is solid, or a molten, liquid, burning mass; and the question is no nearer being settled now than it was two thousand years ago.

In descending into some mines, the temperature has been found to increase at a regular rate, which, at a few thousand feet in depth, would be sufficient to melt all substances which are found in the crust of the earth. And this has been regarded by some as conclusive proof that the whole body of the earth, except the crust, is glowing with intense heat. But this argument seems to be refuted by the condition of the ocean, which shows no increase of temperature, as we descend into its depths—but rather the contrary. According to the supposed law of increasing temperature, as we descend into the earth, there should be sufficient heat at eight or nine miles from the surface, not only to set the ocean a boiling, but to evaporate the whole mass of waters at once. But man, with his sounding apparatus, has felt of the water at that depth, and found it "as cool as a cucumber." What, then, are volcanoes, or burning mountains? Are they the chimneys or safety-valves to let off the surplus smoke and steam from these internal fires, to keep mother earth from bursting her boiler? Or shall we adopt the idea of some of the old philosophers, that the earth is a huge living animal? Then we might regard volcanoes and burning mountains as inflammatory pimples, festering sores, boils, cutaneous eruptions, by which the crude humors of the great body are thrown off, and the health of the animal preserved. But the doctors disagree, and we shall not undertake to decide.

We confess, however, to rather a liking for the theory that the earth is an animal, trotting through space, *aux sports*. It gives us an idea that we are all having a fine ride on a sort of horseback—that we take an airing, in the course of a year, by a ride of some six hundred millions of miles, to say nothing of the rolling over that we get every day and night. We feel, too, that we have backed a safe animal, sure-footed, and of wonderful sagacity; one that never stumbles, but that knows his track and keeps it better than any circus horse in the best regulated amphitheatre.

But it was not our purpose at this time to describe this noble animal, or his feats of strength and agility, but simply to call attention to one of his cutaneous inflammatory pim-

ples; and old sore that has lately broken out and been running again.

Vesuvius has a greater historical celebrity, probably, than any other volcano on the globe. It is a mountain rising about three thousand and six hundred feet above the level of the sea, and situated about six miles south-east of Naples, in Italy. This mountain is described by the ancients, as being exceedingly fertile around the base, but very barren towards the summit. Its volcanic character was known in very remote antiquity. In the time of Strabo, it showed signs of having been formerly in great activity, but was then quiet, and that author concluded the mountain had burnt itself out, and was extinguished for want of fuel. Diodorus Siculus also describes it as being in a quiet state in his time, but as having the appearance that it had been on fire at some remote period.

The first great eruption of this volcano on record, was that which occurred on the 24th of August, A. D. 79, when the towns of Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabie, were buried under terrible showers of volcanic sand and stones, and destroyed and lost to the world. After sixteen hundred years the ruins of Herculaneum were accidentally discovered, by digging a well. And some years afterward, Pompeii was also discovered. The remains of these towns have since been disinterred and explored to a considerable extent. Herculaneum was buried from seventy to a hundred feet beneath the surface. This thickness was supposed to have accumulated from several different eruptions of the mountain. Pompeii was lying only about a dozen feet below the surface.

It was at this great eruption, which buried Herculaneum, that the elder Pliny lost his life. He was in command of the Roman fleet on the coast of Campania at the time, and landed to have a nearer and better view of this grand and exciting phenomenon, and also for the purpose of aiding the inhabitants, who might wish to find shelter in his fleet. As he approached too near the mountain, he was suffocated by the sulphurous vapor. After this eruption, Vesuvius continued a burning mountain, with occasional eruptions, for about a thousand years. Then the mountain had rest again, and the fire seemed to be nearly extinct for about four hundred years—that is, from the beginning of the twelfth to the beginning of the sixteenth century. A severe eruption occurred in 1506, and since then the volcano has been active, at frequent intervals, till the present time. One of the most powerful eruptions known for some years past, has occurred the present season. An interesting and graphic account of the scene is given by a correspondent of the "London Daily News," which we copy as follows:—

NAPLES, Saturday, May 5, 1855.

HAVING purchased our torches at Resina, we turned out of the high road into the comparatively narrow and heavy route which begins the ascent. It is formed of loose volcanic dust and pulverized lava; and hard work it is indeed for the weary horses to get along. Ours acted most prudently, by refusing to advance, so that, dismounting, we took to our legs. A woman might have gone up alone, so dense were the crowds either coming or going; for be it known that, apart from curiosity, many felt not a little relief at the eruption, as though

it had saved them from the disasters of an earthquake, and were full, therefore, of joyousness. As we got close under the mountain, we experienced something like disappointment, for the elevation on which the Hermitage stands hid from our view the fire and smoke and the streams of lava which, even from Naples, formed so magnificent a spectacle. As we got higher and higher, the glare of light reflected on the sky became visible, and by the time we got to the Hermitage, the grandeur of the scene began to open upon us. Pushing on from this point through cicereons and donkeys, horses, carriages, and Christians, as bipeds are styled in Naples, we traversed for some distance the road which leads to the cone, when, turning sharp off to the left, we arrived at a point on the stream of lava, where it forms a cascade. This is about a mile or a mile and a half from its source; and here a vast crowd was assembled, as though it afforded the grandest *colpo d'occhio*. To tell the truth, your correspondent labored to write coolly, for such was the magnificence of the scene, that were one to trust too much to his feelings, he would be hurried into what might appear exaggeration.

The lava on which we stood was yesterday a boiling, moving stream; it was still hot to our feet, and taking up the loose pieces of coke, the glowing fire was clearly perceptible beneath; we lit our cigars at it, and played all kinds of practical jokes; and, jumping over the fiery fissures, stood by the side of the bed of moving lava. Imagine thousands of tons of coke carted out together, and rolling mass over mass, and some idea may be formed of the noise—not that it was loud, but that a widespread, incessant *sh—sh—sh—sh*, like water over pebbles. When a great accumulation of materials had been formed at the edge of the precipice, the outer blackened crust broke up, and, rolling over into the abyss below, bounded from rock to rock down among the chestnut trees, which withered and flamed up, and then fell over. The immense body of heat and light which then burst forth nearly scorched and blinded us, and instinctively we held up our hands to ward it off. The breadth of the stream in this direction is 100 palms, says the "Neapolitan Journal"; from my observation, I should say, near 200 palms. Of course, all calculation must be mere guess work, as who can measure a fiery flood?

I never witnessed such mighty results of power apparently so unconnected with any cause. It produced the same impression upon me that the Toledo or Strand might do, were either to take it into its head to walk. There was a solid plain which we might have crossed some eight and forty hours before, now going full drive over a precipice some thirty or forty feet deep, and then stealing onward, as it now is, through chestnut groves, and vineyards, and villages, and threatening places of some consideration. Above the precipice, the stream—or rather two streams, which are united at the catenact—flows through a plain in a serpentine form, and following back its course, we arrived at the foot of the cone.

Half way up, we came upon the first of seven months, all of which throw out either lava or stones, or both. Those which threw out lava bubbled and gurgled over, while those which

made a greater effort and threw out stones, kept up an incessant noise, as that of a distant heavy cannonade. What a foreground was this! Behind these in the distance, the background was formed of heavy masses of lurid clouds, showing off by a strong contrast the vivid flames in front. The lava flowed down the sides of the mountain in waves of fire, and rolling through the valley we had just passed, precipitated itself into the gulf above which we stood at first. Of course, we laded up some liquid lava and fixed some coppers in it, and then were glad to move off. The wind occasionally shifted, and with it that curtain of lurid clouds. Our guide warned us to be off, on penalty of sharing the fate of Pliny, a consumption earnestly to be avoided, we thought, however great our respect for the old Roman. Since that evening, the seven months have all resolved themselves into one. The lava still continues to pour down the mountain in the direction of San Sebastiano, Pollena, and Massa di Somma, being the same direction it took in 1822. It has already occupied the bed of a river, destroyed much plantation, and is threatening still greater injury. The Marchese St. Angelo, who has property in that direction, has been removing his furniture from his villa as a precautionary measure. In short, this eruption, though not so effective a spectacle at a distance as the last, is far more imposing when viewed close, and threatens to be more destructive.

NAPLES, Thursday, May 10, 1855.

THE lava has now advanced ten miles from its source, and is doing terrible damage. I have before me the report of Cozzolino as to the latest changes which have taken place about the cone. Just at the base of it, a lake of fire has been formed, which looks like a red sea in an undulatory state. In the very center of this has opened another crater, which is throwing out red hot stones. On the morning of the 7th, the crater at the very summit fired, as it were, two heavy cannonades; and after sending forth lightning, flames and stones, broke up altogether. In the middle of the cone, ten craters have been formed, and from these the lava pours forth like a river, and runs on the side of the Cavallo as far as the Minatore. Here four other craters have been formed, which throw up bitumen in the manner of pyramids, and resemble gigantic exhibitions of fireworks. The whole of the summit of the crater is therefore like a sponge, and must inevitably fall in. The thin crust trembles under your feet. You may see the stones dance with the tremendous movement; the part immediately round the crater looks like the sides of a heated copper boiler.

Such is a true statement of what is going on on the summit. There are reports of an opening toward Pompeii, which is not unlikely, and of another toward Resina, but I have not been up for some days, as the danger is now very great. Before I write again, I shall make the attempt. Last night I went to the scene of the most stirring interest after an interval of two days. The whole length of this usually quiet road was like a fair, and such was the throng of carriages which were moving on in three lines that it was with difficulty we ever arrived at our destination. As we approached the man-

aced neighborhood, the inhabitants were removing their goods, and on a bridge in the middle of the little township of Cercello (through which in the winter time thunders down from the summit of Vesuvius, one of those mountain rivers so well known in Italy) stood a company of sappers. Creeping under the solid handsome bridge into the bed of the river, went up in face of the lava, which was now coming rapidly down. Here, again, were sappers, raising mounds on either side to divert the ruin from some private grounds and keep the lava in one straight course. The smoke which rose over the heads of the multitudes, told us we were close on the spot; and climbing up the bank and walking along the top, we looked down on this mighty mass of fire. How changed the neighborhood in two days! Where I walked on Sunday night was now a sea of fire. The side road by which I had come down into the main stream from Pollena and Massa di Somma was now full of blackened coke. The houses on the borders of the village had fallen—in one, thirty poor people lived; a small chapel was swallowed up, a gentleman's villa, and a sad extent of vineyard and garden ground. On the other side of the great lava bed, another stream was branching off to San Sebastiano. We had hoped to cross it, and ascend to the cascades again—but it was no longer possible; for, as one says, speaking of a marshy country in the winter, the lava was out. The fire here had begun to enter the burial ground of the little town, but was diverted from its course by a wall. On the opposite side of the stream were the King and all the royal family. The banks on either side were thronged with curious and anxious multitudes, whose faces were lighted up with the blaze of hundreds of torches, and with the more repellant flame of the rapidly descending lava. Since the morning it had moved a mile. It was like a vast river of glowing coke. As it moved on, the tens of thousands of lumps rolled and tumbled one over the other, crackling and grinding and grating; and when from the very face of it a large lump fell off, the appearance was that of an iron furnace when the iron is being drawn. To make the resemblance more complete, at such times men darted forward with long poles taken from the neighboring vineyards, and pulled out great masses of lava, in which they imbedded money for sale. What struck me at first, and still strikes me, is the most majestic feature in the whole scene, is the slow, silent, irresistible motion of that fiery flood. Active, almighty power, without an effort! Sweeping everything before it, overcoming every obstacle, growing up against intervening walls or houses, and devouring them bodily, and then marching on in the same silent, unrelenting, irresistible manner as before. There was a spot beneath my feet where a wall of mason work had been built to break the violence of the winter floods; to this spot all eyes were directed. The fiery river would fall over it in an hour; as yet it was distant from it seventy yards, perhaps. Gradually it rose in height and swelled out in vast proportions, and then vast masses fell off and rolled forward; then it swelled again as fresh matter came pressing down behind, and so it broke, and on it rolled again and again, till it arrived at the

very edge. There was a general buzz and murmur of voices. The royal family stood opposite to me, intermingled with the crowd, looking on with intense anxiety.

At last it broke, not hurriedly, still with a certain show of majesty. At first, a few small lumps fell down; then poured over a pure liquid of metal, like thick treacle, clinging sometimes mass to mass from its glutinous character, and last of all tumbled over gigantic lumps of scorie. Then on it moved once more in its silent, regular course, swelling up and spreading over the vineyards on either side; and now there was a rush for the road which traverses this lava bed. Houses and the bridge bordered the road, the carriages had all been ordered off, and the bridge was being broken down—we were cut off completely. The sentinels would not let us pass, and struck us and drove us back; but we forced our way, and then found too surely that it was impossible to get on. The bridge was half demolished, and by the light of the torches we could see the soldiers about working with the pick and ax. We had, therefore, to retrace our steps, and making a long circuit through the open country and over walls, came round to the top of the bridge. "Run," said the sentinels, "or you will be too late." We crossed the narrow parapet which was still remaining, and soon afterward went down the whole fabric. In this way, it is hoped that the lava may be diverted from the townships of St. Sebastiano, Massa di Somma and Pollena, which stand on either side, and have as yet only suffered partially. Cercello, through which, however, the stream is rolling, will be sacrificed. The expectation is, that the lava, should the eruption continue, will flow down to the Ponte Maddaloni and into the sea. So grand and so destructive an eruption has not been known for many years, and even now we cannot tell how or when it will terminate. The mountain is literally seamed with lava, and many fear a violent explosion as the final scene of the tragedy.

FARMER'S CLUB.

In a magazine for the people, what subject can be more appropriate or more interesting than agriculture? Agriculture is the great business of man; for when he was placed on the earth, he was commanded to "subdue and replenish" it. And if he would give more heed throughout the world to that great and primitive command, the race would undoubtedly be far happier, more pure and virtuous, and make better progress in all desirable improvements. Then would nations spontaneously beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks. Then the science of agriculture would, as it should, take the lead of all sciences; and the earth, everywhere touched by the magic power of chemical science, would supply all the wants of man, while requiring of him but very little labor. It was Jefferson, if we remember right, who said, if God ever had a chosen people on earth, it is the farmers. If, therefore, we devote more attention hereafter than we have heretofore, in this magazine, to agriculture and to farmers, we beg the exquisite dandy, in kids and tights, or the snob who considers labor too degrading for a gentleman—we respectfully beg him, we

say, not to turn up his nose at the discussion of such ungentlemanly matters.

"When Adam del'd and Eve span,
Where was then the gentleman?"

The American Institute, of New York, has had, for many years, a branch organization styled the "Farmers' Club of the American Institute." The Club holds regular meetings at the rooms of the Institute, in Broadway, every Tuesday, at noon, during a considerable portion of the year, and on the first and third Tuesday of the month the remainder of the year. The meetings are open to the public; all are invited to attend, and sometimes farmers and men of science come a long distance to give and receive useful information on the various subjects that are brought up for discussion before the Club; for the subjects are not confined to agriculture, but embrace inventions, discoveries and improvements in any of the arts or sciences.

This Club is a valuable institution, and disseminates a good deal of useful information among the people. The President of the Institute sometimes presides at these meetings of the Farmers' Club, but more frequently some prominent farmer, or other gentleman present, is invited to take the chair. But the laboring oar, to speak nautically, is mainly pulled by the Secretary; or, to change the figure to mechanics, the Secretary is the man mainly depended upon to oil the machinery and turn the crank to keep it in motion. This man, who has filled the honorable post of Secretary of the Farmers' Club for many years, is Judge Henry Meigs—a gentleman of the old school, highly educated, an old graduate of Yale College, and, many years ago, a member of Congress from this city. Familiar with almost the whole circle of sciences, he now finds his greatest delight in the science of agriculture, and thinks the man who learns, and teaches others, how to "make two blades of grass grow where but one grew before," is deserving more honor than the general who leads an army through a successful campaign, or even he who should conquer and take Sevastopol.

The Institute frequently receives publications of value and interest from abroad, not only in English, but in French, German, and other languages. From these works, Judge Meigs, who is an excellent linguist, makes many translations, upon agriculture and other sciences, and usually reads such as have more than ordinary interest, at the meetings of the Club. Then follow discussions upon any subject before the Club, or any that may be proposed by a member. Usually some subject is given out at each meeting to be discussed at the next, in order that the members and visitors may have time to collect information, and come prepared to throw light upon the subject. It is the custom, also, for farmers and others to bring specimens of fine plants and choice seeds to the meetings of the Club, to interchange with each other.

New inventions in machinery, for agricultural or other purposes are often exhibited at the meetings of the Club, and their merits discussed, and sometimes submitted to the examination of a committee. An interesting instance of this kind we witnessed at a meeting of the Club, two or three weeks ago, in a new patent horse shoe, invented by Mr. Sewall Short, of New

London, Connecticut, who brought it to the Club for examination.

THE PATENT HORSE-SHOE

attracted a good deal of attention, and bids fair to be a valuable improvement, though that must be decided by more extended experience of its use. This improvement does away entirely with the cruel practice of driving nails into the horse's hoof, which not unfrequently "touch the quick," causing great pain to the animal, lameness, and sometimes ruin. The new shoe has not a nail or nail-hole in it. Otherwise, it is made in the common form, and is held on to the foot by an iron cap something in the shape of a low cut vamp of a man's leather shoe, or the leather peak on the front of a boy's cloth cap. This iron cap on the hoof is about two inches wide at the toe, but narrower on each side towards the heel. It is so thin as to be a little flexible, and is fastened to the foot by a screw passing through the two ends behind the heel. The lower edge of this cap fits into a groove cut in the outer edge of the shoe, which holds them together, and the screw fastens them both to the hoof. This cap does not come to much wear, and will last out many shoes; so that the inventor thinks the cost will be no greater than the common shoe, while it possesses many advantages besides being more comfortable for the horse. The horse can go to bed at night with shoes off, like other folks, and have them put on his feet again in the morning. He can run barefoot in the pasture, and put his shoes on to go to mill. He can have a pair of smooth shoes on hand for warm and soft weather, and also shoes with sharpened cords to slip on when the ground is suddenly covered with ice. The inventor had used these shoes on an active and valuable horse about three months, and said the horse seemed to be well pleased with them. He thought if horses could speak, he should soon receive from them a vote of thanks.

HYGROMETRIC SELF-REGULATOR.

This is a new invention, exhibited at the same meeting of the Club, by Dr. Ross, the inventor. He stated, that some years ago, medical gentlemen had expressed a strong desire for some invention to regulate the amount of moisture in rooms and houses, as an important matter for health and comfort, especially in cold weather, when apartments are heated with coal, and the atmosphere becomes dry, uncomfortable and unhealthy. Dr. Ross had turned his attention to the subject for several years, and at last had prepared an apparatus which he thought would answer the purpose. He presented a small model in operation at the Club. A boiler to supply steam may be attached to any furnace or stove in the building, with a pipe to convey steam to the apartment where the dryness of the atmosphere is to be regulated. The regulator consists simply of small linen cords stretched across one side of the room, and attached to two valves connected with the steam-pipe. When the air is dry, too dry, the cords hang loose, and the valve communicating with the apartment is then open, and the steam flows into the room. Soon the moisture causes the cords to contract, to shorten, and when the air in the room is sufficiently moist, the cords have contracted so as to close the valve leading into the room, and to open the other valve, which allows

the steam to escape into the smoke-pipe or chimney. As soon as the air in the room begins to grow too dry again, the cords slacken, the valves open, and more steam enters. It is an ingenious affair; and, in many cases, we should think it might be quite useful.

LORD KAMES.

Most scholars and classical readers are familiar with the name of Lord Kames, from his celebrated work, entitled "Elements of Criticism;" but we presume few are aware that he is entitled to equal honor and fame for his labors in agriculture. We learn some particulars concerning this distinguished man, from a paper read by Judge Meigs to the Club. He was of a noble Scottish family—a descendant of the Earl of Home. His name was Henry Home; his title of nobility was Lord Kames. He was born in 1696. He was brought up to the profession of the law, and became distinguished; was Judge of the Supreme Civil Court, and afterwards of the Criminal Court. He was eminent as a philosopher and man of letters. In 1762, he published his "Elements of Criticism." But what was most remarkable, and most to his honor, he paid great attention to the improvement of agriculture. He wrote essays upon linen, upon fences, roads, etc. He caused a survey of the state of agriculture in Scotland to be made, and procured the appointment of a Board of Agriculture. He succeeded in recovering morasses and waste lands, by paring off the peat and draining, and applying lime and ashes. He then planted potatoes upon these lands, and afterwards wheat. He made good roads, and stirred up the Scottish landholders to go and do likewise. In 1772, he published a work entitled, "The Gentlemen Farmer;" and, in 1782, at the good old age of 86, he ended his useful and honorable labors, and was gathered to his fathers like a "sheaf of corn fully ripe."

LIEBIG'S PRINCIPLES OF AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY.

The Secretary called the attention of the Club, to this valuable little work of the great agricultural chemist. Liebig recommends to farmers, that, instead of a "rotation of crops," they should study to have a proper rotation of manures. Then they would not need to change their crops; but each farmer could raise the crops continually, which would be the most profitable to him in his own locality. He had spent seven years in trying to solve this problem for the farmer. The solution consists in this—"to give the land what we have taken from it, neither more nor less." Let the farmer learn by means of chemistry what elements his crop has taken up out of the land, and let him return the same elements to the land again for manure, and he may repeat his crop as long as he chooses.

GARDEN MARKETING IN NEW YORK.

The extravagant prices of fruits, vegetables, and meats in the New York market, for some time past, attracted the attention of the Club, called out considerable discussion, and led to the appointment of a Committee of Examination and Inquiry. The farmers and gardeners complain that they get but very moderate prices for their produce, notwithstanding the consumers in the city have to pay so extravagantly. Speculators and middle men carry off

all the profits, because the market regulations of the city are such that the producers and consumers have no opportunity to deal directly with each other. No opportunities are offered in the city for the farmer or gardener to sell his produce directly to the people who consume it. This was illustrated by a fact stated by Professor Mapes, who has a model farm near Newark, New Jersey, and is one of the best agricultural chemists in the country. The professor stated that he had ear-loads of large and fine lettuce as was ever carried to market. He was not allowed to retail it in the city, and the most he could get from the marketmen for it, was fifty cents a hundred, or half a cent a head; while, at the same time, the marketmen were retailing at their stands in all the markets, a poorer article for three cents a head. This is certainly a matter which urgently demands the attention of the city authorities.

HISTORY OF BOTANY.

From the readings of the Secretary, Judge Meigs, we obtain some interesting items upon the subject of Botany, with the names of ancient authors and dates of the papers, written to illustrate this study. Thophrastus wrote before Christ 320 years, and Hippocrates 400 years, and gave the history of 500 plants. Dioscorides wrote A. D. 70, and described 600 plants. A. D. 74, Pliny made a compilation of the history of 1,000 species. Galen wrote A. D. 131. The first account we have of the history of plants, illustrated by accurate drawings, was in 1532. One year later the Botanic Garden at Padua takes its date. The first Museum of Natural History was that of Conrad Gesner, in 1560, at which period the idea seems to have been started of making a system of plants, with the class, order, genera, species, etc. But it was not until 1592 that Columna printed his copperplate drawings of plants and a botanic language. From that time until the establishment of the Royal Society of London, in 1665, botanical writers were more plenty. The names of twenty-two are given. Following the London Society, came the Royal Academy of Science at Paris, in 1666. The system of Linnaeus was published in 1735. Since then Botany has become a study, a science, and five or six hundred practical Botanists have devoted their lives to searching out and illustrating new plants, until scarcely a thing grows that has not been described and its properties and uses known.

THE COST OF FENCES IN THE UNITED STATES.

The cost of fences is a matter of much greater importance and magnitude than people are generally aware of. A few well-considered statistics on this subject will show what a large field it presents for economizing. Where fences cannot be built of stone, undoubtedly hedges should be cultivated. What we have to offer upon this head, is not derived from the Farmer's Club, but from the "Louisville Journal," which gives us the following data and speculations:—"We have no exact means of ascertaining the first cost of all the fences now in the States, but we estimate it at not less than four hundred millions of dollars. Mr. Nicholas Biddle, some years ago, in an address before the Philadelphia Agricultural Society, stated the cost of the fences then in Pennsylvania at \$100,000,000. This we think

was an over-estimate—probably fifty per cent. too much. According to the census returns, there were one hundred and thirteen millions, thirty-two thousand, six hundred and fourteen acres of land in cultivation. The cost of fencing this land, we average at three dollars per acre. Where the fields are large it will cost less, and where they are small it will cost more than this price; but on the whole, it may be regarded as a fair average. At this rate, the first cost of the fences, in the year 1850, was \$339,097,542; and the fences that have been built since that will certainly amount to sixty millions, or more, of dollars, which will make the total cost of fences now in the country \$400,000,000. In addition to the first cost, those fences require annual repairs that we estimate as equal to an entire renewal in ten years. The annual expense, then, incurred for repairs, is forty millions of dollars.

"These amounts represent the direct and actual outlay upon the fences; but there is yet another expense attendant upon the American system of fencing. It consists in the outlay of capital for timber land necessary to keep up the fences. For this purpose, there must be a reserve of woodland equal to one-fourth of the quantity of cultivated land. The reserve of land for this purpose, in the year 1850, at this rate, would therefore be 28,258,128 acres, which we value at \$10 per acre. The cost of the land necessary to renew the fences would thus amount to \$282,581,280, and the account with fences in the United States would stand thus:—

First cost fences.....	\$400,000,000
First cost woodland for renewals.....	\$282,581,280
Total first cost.....	\$682,581,280

INTEREST AND REPAIRS.

Annual cost of renewing fences.....	\$40,000,000
Annual interest on first cost of fences.....	\$16,000,000
Annual interest on first cost of reserved woodland.....	\$18,184,876
Annual cost of interest and repairs.....	\$80,184,876

"The yearly cost for interest and repairs upon the fences of the United States is nearly double the amount of gold produced in California. Fences made of wood are a nuisance, and our people ought to substitute hedges for them whenever it is practicable to do so."

CHEAP LODGINGS.—According to Huc's travels in China, recently published, the nation claiming to be the oldest in the world has not yet reached a very high point in civilization and refinement. The Celestial Empire needs looking after. The "strong-minded women" of the present day and generation should take the matter in hand, and endeavor to train up Young China in the way she should go. It appears that socialism is no new doctrine, having been practically adopted in China, nobody knows how long ago. At Pekin is a Phanaterist, called the "House of Hens' Feathers," where the poor are lodged for one-fifth of a farthing per night. It is simply a vast hall stinkily strewn with feathers. Men, women and children all lie down together in the beauty of communion; an immense coverlet is then let down over the party, with holes through which the sleepers put their heads, so as not to be suffocated. At daylight, the phanaterian canopy is hoisted up, after a signal on the tam-tam to invite head-holders to draw back their heads or swing.

These bipeds in feathers then crawl around in the sea of dirty down till they find their wretched legs, and then depart to make a fresh start in life. Polygamy, though not really legal in China, is yet only forbidden in books. A man may have as many wives as he can support, but only one is recognized as the legitimate mistress of the household. The children born of the secondary wives acknowledge only the legitimate one as their mother, wear mourning for her instead of their real mother, and obey, respect, and cherish only her. The lawful wife is protected by law—the "little wives" must fight their own battles. As in all pagan countries, the woman is the slave or victim of the man. The law, when it mentions her, does so but to remind her that she is to be, to do, and to suffer. All legislation is wholly in favor of the husband.

COMPARATIVE NUTRIMENT IN ARTICLES OF FOOD.—The following table gives a comparative view of the value of different substances for human food, so far as their nutritious qualities are concerned; but with the most nutritious substances, such as peas and beans, some of the coarse and less nutritious substances should be taken upon the same principle that hay or straw is fed with grain to stock. Of 100 pounds of each of the following substances it may be assumed that the figures show the number of pounds of matter that go to sustain life, or support the strength of the consumer. Thus, if 100 pounds of corn meal cost the same as 100 pounds of turnips, which is often the case in this market, the meal will really be worth twenty-two times as much as turnips for food.

The per cent., taking 100 as the unit, of the different articles, is as follows, according to chemical analysis, viz:—

	Per Cent.		Per Cent.
Lentils.....	84	Oats.....	74
Peas.....	82	Wheat, average.....	25
Beans.....	82	Potatoes.....	25
Corn (Maize).....	89	Barley.....	14
Wheat.....	85	Carrots.....	10
Barley.....	83	Cabbage.....	7
Rice.....	88	Turnips.....	6
Oye.....	70	Turnips.....	4

LINES WITHOUT AN AUTHOR.

Who wrote the following delicate and touching lines? We find them in manuscript, among old papers lately overhauled from our private drawer. They are in our own penmanship also, and yet we have lost the recollection of their origin, or how they came in our possession. Nor do we know whether or not they have before been published. We find on the paper the following memorandum: "Died in —, Connecticut, on the — day of August, 1846, Mrs. Matilda Ayres, aged — years, after an illness of two days. Her husband arrived at home just after the funeral services were over."

The bravest flower that blooms to-day,
To-morrow falls and fades away—
The morning dew, so pure and bright,
Flies to its native heaven ere night—
Then why repine at God's decree,
Who calls my young wife home from me?

But though the flowers may fade and fall,
They still sweet fragrance give,
And so, Matilda, in my heart,
Thy memory long shall live,
To comfort me, till God's decree
Shall call me home to dwell with thee.

But oh! my anguish—how can tell?
 Could'st thou not wait to say farewell?
 'Twas God who loosed the silver cord,
 And still I'll humbly bless the Lord,
 And trust that he will keep for thee
 The cherub by thou'st left with me.

— LINES BY AN AUTHOR. —

The following lines, also, are from among old papers lately turned over in our private drawer. They are older than the lines mentioned and copied above, and yet our memory does not falter with regard to their origin. Unlike the preceding manuscript, this was not in our own penmanship; but the penmanship we know, and the author we know. We publish the lines without liberty, but trust we may be forgiven. They were the simple and spontaneous apostrophe from the heart of a bereaved mother to a sweet child of seven summers, who had been suddenly removed from the sphere of earth.

TO —

My child, sweet child, long years have past
 Since thou wast laid in thy gray bed,
 But still in thy mother's heart is kept
 A place until'd for the loved one dead.

And when in my neck thy brothers' sding,
 And press their budding lips to mine,
 The yearning heart in vain demands
 One kiss, one dear embrace, of thine.

And when they kneel, with pious look,
 An infant's simple prayer to say,
 I miss thy voice, my gentle one;
 I feel, indeed, thou art away.

But when in gushful faith they pray,
 That after life's long day is o'er,
 In that bright world where thou art gone,
 Their brother they may meet once more.

Thy mother lifts her drooping head,
 Thy spirit o'er her seems to bend—
 Dost thou, my love, from that bright world,
 To heal her broken heart, descend?

Let those, that will, the faith despise,
 I love to feel that thou art near,
 A guardian angel round our path,
 My wept, my beautiful, and dear.

THE FATE OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

WHATEVER may be the result of the conflict between Russia and the allied powers of western Europe, there can be little doubt that "the sick man," as the late Czar called Turkey, is doomed to die, and his neighbors will inherit his possessions. The Ottoman power has had its day, a good long day of four centuries, in Europe, and will now doubtless soon have to re-cross the Bosphorus and the Black Sea. It may continue for a time to be a "power on earth," but it seems to be doomed to be blotted from the map of Europe. Such is the fate of the rise and fall of states and empires. But who is to possess Constantinople and command the pass of the Dardanelles? Things look now very much as though the French are to become masters of the great city of the Sultan, though it is probable the superior maritime power of England will enable her to divide with her ally the dominion of the seas. Russia and Austria may perhaps retain possession of some of the Turkish provinces, and the time may hereafter come when that great and growing northern power will make a fresh and successful attempt to drive, not the Turks, but the French from Constantinople.

Many of the late accounts from the east indicate that France has got her foot upon Constantinople, and is preparing to keep it there. A very intelligent American in Paris, June 21, writes to a friend in Washington as follows:—

"The French army of reserve, as it was called, that was near Constantinople has been forwarded to Sevastopol, but a new army of reserve will be sent immediately from France, consisting of 45,000 to 50,000 men, which will be entrenched near Constantinople, and will not be sent to Sevastopol except in case of great necessity. The full force before that place will be kept up by other troops, which will be forwarded direct from Toulon, Marseilles, and Algeria. Arrangements are also making, and will no doubt be promptly concluded, for the embarkation of another contingent of 15,000 Sardinian troops."

"To show how great are the exertions of Russia, it is now said that they have by the most incredible exertions so far advanced with a railroad from Moscow to Perekop that it will be completed and in full operation in the autumn. This will enable them to pour into the Crimea soldiers and supplies without limit. The French are so well aware of this that they are fortifying Kamiesch and will render it the strongest fortress in Europe, and sooner or later they will probably retire to it. They are also strongly fortifying Varna, and everything indicates that they do not intend to quit Constantinople, where they are constructing buildings on the most extensive scale and of a very massive nature, which will require years to complete. These structures are intended for defense and protection as well as for accommodations for troops and material. The French will take the lion's share by holding the European coast of Turkey, whilst the English may take the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. England will hereafter regret the alliance with France, as it has not only estranged her from the other great European powers, but has and will injure her greatly in other ways."

"All agree that the Turks are fully convinced that they never again will be the masters of 'Stramboul,' as they call the city of Constantinople. They decidedly would prefer the Russians as rulers, and those returning from thence say they shall not be at all surprised if in the course of a year the Turks should be on the side of Russia and the Allies forced to entrench themselves. The stronghold of the latter will be at Constantinople, which, being open to them on the sea, could never be taken, nor could Kamiesch, and perhaps one or two other points on the Black Sea, which would in like manner be strongly fortified and held by them. Strange results may grow out of this unnatural alliance of France and England with the bitter and eternal enemy of the Christian religion. Every step of it makes it more unpopular, not to mention, under the new system of destroying defenseless trading towns and private property. Of the vessels captured in the Black Sea nine out of ten belonged to the Greeks of Constantinople, Smyrna, or Greece proper, and the Islands. This destruction of Greek property only serves to increase the hatred of that ignorant, sensual, and wildly revengeful people, the (the Greeks) are to a man in favor of Russia. Some French troops, with their officers, recently went in an American clipper from Constantinople, and a colonel told the captain that whilst they were encamped one hundred of his men were taken sick and forty of them died, and that he had no doubt the water had been poisoned by the Greeks. One day they seized on three Greeks in the camp, and on searching them found poison concealed in their clothes, and they were instantly shot."

The French officers assure me that the engineers in the Russian army are equal to any in Europe. Their army in the Crimea is composed of their finest troops and fight with great skill and desperation. Their riflemen are equal to the 'Chasseurs de Vincennes,' and are 'dead shots,' as all admit."

The "London Times" of a little earlier date bears the following testimony as to the condi-

tion and tendency of affairs in the neighborhood of Constantinople:—

"Pera now swarms with the troops of our ally. Even the appellation of the place is changed. It has always been spoken of as the 'Frank' quarter. By an easy transition, the soldiers of Napoleon III. have changed 'Frank' into 'French,' and certainly the new name is not undeserved. Not only have the number of French engaged in commerce increased immensely within the last few years, but the French manners and civilization have overspread the community, so as to have almost changed its character. The French language has entirely replaced the Italian in all commercial and social intercourse. Greek, although it has been much improved and purified since the revolution, and is now essentially the same as the ancient language, is confined to the Greek race. Turkish is every day less essential, since the one thing which the new Turk learns well is to speak French, and in another twenty years the race of Dragomans will be extinct. The armies of France have completed the change which has been in long proceeding. Officers of the various corps, in all the endless diversity of military contingents, are to be constantly passing and repassing with an air, as if they were perfectly at home, and had occupied the country for years. The roads out of Pera are covered with thin lines of wagons, each bearing a little tri-colored flag, or a board with the inscription, 'Armée Française.' The police of the town are French, and the French soldiers walk into St. Sophia without paying 'lacksherees,' and roam through the halls of the Sultan's new palace in their muddy boots, while a Mussulman submissively walks behind with a wet cloth to wipe the polished floor, which the Western warrior has dirtied at every step. Almost every building of consequence in Pera now belongs to them, and they hold the finest site and the largest edifice in Stamboul. They are established in the garden of the old seraglio, and have made a hospital of the Medical School, which stands under the shadow of the dome of St. Sophia. The hills to the north are white with their tents as far as the eye can reach. All the horses in the country are being bought up for their service, and French officers may be seen mounted on Arab and Kurdish steeds, which are very different in appearance from the animals they bestride in their own country. The number of French at present in the neighborhood of the capital does not exceed 14,000; but in two months Napoleon will have nearly 50,000 men in the various positions which his generals have chosen near the city."

"The encampment at Musluk makes great progress. The French have taken possession of one of the apurducks, which they have diverted so as to carry water to their camp. Most of the meadows on the Bosphorus have been taken for their horses; among them the vast plain of Bujukdere, where it is said cavalry will be stationed. In this place was the camp of the Crusaders, under Godfrey de Bouillon, but it is now a marshy plain in summer, so that it is probable it will only be used to pasture the horses. It is shut in by lofty hills, and inhabited only by frogs and nightingales, both of which keep up their concert all night long. The French soldiers will be well acclimatized by their stay on the banks of the Bosphorus, and should late fresh campaigns be sent to the East, the army of reserve will be in fine condition to take the field in the year 1856. The troops are making themselves very comfortable. They are cutting the furze and brushwood in all directions, and piling it to dry; their tents are patterns of cleanliness, and they have three large fresh meat may be heard playing almost every afternoon. The Colombar brought out another very fine band, belonging to the Imperial Guard. It is said to contain a number of musicians of great skill, who were accustomed, at Paris, to play in the orchestra of the Grand Opera. Several of them, however, are to be banished to the desolate East, but the Emperor would hear of no excuse, and the musicians must now content themselves with charming the Perote population during the ensuing summer."

ECCLESIASTICAL PROPERTY IN SPAIN.

ONE of the important signs of the times, is the late act of the Spanish Cortes, for the suppression of monasteries, and the appropriation of the immense amount of church property in the country toward the payment of the heavy national debt, internal improvements, and other public purposes. This, in old Spain, the land of the bloody Inquisition, is a significant fact, and one of the strongest evidences of the day that the system of Popery is losing its hold upon the world. The "Cruader" gives a detailed account of the provisions of the new law, the amount of property to be sold, and the objects to which it is to be applied:—

"The law passed in the Constituent Cortes by a majority of 168 votes against 44, after a prolonged and determined resistance. The Queen for some time withheld her sanction from the bill, until General O'Donnell represented to her in plain and positive terms that a further resistance to this measure would raise the whole nation against the Court, and finally deprive her of the Spanish crown and her daughter of her legitimate succession.

"The law is expected to operate favorably on the general development of agriculture and commerce in Spain, especially if the sale of this immense national property be directed by wise measures of economy and honesty, and its proceeds appropriated to useful objects.

"The property destined by this law for public sale comprises all sorts of real estate, both in cities and in the country, belonging to the State, to the clergy, to the military orders or confraternities of Santiago, Alcantara, Calatrava, Montesa, and St. John of Jerusalem; and likewise all the goods belonging to chapters, abbeys, to the exiled prince Don Carlos, to the communal corporations, to the funds of public instruction and benevolence. Not only are the palaces and buildings now occupied for some public service and public establishments, now exempted from the general sale, but likewise the palaces and dwelling houses, with adjoining gardens, belonging to bishops, parsons and curates, the mines of Almaden, and the lands of public utility.

"The sales are to be made at auction, and ten per cent. to be paid immediately, eight per cent. in each of the two following semesters, nine per cent. in each of the two following years, and six per cent. a year, for ten years, to make up the balance; so that the whole payment shall be made in fifteen different instalments in fourteen years.

"The proceeds of these sales are to cover the deficit of the budget of the State; fifty per cent. of the future instalments to be invested in the amortization of the public debt, and fifty per cent. to be spent in works and undertakings of public utility, and thirty millions of reals to be appropriated to repairs and construction of churches and public edifices.

"The total valuation of the national property to be sold, is seven thousand millions of reals, besides the rents; and, as the real is something like twelve and a half cents of our currency, we have the figure of \$420,000,000.

"The proceeds of this act of legislation will extinguish more than one-half of the public debt of Spain, which, according to Mr. McCulloch, amounts to about seven hundred and twenty millions of dollars. A similar measure, just passed in the Parliament of Sardinia, will be attended with equally beneficial results in that tax-ridden kingdom."

SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH TO EUROPE.

It seems to be a settled thing, beyond a reasonable doubt, that the Old and New Worlds are to be united by the magic telegraph. The merchant of New York will soon be able to communicate with his agent in London, and receive an answer the same hour! The practicability of laying submarine wires across the At-

lantic seems to have been demonstrated by the deep-sea sounding apparatus, invented by passed Midshipman John M. Brooke, of the United States Navy—a son of the late Major-General George M. Brooke. Specimens brought up by this apparatus from the bottom of the ocean, along the track of the proposed telegraphic line, contain the shells of animals invisible to the naked eye, unmixed with sand or any other matter whatever, showing that they must have been deposited in perfectly tranquil water, and consequently that there can be no current in the bottom of the ocean to deflect the submarine wires out of their course.

Two companies are already formed—one having its head-quarters in New York, and the other in London—who have contracted to construct the works, and the companies to act in concert for fifty years.

A submarine cable seventy miles long, is now on its way from England, to connect Cape Breton with Newfoundland, and when this is done, the American connections will be complete, and we shall then receive news from Europe in six days after the steamer has left Liverpool. But the great work will be the Atlantic submarine cable, which is designed to extend through the ocean from Ireland to Newfoundland, a distance of 1,600 miles. The British company has agreed to construct this, and to operate it, in connection with the American company.

It has been estimated the cable wire to cross the Atlantic would weigh thirteen thousand tons, and cost ten millions of dollars. But a late number of the London "Mechanics" Magazine" states that the editor recently saw at the Institute of Civil Engineers, London, a submarine cable for the Atlantic Telegraph Company, which differs from all the other submarine telegraph cables hitherto used. It combines increased conducting powers, with a diminution of weight, so that the entire cable for the Atlantic telegraph may be conveniently carried in one ship. It says the expense of constructing this cable will be but small in comparison with those heretofore laid down.

This project, says the "Scientific American," is a grand one, in the highest sense of the term. The mind almost recoils upon itself in contemplating its effects. Steamboats and railroads have effected social and commercial revolutions among the nations of the earth, but the telegraph is designed to accomplish as great, if not greater changes than any other invention of modern times. Its progress calls forth our admiration, and excites us with astonishment. It is but a little over ten years since the first working telegraph line was erected in our country; now there are more than thirty thousand miles of wires in operation. They extend east, west, south and north, and throbb continually with the impulse of thought. In a few years more, the whole earth will be enlivened with these electric nerves, and the American, Englishman, and Frenchman, will be conversing intelligently with one another, each with his foot on "his own native heath."

We obtain from an article in the "Evening Post" some interesting information concerning the plans and operations of these Atlantic telegraph companies. The "Post" also gives a particular description of a submarine telegraph

cable manufactured in London. This cable is about one inch and a half in diameter, and contains six communicating copper wires—copper, of all metals, having the greatest capacity for conducting the electric current.

The method of constructing this cable has been described to the "Post" as follows: "In the first place, each communicating wire is regularly and perfectly insulated in gutta serena, making it, when thus covered, about one-quarter of an inch in diameter; the six insulated wires are then placed in a circular form, around a tarred hempen cord, and the spaces between them filled up with layers of the same material; after which, strands, likewise of tarred hemp, are bound firmly around the whole, and afterward, strong iron wires, of about the same diameter as the communicating wires when insulated, are wound spirally around, and the cable is completed. The reason of the use of tar is that it gives durability; as tar, in connection with iron, has been found to act as a great preservative to the cable when immersed in salt water." It is a cable of this description which the Transatlantic Submarine Telegraph Company propose to lay down to bring the eastern and western continents into telegraphic intercourse.

We have had occasion heretofore to refer to this company, and our readers may perhaps recollect we stated that they had obtained from the Danish Government an exclusive privilege, for one hundred years, of the right to establish telegraphic communication across Greenland, Iceland and the Faroe Islands, with the view of adopting this route in laying down the submarine cable, as it had not been shown satisfactorily that it was practicable to transmit electricity sufficient for telegraphic purposes through so great a length of cable—about two thousand miles—as would be required in running direct from Newfoundland to Ireland; whereas, by starting from the coast of Labrador, thence by way of Greenland, Iceland, and the Faroe Islands, to the north of Scotland, or to Norway, there would be no distance from land to land requiring a cable of more than five hundred miles—a length which has been demonstrated beyond question to be perfectly feasible for telegraphic operations.

We are informed, however, that the company have not yet decided definitely which of the two routes to adopt, but await the results of extensive experiments and investigations now being made in this country and Europe, which will govern the decision as to which route, under all the circumstances, will be best. As soon as this shall have been determined immediate steps befitting the magnitude of the enterprise will be taken, and the work prosecuted to secure a successful termination by the early part of 1858.

In connection with the Transatlantic Company, though possessing a separate and distinct organization, is the New York, Newfoundland, and London Telegraph Company, engaged in constructing a line of telegraph from St. Johns across to Newfoundland, the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Cape Breton, to connect with the Nova Scotia and State of Maine lines to New York. This company confidently expect to have their line completed and in working order in August or September, this year.

POST OFFICE FAULTS AND FRAUDS.

There are increasing complaints of late throughout the country of gross carelessness and frauds connected with the United States mails. This is a matter which concerns the whole people more than almost anything else under the direction of the government; and, therefore, deserves the most serious attention, both from the government and the people. We are inclined to think we are far behind England in the efficiency, reliability, and economy of our post office arrangements. There is no reason why it should be so, and if the government cannot remedy the evils, let the whole business go into the hands of private enterprise; and then the interest of the operators will lead them to make their services as useful as possible to the public, in order to secure the largest amount of patronage. Then care would be taken to employ capable and reliable persons in every branch of the department. Violation of letters and robbery of mails would then be of rare occurrence. We should not then hear of large sums of money and valuable papers being swept out of the post offices and sold by the pound, with old newspapers, to the paper mills. Complaints of this kind have recently become so numerous, and of such magnitude, as to be rather startling, and very much to impair the usefulness of this important branch of the public service. And one of the worst features of the matter is, that government agents are said to have violated private correspondence, as a means of detecting theft and fraud. It is also said that the government of the department has "winked" at this violation of private correspondence. If so, they should be winked out of office the first moment the people have an opportunity to act in the matter. It is a dangerous precedent, that should not be tolerated for moment. As an illustration of the loose and careless manner in which post office affairs are sometimes looked after, we give an instance or two, related in the "Baltimore American," an old and reliable paper:—

"We learn that Mr. Daniel B. Wilhelm, a most worthy gentleman, well known in Baltimore, who keeps a paper mill near Uniontown, in Baltimore county, last November purchased in Baltimore a parcel of old waste paper, which he sent to his mill to be worked over in the manufacture of wrapping paper. Shortly after receiving it, one of his hands found a letter among the paper containing \$25 in bank notes, but the letter was destroyed by the person finding it, and the money handed over to Mr. Wilhelm. Shortly after this, Mr. Wilhelm having given orders that all sealing wax should be torn off of the old newspaper packages, etc., before they were thrown into the mill, as such substances were likely to injure the machinery, his foreman was tearing off the wax adhering to the paper, and came across a number of newspaper packages, which were torn open and thrown in to be ground into pulp. Finally, a package was torn open, and the wrapper thrown in, and with it a check for \$10,000, which was supposed to be a cancelled one, many such having been found among the old paper. On further unrolling the package, a large number of bank bills were found in the interior wrapper on various banks, some of them one's, two's, and five's, to the amount of \$434. On finding these notes, the check accompanying them and the wrapper had both disappeared in

the mill, and no clue could be discovered as to whom they belonged. Mr. Wilhelm, to whom the money was all promptly handed by the foreman, immediately came to the city in November last, and advertised in two papers the fact that he had found such sums of money among some waste paper, and calling on the owners to come forward and prove their property. This money has since been claimed by the special post-office agent, Mr. Maguire, who asserts that the letters or packages containing them were missing from the Baltimore post office, and that the waste paper purchased doubtless came from that quarter. Mr. Wilhelm, we learn, gave up the \$25 on the production of a letter from a lady addressed to Mr. Maguire, who stated that she had mailed such an amount to this city, which had never reached its destination. Ho ha, we learn, also given up a portion of the \$434 to Mr. Maguire, who asserts he has found the owner, but declines giving up the balance to him until the ownership of it is more satisfactorily proven."

THE NEW DISCOVERY IN MEDICAL ELECTRICITY.

In the last number of this magazine, we gave some account of a discovery lately made in Paris, by which mercury and other metallic substances which have been absorbed into the human system, causing severe disease, and not unfrequently death, could be extracted from the system by means of the electro-galvanic battery. In publishing the account, we urged its importance upon the attention of the medical profession. We are glad to find that the experiment has been tried in Ohio, and found successful. Why do we not hear something on the subject from the medical faculty in this great metropolis, where hundreds of patients are suffering from these hitherto incurable maladies? The case to which we refer, is related by the Columbus, Ohio, "State Journal," as follows:—

"Having heard a rumor on the street, that mercury had been extracted from the body of a sick man, in the form of quicksilver, and being anxious to witness such an experiment, we accompanied Dr. Youmans and Seltzer, the operators, yesterday, for the purpose of judging for ourselves of the truth of the statement.

"We found Mr. Jacob Hymrod, the patient, living in the south part of the city, who has been afflicted with the chronic rheumatism for the last ten years, lying upon the bed in an enfeebled state, who told us that he had heretofore tried every kind of medical treatment without success. He had swallowed during his sickness vast quantities of mercury, in the shape of calomel and blue pills, from the effects of which he had nearly lost the use of his limbs. He showed us a globe of quicksilver larger than a good sized pea, which, he said, had been gathered from the bottom of the electric bath in which he had been placed.

"He had been seated upon a metallic stool in an insulated zinc bath, well coated with paint, and his feet immersed in acidulated water. The galvanic battery was then applied, the positive pole being in the hands of the patient, the negative pole being in the bath. It is claimed that the power of the electricity upon the system is such as to eradicate every metallic substance, and by means of the wire, it is deposited in the bottom of the tub. It requires some twenty-four hours for the globules to collect themselves, so as to be perceptible to

the naked eye, when they may be seen by thousands clinging to the sides and bottom of the bath. We were informed by the doctors, that three drachms of quicksilver had already been taken from the patient, who, together with his friends and relatives present, confirmed the statement."

Correspondence.

(Is the last number of the magazine we published a description of Rio de Janeiro, furnished by a friend when we styled it "young salt," lately returned from Europe and South America. The following communication is from the same source:—)

BUENOS AYRES.

We anchored in the outer roads of Buenos Ayres, at 3 P.M., Saturday afternoon, and, as we had a clean bill of health, signed by the consul at Liverpool, we, of course, arrayed ourselves in best bib and tucker, and made all ready for going ashore.

"Stand by with a line for this boat," orders the mate; and, upon looking over the side, I see that we are at last visited by the custom-house boats, or, rather, the guard-ship's boats. They examine our papers, read the bill of health, and "quarantine" us!

We are distant from the city about six miles, but it has a very fine appearance, and the principal buildings appear to be built of marble. As the sun goes down on a fine day, and gilds the domes and spires of the different churches, the effect is wonderfully beautiful. Add to that the tones of the distant bells and the sighing of the wind through the ship's rigging, and I need not attempt to describe the evening as mournfully beautiful, for any one of an imaginative mind will readily feel that it must be so, at least to one whose home was far away.

On Monday morning we were released from the quarantine, and started for the shore. We run in quite near to the landing place, and then got into a cart drawn by two horses. The driver wears quite an oriental dress, and rides in what I may call quite a classic attitude, that is, half kneeling on the horse's back. It looked so different from other countries I had visited, that I was really delighted, and was forming air castles in my mind after the fashion of the "Arabian Nights," when the cart was backed up to the landing, and we stepped out. But my visions of orientalism were dispelled in a moment, for we were met by a tall, lanky Scotchman, and a jolly red-faced Englishman, who showed the way to the consignee's office. I found office and dwelling house in the same building, which, however, did not surprise me, for the same thing is customary in many other places. One thing I was much pleased to see, that is, that many of the clerks live with their employer, sit at his table, and are like a part of his family. Such usage is a great help to a young man starting in life, for he takes at once a position as a gentleman, and, does not feel that he is looked down upon by his employer, which is too often the case in both the United States and England.

The city is finely laid out, the streets running at right angles, and generally of a fair width for a Spanish city. The houses are mostly of one story in height, and opening on a court which connects with the street, by an arched entrance. The city abounds in churches

many of which are very gorgeously fitted up with paintings, altars richly carved, and images. The Church of St. Francis and the cathedral are the finest. The latter is on one side of the Grand Plaza, and has a very grand appearance. The steps are of a very beautiful marble, but the rest of the building is of bricks, with a coating of plaster, which, at a distance, looks very handsome.

The Plaza is very large, and in its center stands a monument of plain, but chaste architecture, which was erected by the foreign residents in memory of the foreigners killed during the siege and taking of the city by General Urquiza.

On one side of the Plaza is the "police station," and on the other sides are stores.

Early in the morning, the Plaza presents quite a curious appearance, for the vendors of milk have to go to the police station to have the milk examined—which, by the way, I think would be a capital regulation for some of our home cities, where the milk is so outrageously adulterated. Milk is carried in cans, lashed on the backs of donkeys or horses.

The market on Sunday morning presents a very busy appearance, and is very generally well supplied with meats, vegetables, fish, and, very often, game. The fish are somewhat similar to our smelt, and are of a fine flavor. The Buenos Ayrians can live well, for the soil is rich, and capable of growing almost everything. But men are afraid to go largely into agriculture, for no sooner do they get fairly under way, than a revolution breaks out, and they are robbed, their flocks and cattle destroyed, and their little Eden changed to one man of ruins. If they resist, they are, of course, cut down. When peace is restored, if they demand reparation, they are told they must await the action of the governor, and, as the governor never takes a second thought of the matter, of course the poor farmer has to bear the injustice, and go to work again, though it may take years to repair the desolation made in less than a week. Mr. C., a Scotchman, one of the oldest farmers, told me that during the troubles, some years ago, the soldiers killed cattle for the love of murder, eating only the choicest parts; and that during the war such an immense number were killed that the country has never recovered from its state.

Horses are very numerous, and worth, on an average about five to fifteen Spanish dollars. Yet I have seen splendid horses bring seventy-five to eighty Spanish dollars. They do not possess the speed of English and North American horses, yet they will travel a long distance, keeping in a gallop the whole way.

The country is well adapted to riding, for it is as level as the ocean (a rising of about ten or fifteen feet is considered a hill in Buenos Ayres). When I have been riding in the country, and looking for some house said to be situated on a hill, I often had to look attentively to be convinced it was not a valley.

The English merchants, or residents, have introduced horse-racing in the European or English style, and annually two days are set apart for the sport. The course is some three or four leagues from the city, and while the sport continues, the city seems quite deserted. The

grand stand on the course is one blaze of beauty, for here it is fashionable for ladies to go, and I must say that Buenos Ayres is a rival, even to far-famed Peru, in the beauty of the fair sex.

The natives are splendid horsemen, sitting their horses with an ease and grace seldom witnessed either in England or the States. Some of the wealthy ones expend large sums of money on their horses and trappings. For instance, I have seen a man riding, dressed in the picturesque costume worn by the natives—his spurs of pure silver, the bridle of silver-links, the bits of silver, and his saddle cloth handsomely trimmed with scales of silver. I offered a man twenty Spanish dollars for a whip which he carried, but he would not sell it short of thirty dollars; the handle was of heavy silver, and the lash was a curious braid, some two inches wide.

About two and a half miles from the city is a fine looking building, which was formerly the palace of Rosas. For nearly a mile in the vicinity of the palace is one of the finest roads I have ever seen. It is almost as hard as stone. On one side runs a small canal, which opposite the palace spreads out, forming quite a pretty little basin. When Rosas was governor he had pretty boats in it, and one or two it is said were propelled by very small steam engines. The boats are now falling to pieces, and even the palace commences to show evidences of neglect and decay. A beautiful road leads through the palace grounds to an old ship, which drove ashore some fifteen or twenty years ago during a very heavy gale of wind. She is raised on an even keel, and her two anchors are still in the position as when she drove. The distance from the river is nearly half a mile. Rosas had her hold and cabin handsomely fitted up with mirrors, etc., and used her as a ball room. Her deck made a very pretty promenade; but she is now fast falling to decay—her glory has passed. Weeping willows have grown up around her, and seem in their silent language to mourn the fate of the poor vessel.

While riding a short distance from the palace a large wall attracted my attention. Upon looking over it I saw signs of departed beauty. Yes, this has been a beautiful garden. You arbor once sheltered the noblest hearts of Buenos Ayres. That heap of rubbish was once a fountain throwing its sparkling water high in the air. Ruins, oh, ruins, why need ye take the place of life and beauty? Ye are sad monuments in a country, looking mournfully to the past.

This garden was once the property of "Manuelita," the noble and much loved daughter of Rosas. All that now remains of Manuelita, in Buenos Ayres, is her name, deeply cherished in the hearts of some, and her loved retreat in ruins.

Rosas ruled with a rod of iron; but Manuelita ruled the heart of her father. During the latter part of his rule he did not dare to eat food, unless dressed by his daughter, for attempts were repeatedly made to poison him. He was severe, but the people needed severity. He established schools, and tried to bring his people to a higher state of civilization. Then a man could travel fifty leagues in the country without fear of being robbed; but now, mark the change—as I was riding one evening about

9 o'clock, at a distance of about three leagues from the city, I was fired at, the ball passing near my head. Being unarmed, I of course retreated on my way to the city as fast as my already tired horse would carry me.

Buenos Ayres expelled the tyrant; but a greater tyrant than Rosas is fast binding the people with heavy chains; and this tyrant is ignorance, and he is of a barbarian family; therefore, Buenos Ayres, beware! or you will sink to oblivion, and your commerce will be destroyed.

The religion is Roman Catholic, but the people, as a whole, are not religious, though of course there are many exceptions. Enter a church at any time, and you will generally find some one in deep prayer. I visited the church of "Ave Maria" one afternoon, and found myself near a young girl of about sixteen, who was wrapt in prayer. I turned away to the other side of the church, and there again was an old man of some seventy years, his silver locks hanging in broken waves on his shoulders, his hands outstretched, and his eyes raised heavenward. He heard me not; so, after bending my knee in reverence to the spirit of the Most High, which I felt was filling that temple with dove-like peace, I departed. But long shall I remember the scene—that young girl, with a long journey before her, just in the bright morning of life, and that old man praying to the Almighty to receive him, at the close of his long pilgrimage.

There are two Protestant churches, one supported by the English residents, and the other by the Americans.

The present governor was formerly a lawyer, but he was not a brilliant one, and, as a governor, he is far less brilliant than his lumbering coach. He is a short, thick man, of a very dark complexion, and pinched up face, and never rides out unless accompanied by his body guard, which consists of three soldiers armed with carbines and swords. There is a guard stationed in the fort in the city, but the principal barracks are about a mile from the city, where there are quite a large number of troops. The regular cavalry presents rather a fine appearance, for the men are beautiful riders, and dressed in quite a fancy uniform.

If the people would be true to themselves, true to their country, they might become great and prosperous; but while, instead of the holy principles of liberty, they think only of self-aggrandizement, "Buenos Ayres, the fair flower of the South," must be the theater of insignificant operations, carried on by an insignificant people.

The foreign residents are generally smart, and we find among them some active and able men. It is they who keep up the commercial importance of the place.

Here we see vessels from all parts of the world, and in considerable numbers; but if we ask who is the consignee of this or that, we shall be answered nine times out of ten, the name of some foreigner; very probably an Englishman or German.

The name "Buenos Ayres," meaning "good air," is well applied, for it is one of the healthiest places in the world; and though I find fault with many things, I must say that I like Buenos Ayres.



FOURTH OF JULY AND WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

On the afternoon of the third of July, as we were passing Tompkins Market at the junction of the Bowery and Third Avenue, a temporary stand erected on the side-walk, and kept by a woman, attracted our attention. The principal article for sale appeared to be "fire works," which were piled upon the table in great variety and profusion. At the end of the stand, upon an upright board, nearly as large as the table itself, was the following inscription in a bold hand and very large letters—"Hurrah for the Fourth! Look here for your fireworks; and burst the Maine Law!"

After the hurly-burly of the Fourth was over, we were sitting quietly in the sanctum editorial on the fifth, musing upon the incident we have mentioned above, and wondering how the good woman succeeded in bursting the Maine Law, when our young friend, Democritus, Jr., came in, and, contrary to his usual custom, deliberately took a seat without being asked. At first we were about to give him a look of rebuke for the liberty he took, but he set himself back in the chair and looked so independent, it quite disarmed us, and made us feel the force of the declaration that "all men are born free and equal."

Relaxing our mood, and pursuing in some sort the train of thought that had been interrupted, we turned to our young philosopher, and said—

"Well, Democritus, your connection with the UNITED STATES MAGAZINE renders it proper that you should define your position on one more point. Are you, or are you not, in favor of woman's rights? I expect you to answer that question, point blank."

"Yes, sir—; I ain't in favor of nothin' else," said Democritus, with an emphasis that would have done credit to a tragedian.

"Well, how do you define woman's rights?"

"What do you think a woman has a right to do?"

"Anything under the blessed heavens, that she's a mind to, and more to, if she wants to."

"Well, that's going it pretty strong, Democritus. How long is it since you have been such a rabid woman's rights man?"

"Ever since yesterday," said Democritus.

"Oh, then you are quite a new convert; that accounts for your zeal. New converts are always the most earnest in any cause. But what turned your head yesterday?"

"Twas that tarnal pretty Mrs. Captain Huggins, Grand Field-Marshal of the Fourth of July, over there in Woman's Rights Dale, yesterday. I heard they was going to have a good time over there, so I took the cars and went out; and I never begrudged it a moment. 'Twas a capital sight. I got to Billy Huggins' just as the Grand Marshal, all dressed up in her military uniform, and her rich furbelows, and her spurs, and her cocked hat and tassels, was mounted on her princin' horse, and ready to go to the parade ground. She was so mortal handsome, I didn't know her, though I had seen her a thousand times. I touched Billy Huggins' elbow, and asked him who that grand lookin' officer was?"

"That," said Billy; "why, don't you know? That's Mrs. Huggins; that's my wife."

"You don't say so," says I. "What tarnation is she goin' to do in that dress?"

"Why, she's Grand Marshal of the Fourth of July celebration," said Billy, "and is going to head the procession."

"But how come she to be Marshal?" says I.

"She was voted in," says he. "The people of Woman's Right's Dale held a grand caucus to make arrangements to celebrate the Fourth, and the women was all there and took part; and there was a good many more women than there was men, and they was bound to assert

their rights, and my wife was the largest and handsomest woman among 'em. So they all voted for her to be Grand Marshal, and carried her in, handsomely."

When the Grand Marshal was mounted on horse-back, and all ready to start, she reined up before the house, and one of her aids held the horse's head to keep him from prancing, and two more was keepin' sentry before the house, and the children was standin' round lookin' on, and she told 'em to call Billy Huggins to the door—she wanted to speak to him. So Billy Huggins came out on the steps, with the baby, little Billy, in his arms.

"Now, Huggins, dear," said the Grand Marshal, "I'm going to the parade ground, and I want you to take good care of the children, and be kind to 'em. And if little Billy should worry, give him some milk out of the nussin' bottle. And if little Sally should be sleepy before I come home to-night, put her to bed; you'll find her night-gown in the upper draw. As for me, I want to see the procession, you can take the baby, and take the children, and go to the parade ground, and I've agreed with Mrs. Wilkins that you and the children set on her back and ride there you can see the whole parade from the top. And now, Huggins, don't be no awkward of yourself, and look as if you never see anything before. And mind and see that all things all right when I come home to-night."

When the Grand Marshal had finished this talk to Billy Huggins, she wheeled round, and rode to the parade ground in grand style. While she was lookin' in all her regimentals and fine dress, she looked so almighty handsome, and so grand, it looked so affectin', I set down to draw the whole scene, and when I was all out, and had it engraved for my paper, I called it 'Huggins; 'cause I knew you'd foot the bill for what I would.



SEPTEMBER

United States Magazine.

Vol. II.].....SEPTEMBER, 1855.....[No. 4.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.



Canto Third.

I.

N D said I that my limbs were old,
And said I that my blood was cold,
And that my kindly fire was fled,
And my poor wither'd heart was dead,
And that I might not sing of love!—
How could I to the dearest theme,
That ever warm'd a minstrel's dream,
So foul, so false a recant prove!
How could I name love's very name,
Nor wake my heart to notes of flame!

II.

In peace, love tames the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

III.

So thought Lord Cranstoun, as I ween,
While pondering deep the tender scene,
He rode through Brankome's hawthorn green.
But the page shouted wild and shrill,
And scarce his helmet could he don,
When downward from the shady hill
A stately knight came pricking on.
That warrior's steed, so dapple-gray,
Was dark with sweat, and splash'd with clay;
His armor red with many a stain;
He seem'd in such a weary plight,
As if he had ridden the live-long night;
For it was William of Deloraine.

IV.

But no whit weary did he seem,
When, dancing in the sunny beam,
He mark'd the crane on the Baron's crest;
For his ready spear was in his rest,
Few were the words, and stern and high,
That mark'd the foemen's feudal hate:
For question fierce, and proud reply,
Gave signal soon of dire debate.
Their very couriers seem'd to know
That each was other's mortal foe,
And smother'd fire, when wheel'd around,
To give each knight his vantage-ground.

V.

In rapid round the Baron bent;
He sigh'd a sigh, and pray'd a prayer;
The prayer was to his patron saint,
The sigh was to his lady fair.
Stout Deloraine nor sigh'd nor pray'd,
Nor saint nor lady call'd to aid;
But he stoop'd his head, and couch'd his spear,
And spur'd his steed to full career.
The meeting of these champions proud
Seem'd like the bursting thunder-cloud.

VI.

Stern was the dint the Borderer lent;
The stately Baron backwards bent;
Bent backwards to his horse's tail,
And his plumes went scattering on the gale;
The tough ash spear, so stout and true,
Into a thousand flinders flew.



But Cranstoun's lances, of more avail,
Pierced through, like silk, the Borderer's mail;
Through shield, and jack, and action, past,
Deep in his bosom broke at last.—
Still ate the warrior saddle-fast,
Till, stumbling in the mortal shock,
Down went the steed, the girthing broke,
Hurl'd on a heap lay man and horse.
The Baron onward pass'd his course;
Nor knew—so giddy roll'd his brain—
His foe lay stretched upon the plain.

VII.

But when he rein'd his courser round,
And saw his foe man on the ground,
Lie senseless as the bloody clay,
He bade his page to stanch the wound.
And there beside the warrior stay,
And tend him in his doubtful state,
And lead him to Branksome castle-gate;
His noble mind was injur'd moved
For the kinsman of the maid he loved.
"This shalt thou do without delay:
No longer here myself may stay;
Unless the swifter I speed away,
Short shrift will be at my dying day."

VIII.

Away in speed Lord Cranstoun rode;
The Goblin Page behind abode;
His lord's command he ne'er withstood,
Though small his pleasure to do good.
As the corselet off he took,
The Dwarf espied the mighty Book!
Much he marvel'd a knight of pride,
Like a book-bosom'd priest should ride.
He thought not to search or stanch the wound,
Until the secret he had found.

IX.

The iron band, the iron clasp,
Resisted long the elfin grasp:
For when the first he had undone,
It closed as he the next began.
Those iron clasps, that iron band,
Would not yield to unchristen'd hand,
Till he smear'd the cover o'er
With the Borderer's curdled gore;
A moment then the volume spread,
And one short spell therein he read,
It had much of glamour's might,

Could make a lady seem a knight;
The cobwebs on a dungeon wall
Seem tapestry in lordly hall;
A nut-shell seem a gilded barge,
A sheeling seem a palace large,
And youth seem age, and age seem youth—
All was delusion, nought was truth.

X.

He had not read another spell,
When on his cheek a buffet fell,
So fierce, it stretch'd him on the plain,
Beside the wounded Deloraine.
From the ground he rose dismay'd,
And shook his huge and matted head;
One word he mutter'd, and no more,
"Man of age, thou smitest sore!"
No more the Elf's Page durst try
Into the wondrous Book to pry;
The clasps, though smear'd with Christian
gore,
Shut faster than they were before.
He hid it underneath his cloak—
Now, if you ask who gave the stroke,
I cannot tell, so not I thrive;
It was not given by man alive.

XI.

Unwillingly himself he address'd,
To do his master's high behest:
He lifted up the living corse,
And laid it on the weary horse;

Even to the Lady's secret bower;
And, but that stronger spells were spread,
And the door might not be opened,
He had laid him on her very bed.
Whate'er he did of gramarye,
Was always done maliciously;
He flung the warrior on the ground,
And the blood well'd freshly from the wound.

XII.

As he repass'd the outer court,
He spied the fair young child at sport:
He thought to train him to the wood;
For, at a word, he it understood,
He was always for ill, and never for good.
Seem'd to the boy, some comrade gay
Led him forth to the woods to play;
On the drawbridge the warders stout
Saw a terrier and lurcher passing out.

XIII.

He led the boy o'er bank and fell,
Until they came to a woodland brook;
The running stream dissolved the spell,
And his own elvish shape he took.
Could he have had his pleasure vild,
He had crippled the joints of the noble child;
Or, with his fingers long and lean,
Had strangled him in fiendish spleen:
But his awful mother he had in dread,
And also his power was limited;
So he but scowled on the startled child,
And darted through the forest wild;
The woodland brook he bounding cross'd,
And laugh'd, and shouted, "Lost! lost! lost!"

XIV.

Fall sore amazed at the wondrous change,
And frighten'd as a child might be,
At the wild yell and visage strange,
And the dark words of gramarye,
The child, amidst the forest bower,
Stood rooted like a lily flower;
And when at length, with trembling pace,
He sought to find where Branksome lay,
He fear'd to see that grizzly face
Glare from some thicket on his way.
Thus, starting off, he journey'd on,
And deeper in the wood he gone,—



He led him into Branksome Hall,
Before the beards of the warders all;
And each did after swear and say,
There only pass'd a wain of hay.
He took him to Lord David's tower,

For aye the more he sought his way.
The further still he went astray,—
Until he heard the mountains round
Ring to the baying of a hound.



XV.

And hark ! and hark ! the deep-mouth'd bark
Comes nigher still, and nigher :
Bursts on the path a dark blood-bond,
His tawny muzzle track'd the ground,
And his red eye shot fire.

Soon as the wilder'd child saw he,
He flew at him right furiously.
I ween you would have seen with joy
The bearing of the gallant boy,
When, worthy of its noble sire,
His wet cheek glow'd 'twixt fear and ire !
He faced the blood-hound manfully,
And held his little bat on high ;
So fierce he struck, the dog afraid,
At cautious distance hoarsely bay'd.

But still in act to spring ;
When dash'd an archer through the glade,
And when he saw the hound was stay'd,
He drew his tough bow-string ;
But a rough voice cried, " Shoot, not boy !
Ho ! shoot not, Edward— 'Tis a boy ! "

XVI.

The speaker leaped from the wood,
And check'd his fellow's surly mood,
And quell'd the ban-dog's ire :
He was an English yeoman good,
And born in Lancashire.
Well could he hit a fallow-deer
Five hundred feet him fro ;
With hand more true, and eye more clear,
No archer bended bow.
His coal-black hair, shorn round and close,
Set off his sun-burn'd face ;
Old England's sign, St. George's cross,
His barret-cap did grace ;
His bugle-born hung by his side,
All in a wolf-skin baldric tied ;
And his short falchion, sharp and clear,
Had pierc'd the throat of many a deer.

XVII.

His kirtle, made of forest green,
Beach'd scantily to his knee ;
And, at his belt, of arrows keen
A furbish'd sheaf bore he ;
His buckler scarce in breadth a span.

No larger fence had he ;
He never counted him a man,
Would strike below the knee ?
His slacken'd bow was in his hand,
And the leash, that was his blood-hound's band.

XVIII.

He would not do the fair child harm,
But held him with his powerful arm.
That he might neither fight nor see ;
For when the Red-Cross spied he,
The boy strove long and violently.
" Now, by St. George," the archer cries,
" Edward, methinks we have a prize !
This boy's fair face, and courage free
Show he is come of high degree. "



XIX.

" Yes ! I am come of high degree,
For I am the heir of bold Buccleuch ;
And if thou dost not set me free,
False Southron, thou shalt dearly rue !
For Walter of Harden shall come with speed,
And William of Deloraine, good at need.

And every Scott, from Esk to Tweed.
And if thou dost not let me go,
Despite thy arrows and thy bow,
I'll have thee hang'd to feed the crow ! "

XX.

" Gramercy for thy good-will, fair boy !
My mind was never set so high ;
But if thou art chief of such a clan,
And art the son of such a man,
And ever comest to thy command,

Our wardens had need to keep good order ;
My bow of yew to a hazel wand,
Thou wilt make them work upon the Border.
Meantime, be pleased to come with me,
For good Lord Dacre shalt thou see ;
I think our work is well begun,
When we have taken thy father's son.

XXI.

Although the child was led away,
In Branksome still he seem'd to stay,
For so the Dwarf his part did play ;
And, in the shape of that young boy,
He wrought the castle much annoy,
The comrades of the young Buccleuch
He pinch'd, and beat, and overthrew ;
Nay, some of them he wellnigh slew.
He tore Dame Maudlin's silken tire,
And as Sym Hall stood by the fire,
He lighted the match of his bandelier,*
And wofully scorch'd the hackbutier.*
It may be hardly thought or said,
The mischief that the urchin made,
Till many of the castle guess'd,
That the young Baron was possessed.

XXII.

Well I ween the charm he held,
The noble Ladye had soon dispell'd ;
But she was deeply busied then
To tend the wounded Deloraine.
Much she wonder'd to find him lie,

On the stone threshold stretch'd along ;
She thought some spirit of the sky
Had done the bold mow-trooper wrong ;
Because, despite her precept dread,
Perchance he in the Book had read ;
But the broken lance in his bosom stood,
And it was earthly steel and wood.



XXIII.

She drew the splinter from the wound.
And with a charm she stanch'd the blood ;¹³
She bade the gash be cleansed and bound ;
No longer by his couch she stood ;
But she has ta'en the broken lance,
And wash'd it from the clotted gore,
And salved the splinter o'er and o'er.
William of Deloraine, in trance,
Whene'er she turned it round and round,
Twisted as if she gall'd his wound.
Then to her maidens she did say,
That he should be whole man and sound.
Within the course of a night and day.
Full long she toll'd ; for she did rue
Mishap to friend so stout and true.

XXIV.¹⁴

So pass'd the day—the evening fell.
'T was near the time of curfew bell ;
The air was mild, the wind was calm ;
The stream was smooth, the dew was balm ;
E'en the rude watchman, on the tower,
Enjoy'd and bless'd the lovely hour.
Far more fair Margaret loved and bless'd
The hour of silence and of rest.
On the high turret sitting lone,
She waked at times the lute's soft tone ;
Touch'd a wild note, and all between
Thought of the bower of hawthorns green.
Her golden hair stream'd free from band,
Her fair cheek rested on her hand,
Her blue eyes sought the west afar,
For lovers love the western star.

XXV.

Is yon the star, o'er Penchryst Pen,
That rises slowly to her ken,
And, spreading broad its wavering light,
Shakes its loose tresses on the night ?
Is yon red glare the western star ?—
O, 'tis the beacon-blaze of war !
Scarce could she draw her tighten'd breath,
For well she knew the fire of death !

XXVI.

The Warder view'd it blazing strong,
And blew his war-note loud and long,
Till, at the high and haughty sound,
Rock, wood, and river rung around.
The blast alarm'd the festal hall,
And startled forth the warriors all ;
Far downward, in the castle-yard,
Full many a torch and crescent glared ;
And helms and plumes, confusedly toss'd,
Were in the blaze half-seen, half-lost ;
And spears in wild disorder shook.
Like reeds beside a frozen brook.

And three are kindling on Priesthaughwire ;
Ride out, ride out,
The foe to scout !
Mount, mount on Brankome,¹⁵ every man !
Thou, Todrig, warn the Johnstone clan,
That ever are true and stout—
Ye need not send to Liddedale ;
For when they see the blazing bale,
Elliot and Armstrongs never fail.—
Ride, Alton, ride, for death and life !
And warn the Warder of the strife.
Young Gilbert, let our beacon blaze,
Our kin, and clan, and friends to raise."

XXVIII.

Fair Margaret, from the turret head,
Heard, far below, the coursers' tread,
While loud the harness rung,
As to their seats, with clamor dread,
The ready horsemen sprang :
And trampling hoofs, and iron coats,
And leaders' voices, mingled notes,
And out ! and out !
In hasty route,
The horsemen gallop'd forth :
Dispersing to the south to scout,
And east, and west, and north,
To view their coming enemies,
And warn their vassals and allies.

XXIX.

The ready page with hurried hand,¹⁶
Awaked the need-fires' slumbering brand,
And ruddy blush'd the heaven :
For a sheet of flame from the turret high,
Waved like a blood-flag on the sky,
All daring and unreen ;
And soon a score of fires, I ween,
From height, and hill, and cliff, were seen ;
Each with warlike tidings fraught ;
Each from each the signal caught ;
Each after each they glanced to sight,



XXVII.

The Seneschal, whose silver hair
Was reddened by the torches' glare,
Stood in the midst, with gesture proud,
And issued forth his mandates loud :—
" On Penchryst glows a bale¹⁷ of fire.

As stars arise upon the night.
They glanced on many a dusky tarn,¹⁸
Hunted by the lonely earn ;¹⁹
On many a cairn's²⁰ gray pyramid,
Where urns of mighty chiefs lie hid ;
Till high Dunedin the flames saw.



From Soltra and Dumpender Law ;
And Lothian heard the Regent's order,
That all should bowne²⁹ them for the Border.

XXX

The livelong night in Branksome rang
The ceaseless sound of steel;
The castle-bell, with backward clang,
Sent forth the larum peal;
Was frequent heard the heavy jar,
Where massy stone and iron bar
Were piled on echoing keep and tower,
To whelm the foe with deadly shower;
Was frequent heard the changing guard,
And watchword from the sleepless ward:
While, wearied by the endless din,
Blood-hound and ban-dog yell'd within

XXVI

The noble Dame, amid the broul,
Shared the gray Seneschal's high toil.
And spoke of danger with a smile;
Cheer'd the young knights, and council sage
Held with the chief, of ripest age.
No tidings of the host were brought,
Nor of his numbers knew they aught,
Nor what in time of truce he sought.
Some said that there were thousands ten;
And others said that it was nought
But Leven Chans, or Tynedale men.
Who came to gather in black-mail,*
And Liddesdale, with small avail,
Might drive them lightly back again.
So pass'd the anxious night away,
And welcome was the peen of day.

CEASED the high sound—the listening throng
 Applaud the Master of the Song ;
 And marvel much, in helpless age,
 So hard should be his pilgrimage.
 He had no friend—no daughter dear,
 His wandering toil to share and cheer ;
 No son to be his father's stay,
 And guide him on the rugged way ?
 "Ay, once he had—but he was dead !"—
 Upon the harp he stood'd his head.

And busied himself the strings withal,
To hide the tear that fain would fall.
In solemn measure, soft and slow,
Arose a father's notes of woe!

(1.) The erect of the Cranscombe, in allusion to their name, is a ewne dormant, holding a stone in his foot, with an emphatic border motto, *Thou shalt wound ere I wound.*

(2.) At Unthank, two miles N.E. from the church (of which there are the ruins of a chapel for divine service, in time of Popery), is a tradition, that all sinners were to come from Melrose, or Jetherburgh, to baptise and marry in this parish: and from being in use to carry the sinners in their bosoms, they were called by the inhabitants, *the sinners' backs.* There is a tradition, that I knew old men who had been baptised by those Books-bosoms, and who says one of them, called *Har,* used this parish for a very long time.—*Account of Parish of Ebor.*

(3.) Magical delusion.

(4) A shepherd's hut

(3.) **Magie.**

(6.) It is a firm article of popular faith, that no enclanchment can subsist in a living stream. Nay, if one could interpose a break betwixt you and whelphes, apertures or even friends, you are in perfect safety. Burns' salmish tale Tam o' Shanter turns entirely upon such a dream.

(7.) The great secret of life is the art of antiquity. Brompton informs us that certain Irish gentlemen have been known to convert carbon clods, or stoves, into fat pigs, which they sold in the market; but which always resumed their proper form, when driven by the deceived purchaser across a running stream. But Brompton is severe on the subject of very good reason. "Gens like Aporadissima non solvent deus."—The learned Jesuit Johnnie Brompton apostrophizes the Virgin Mary, p. 1076.

(7.) Imitated from Drayton's account of Robbin Hood and his followers :—

A hundred sallient men had this brave Robin Hood,
 Pull roundly at his call, that bowmen were right good;
 All clad in Lincoln green, with caps of red and blue,
 His fellow's wound he bore not one of them but knew.
 The warbling echoes waked from every dale and hill;
 Their haudries set at stude at forward their shoulders
 cast,
 To which under their arms their shoofs were buckled fast,
 A short sword at their belt, a buckler scarce a span,
 His struck below the knee not counted then a man.
 All of the Spanish yew, their bows were wondrous strong;
 They shot an arrow drew but a clothyard long
 (if archery they had the very perfect craft,
 With broad arrow, or but, or pick, or roving shaft.

To wound an antagonist in the thigh, or leg, was reckoned contrary to the law of arms. In a tilt betwixt Garrius, a French knight, and a certain English squire, and Joachim Cathore a Frenchman, "they three, the squire, paynted rudely: the French squire justed right pleasantly: the Englishman on too low, for he strake the Frenchman in the thigh. Wherewith the Erie of Buckingham was right sore displeased, and so were all the other lords, and ayde how it was shamefully done."—*PROLOGUE*, vol. I. chap. 360. Upon a similar occasion, the two knights came a fete eche

[illegible]

(A.) *Bandidier*, belt for carrying ammunition.
(B.) *Hackbuler*, musketeer.

(10.) See several charms for this purpose in Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, p. 273.

"Tom Potts was but a serving man,
But yet he was a doctor good;
He bound his handkerchief on the wound,
And with some kind of words he stanch'd the blood."

(II.) As another illustration of the prodigious improvement which the style of the old romance is capable of receiving from a more liberal admixture of pathetic sentiments and gentle affections, we insert the following passage, *SHAKESPEARE* *xiv.* to *xviii.*, where the effect of the picture is finely assisted by the contrast of its two compartments.—*Impruv.*

[illegible]

(13) *Mound for Brankome* was the gathering word of the Scotts.

(14.) We absolutely see the fire kindling, one after another, in the following animated description. (Annual Review, 1804)

(15.) *Nord. Arc.*, beacom.

(16) *Tarn*, a mountain lake.

(17.2) *Farn*, a Scottish eagle.

(18) The cairns, or piles of loose stones, which crown the summit of most of our Scottish hills. Six flat stones are commonly found in the center, forming a cavity of greater or smaller dimensions, in which an urn is often placed. This seems to have been a barbarous imitation of the Roman fashion of sepulture.

(19.) *Bowen*, make ready.

(21.) Nothing can excel the simple concise pathos of the close of this Canto,—nor the touching picture of the bard when, with assumed business, he tries to conceal sorrow. How well the poet understands the art of contrast,—and how judiciously it is exerted in the exordium of the next Canto, where our mourning sympathy is exchanged for the thrill of pleasure!—*—ANNA SWANWICK.*

A NEW KEY OF SCIENCE.—Professor Faraday says that we are on the verge of important discoveries concerning the nature of physical forces, and their relation to life and physiology. He expressed an opinion that all "forces" have a similar dual property, and that even gravitation will be ultimately determined to possess it. One force cannot be called into action in electricity without the other, and they are always equal. When the north poles of four powerful magnets are placed together at right angles, so as to form a deep square cell, in the center of that cell there is no magnetic attraction at all. The "northness" and "southness" of a magnet, Professor Faraday, in conclusion, said, took place in curved lines outside, not inside a magnet—an opinion somewhat similar to that held by Newton as regarded gravitation.



MOLLY PITCHER AT THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.

THE Battle of Monmouth was one of the most severely contested engagements of the Revolution. From the rising to the setting sun, on that sultry Sabbath in June, the two contending armies strove for the mastery of that ensanguined field, until heaps of dead and dying strewed the plain, and marked the path of the serried ranks as the ebb and flow of battle changed their relative positions. Both armies fought with a desperate determination to conquer, and instances of personal bravery and daring were innumerable; yet, when night drew her sable mantle o'er the earth, and shrouded from sight the heart-rending and soul-sickening scene, neither party could claim the meed of victory. Of the many thrilling incidents of that eventful day, that which brought into conspicuous notice the heroine of our story was not the least interesting; and although familiar, perhaps, to many of our readers, yet the fact that a good story cannot be told too often, coupled with a desire to illustrate it, has induced us to give it a place in this repository of scenes and incidents.

Molly Pitcher, or, as she was afterwards more familiarly known, Captain Molly, was a sturdy young Irish woman of some twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, short, thick set, with red hair, a freckled face, and a keen, piercing eye, which gave token of a spirit of mischief ever ready for a frolic or a fight. She was the wife of a sergeant in an artillery corps, which had seen service since the commencement of the war, and was attached to him with all the warmth of the Irish disposition. She had followed him through all his campaigns, and was with him at Fort Clinton, in the Hudson Highlands, when that post was attacked and captured by Sir Henry Clinton. Here, too, she gave a specimen of that reckless courage which distinguished her at Monmouth some nine months

after. Her husband, who was in the act of touching off his piece, seeing the British scaling the walls, and getting in his rear, dropped his match, and calling to Molly to follow, fled as fast as his legs would carry him. She, determined not to waste powder and ball, and knowing that her "petticoats" would protect her retreat in a measure, picked up the flintlock, fired the piece, and then scampered off. She escaped scot-free, and when the scattered fugitives from the forts were collected, and the artillery was attached to the main army, she accompanied her husband as a sutler, and was with him through that bitter winter at Valley Forge.

When Sir Henry Clinton evacuated Philadelphia, and took up his march across the Jerseys, Washington left his winter camp and prepared to follow, hoping to get an opportunity to strike a blow which should animate his own troops and effectually cripple, perhaps capture, the British army. On the plains of Monmouth the hostile armies met in battle array. Of the details of the action it is not our province to speak. It will suffice our purpose to say that Lee had been ordered to attack the British on their first movement, and engage them until the main army of the Americans could be brought into action by Washington in person. The first part of his orders he had obeyed; the latter, for reasons never fully explained, he did not conform to, but retreated unexpectedly toward the main body, which movement was timely checked by Washington, who ordered the whole army into action. It became necessary, however, for a portion to fall back a second time, and to check the pursuit, the artillery to which Molly's husband was attached was stationed on an eminence, in the rear of a hedge-row, for that purpose. Molly herself was engaged in bringing water from a spring to assuage the thirst of the men at the guns, when she saw her husband struck down by a cannon-

shot from the enemy, which cut him nearly in two, and killed him instantly; at the same time she heard the commandant order the piece withdrawn, as he had no one to fill the place now vacant. Molly heard the order, and, maddened at her loss, rushed forward, exclaiming as she did so, "No! you shan't remove the gun, neither. Shure, can't I ram it as well as Tom, there? Ah! it's kill entirely he is, had luck to the bloody vagabond that punted the gun that shot him. Sorra a day was it when ye listed, darlint, to leave me a lone widdy now, with nary a soul to care whether I live or die. But I'll pay the dirty vagabonds for this day's work, cuss 'em." And thus alternately apostrophizing her husband and anathematizing the British, she continued to ram the gun until it was withdrawn. The activity and courage which she exhibited attracted the attention of all who witnessed it, and on the morning after the battle the circumstance was reported to General Greene, who was so much pleased at her bravery and spirit that he sent for her, and determined to present her to the Commander-in-chief. This he did, covered with dirt and blood as she was, and Washington, after questioning her, conferred on her a warrant as Sergeant, and subsequently, by his influence, her name was placed on the list of half-pay officers for life. She went ever after by the name of Captain Molly, and the French officers, particularly, took a great deal of notice of her, and made her many presents. She resided in a mongrel suit, composed of a cocked hat, soldier's coat with an epaulette on one shoulder, and petticoats. In this rig she would pass along the French line any day and get her hat filled with crowns of Monmouth, and retired to the Huguenot highlands, near Fort Clinton, where she was known as "dirty Kate." It is only us to add to the story of her chivalric career, that she fell from her high estate, and having loose in her morals, finally died a terrible death from a loathsome disease.



REVEREND E. H. CHAPIN.

An eloquent divine of the Universalist denomination, was born in Union Village, Washington county, New York, in 1814. His rudimental and academic education having been completed, he entered upon the study of the law, but, in a short time, believing that the ministerial sphere was more suited to his tastes and better adapted to the labors of a reformer, he adopted the clerical profession. After a due course of study he accepted an invitation from the Universalist Society in Richmond, Virginia, and was ordained as their pastor in 1838. Here he labored with great acceptance for two years, when, having received a call from the Universalist Society in Charlestown, Massachusetts, he removed to that town in 1840, and assumed the pastoral labors in that society under most favorable auspices.

Mr. Chapin had not been long in Charlestown before he began to be known as one of the most popular preachers and extemporaneous speakers in the vicinity of Boston. He at once assumed a bold stand in favor of the temperance reform, and the eloquent zeal with which he expounded and defended the cause, marked him as among the foremost leaders of that noble work. But not on this topic alone was his voice and influence enlisted. Wherever the cry of wrong and oppression was heard, there, also, was heard his voice in tones of tender sympathy and indignant rebuke; and the announcement that he was to speak was a sure indication of a full and sympathizing audience.

But in looking abroad for subjects of sympathy and reform, Mr. Chapin did not overlook the necessities of his own denomination. He found some things that needed strengthening, and many that required the bold and firm hand

of reform; and he set himself to the task with his usual energy and devotion. He found support in many of his brethren, with whom he labored with great success, and soon rose, not by any wish of his, but by the necessity which existed and the force of his own character, to the position of a leader among his brethren—the purity of his life, the entire sincerity manifest in all he said and did, as well as his earnest, eloquent zeal, removing all suspicion of selfishness or a desire for aggrandizement.

After having had charge of the parish in Charlestown for the space of six years, he was invited to assume the pastorate of the School Street Society in Boston, as colleague with the venerable Hosea Ballou. Accordingly he removed to that city, and was installed in 1846. The extended sphere of his influence made a larger demand on his time and resources—a demand which he fully met and satisfied. But he tarried at that post only for a short period. His growing usefulness plainly indicated that his place was in the widest sphere of influence, and all his brethren saw the propriety and necessity of his transplantation to the great national metropolis, New York.

Accordingly, in 1848, having been invited to become the minister of the Murray street Universalist Society, Mr. Chapin removed to that city and entered upon his ministerial and philanthropic duties. His great popularity had preceded him, and in a short time the old church was found too small for the accommodation of his rapidly-increasing congregation. The society of Unitarians worshipping in Broadway, and under the pastoral charge of Rev. Mr. Bellows, having decided to build a new place of worship farther up town, the Murray street Society purchased the property, and took possession of the same in 1852. Here Mr. Chapin now preaches to crowded audiences.

Besides the great eloquence of this distinguished divine, his principal traits are, entire freedom from sectarian and dogmatic trammels, a bold utterance of what he deems true, and a fearless defense of freedom of conscience and freedom of speech. His sermons are rarely merely doctrinal, but he directs the whole powers of his mind against wickedness, in whatever form or under whatever disguise it may present itself. Besides his regular Sunday services, he is a popular public lecturer, and is engaged by the various literary and scientific societies throughout the country to deliver addresses upon the numerous subjects which come before those bodies for discussion. He has also appeared in print on the various topics connected with religion and philanthropy which excite the public mind; and as he is yet only a young man we may confidently predict that the future will fully realize the prophecy of his opening life.

D. W. Bartlett, author of the volume entitled "Modern Agitators," gives the following vivid sketch of Mr. Chapin, with a few brief extracts from his writings:—

"Among the foremost of popular lecturers in America is Rev. E. H. Chapin. He is eminently a social philosopher; a man who does not look upon society merely in the aggregate, as a molten current of flowing humanity, but who views a collection of individuals, each possessing a character, an ambition, an aim, exclusively his own. He has so accustomed himself to study out the character, the thoughts and feelings, the hopes and trials of each, that when the subject presents itself to the mind of the lecturer, he has the whole picture vividly before his imagination; he paints it from life; he has seen it, has contemplated it in every varying shade in which it could be presented. In his convulsive grasp, the miser, the mean man, the political demagogue, and the hypocrite, exhibit to the world all their hideous deformities; while the virtues of the good, the kind, the benevolent and the noble are beautified by his touch with a perfection hardly native. If he turns his attention to the city, the broad field of humanity is all bare before his gaze. He walks abroad in the street; every man he meets affords him a theme for meditation, and every child a text for a sermon. Not a circumstance of his life seems to have passed but has furnished him the pith of some crammed apothegm, or the parallel for a striking simile. Not a cry of woe has reached his ear but has found the way to his heart, and will come forth again in pathetic beauty to deepen some sketch of human suffering; not a shout of laughter but will re-echo in some vivid sentence to lighten the shade of our humanity. It is this characteristic which has made Mr. Chapin eminently popular among the masses. His learning might have made him a profound rhetorician; his talent and beauty of expression, a fine writer; his real native eloquence, a splendid orator; but all these could not have made him the man that he is. Supraadded to these his susceptible heart, his benevolent spirit, his gentle disposition, and Christian refinement, and you have Chapin.

"He is presented to our notice as a writer, a speaker, a poet—for he has written some beautiful lyrics—a preacher, and a reformer. The last

distinction might once have been thought needless, but in the era of Lords—many, of Spragues, of Springs, *à la carte*, we think it essential.

"There are few men living from whose writings more beautiful sentences can be taken than from Mr. Chapin's. Here is one upon the blessings of home:—

"Oh! mother, mother; name for the earliest relationship, symbol of the divine tenderness; kindling a love that we never blush to confess, and a veneration that we cannot help rendering; how does your mystic influence, imparted from the soft pressure and the undying smile, weave itself through all the brightens, through all the darkness of our after life! . . . And when on this familiar hearth our own vital lamp burns low, and the golden bowl begins to shudder, and the silver cord to untwine, let our last look be upon the faces that we love best; let the gates that open into the celestial city be those well known doors—and thus may we also die at home!"

"Here, also, is a fine glimpse of childhood, snatched from nature; it is one of a perpetual supply of gems that are strung upon the thread of his discourse:—

"And all of us, I trust, are thankful that God has created not merely men and women, crimped into artificial patterns, with selfish speculation in their eyes, with sadness and weariness, and trouble about many things, carving the wrinkles and stealing away the bloom; but pours in upon us a fresh stream of being that overflows our rigid conventionalisms with the buoyancy of nature, plays into this dusty and angular life like the jets of a fountain, like floods of sunshine, upsets our miserable dignity, meets us with a love that contains no deceit, a frankness that rebukes our quibbling compliments, nourishes the poetry of the soul, and perpetually descending from the threshold of the Infinite, keeps open an archway of mystery and heaven."

"In fact, the charm of Mr. Chapin's declamation consists mainly in the beauty and force of his expression. With some men it is the manner; with him, the matter. When he would demolish a vice or praise a virtue, he first paints the one in hideous truth, or the other with strange beauty, until you loathe the one or love the other. He does not employ his pen in systematizing sin, and shielding the individual behind the organization, or the party, or the association in which he acts, but brings the charge right home to the door of every guilty man's conscience, and if that door be not double barred from the force of truth, will batter down the barricade and lay the load of crime upon the hearthstone of the heart. And here permit a brief illustrating paragraph upon individual responsibility:—

"God does not take account of parties; party names are not known to that court of divine judgment; but your name and mine are on the books there. If the party lies, then you are guilty of falsehood. If the party—as is very often the case—does a mean thing, then you do it. It is surprising how far as you are one of the party, and go with it in its action. There is no such thing—and this is true, perhaps, in more senses than one—there is no such thing as a party conscience. It is individual conscience that is implicated. Party! party! Ah, my friends, here is the influence which, it is to be feared, harks and follows many of these glorious symbols. Men rally around musty epithets. They take up issues which have no more relation to the deep, vital, throbbing interest of the time than they have to the fashions of our grandfathers. . . . And surely it is a cause for congratulation, when some great, exciting question breaks out and jars the conventional idols, and so sweeps away and shatters their party organization, and turns them topsy-turvy, that

a man is shaken out of his harness, does not know exactly what party he does belong to, and begins to feel that he has a soul of his own."

"This quotation hurries him into our view as a public speaker or lecturer, for we agree with a recent writer, that Mr. Chapin is one of the most splendid of American orators. To the platform he brings a stout body, rather heavily proportioned for his height. He is very near-sighted, to palliate which defect, he wears glasses, and keeps his eyes and face close to his notes. He generally writes out his address, though in the pulpit he occasionally extemporizes. He is possessed of many of those qualifications which draw full houses, and send them home well satisfied. He is always spirited, nervous, enthusiastic, and often rises into a vein of thrilling eloquence. To a rapid but distinct enunciation, he unites a fervor and ardor which is sure to win the profound attention of his audience. His style of thought is quite original, his expression terse and powerful, and as he becomes warmed with his subject his excitement spreads as by a magic influence to the listeners. Where at first he only caught the attention by some eccentric description of a human animal, he now rivets it by a more gloomy picture. Where a moment since you were only interested, you are now watching intently to devour his words with eager avidity as they fall. Gradually you forget that any one is in the room but yourself and the speaker. On he leads you and with you every soul in his audience to feed on new fruits of intellect, and dazzle with new diamonds from his brilliant imagination. Scarcely are your sympathies poised and your eyes ready to pay the "draft on sight," when a pungent satire brings down the house with a tumult of applause. Then away his fancy flies in a new direction; all the beauties of heaven rise up in beatific vision to the enraptured gaze. Spread out before you are fields of living green, and streamlets from eternal mind, in every direction, through gardens of surpassing loveliness. From those ever blooming flowers celestial odors are wafted down to earth. Angelic choirs fill the great dome of heaven with music too enchanting for mortal ears, yet you seem to catch the faint echoes. Over all the scene a blaze of glory falls from "Him that liveth and sitteth upon the throne." All is still, for all are wrapt in the magnificent dream-mantle with which he has enveloped you; the climax is at length reached, and when in a clear, melodious voice he repeats the chorus, "Blessing and honor and glory be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne and to the Lamb for ever and ever," you can hardly restrain yourself from shouting "hallelujah," like a Methodist.

"This strange fascination Mr. Chapin wields, alike over young and old. Most of the popular speakers of our day have a class which it is their peculiar forte to please. But Mr. Chapin pleases all. The high and low, the rich and poor, the cultivated intellect, and the untutored mind of the laborer, the aristocrat and the democrat are alike charmed by the wonderful beauty of his eloquence. Without adulatory flattery, he compliments the virtues of the generous, and, without giving offense, chastises the defects of the parsimonious. With a keen knife he removes a vice as a skillful surgeon excises a tumor, having first made the patient

see that it is absolutely necessary for his health. If he applies an acrid irritant, you are confident that the deep-seated disease could be removed in no other way, and are satisfied.

"As a poet, the world only regrets that he has written so little. Who has not read and admired that sweet poem—'Oh, bury me not in the deep, blue sea?' Half of his prose is in measured periods, and all of it tinged with the rich blush of his splendid imagination.

"We were to glance at his character as a minister of the gospel. It is well known that Mr. Chapin is an able champion of the doctrine of universal salvation. We have neither time nor inclination to inquire now what is the foundation of his belief. That he is sincere in it, probably few will dispute; and it makes him a better man and more like a Christian, than many who profess a more orthodox faith. By his own congregation, at least, he is deemed an earnest laborer, and by others, a mistaken workman in the great harvest. By all it is admitted that he is extensively useful. His idea of religion is well given by himself, in the following passage:—

"It must be understood that *being religious* is not a work apart by itself, but a spirit of faith and righteousness, flowing out from the center of a regenerated heart, into all the employments and intercourse of the world. Not merely the preacher in the pulpit, and the saint on his knees, may do the work of religion, but the mechanic, who smites with the hammer, and drives the wheel; the artist, seeking to realize his pure ideal of the beautiful; the mother, in the gentle offices of home; the statesman, in the forlorn hope of liberty and justice; and the philosopher, whose thoughts tread reverently among the splendid mysteries of the universe. . . . It is needed that men should feel that every lawful pursuit is sacred, and not profane; that every position in life is close to the steps of the divine throne; and that the most beaten and familiar paths lie under the awful shadow of the Infinite; and they will go about their daily pursuits, and fill their common relationships with hearts of worship, and pulses of unselfish love, instead of regarding religion as an isolated peculiarity for a corner of the closet and a fraction of the week, and leaving all the rest of time and space an unconsecrated waste, where lawless passions travel, and selfishness pitches its tents."

"We leave the diversity of theories for those who take a deeper interest in metaphysical disquisition than we, and turn to the contemplation of his character as a reformer. If we have rightly estimated his talents and training, he is the man, of all others, who would be selected to lead the sympathies of a progressive age. His main efforts have been directed in two channels: one, the relief of the poor, the degraded, and the outcast about him; the other, to the cause of temperance generally. In pleading the cause of 'humanity in the city' no one has labored more faithfully than Mr. Chapin. He meets acquainted with every phase of their wretched life. He enumerates the causes of their destitution, and points them to the remedy. Their miserable condition comes home to his philanthropic spirit, and spurs him to vigorous action. No matter how low-sunken may be the victim of appetite or lust, he reaches out the helping hand, with a dollar in it, and says, 'Brother, take courage; you may yet be a man.' The assurance inspires the wanderer with new life, and he forgets, for a time, that 'no man cares for his soul,' or his body either. He takes confidence, and goes on his way rejoicing."



JOHN P. DURBIN, D.D.

This eminent Methodist divine was born in Bourbon county, Kentucky, on the 10th day of October, 1800. His early education was sadly neglected, and when he was fourteen years of age, he was indentured to a cabinet maker, with whom he faithfully served out his time. At eighteen, he experienced religion, and soon after felt that he was called to preach. He immediately united with the church, and the same month received a license to preach, and in all his usefulness was sent to the Limestone circuit. But a strong desire for knowledge seized him, and finding in possession of an old Dutchman a copy of "Clarke's Commentary," in numbers, he borrowed them, and slipped two numbers at a time into a tin canister about four inches in diameter, and lashed it on behind his saddle, and thus carried it round his circuit. He soon added Wesley's and Fletcher's works; and these, with his Bible and hymn book, formed his library.

The next year, Mr. Durbin was sent to Indiana, where he procured a grammar, and commenced his studies with great zeal, "studying the rules on horseback as he rode his circuit." This year it was his happiness to make the acquaintance and secure the friendship of the late Dr. Ruter, who encouraged him in his studies and lent him the Latin and Greek grammars, and such other books as he needed. After being stationed at Hamilton, Ohio, and Lebanon, he next went to Cincinnati, and was admitted to the Cincinnati College, with the personal countenance of Dr. Ruter and the late President Harrison. Here he finished his collegiate course, and was admitted to the degree of A. M., without being required to take the first degree of A. B.

"During these five or six years, his habits of study were unremitting. He invariably rose at five o'clock in summer and six in winter, and sat down to his books; he as invariably retired at nine and ten o'clock at night to rest; he performed all the duties of a minister of the gospel, giving the morning—up to twelve o'clock, or to the time of departing for his ap-

pointment, if on a circuit—to study; the afternoon to pastoral visitation and the classes, and the evening to prayer and other meetings."

On taking his degree, Mr. Durbin was appointed to the vacant chair of the professorship of languages in the Augusta College, Kentucky. In 1829, he was put in nomination for the chaplaincy of the United States Senate, and was defeated by the casting vote of Mr. Clay. Two years afterward, in 1831, without Mr. Durbin's knowledge, and in his absence, the Senate, by a large vote, elected him to that office, which he filled with perfect acceptance.

"In 1832, he was elected professor of natural sciences in the Wesleyan University, but resigned in 1833, upon being elected editor of the 'Christian Advocate and Journal.' In 1834, without being consulted, and without his knowledge that it was intended, he was elected president of Dickinson College. In 1842, he had leave of absence from the college to visit Europe and the East, which he did, relinquishing his salary during his absence of eighteen months. He returned in 1843, was a member of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1844, and took a prominent part in the great struggle which divided the church. In 1844, he published his 'Observations in Europe,' and in 1845, his 'Observations in the East.' These books are still in demand, an edition of which having been printed within a year or two; the first has been reprinted in two editions in Great Britain. He retired from the college in 1845, and subsequently had charge of stations in Philadelphia, and also traveled the Philadelphia district. In 1850, he was appointed unanimously by the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, missionary secretary, in the place of Dr. Pitman, who resigned on account of ill health. The General Conference of 1852 reappointed him to the same post."

Dr. Durbin has traveled extensively, both at home and abroad, and has published his "Observations of Travel" in very readable volumes. Besides the degree of Doctor in Divinity, which he received from his own college, he has been

elected a member of many literary and scientific associations, among which may be mentioned the Academy of Natural Science, Philadelphia; the Royal Society of Northern Antiquarians, Copenhagen, Denmark; and the American Oriental Society.

As a preacher, Dr. Durbin holds a very high rank, and the "National Magazine" expresses its belief that he is the most interesting and effective preacher in the denomination to which he belongs.

[DR. DURBIN has recently published in one or two of the leading Methodist journals an able and dispassionate view of the whole subject of slavery. It seems to be so just both to the South and the North, and calculated to allay the dangerous excitement which now threatens the most serious consequences to the union of the States, and the stability and welfare of the republic, that we have thought it would be acceptable to all our readers, North and South, to see it appended to this brief biographical sketch.]

DR. DURBIN'S VIEW OF SLAVERY.

The relations of the Church to slavery, as it exists in some of these United States, and how it should be treated by the Church, constitute the most momentous question ever presented to the Christian people of this country since the Revolution. Touching it, I have reached settled conclusions, which are clear and satisfactory to my own mind. And considering that I have enjoyed very favorable opportunities of long-continued observation and study of the question, and of the controversy which has arisen out of it, I feel free to make my conclusions public, with a view of contributing, if I may, somewhat to the solution of the problem, viz.: How should the Church of God treat the institution of slavery as it is found to exist in these United States?

In answering this question we must be guided by the New Testament, as far as it throws light upon it; then by the history of the question in the treatment of it by the Church, from the times of the apostles, through succeeding centuries; and, finally, by its nature and conditions as at present existing.

Reading the New Testament as a record of facts, concerning slavery, at the time the record was made, any impartial mind would admit, it seems to us, without doubt, the existence of the relation of master and slave in the State at the time, and that some of the parties to this relation belonged to the Church, and occasionally both of them belonged, i. e., both master and slave. These conclusions, from occasional passages in the New Testament, are further and clearly supported by contemporaneous profane history, and by the history of the Church and State for centuries after. We should do violence to all rules of investigation, as well as to common sense, to reject this concurrent historical testimony to the existence of slavery in the State, and its connexion with the Church, by the admission of masters and slaves into her communion, upon their conversion and profession of faith. Guided, then, by the record of the New Testament, sustained by contemporaneous profane history, and by subsequent profane and ecclesiastical history, we reach the conclusion that the relation of master and slave was tolerated in the Church during the times of the apostles, and during several centuries following. Of course the mere existence of this relation was not a bar to Church communion.

The inquiry now immediately arises. How did the Church recognize the existence of slavery within her communion? Guided by the lights referred to above, and further aided by the nature of the case, we answer:—

FIRST: There is not a single passage in the New Testament nor a single act in the records of the early Church, expressive of approbation of slavery: nor is there any direct and professed denunciation of it. But the Church found it existing as a fact in the State, and in her progress among the people the master and the slave were sometimes converted and came into the bosom of the Church, and thus subjected themselves to her teaching and discipline. She did not address herself to the parties denouncing directly the relation of master and slave, but she instilled into their minds the fundamental doctrines of natural equality and common brotherhood among men; and of their common participation in the redemption by our common Lord Jesus Christ; confidently anticipating that the instructions, supported by wholesome Christian experience and moral discipline, would work out a practical equality and liberty among men. She had to work and wait for centuries, but she realized her anticipation at last.

SECONDLY: The Church not only did not express her approbation of slavery, but she indicated her disapprobation whenever she found occasion to intimate her judgment at all. We find this indirect disapprobation in general passages of the New Testament, and it is observable in various acts of the Church, from the times of the apostles downward through several centuries, which acts are invariably connected with the discipline of the Church, touching the duties of masters and slaves as such. In this conduct of the Church, we find she admits the existence of slavery without justifying or defending it; and assumes the right to require of the parties the proper observance of the duties which arise out of the relations between them, and between them and the Church. And in this requisition she saw clearly that the ultimate result would be the abolition of slavery, and she indicated her expectation by her frequent indirect disapprobation of it.

THIRDLY: Without assuming to determine the question, whether the relation of master and slave ought ever to have existed, the Church found slavery incorporated with society, and, as we have said, she laid down general principles which, when carried into practice, in the form of experience among the masses composing the State, would necessarily work its abolition. In accomplishing this great result, the operation of these general principles would show the master that he had no natural or divine right to hold a human being in bondage; but that his right, whatever it might be, was acquired and founded only in conventional circumstances, which gave him a vast superiority over the persons he held in bondage. And while the fundamental principles of the Gospel, such in particular as the natural equality of men, and their common and equal relation to the redemption by Christ Jesus, wrought as above described, upon the minds of the governing class, the masters, they would not only enlighten the slave as to his natural rights, but qualify him gradually for the enjoyment of

them. And it is to be noted particularly, that this qualification of the enslaved for the enjoyment of freedom is as legitimate and essential a condition of the abolition of slavery, as is the conviction of the governing class that they have no natural or divine right to hold their fellow-men in bondage. The enslaved must be reasonably prepared for freedom, and the masters must be required to grant it to them, when prepared. How did the Church proceed to accomplish these two essential conditions of the abolition of slavery? We answer:—

FOURTHLY: She held the conduct of the master and the slave, in view of the relations between the parties, and their common relations to the Church, to be a proper subject of discipline; and hence she prescribed duties to each, and exacted obedience: and thus prepared both parties to accept the emancipation which the general principles of the Gospel carried into general experience would necessarily work out. In prescribing the duties and administering the discipline, the Church necessarily had to recur to her fundamental principles, and to have respect to the condition of the parties; and thus she advanced the application of the general principles to the Gospel, as the condition and circumstances of the masters and slaves allowed, until emancipation was attained.

I believe that I have given above a true statement of the conditions and treatment of slavery in the Christian Church, commencing with the apostles, and extending to the extinction of slavery proper in Europe, centuries afterward. I have not given from the New Testament, nor from history, the passages which support the several parts of the statement, because I assume they are well known to the readers for whom this statement is particularly made. I have drawn it up with a view to see whether it will not afford a solution of the slavery question, as it exists at present in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Let us see, then, in what respects the question in the Methodist Episcopal Church is similar, in its conditions, to the question in the Church, in the first and succeeding centuries, and thus judge whether we should treat it now as it was treated then.

1. When the apostolic Churches arose, they found slavery existing in the State. So also when the Methodist Episcopal Church sprang up in the midst of the people, she found slavery existing in the State.

2. In the progress of the apostolic Churches, masters and slaves were converted and came into her bosom. In like manner masters and slaves were converted and came into the bosom of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

3. That neither the apostolic Churches nor the Methodist Episcopal Church made the mere relation of master and slave a bar to Church membership.

4. In coming into the communion of the apostolic Churches, and of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the records of both show, that these Churches claimed and exercised the right to enforce upon masters and slaves, as such, their duties respectively, considered as between themselves and between them and the Church.

5. In the discipline to which the masters and slaves were subjected by these Churches, it was clearly manifested that they disapproved of

slavery as a condition of society and of the individual, and sought its extinction.

Here our comparison of the early Christian Churches and the Methodist Episcopal Church, in reference to the slavery question, ceases. And it remains to inquire, what more can the Methodist Episcopal Church do toward accomplishing the extirpation of slavery. We answer:—

FIRST: Instead of separating all slave-holders from the Church, let her retain her authority over them, and enforce the duties which grow out of the relations of a Christian master to his dependent slave, and out of the relations of both to the Church.

The maintenance of the relation between the slave-holder and the Church upon these conditions, and with these ends in view, will not give sanction to slavery; but will afford an opportunity for the Church to exercise her influence and authority in preparing the minds and hearts of the masters to grant freedom to their slaves, and in preparing the slaves, by improving their mental and moral condition, to receive and enjoy freedom. And it is to be noted that separating slave-holders from the Church does not work the emancipation of their slaves nor improve their condition; but positively the reverse. A very grave question, therefore, arises here, viz: is the Church at liberty to do an act which will remove the master and the slave alike from under her influence and control; since there is not, as we have shown from the history of the question, in the simple fact of the relation of master and slave, a necessary bar to Church communion? Would the Church then discharge her duty in view of this grave question by renouncing her authority over the slave-holder, or compelling the slave-holder to throw off her authority, or to grant emancipation to the slaves before they were prepared for liberty? We think not. She is charged with a commission in respect to the slavery question, and she must execute it wisely and patiently, yet surely. This brings us to consider:—

SECONDLY: How shall she execute this commission? We have already indicated the answer, viz: She must enforce on Christian masters the duties which grow out of the relation of the masters to the slaves as required by the Christian religion. This policy will not only gradually work the extinction of slavery, but it is the only practicable measure by which this can be peaceably done; as it is the only one by which the parties can be mutually prepared for the result. If the masters were deprived of their slaves without their consent, either as individuals or as a State, it would be by violence, which implies civil war. If the slaves were emancipated without a preparation for freedom, they would become a prey to the designing, or to civil strife among themselves. A preparatory process is, therefore, absolutely necessary to the abolition of slavery, and this preparatory process must be accomplished in its moral and religious aspects by the Church. What the details of her discipline should be, we may not now express exactly; but to indicate its bearing and its effects we will name several measures which the Church should enforce instantly.

1. She should recognize marriage between slaves, or where a slave is a party as existing

by the laws of God, and indissoluble by any act of man or of the State, contrary to the ordinances of God in relation thereto. Upon this she should found her discipline in the case, and hold every member of the Church responsible, under suitable penalties, who should willingly and without absolute compulsion by the State, do any act, or cause or allow any act to be done knowingly or willingly by which the husband and wife should be separated; or who should unreasonably, under the conditions of the case, restrain or embarrass the lawful enjoyments and duties of husband and wife where one or both were in bondage.

2. In like manner the Church should recognize the relation of parents and children, and should subject to discipline any member of the Church who should willingly and without absolute compulsion by the State do any act, or cause or allow any act to be done knowingly or willingly by which infant children should be separated from their parent or parents.

3. Although the State discharges the master from the duty of instructing his dependent slave in the principles and duties of the Christian religion, the Church cannot discharge him; and as his relation as master puts him to a very great extent into the place of parent to his dependent slaves, the Church should require the master to instruct his slaves or cause them to be instructed in religion, in as perfect a manner and to as great an extent as is practicable under the conditions of the case. For a neglect of this duty the Church has a right to prescribe and execute suitable penalties.

4. As the authority of the master takes away, to a very great extent, the voluntary action of the slave in providing for his own wants and those of his children, the Church is competent to inquire whether the master makes reasonable provision for the wants of his slaves who are dependent upon him, and to prescribe suitable penalties for neglect in this respect.

5. In case of any sale or purchase of a slave by a member of the Church the transaction should be inquired into by the authorities of the Church; and if it shall be found not to have been to the advantage of the slave, or that his condition has been made worse, it should be held to be a proper subject of discipline, and treated accordingly.

I have indicated five particulars which should enter into the discipline of the Church in regard to slavery within her bosom. The justice of the views and of the discipline which I have given above, I believe would be admitted as cordially among us in the South, as it ought to be admitted in the North. The remaining question is: What would be the effect of the application of such discipline upon the question of slavery in the Church?

1. So far as these views and discipline were accepted and applied, and this would be to the extent of their adoption, they would limit the authority of the master over the slave, and thus commence at once to set aside his almost absolute power as granted by the State. And this would be done under the sanction of religion, whose rightful authority would gradually, yet surely, prevail over the conventional authority of the State.

2. By this discipline, forbidding the separation of husband and wife, and of infants and

parents, the internal slave-trade would be broken up to the extent of the application of the views and discipline above; and should this policy become general in the Churches, as it probably would, it would soon become the policy of the State, and thus the internal slave-trade would cease.

3. Without the internal slave-trade slavery could not exist in several States more than a generation or two; and would gradually become extinct in all the States.

4. The recognition of the relations between slaves, of husband and wife, parents and children, under the sanction of religion and the Church, would instantly qualify the feelings and conduct of Christian masters toward their slaves, and dispose them to more elevated and just treatment of them.

5. This recognition of these endearing relations would inspire the slaves themselves with self-respect, and put them on a course of moral preparation for liberty.

6. Their religious instruction and good condition would still further prepare them for freedom.

Thus we see the proper relation and duties of the Church in reference to this fearful question of slavery. She is not only to have respect to the ultimate extinction of slavery in these United States, but she is to use her divine authority to prepare the master and the slave for this great event; so that it may be to the permanent advantage of both. And we are persuaded that the churches of this country are appointed by God to take a large part in the measures which shall lead to the abolition of slavery. In what way the Churches should act is pointed out above. But as there is no common authority to the Churches in the United States, each must act for itself, and by its example suggest action to the other. If the Methodist Episcopal Church shall judge that the conditions of the slavery question in her communion call for further action, we respectfully commend what is written above to her candid consideration. And to give it weight, we may add, that the action and experience of our British brethren in their missions in the West Indies were conformable to what is suggested above, and all the world knows the peaceful and triumphant results of their policy in furthering the extinction of slavery in the British West Indies.

J. P. DUMEX.

July, 1866.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

The indications that are now crowding upon us, that the great value and benefit of public libraries is daily becoming more deeply impressed upon the people of this country, are gratifying in the extreme. Large collections of books, open for common use, are at once the storehouses and the manufactories of learning and science; they bring together the accumulated fruits of the experience, the research, and the genius of other ages and distant climes, as well as of our own time and land; and they create the taste, as well as furnish the indispensable aids for the prosecution of literary and scientific effort in every department. Books constitute a large element of the intellectual wealth of a nation. On the shelves of the publishers and vendors they are indicative of existing de-

mand and an earnest of usefulness. Nor are they idle even there: the shops of booksellers have, from early times, been the favorite resort of men of letters. Their contents are, for purposes of reference, more accessible than those of many libraries. Again, in great cities, collections of books qualify the exclusive spirit of commercial and professional vocations, and encourage men to steal an hour from the pursuit of gain, and devote it to the attempt to satisfy a natural curiosity, and to cultivate an elegant taste. Connected with literary and academical institutions, they supply the means and multiply the objects of study, keep alive the enthusiasm in the cause of letters, without which nothing great or permanent can be accomplished. The establishment of libraries is a boon to all classes of society, and all may find in them both recreation and employment; for, as the poet Crabbe says—

"Here comes the grieved, a change of thought to find;
The curious here, to feed a craving mind;
Here the devout their awful temple choose;
And here the poet meets his favouring muse."

The origin of libraries is involved in obscurity. According to some, the honorable distinction of having made the first collection of writings belongs to the Hebrews; but others ascribe the credit to the Egyptians. Osymandyas, one of the ancient kings of Egypt, who flourished some six hundred years after the Deluge, is said to have been the founder of the first library. The temple in which he kept his books was dedicated at once to religion and literature, and placed under the special protection of the divinities, with whose statues it was magnificently adorned. It was still further embellished by a well-known inscription, forever grateful to the votary of literature; on the entrance was engraved, "The nourishment of the soul," or, according to Diodorus, "The medicine of the mind." It probably contained works of very remote antiquity, and also the books accounted sacred by the Egyptians, all of which perished amid the destructive ravages which accompanied and followed the Persian invasion under Cambyzes. There was also, according to Eusebius and other ancient authors, a fine library at Memphis, deposited in the temple of Ptah, from which Homer has been accused of having stolen both the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," and afterward published them as his own. From this charge, however, the bard has been vindicated by various writers, and by different arguments.

But the most superb library of Egypt, perhaps of the ancient world, was that of Alexandria. About the year 290, B. C., Ptolemy Soter, a learned prince, founded an academy at Alexandria called the Museum, where there assembled a society of learned men, devoted to the study of philosophy and the sciences; and for whose use he formed a collection of books, the number of which has been variously computed—by Epiphanius at 54,000, and by Josephus at 200,000. His son, Ptolemy Philadelphus, an equally liberal and enlightened prince, collected great numbers of books in the temple of Serapis, in addition to those accumulated by his father, and at his death left it in upwards of 100,000 volumes. He had agents in every part of Asia and of Greece, commissioned to search out and purchase the rarest and most valuable writings; and amongst those he procured were the works



BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON.

of Aristotle, and the Septuagint version of the Jewish Scriptures, which was undertaken at the suggestion of Demetrius Phalerus, his first librarian. The measures adopted by this monarch for augmenting the Alexandrian library were pursued by his successor, Ptolemy Evergetes, with unscrupulous vigor. He caused all books imported into Egypt by Greeks or other foreigners, to be seized and sent to the Museum, where they were transcribed by persons employed for the purpose; and when this was done, the copies were delivered to the proprietors, and the originals deposited in the library. He refused to supply the furnished Athenians with corn, until they presented him with the original manuscripts of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides; and in returning elegant copies of these autographs, he allowed the owners to retain the fifteen talents (more than \$15,000) which he had pledged with them as a princely security. As the Museum where the library was originally founded stood near the royal palace, in that quarter of the city called Bruchion, all writings were at first deposited there; but when this building was completely occupied with books, to the number of 400,000, a supplemental library was erected within the Serapeion, or Temple of Serapis, and this gradually increased till it contained about 300,000 volumes—making, in both libraries, a grand total of 700,000 volumes. During the first Alexandrian war, the Bruchion portion of the collection was destroyed by fire. At length, after various revolutions, under the Roman emperors, during which the collection was sometimes plundered and sometimes re-established, it was utterly destroyed by the Saracens at the command of the Caliph Omar, when they acquired possession of Alexandria, A. D. 642. Amrou, the victorious general, was himself inclined to spare this inestimable treasury of ancient science and learning, but the ignorant and fanatical caliph, to whom he applied for instructions, ordered it to be destroyed. "If," said he, "these writings of the Greeks agree with the Koran, they are useless, and need not be preserved; if they disagree, they are pernicious, and ought to be destroyed."

The sentence of destruction was executed with blind obedience. The volumes of parchment, or papyrus, were distributed as fuel among the five thousand baths of the city; but such was their incredible number, that it took six months to consume them.

Our space forbids us giving a more extended report of ancient libraries, of which there are accounts of a number containing at least 100,000 volumes each; although, it should be remembered that even the largest did not contain as much actual matter as a modern printed collection of 50,000 volumes.

In regard to the present European libraries, no one of the first class dates beyond the fifteenth century. The Vatican, the origin of which has been frequently carried back to the days of St. Hilarius, in 465, cannot with any propriety be said to have deserved the name of library before the reign of Pope Martin V., by whose order it was removed, in 1417, from Avignon to Rome. And even then a strict attention to exactitude would require us to withhold from it this title, until the period of its final organization by Nicholas V., in 1447. During the fifteenth century, ten libraries were formed: the Vatican, at Rome, the Laurentian, at Florence, the Imperial, of Vienna and Ratisbonne, the University, at Turin, Malatestiana, at Cesena, the Marcian, at Venice, the Bodleian, at Oxford, the University, at Copenhagen, and the City, at Frankfurt-on-the-Main. The Palatine, of Heidelberg, was founded in 1390, dispersed in 1623, restored in 1652, and augmented in 1816.

If the principal libraries of the several capital cities of Europe be arranged in the order of their respective magnitudes, they will stand as follows:—

1. Paris (1), National Library.....	824,000 volumes.
2. Munich, Royal Library.....	600,000 "
3. Berlin, Royal Library.....	480,000 "
4. Petersburg, Imperial Library.....	446,000 "
5. London, British Museum Library.....	424,000 "
6. Copenhagen, Royal Library.....	412,000 "
7. Vienna, Imperial Library.....	315,000 "
8. Dresden, Royal Library.....	300,000 "
9. Madrid, National Library.....	290,000 "
10. Worcester, Duced Library.....	260,000 "
11. Paris (2), Arsenal Library.....	180,000 "
12. Stuttgart, Royal Library.....	177,000 "
13. Milan, Royal Library.....	170,000 "
14. Paris (3), St. Genevieve Library.....	160,000 "

15. Darmstadt, Grand Ducal Library.....	160,000 volumes.
16. Florence, Magliabechian Library.....	160,000 "
17. Naples, Royal Library.....	150,000 "
18. Brunswick, Royal Library.....	133,600 "
19. Bonn (1), University Library.....	120,000 "
20. Hagen, Royal Library.....	100,000 "
21. Paris (4), Mazarine Library.....	100,000 "
22. Bonn (2), Vatican Library.....	100,000 "
23. Parma, Ducal Library.....	100,000 "

The National (formerly Royal) Library, at Paris, is not only the largest, but justly considered the finest collection extant. It was commenced under the reign of King John, who possessed only *ten* volumes, of which nine hundred were added by Charles V., many of them superbly illuminated by John of Bruges, the best artist in miniatures of that time. Under Francis I., it had increased to 1,890 volumes, and under Louis XIII., to 16,746. In 1684, it possessed 50,542 volumes; in 1775, it amounted to above 150,000; and by 1790, it had increased to about 200,000. In 1850, it contained 824,000 volumes of printed books, and 80,000 manuscripts, which number has been much augmented since that time, as by law it is entitled to a copy of every work published in France, besides which, constant additions are being made by donation, purchase and exchange. It is divided into four departments:—1. Printed Books; 2. Manuscripts, Charters and Diplomas; 3. Coins, Medals, Engraved Stones, and other antique monuments; and 4. Engravings, including geographical charts and plans. Of the contents of this magnificent, nay, matchless collection, it would far exceed the limits of our magazine to give any details, or even to enumerate its choicest articles. It is rich in every branch and department, unique in some, scarcely surpassed in any, and unrivalled in all, taken together. Of books printed in vellum, it contains at once the finest and most extensive collection in the world.

The Royal Library, at Munich, comprises the largest collection in Germany. It was founded by the Duke Albert V., in 1550, and is now very complete in all its departments. The present edifice (see engraving), which also contains the general archives of the kingdom, was commenced in 1822, and completed in 1842. The whole number of printed works, without regard to the number of volumes, is stated at



ROYAL LIBRARY, BERLIN.

over 400,000. There are also 22,000 manuscripts, among which are 580 in Greek, 268 in Oriental languages, 313 in Hebrew, 14,000 in Latin, 4,000 in German, near 600 in French, about 500 in Italian, with some in Swedish, Slavic, English and other languages. Those relative to the art of music amount to a great number, and are exceedingly curious. This library also contains specimens of most of the different materials which have been employed in the manufacture of books. Among which are tablets of wax, parchment, vellum, papyrus, paper made from the filaments of bamboo, cotton paper of about the twelfth century, *papier de chiffé*, of the year 1338—the oldest of that kind in the library, palm leaves, etc. It also contains a copy of the first printed Bible (in Latin), the work of Gutenberg and Faust, at Mayence, between 1450 and 1455. This library is entitled by law to a copy of each work published in Germany.

The Royal Library at Berlin was founded in the year of 1661. This collection, the third in size in Europe, is of course of incalculable value, and includes works upon almost all the sciences, and in nearly all languages. It occupies a large edifice (see illustration) in the Opera Platz, erected for its use in 1780, by Frederick II. Besides printed works, it contains 20,650 manuscripts. Among the latter are several Egyptian deeds, written on papyrus, in the demotic or enchorial character. These are very curious, and *for simulæ* of some of them have been published by Professor Koenigstein in his valuable work on the "Ancient Literature of the Egyptians." Liberal appropriations have been made by the government during the last few years for the support of this library, and as it is entitled to a copy of each work published in the kingdom, its increase is in pace with the other great collections of Europe, the average for some time past being 9,000 volumes per annum. It has no printed catalogue, but in place thereof, there are two excellent ones

in manuscript, both of which may be freely consulted. One of these is alphabetical, extending through 650 volumes; the other is classified, and fills 250 volumes.

The Imperial Library at St. Petersburg is next in magnitude. Russia is indebted for this splendid collection to an act of robbery and spoliation. In 1795, when Russia triumphed over the independence of Poland, the victorious General, Suwaroff, unceremoniously seized the Zaslaski Library of nearly 300,000 volumes, had it packed up in all haste, and sent to St. Petersburg. There it formed the basis of the present Imperial Library, which, but for the stolen collection, instead of now ranking in the first class of European libraries, would scarcely have been entitled to a place in the third. Should the present stirring events lead the allied armies to St. Petersburg, and should that city be captured, is it too much to suppose that the French Emperor would follow the many examples of his illustrious uncle, and in retaliation, add the "Imperial" to the monster collection in France. Besides printed works, this library contains 20,650 manuscripts.

The library of the British Museum in London is, to Americans, more valuable than all other trans-atlantic collections. By the variety of its departments, this splendid national depository of literature, and objects of natural history and antiquities, meets in some way the particular taste of almost every class of society. The department of Natural History, in its three divisions of Zoology, Botany, Mineralogy, contains a collection of specimens unsurpassed, probably unequalled, in the world. The department of antiquities is extensive and valuable; but the library is the crowning glory of the whole, it being the fifth largest collection we have account of; and in regard to the value and usefulness of its books, the regulations for their convenient and safe keeping, and, in fact, in every matter pertaining to its internal arrangements, the Library of the British Museum

by the concurrent testimony of competent witnesses from various countries, must take the highest rank among similar institutions of the world. Some idea of the magnitude of the Museum, and of its vast resources, may be formed by considering that the buildings alone (see illustration at the commencement of this paper,) in which this great collection is deposited, have cost, since the year 1823, nearly £700,000, and the whole expenditures for purchases, exclusive of the cost of the buildings just named, is considerably more than £1,100,000. Besides this liberal outlay by the British government, there have been numerous magnificent bequests from individuals, some of which amount to munificent sums. Its annual receipts from all sources averages £50,000. The number of visitors is immense, the number having been over 30,000 in a single day.

This noble institution may be said to have originated in the bequest of Sir Hans Sloane who, dying in 1752, left his immense collections of every kind to the nation, on condition of paying £20,000 in legacies to different individuals; a sum considerably less than the intrinsic value of the medals, coins, gems and precious metals of the Museum. The bequest included a library of 50,000 volumes, among which were 3,566 volumes of manuscripts in different languages, a herbarium of 334 volumes, other objects of natural history, to the number of thirty-six or forty thousand; and the house at Chiswick, in which the whole was deposited. The Harleian collection of manuscripts, amounting to 7,600 volumes, chiefly relating to the history of England, and including, among other curious documents, 40,000 ancient charters and rolls, being about the same time offered for sale, Parliament voted the sum of £40,000 to be raised by lottery, and vested in the trustees, for the establishment of a National Museum. Of this money, £20,000 were paid to the legatees of Sir Hans Sloane; £10,000 were given for the Harleian manuscripts, and £10,000 for Mon-



ROYAL LIBRARY, MUNICH.

tague House as a receptacle for the whole. Sloane's Museum was removed hither with the consent of his trustees. In 1757, George II., by an instrument under the great seal, added the library of the kings of England, the printed books of which had been collected from the time of Henry VII., the manuscripts from a much earlier date. This collection was very rich in the prevailing literature of different periods, and it included, amongst others, the libraries of Archbishop Cramer, and of the celebrated scholar, Isaac Casaubon. His majesty annexed to his gift the privilege which the royal library had acquired in the reign of Queen Anne, of being supplied with a copy of every publication entered at Stationers' Hall, and, in 1759, the British Museum was opened to the public. In 1763, the library was enriched by George III. with a collection of pamphlets and periodical papers, published in England between 1640 and 1660, and chiefly illustrative of the civil wars in the time of Charles I., by whom the collection was commenced. Among other valuable acquisitions may be mentioned Garrick's collection of old English plays, Mr. Thomas Tyrwhitt's library, Sir William Musgrave's collection of biographies, the general library of the Rev. C. M. Cracherode, the libraries of M. Ginguené, Baron de Moll, Dr. Burney and Sir R. C. Hoare; and above all, the bequest of Major Arthur Edwards, who left it his noble library and £7,000, as a fund for the purchase of Books. Four separate collections of tracts, illustrative of the revolutionary history of France, have been purchased at different times, by the trustees, in the exercise of the powers with which they are invested. One of these was the collection formed by the last president of the parliament of Bretagne, at the commencement of the Revolution; two others extended generally throughout the whole revolutionary period, and the fourth consisted of a collection of tracts published during the reign of the Hundred Days, in 1815, forming, altogether, a body of materials for the history of the revolution, as complete in regard to France, as the collection of pamphlets and tracts already mentioned is, with respect to the civil wars of England, in the time of Charles I. Another feature of the Museum Library is the progressive collection of newspapers, from the appearance of the first of these publications, in 1588. Sir Hans

Sloane had formed a great collection for his day. But to this was added, in 1818, the Burney collection, purchased at the estimated value of £1,000, and since that period the Commissioners of Stamps have continued regularly to forward to the Museum copies of all newspapers deposited by the publishers in their office.

In 1823, the Royal Library collected by George III., was presented to the British nation by his successor George IV., and ordered by Parliament to be added to the British Museum, but to be kept for ever separate from the other books in that institution. The general plan of its formation appears to have been determined on by George III., soon after his succession to the throne; and the first extensive purchase made for it, was that of the library of Mr. Joseph Smith, British consul at Vienna, in 1762 for which his majesty paid about £10,000. In 1768, Mr. (afterward Sir Frederick) Barnard, the librarian, was dispatched to the Continent

Germany. Under the judicious direction of Mr. Barnard, the entire collection was formed and arranged; it was enlarged during a period of sixty years, by an annual expenditure of £2,000, and it is in itself, perhaps, one of the most complete libraries of its extent that was ever formed. It contains selections of the rarest kind, particularly of scarce books, which appeared in the first stages of the art of printing. It is rich in early editions of the classics, in books from the press of Caxton, in English history, and in Italian, French and Spanish literature; and there is likewise a very extensive collection of geography and topography, and of the transactions of learned academies. The number of books in this library is 65,250, exclusive of a very numerous assortment of pamphlets; and it appears to have cost, in direct outlay, about £130,000, but is estimated as worth at least \$200,000.

The nucleus of the department of manuscripts at the British Museum was formed by the Harleian, Sloanean, and Cottonian collections. To these, George II. added, in 1757, the manuscripts of the ancient royal library of England. Of these, one of the most remarkable is the "Codex Alexandrinus," a present from Cyril, Patriarch of Constantinople, to King Charles I. It is in four quarto volumes written upon fine vellum, probably between the fourth and sixth centuries, and is believed to be the most ancient manuscript of the Greek Bible now extant. Many of the other manuscripts came into the royal collection at the time when the monastic institutions of Britain were destroyed; and some of them still retain upon their spare leaves the honest and hearty anathemas which the donors denounced against those who should alienate or remove the respective volumes from the places in which they had been originally deposited. This collection abounds



CITY LIBRARY, FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.

by his majesty, and as the Jesuits' houses were then being suppressed, and their libraries sold throughout Europe, he was enabled to purchase upon the most advantageous terms, a great number of very valuable books, including some very remarkable rarities in France, Italy and

In old scholastic divinity, and possesses many volumes embellished by the most expert illuminators of different countries, in a succession of periods down to the sixteenth century. In it is also preserved an assemblage of the domestic music books of Henry VIII., and the



GORE HALL, HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY.

"Basilicon Doron" of James I., in his own hand writing. The Cottonian collection which was purchased for the use of the public, in 1701, and annexed by statute to the British Museum, in 1753, consists of 861 manuscript volumes, including "Madox's collections of the Exchequer," in ninety-four volumes, besides many precious documents connected with domestic and foreign history about the time of Elizabeth and James. It likewise contains numerous registers of English monasteries; a rich collection of royal and other original letters; and the manuscript called the "Durham Book," being a copy of the Latin Gospels, with an interlinear Saxon gloss, written about the year 800, illuminated in the most elaborate style of the Anglo-Saxons, and believed to have once belonged to the venerable Bede. The Harleian collection is still more miscellaneous, though historical literature in all its branches forms one of its principal features. It is particularly rich in heraldic and genealogical manuscripts; in parliamentary and legal proceedings; in ancient records and abbey registers; in manuscripts of the classics, among which is one of the earliest known of Homer's "Odyssey;" in missals, antiphonars, and other service books of the Catholic church; and in ancient English poetry. It possesses two very early copies of the Latin Gospels, written in gold letters; and also contains a large number of splendidly illuminated manuscripts, besides an extensive mass of correspondence. It further includes about three hundred manuscript Bibles or Biblical books in Hebrew, Chaldaic, Greek, Arabic, and Latin; nearly two hundred volumes of writings of the fathers of the church; and a number of works on the arts and sciences, among which is a tract on the steam-engine, with plans, diagrams and calculations, by Sir

Samuel Morland. The Sloanean collection consists principally of manuscripts on natural history, voyages and travels, on the arts, and especially on medicine.

In 1807, the collection of manuscripts formed by the first Marquis of Lansdowne, was added to these libraries, having been purchased by parliament for £4,925. It consists of 1,352 volumes, of which 114 are Lord Burleigh's

presented by Sir J. G. Wilkinson. It would be endless, however, to enumerate these treasures; we have indicated enough to convince the reader, that the British Museum is one of the most valuable storehouses of literary wealth on the face of our planet.

Although not among the very largest, there is, perhaps, none more celebrated than the Vatican Library of Rome, which stands preëminent, not more for its grandeur and magnificence, than for the inestimable treasures with which it is enriched. It was originated about the year 465, by Pope Hilary, and has been augmented by succeeding pontiffs, and by various princes, until it reached its present extent and value. Our space prohibits us giving anything like a detailed account of its treasures, but we condense the following description of the grand saloon of the library:—The principal chamber of the library appears to be 179 feet long by fifty-one broad. The ceiling is remarkable for presenting to the eye, the appearance of a uniform extensive surface, as if it were a beautifully broad elliptical vault, though in fact it consists of a double range of grained arches, that, springing on each side from the walls, and bending together in the middle, are supported on a row of six pillars planted in a line on the ground. Those pillars are contrived accordingly, of an oblong shape so extremely narrow, that planted as they are longitudinally, and encompassed by large rectangular mahogany book-cases to serve as pedestals, they occupy but an inconsiderable space in the apartment when viewed by a spectator standing at the entrance, and from their form, effectually counteract the appearance of weight that would certainly otherwise be produced by the double vaulting. Moreover, while the lines of curvative slide as it were thus gently and harmoniously into the outline of the pillars, the transition of surface is the less perceptible,



YALE COLLEGE LIBRARY, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

state papers, forty-six, Sir Julius Caesar's collection respecting the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., and 108, the historical collections of Bishop Kennet. Other valuable collections are the classical manuscripts of Doctor Charles Burney, the Oriental manuscripts collected by Messrs. Rich and Hull, and the Egyptian papyri

owing to the whole of the vault and pillars being painted in a uniform delicate pattern of arabesque, by Zuccari, as it is affirmed; but at all events, in figures of plants and flowers, almost as light and exquisite as the paintings on a china tea-cup, and thrown into relief by the prevalence of a clear white ground; so



ATHENÆUM LIBRARY, BOSTON, MASS.

that an appearance is produced of airiness and space to all intents and purposes, as effective as if the ceiling were really contained within the span of a single elliptical arch. Along the base of the ceiling is a cornice of stucco, ornamented with a light pattern in white and gold; and underneath upon the upper portion of the walls, are six windows on each side, and the remainder of the surface is covered with paintings by several different artists, one of which represents Sixtus V., receiving from his architect, Domenico Fontana, the plan of the present library. The lower portion of the walls is entirely occupied by closed book-cases, composed of panels of wood painted in arabesque, on a ground of white and slate color, and surrounded by gilded mouldings; which receptacles bear no sort of affinity in appearance to ordinary library furniture, and thoroughly conceal from public view the valuable manuscripts which they contain. No books, in fact, are to be seen in the whole chamber, and particularly the rectangular book-cases above referred to, that serve the purposes of pedestals, from the middle of which each pillar supporting the ceiling and resting on the ground below rise, as the pier of a bridge from its abutment—rather resembling ornamental buffets upon whose tabular surface vases and other splendid objects of art and antiquity are arranged in order. Having occupied so much space in describing the room, we can devote but little to the contents, among which are two very magnificent tables, each composed of an enormously thick and very highly polished slab of Oriental granite, supported by six bronze figures of slaves as large as life; there are also elegant vases and candelabras in *serres china*; pedestals of fluted Oriental alabaster, and other articles of furniture magnificent in the extreme. The literary collection is most valuable, and in

many cases unique; owing to the imperfect state of the catalogue, and the many difficulties in getting access to the books and manuscript, much of its vast treasures is yet to be explored by modern bibliographers; but as the whole is in a capital state of preservation, the world may yet receive much enlightenment from the now locked cases of the Vatican.

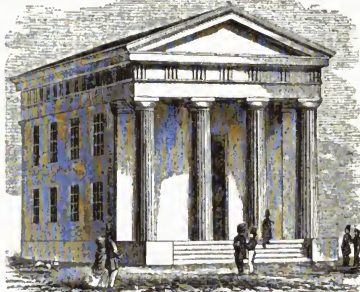
Antonio Magliabecchi, from being a servant to a dealer in vegetables, raised himself to the honorable office of librarian to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and became one of the most eminent literary characters of his time. The force of natural talent overcame all the disadvantages of the humble condition in which he had been born, and placed him in a situation to make his name known and respected. But he endeavored to deserve still better of his countrymen, by presenting them shortly before his death, in 1714, with his large and valuable collection of books, together with the remainder of his fortune, as a fund for its support. This constituted the foundation of the Magliabecchiana Library, at Florence; which, by the subsequent donations of several benefactors, and the bounty of some of the grand dukes of Florence, has been so much increased, both in number and value, that it may now vie with some of the most considerable collections in Europe.—Among this collection are 12,000 manuscripts.

In the following tables the libraries containing fewer than 10,000 volumes each (of which there are in France alone at least seventy, and in this country a much greater number), are not taken into account:—

FRANCE,	307	public libraries containing 4,000,000 vols.
PARIS,	44	" " " 2,400,000 "
ACQUAIA,	48	" " " 2,400,000 "
GRY BRITAIN,	53	" " " 1,771,000 "
UNITED STA.,	62	" " " 1,283,013 "
BAVARIA,	37	" " " 1,267,000 "
UPPERAINE,	5	" " " 648,000 "
SAKONY,	8	" " " 554,000 "
PRUSSIA,	14	" " " 528,000 "
TOKYAT,	9	" " " 411,000 "

The printed books in the chief university libraries, may be ranked as follows:—

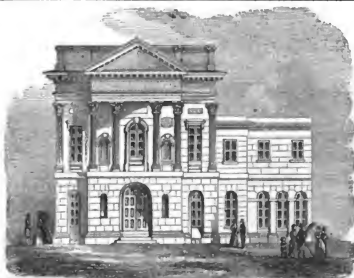
GOETTINGEN,	University Library	360,000 volumes
PARIS,	" " "	250,000 "
OXFORD,	Boleian "	220,000 "
TRIENBERG,	University "	200,000 "
MURICH,	" " "	200,000 "
HIMMELSTADT,	" " "	200,000 "



BROWN UNIVERSITY LIBRARY, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

The National Library, at Madrid, is another superior collection, and rich in Spanish literature, especially theology and topography, and has been much increased, numerically, since the suppression of the convents. It also contains a valuable cabinet of coins and medals, among which are Celtic, Phœnician, Greek, Roman, Gothic, Arabic, and the more modern nations of the earth.

CAMBRIDGE,	"	"	166,734 volumes
BLOOMING,	"	"	150,000 "
PLAGUE,	"	"	130,000 "
VIENNA,	"	"	118,000 "
LEIPSIC,	"	"	112,000 "
COPENHAGEN,	"	"	110,000 "
TRINITY,	"	"	110,000 "
LOUVAIN,	"	"	106,000 "
DUBLIN,	"	"	104,000 "
UPPERAINE,	"	"	100,000 "
ENGLAND,	"	"	100,000 "
EDINBURGH,	"	"	90,000 "
CAMBRIDGE, U. S., Harvard College Li-			84,200 "



STATE LIBRARY, ALBANY, N. Y.

In the United States we have at least *two hundred and thirty-four* libraries, each containing 5,000 volumes and over. Of this number six contain 50,000 volumes and over.

Perhaps the most important library we have in this country, both in regard to numerical strength, as well as in the value of its contents, is the superb establishment in Lafayette place, in this city, the magnificent bequest of John Jacob Astor to his fellow citizens; but as we are preparing a special paper on the Astor Library, which will give a detailed account of its history and statistics, together with superb illustrations of the exterior and interior; portraits of its founder, the president of the board of trustees, etc., we defer the subject till our October issue.

Next to the above, Harvard College Library, at Cambridge, Massachusetts; which long bore the palm of having the largest and most valuable collection in the United States. It now consists of about 85,000 volumes, which are distributed in four distinct libraries, as follows: 63,000 in the public library, 15,000 in the Law library, 4,000 in the Theological library, and the remainder in the Medical library. The society libraries of the students contain about 12,000 volumes; besides the above, there are also 26,000 unbound pamphlets in the Public library that were not reckoned in the above enumeration. This collection was begun eighty-eight years ago. Its origin dates from the destruction of Harvard Hall, containing the first library of the college, the philosophical apparatus, and other objects of interest and value, accumulated in the course of 126 years, which were consumed by fire on the night of the 24th of January, 1764. The Legislature—then in session—at once granted funds for a new building; and from amounts raised by private subscription, another collection was shortly after commenced, which now contains the valuable matter above enumerated. In the new Harvard Hall, erected immediately on the site of the old one, the public library was kept till July, 1841, when the books were removed to Gore Hall, a spacious and imposing edifice, built for its exclusive accommodation by means of funds bequeathed to the college by the Honorable Christopher Gore.

Next in rank comes the Philadelphia library,

which (including the Loganian library, founded by James Logan, the confidential friend and counsellor of William Penn.) contains about 61,000 volumes. It was founded by a company of literary gentlemen, among whom was the celebrated Benjamin Franklin, in 1731. Among the librarians have been Dr. Franklin, Francis Hopkinson, the author, and Zachariah Poulson, the well known publisher of "Poulson's Daily Advertiser." In 1790, the books were removed to the library building, in Fifth street, below Chestnut, where they now remain. They embrace all subjects, the object kept in view being to have both a good circulating library of general literature, and a collection of standard books of reference in every department. Less attention is paid to medicine, Natural History and Law, than to History, etc., inasmuch as there are special collections of the former in the Pennsylvania Hospital, the Academy of Natural Sciences, and the Law Library. The collection of the Philadelphia library is rich and valuable. Still we regret to add that at a late visit, we were surprised to find that it is not kept up as well as it should be, and that owing to inattention of the managing parties the additions are inconsiderable. The denizens of the city of "Brotherly Love," must look to their laurels.

The Congressional library, at Washington, is a rich storehouse of literary worth, consisting of over 50,000 volumes. The first library of Congress was founded April 24, 1800. In 1814, it contained 3,000 volumes, which were destroyed by the British army, on the 24th of August, in the last mentioned year. The following year government purchased Mr. Jefferson's collection of 7,000 volumes, which formed the nucleus of the present collection, which is fast increasing, \$6,000 per annum being appropriated by Congress for the purchase of books; besides numbers which are received in exchange. This collection is enriched by many valuable coins, medals, maps, charts, busts, paintings and other superior works of art. By law the Congressional library is entitled to a duplicate of each work secured by copyright.

Our article having become already so lengthy, we have only space to mention the other principal libraries.

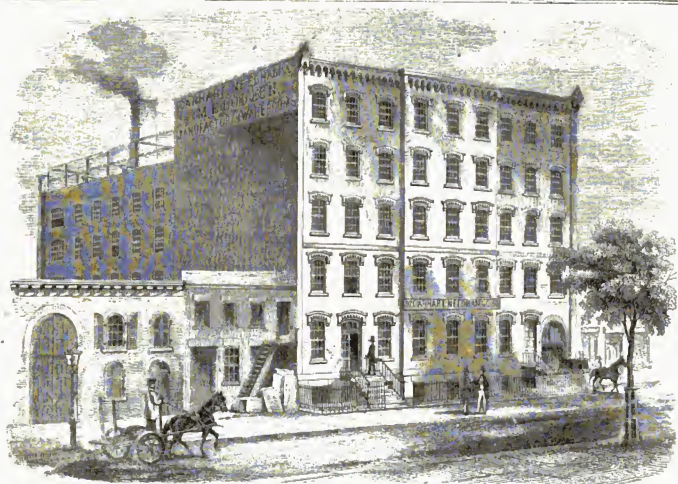
The following is a classified account of the

libraries in the United States, beside the above, containing 20,000 volumes and over:—

YALE, College Library.....	44,000	volumes
BURTON, Athenaeum Library.....	50,000	"
New York, Society Library.....	50,000	"
New York, Mercantile Library.....	30,000	"
BROWN, University Library.....	27,000	"
GREENOUGH, College Library.....	26,000	"
BOWDOCK, College Library.....	26,000	"
New York, State Library.....	26,000	"
BARTHOLOMEW, College Library.....	26,000	"
ANDOVER, Theological Seminary Library.....	21,000	"
New York, Historical Society Library.....	20,000	"
COLUMBIAN, Society Library.....	20,000	"
AMERICAN, Philosophical Society Library.....	20,000	"

In closing this sketch of Public Libraries, we again repeat that as an American we feel justly proud of the position the people of our country have already taken in regard to collections of books, etc.; of course the work is in a measure in its infancy. The mammoth collections of the old world have had centuries the start of us; but, notwithstanding the groans of the croakers, who present their *theses* on the "Paucity of Libraries in the United States," still we think we have done well, and are already making rapid strides in overtaking, in this particular, our more fortunate brethren in the old country. Each and every individual can do something in this important matter, and if all would give it the careful consideration the case demands, much that is daily thrown away as useless, would be preserved. Indeed, nothing should be neglected; nothing is valueless to one who wishes thoroughly to study a subject. An astronomer who desires to study the motions peculiar to certain stars, requires to consult all the old books of astronomy, and even of astrology, which appear the most replete with error. A chemist, a man who is engaged in the industrial arts, may still consult with profit certain works on alchemy, and even magic. A legislator, a jurist, needs sometimes to be acquainted with the laws, the ordinances, which derive their origin from the most barbarous ages; but it is particularly for the biographer, for the historian, that it is necessary to prepare the latest field of inquiry, to amass the greatest amount of information. This is not only true of the past, but of the future. It is our duty to prepare the materials for future students. Hist. and facts, which, at the least important, the most important anecdotes, registered in a library, may be connected at a later period in an unforeseen manner with events which acquire great importance when traced to their origin, elevation, or even by their crimes. There is no portion of the earth that produces so many self-made men as our own country. In fact none are born celebrated—men become so; and when we desire to trace the history of those who have attained celebrity, the inquirer is often obliged to pursue his researches in their most humble beginning. It has been truly said, that a public library should contain all those works which are too costly, too voluminous, or of too little value in the common estimation to be found elsewhere, down even to the smallest tract, street ballad, etc.

Nothing more astonishing foreigners, on visiting this country, than the universality of our reading classes, including all grades of society, and what are usually called the middle, or working class, are the greatest readers, and their tastes are daily becoming more and more cultivated for works of the highest order of merit. The good effect of this state of things is constantly becoming apparent in a general regard in the mind of the public for learning, for literature, and for books.



CARHART, NEEDHAM & CO'S MELODEON MANUFACTORY, EAST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

OUR MANUFACTORIES.

NUMBER IV.

MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

THE power of music and its various effects on the human system—now exhilarating, now soothing—has been universally acknowledged by history in all ages. It is a means of producing efficacious impressions of which skillful men have ever availed themselves. To prove this, it is not necessary to go back to the fabulous times of Amphion and Orpheus, for facts are constantly demonstrated in every section and under the immediate notice of all classes of society. Again the most savage of the brute creation have been known to succumb to its wonderful influences, and become as gentle as the soft strains of the sweet harmony that enchanted them. It is, perhaps, true, that occasionally an individual can be found who may be highly gifted in other respects, both intellectually and morally, yet does not enjoy the privilege of yielding to the emotions inspired by music. We once met a party who professed to know no difference between the oppressive deafening sounds in a steam-boiler factory, and the sweet melody of a Lind, an Albion, or the exquisite harmony of Jullien's unapproachable band. Poor fellow, his case was truly pitiable; but, if we remember right, he scoffed our sympathy. Then, on the other hand, there are persons from whom most anything they possessed, or could procure, might readily be obtained by the aid of this truly divine art. Timotheus inspired at will all sorts of passions in Alexander, by means of musical impressions; Saul when a prey to gloomy melancholy, was deliv-

ered from it by the sweet sounds of David's harp; and Homer tells how physicians lulled by music the severe pain which Ulysses suffered from the bite of a wild boar. It is well known that it was music which inspired and elated the minds of the poets and prophets of ancient times. And again, that it is and ever has been one of the most powerful influences of the Christian church.

Sound—the creator of music, as most persons are aware, arises from vibrations of the air, diverging in waves from a center, like the ripples on calm water when a stone is thrown into it. This may be made apparent to the eye by the vibrations of a musical glass when placed in water, and it may be felt by the vibrations of all instruments. It is the greater or less rapidity of these vibrations, within a given space of time, which causes the different degrees of loudness or intensity of sound. For example, we can distinguish a tone so low that the undulations number only twelve-and-a-half in a second, and so high that the undulations in the same space of time number 6,000. Higher than this sound is but a monotonous roar to the human ear. Every sound is a mixture of three tones, just as every ray of light is a mixture of three primary colors. These colors, red, yellow and blue, correspond to the primary sounds *c*, *e* and *a*. The vibrations of *c*, are 480, of *e*, 300, of *a*, 360. All sounds appear to be echo and reflection; in the real echo, the first sound is from near surfaces, the second from distant surfaces. When we speak of the report of a cannon "reverberating" among hills, we mean its reflection from sur-

faces more and more distant, until the vibrations cease to travel any further. Echoes are distinguished when the time between the delivery of a sound and its return is more than one-twelfth of a second.

Sounds are more intense when the air is denser. In the Arctic regions, persons can converse at more than a mile distant, when the thermometer is below zero. At the temperature of freezing 32° F., sound travels 1,100 feet in a second. For lower temperatures deduct, and for higher temperatures add half a foot. In a balloon, the barking of dogs on the ground may be heard at an elevation of three or four miles; and on Table Mountain, a mile above Cape Town, every sound may be heard distinctly from below. The fire of the English when landing in Egypt, under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, was distinctly heard at a distance of 130 miles. These results may be all obtained with greater or less facility, according to the state of the atmosphere.

From its greater density, water is a better conductor of sound than air. In the former, sounds possess twice the distinctness, and travel with four times the velocity that they do in air; but, owing to the greater elasticity of the latter, sound moves round obstructions better in it than in water. As might be expected from their greater density, solid bodies transmit sounds better than either air or water. The scratch of a pen at one end of a beam is heard at the other; and it is believed that a bar of iron, ten miles long, would transmit sounds almost instantaneously. The ear is not fitted to receive two loud sounds in

succession. In verses for music the syllables should follow in the same order of accents as the sounds. This is the secret of the success of Moore and Wolcott. The sense of hearing arises from an expansion of nerves into the inner chamber of the ear, and these receive the vibrations of the tympanum, a strained membrane. This elastic membrane is damped by a small bone called the mallet, but, like a drum, it will not transmit two loud sounds to the brain in immediate succession.

Observations can be made on the vibrations of sounds by striking an instrument over a plate covered lightly with sand, in which the undulations become distinctly marked.

The human voice is the most wonderfully constructed, variable and efficient producer of melodious sounds. The ingenuity of man has, however, from the most early periods of time, invented a vast series of instruments that are constantly nearing perfection. It would take years of time, and volumes of space, to even briefly mention the various apparatus that have been placed before the world under the appellation of musical instruments. The Egyptian flute was only a cow-horn with three or four holes bored in it, and their harp, or lyre, had only three strings; the Grecian lyre had only seven strings, and was very small, being held in one hand; the Jewish trumpets, that made the walls of Jericho fall down, were only rams' horns. Their flute was the same as the Egyptian. They had no other instrumental music, except by percussion, of which the greatest boast made was the psaltery, a small triangular harp or lyre, with wire strings, and struck with an iron needle or stick; their sackbut was something like a bagpipe; the timbrel was a tambourine; and the dulcimer was a horizontal harp with wire strings, and struck with a stick like the psaltery.

The limits of this paper—which we are preparing expressly to describe the important improvements in, and the extensive manufacture of the *Melodion*, by Messrs. Carhart Needham & Co., of this city—forbids our mentioning even the names of the many musical instruments now in use. However, there are certain broad distinctions between them, which enable us to classify them, not with reference to the mode by which they are played, but to the manner in which the sounds are produced. The vibrations of a column of air in a tube produce the sounds of those which we are accustomed to term wind instruments; while the vibrations of a stretched cord, or wire, are the source of sound in the numerous instruments of the violin class, as also of the pianoforte. But a period of about thirty or forty years has witnessed the introduction of a great number and variety of instruments in which the sounding body is a metallic spring, fixed at one end, and free to vibrate at the other. These they have been designated *free-reed instruments*.

Who was the inventor of this free-reed, although we have made diligent search and inquiry, we are as yet unable to state positively. That something of the kind had been known for ages to musicians is evident by the *Jess Harp*, in which a metallic tongue is struck in a peculiar way by the finger, and at the same time breathed upon; but in this case one spring

is made to yield several notes by altering the form of the cavity of the mouth. It is also known that organ builders had for many years occasionally used a metal tongue as the vibrating body in those organ-pipes termed reed-pipes, and M. Grenie, an eminent musical mechanic of France, had adopted a form of tongue in a measure similar to that which is now used in the melodeon, accordion, and instruments of this class. We may also mention the musical "snuff-box" as an instrument in which the sounds are elicited from metallic springs. It is probable that other attempts to produce music by this means could be cited. But it is only since about the year 1825 that a series of instruments under the names of melodeon, eolian, harmonica, melophone, symphonion, seraphine, accordion, concertina, reed organ, etc., have been brought before the public, and have demonstrated the variety of ways in which sounds may be educed from metallic springs, or as they should properly be termed, free-reeds.

In an article in "The Musical World and Times" something over two years since, the invention of this class of instruments is claimed for Mr. James H. Bazin, an ingenious musician and mechanic, of Canton, Mass. Those who read our articles know we are great sticklers for National rights, and at all times take the highest stand, in claiming the utmost due native ingenuity and inventive talent. However, in reference to the "free reed," although we cannot with positiveness point to the actual inventor, still, as will be observed from the own showing, Mr. Bazin was not the man. The account referred to contains the following:—"Late in the year of 1821, some young men from a neighboring town, brought a small, round, brass pipe, with the letter A marked on it, and a piece of this brass screwed on one side; which brass appeared to have been made to vibrate through an opening about one-half the length of the pipe, but which had been broken off near the screw. They had borrowed this pipe from a singing-master in Boston, and wished to have Mr. Bazin repair it, and make several more like it." Thus we find that the reed was brought to Mr. Bazin, and no matter how valuable his improvements and adaptations, he certainly did not originate it. We have a legend, in which it is asserted that the free-reed was the invention of a German shoemaker, who, captivated with the sweet sounds produced by it, constructed an instrument something like the present Concertina, which he carried from his native land to Italy, where he received a patent for the *form*, thinking that the most valuable feature of his exertions; never, for a moment, dreaming that a beautiful and truly valuable class of musical instruments would be perfected, whose foundations were the emanations of his own brain.

To illustrate the exact situation of this class of instruments in Europe, in 1830, we have concluded to present the following from a lecture on the subject, delivered at the Royal Institute by Professor Faraday, during that year. He spoke of the desirableness of connecting the springs with the mechanism of an organ or pianoforte, and described such an attempt nearly as follows:—"It was found the steel springs might be made to yield any note within the compass of a keyed instrument, while that

for the lowest note was not more than four inches in length and one in breadth; so that the mechanism would occupy less space than the smallest cabinet pianoforte. Some difficulties attended the accomplishment of the design, for the springs, under certain circumstances, were bent, by the mere vibration, beyond the elastic strength of the metal of which they were composed; the consequence was the gradual disintegration of the metal, and an alteration of the tone, which increased until, at length, the springs were actually broken off by use. Another formidable difficulty arose from the tardiness with which the vibration of the spring commenced when the air first acted on it; so that a note, when struck, did not immediately yield its sound. Means were, however, adopted that completely obviated both these defects, and, in 1829, the Society of Arts presented a medal to Dr. Dower, for an instrument constructed on this principle with keys. The bellows were placed underneath, and the springs arranged over a continued wind-chest, furnished with a valve to each note. The springs, or, as they have been called, the tongues, with the exception of the highest octave, were made of an alloy called German silver, or eutectum, which is composed of a mixture of copper, zinc, and a little nickel. The springs of the remaining octave were manufactured from extremely thin sheet steel, imported into this country from Switzerland. This instrument was tolerable of its kind, but inferior to one that has been made by Mr. Day, an ingenious mathematical instrument maker, who has considerably improved the manufacture of the springs." This was about the state, in Europe, in 1830, of an instrument, which, by subsequent improvements, has attained the name of seraphine, melodeon, etc., in later times; but, at the period alluded to, there was a great inequality and harshness of the tones, which caused the lecturer to doubt whether, without great improvements, it would ever become a popular and useful instrument. We will here remark, that, in our own minds, we have no doubt of the fact—which truth, by an extended research, could probably be demonstrated—that the free-reed originated in Germany; but like many other important inventions we could cite, it owes its thorough adaptation and value almost solely to the ingenuity and skill of American mechanics and artisans. And our remarks hereafter will be expressly in reference to the advancement and perfection of the instrument on this side of the Atlantic.

Although we cannot accord to Mr. Bazin the honor of having invented the free-reed, we are pleased to bear testimony to his ingenuity and perseverance in adapting it in various ways, by which he has, in a measure, been instrumental in aiding to bring it to its present great perfection. His first production, the "Brass Sliding Pitch Pipe," has been long and favorably known to musicians and dealers. Among his later experiments, was the completion of the "Reed Trumpet," which contained thirty-six pipes, arranged in a circle, and pointed towards the center; so that by turning the circle, each pipe could be brought in succession between the mouth-piece and the bell. This instrument was finished in the summer of 1834; and for many



EXHIBITION AND SALESROOM

years it was used in church as an accompaniment to the choir, being played by the inventor himself. In 1828, Mr. Bazin made a bellows for his trumpet, and afterward made an instrument which worked with valves, etc., but as we can furnish anterior dates for most of these improvements, we deem it unimportant to mention them here. Soon after the year 1830, several establishments in different sections of the country commenced the manufacture of instruments of this class, and although in an imperfect and unsatisfactory condition, they at once became popular, and commanded a ready sale.

The first really valuable improvements in free-reed instruments—those which at once raise the melodeon to the front rank among these musical contrivances that make them equally the delight and pleasure of our social and domestic circles—was undoubtedly made by Mr. Carhart, the senior partner of the manufacturing firm mentioned at the head of this article.

Jeremiah Carhart was born near Poughkeepsie, in Dutchess county, New York, in 1815. He was a musical and mechanical genius from an early age. Those who knew him in his boyhood inform us that he was always whistling out whistles and other childish toys, and never got hold of a musical instrument, without endeavoring to play on it. In 1828, being on a visit to an uncle's at Binghamton, New York, he bound himself to Mr. Pratt, of that village, to learn the trade of a cabinet maker. During his apprenticeship, he still had his mania for musical instruments, and in his exertions to turn fives, flutes (on which he is a skillful and talented performer), clarionets, etc., he became an experienced tuner. On the expiration of his apprenticeship, he moved to Buffalo, New York, and went to work at his trade. One day, some fancy turned legs were wanted, and the tuner of the establishment being absent, the proprietors were in a quandary, to relieve which, Carhart stepped forward and volunteered to perform the job, which he executed in such a superior manner, that his employers insisted on his filling the station of tuner during the remainder of his term with them. The next year he

accepted a situation in a large musical instrument manufactory, as a maker of the instruments that had employed his leisure hours during his apprenticeship; and while here, he was called on to repair, among other apparatus, seraphines, accordions, and others of their class. On his first acquaintance with the accordion, he had remarked that the tones produced when the air was drawn in, was far superior to those elicited when the air was forced out; this fact led to some thought on the subject, and he soon came to the conclusion that he could make valuable improvements in this class of instruments, not only in the quality and power of their tone, but also in the manner of producing it. It must be borne in mind, that all seraphines, melodeons, etc., that had been made, up to this time, were of a sharp, reedy tone, and if by chance one happened to be in a measure soft and pleasant, it was so "lazy" that nothing but slow music could be performed upon it.

In the year 1839, Mr. Carhart devoted his leisure hours to the manufacture of a seraphine for his own use. It had five octaves, and two sets of reeds in unison, and was furnished with the old-fashion organ bellows. The reeds were made of steel springs, fastened on cast metal blocks, but, during the course of construction, he experimented on a great variety of materials for the reeds, such as various kinds of wood, horn, ivory, gold, silver, steel, brass, and many other compositions, his object, at that time, being more to procure softness and sweetness of tone, than with a regard to the irregularities that might occur by changes of temperature, to which they would be subject in different seasons and climates. When he put this instrument together, it was found far superior to any similar one that had been seen or heard in that section of the country, although his employers had on sale seraphines, etc., both domestic and foreign, with all the then latest improvements. Every person, except Carhart himself, who came within hearing distance, expressed themselves perfectly delighted with it; but to the fastidious ear of its constructor there were the old faults; not so perceptible as formerly, to be sure, but

the sharp, unpleasant twang and tardy movement were still distinguishable, and in his opinion, they were decidedly against it, and must be remedied. Again, the whole affair was so complicated that there was a great amount of labor and difficulty in taking it apart to get at the reeds and valves. In order to facilitate his further experiments, he desired to turn the reeds up side down. It must be stated that in this primary instrument, as in all others up to that time, the reeds were on the *under side*, next the opening on the bellows, the wind passing *upward and outward*. In order to make the reed "speak," when turned over, he found it would be necessary for the wind to pass through the reed from the *upper side downward*. This circumstance was the first application of his idea of the suction bellows, and proved to be the initiatory step to his great invention. He immediately set about constructing a bellows that would produce the desired effect, and which he already foresaw would greatly diminish the impediments in his further experiments, as thereby the reeds would be accessible from the upper side, and could be removed and replaced at pleasure, without taking the instrument to pieces. His exertions here were long and tedious, and had he not been possessed with most indomitable energy and perseverance, he would have given up in despair a dozen times. In a very few weeks, he accomplished the musical object; but effort after effort was cast aside as being too complicated and cumbersome—he being determined that if it ever was placed before the public it should have all the valuable qualities desired. At times he would defer operations on it, and long before it was perfected he had made three other important inventions; one a planing machine, another a machine for turning irregular forms, and the third, a brick press—all of which have since been patented and put into successful operation by other parties. Finally, after years of patient industry, during which he not only labored almost incessantly, night and day, but submitted to all the inconveniences of a light purse and a young family to support, he suc-

ceeded beyond his most sanguine expectations, and "Carhart's Suction or Exhaustion Bellows," now so universally admired and acknowledged to be perfection itself, was brought into the world.

A short time after this he submitted his inventions to several friends soliciting their advice, as to which of the four appeared most promising for his future success and reward; and the bellows, the planing, the turning or brick pressing machines, his pecuniary means being such that it was impossible for him to patent and successfully manage more than one of them. The expressions were decidedly in favor of the first mentioned, as all present were convinced that it would occasion a complete revolution in the manufacture of free-reed instruments, and was undoubtedly open the way to fame and fortune for the talented inventor.

Among those who consulted with him at that time, was E. P. Needham, Esq., who had long known Mr. Carhart, and had always appreciated and admired his talents, energy and industry. During their conversation, Mr. Needham, had offered the necessary funds to secure the patent, and requisite machinery, etc., and to at once start the manufacture of the "New Melodeon," as it was now called. Mr. Carhart immediately set to work on his model, and in a few days he associated himself in partnership with Mr. Needham, and thus was the foundation of the present firm. As a caveat had been filed, it was determined that in order to more fully demonstrate the utility and great value of the invention, six instruments should be constructed and submitted to the bar of public opinion, before the patent was finally secured.

During the making of these first six instruments, Mr. Carhart had the good fortune to make a discovery, which has been acknowledged by all to have been one of the greatest improvements in reeds, which has ever been brought to light. He discovered that by *bending or curving* the point of the reed, the *quality* of the tone could be changed at pleasure. To this invention he applied the name of "*voicing*." The peculiar advantage derived from it is the command which a skillful tuner is capable of exercising over the reed, as by varying the curve, he can produce any quality of tone, from extreme harshness to the opposite extremity of softness; the volume and power of the tone can also be graduated at pleasure by means of this principle. Its universal adaptation is convincing proof of the value of this discovery.

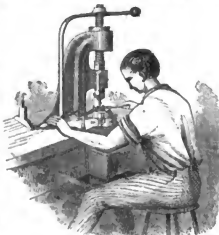
After some time, during which a long succession of difficulties were met and promptly overcome, the half-dozen melodeons were finished and submitted for examination. The last improvements so perfected the tone that a soft sweet strain could be procured at pleasure; the new application of the bellows was rapid and effective and in a moment the melodeon had become a "fast talker," while its beautiful flute-like sounds delighted and enchanted each hearer. Of course the public verdict was unanimous in its favor; and the patent being at once secured, their sale commenced immediately. This was in 1846, and as a most remarkable circumstance we state the fact, that notwithstanding they were constantly increasing their facilities, Messrs. Carhart & Needham were unable to fulfil their orders from that time



Exterior appearance of the Improved Melodeon, of 1846.

until late in 1853, when the general financial and commercial depression was felt in every department of manufacture, trade, etc.

The manufacture was continued in the city of Buffalo, until 1848. In the meantime, Mr. Carhart's ever active mind had conceived, and by rude experiment demonstrated, his justly celebrated "theory of the action of a current of air upon reeds placed in particular positions." He had also conceived the idea of making a tube-board in *one piece, and solely by machinery*, in which to place the reeds; and still another valuable machine for greatly facilitating and perfecting the manufacture of the cases of the melodeon; and after due reflection it was determined to dispose of their establishment, in Buffalo, and remove to the great commercial metropolis; and there, after constructing the most perfect machinery and apparatus and securing suitable premises, to commence the manufacture of melodeons on the most extended and liberal scale. It had been about that time discovered that this class of instruments were affected by changes of the atmosphere. Soon after his arrival in this city, Mr. Carhart proceeded to an extensive rolling-mill in Connecticut, where, after a series of experiments of some weeks duration, he produced the amalgam now known as "*reed-metal*," which has ever been found to possess the exact virtues required from it, and since its adoption the manufacturers have heard nothing of the "*buzzing*" sound,



The Reed Riveting Machine.

that in some cases was formerly complained of in melodeons.

While constructing the machinery for the new establishment, another superior contrivance emanated from the prolific brain of Carhart. A machine for riveting the frames and reeds together (see illustration), and this perfect and effective little automaton is certainly one of the most elegant, useful and ingenious pieces of mechanism of the age. It is thus described in the "Evening Post" of January 9th, 1851; about which time the patent was secured:—"One machine for riveting the tongue to the frame is a great curiosity. The former being placed on the latter, they are seized with a pair of pliers of peculiar construction, and inserted in the machine, a slight jerk of the lever and a portion of the frame is driven directly through the tongue, forming a rivet most complete and ingenious, thereby securing two truly important qualities, strength and perfect vibration—bringing out a tone which it is almost impossible to attain in any other way." Although we have taken some moments to describe the operation of this machine, its motions are much more expeditious, as at its ordinary working speed it perfectly rivets fifteen reeds per minute.

After their removal to New York, the firm was taken by surprise by the constant orders for reeds that was daily pouring in upon them, from manufacturers and others in all sections of the country. Owing to the filling of which, and the time required to make their new machinery, they did not get permanently located until late in the fall of 1849, when they leased a large establishment in Thirteenth street, and commenced the manufacture of the melodeon on a scale never before attempted in this country.

Notwithstanding the great facilities they had here, their orders still kept ahead of them, and to catch up with them they found they must still further increase their producing capacity; and to do this a more extended territory was required, and after due reflection, in 1853, they purchased the lot and commenced the erection of their present buildings, into which they removed early last spring, and now have it in perfect order in all its appearances.

It is located on East Twenty-third street, between Third and Lexington avenues. The main building is six stories in height, 78 feet front, by 30 feet deep, to this is added an extension, or rear building, 70 by 30 feet. The whole of the rear premises are enclosed by a substantial brick wall, eighteen feet high. The basement, or first story, is occupied by a new and elegantly working steam engine, the boiler of which is constructed on an improved original principle, that not only occasions a great saving of fuel, but also makes it require much less attendance. Next adjoining this, which is located on the extreme rear of the premises, is a room twenty feet square, which is perfectly air-tight and heated with steam pipes. This is the lumber curing room, where every particle of wood required for the construction of the melodeon is perfectly seasoned or cured before it is used. Next in front is a large shop containing the planing mill, circular saws, and other like machines, by which the lumber is prepared from the rough to suitable sizes and shapes for its further finishing in the shops up stairs. The large front room contains the

extensive stock of veneers that it is desirable to keep on hand at all times.

The second, or principal story, contains the large ware-room (see illustration), where a specimen of each variety and size of melodeon made in the establishment is constantly on exhibition for the inspection of purchasers and others. Adjoining, on the east side, is the packing department, to which there is communication with each story by a patent hoist way, and an immediate connection with the street by the east entrance: in fact the vehicle can be literally driven into the room to receive a load. On the west side is the business and conversational offices. Immediately on the north side and in the rear building, is a room thirty feet square, designated "the reed-making shop."



Reed Block Punching Machine.

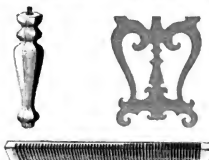
A few moments' inspection in this department will convince the spectator of the superior genius of the master spirit, Carhart, which is here developed in several ways to a most surprising degree. Beside the machine for riveting, described above, there are three others for forming the blocks and tongues, the whole of which is performed in the most expeditious and



Machine for Squaring and Slotting the Reed Blocks.

perfect manner: in fact, it would be impossible to secure the same uniformity on any other yet known plan. One machine (see illustration) punches out the blocks; another trims and shapes them, another takes out half the cavity for the tongue, which cavity is finished complete in the next operation. The tongues are worked out in precisely the same perfect and expeditious manner. All the metal, turning, filing, and iron finishing of the whole concern, is done here, for which the room is fitted with lathes, vices, and all the machinery desirable to expedite the operations. We observed that the partition at the north end of this room was composed of a series of drawers, each one of

which were lettered and numbered. We found that the reeds as fast as finished are deposited here, each note of the various octaves having its special receptacle. Immediately in the rear of this shop is the "tube-board and turning shop," where is situated a machine on which, Mr. Carhart informs us he looks with more satisfaction than any other of his inventions. It is the one which we have previously mentioned in connection with the perfection of the case manufacture, and with it is not only made the tube boards complete for the reception of the reeds, but it also cuts the octagon legs, scrolls, lyres, book-desks, name-boards,--and altogether performs a great variety of laborious eccentricities, that would really lead one to believe that the inanimate wood and metal of which it is composed, was endowed with animal instinct and sagacity. We present drawings of the tube-board, octagon and scroll legs, as worked by this machine, which leave the first finished complete, and the two latter ready for the



veneer (see illustrations). We were anxious to have an engraving of the machine itself, and thus to present a more full and lucid description, but the proprietors having little faith in the security of their original inventions they have always taken means to keep this as much as possible from the public gaze, and any further illustration of its qualities or construction is deemed detrimental to their interests. As the tube-boards are finished, the reeds are immediately placed in them from the partition before mentioned, each note is placed in its particular cavity, and the complete set is carried up stairs to be fitted to the action.

The large rooms in the fourth and fifth stories of the front building, are used for the case making, and would give one the idea of an extensive cabinet-making shop, barring the dirt and confusion usually found in such places; the lumber being all "roughed out," below, the workmen in these shops have an opportunity for to keep their places tidy and orderly, and we were pleased to observe that they availed themselves of the facilities furnished. We observed here, large steam-chests for heating the "canals," coils of steam pipe to soften the glue, morticing, boring and other machines, screw presses, etc., in each of which, if applicable, power was used. All the heat required for veneering or any purpose whatever, is furnished from the steam boiler below. We were able to form something like a definite idea of the amount of manufacture, while in the case shops, as there were rising twenty-seven dozen of cases of different varieties at that time in the course of construction.

When the exterior of the instruments are finished, they are hoisted to the sixth story,

the whole of which is converted into an extensive "varnish shop." After getting the requisite number of coats of varnish, they are carried to the "rubbing room," in the fifth story of the rear building, where they are rubbed and polished. The roof immediately over this, is fitted up for drying the finished work, and is most complete in all its appearances, and as it is on a level with the varnish room, its ready access is a most desirable feature. After the cases have received a brilliant polish, they are lowered to the third story, where we shall follow them presently.

The fourth story of the rear building is used for the "key making shop," which manufacture is carried on here in a similar manner to that adopted in our large pianoforte establishments, the keys of the melodeon and pianoforte being incidental. Considerable quantities of ivory and ebony are used here, and as in every other department throughout the whole concern, wherever they can be used to advantage, we observe tools worked by steam power. The third floor of the rear building, with the exception of a small shop for the manufacture of the bellows, and a tuning room, is occupied by the "action makers." Here is where the tube-boards, fitted with the reeds are brought from below, and when they are ready to leave this department, the whole "musical part" has been perfected and is ready for the tuner. Of course, this part of the construction requires superior mechanical manipulation, and if there is any truth in the sciences of phrenology and physiognomy, the employees in the action shop are men of rather more than common ability.

The large room in the front building on this floor is called the "Fly finishing shop," and is the particular spot to which we referred, when we observed the cases were carried down stairs. Here all the various parts pertaining to a melodeon—that have been finished in the divers apartments through which we have conducted our reader—are collected and put together, and after receiving a careful inspection from one of the proprietors in person, if found perfect in all its arrangements, it is carried down to the warerooms and is ready for a purchaser. Before leaving this floor, we visited a small room at the far end, which contains a "branch" of the business that has proved itself to be of vast importance in the perfection of the manufacture of the melodeon; it is the *sanctum sanctorum* of Mr. Carhart, or "thinking room," as he designates it. Here is his work bench, trestle board, tools, drawings, patterns, etc., and we understand he is about adding to the other conveniences a library of the most approved modern mechanical and musical authors. During our visit, Mr. Carhart was just finishing a superior contrivance, in which domestic industry and harmony is combined in a manner that will no doubt delight and astonish thrifty and economical housekeepers; but as an injunction of secrecy was placed on our pen, our lady friends must wait patiently for further revelations on the subject.

Besides the apartments specially mentioned, there are twelve "tuning rooms," which are generally situated at the reverse angles of the building, so that the sounds emitted from one will not interfere with the operator in the other.

Thus, we think, we have given our readers something of an understandable description of this extensive establishment, and the article it produces. In fact, those who have followed us attentively, must have something of an idea of the great amount of labor on one of those truly desirable instruments, that whiles away so pleasantly and profitably our hours of leisure and recreation. Nothing but the superior adaptation of ingenious machinery, could enable them to be furnished at the reasonable rates they are now procurable at. And as we have shown, this manufactory of Messrs. Carhart, Needham & Co., is one of the best finished, conveniently arranged, perfectly systematized establishments that has yet come under our scope. Every desirable appliance can be found; neither the comfort or convenience of themselves or operatives have been neglected in any way. Croton water, with wash-basins, sinks, etc., are conveniently arranged in every story. Light is furnished by "Old Sol," or the Manhattan Gas Company, as occasion may require. Heat is furnished by pipes heated with steam from the boiler, under which latter is the only fire used in the whole establishment—except an occasional one in the forge, which is situated in the rear of the first story, in a fire-proof apartment, and entirely out of harm's way. There are hotwaters to connect each floor, and speaking tubes ramifying to all the shops, meeting at the office as the fountain head. In fact, we were unable to make a single suggestion that would better either of the different arrangements that came under our observation.

The capital employed here is not less than \$100,000. And one of the most convincing arguments of the superiority of the articles produced, is, that the original ventures made less than ten years ago, were not one per cent. of the above amount. The number of hands employed at present, average from ninety to one hundred, but there is ample accommodations for a much larger force. The number of melodeons produced, is from twenty-eight to thirty per week, although if driven to its full capacity, the establishment could no doubt furnish eighty per week. And now that our tillers of the soil have secured their extra bountiful crops—that the financial depression is past—our steam engines, looms, and other tools of industry are again in active operation, as of old, and prosperity and general happiness reign supreme in the land; we hope to hear of our friends being driven once more, and we shall again hear them exclaim, "our orders are ahead of us."

Carhart's Improved Patent Melodeon, as manufactured by Carhart, Needham & Co., may be classified under three heads, as follows:—*First*, The Folding Scroll Leg, commonly called the "Portable Style." *Second*, "The Piano Style." And *Third*, "The Double Reed, with Two Stops." All these styles are modified into a great variety of shapes, as far as the external appearance is concerned. The four-and-a-half and five-octave Portable Style is probably one of the most prominent, inasmuch as from its cheapness, its compactness and the feasibility, by which it is readily transported from place to place, it is accessible to parties in the most distant sections of the country. As will be

observed in the illustration of the "old style" or melodeon, the bellows at that time dropped down in front of the instrument, it will be readily admitted that this feature did not improve the outward appearance of the article. In the new style, this has been obviated by altering the slope of the bellows, so that the feeding or exhausting chamber is *within the body of the case*, and therefore a disagreeable deformity is ex-



Portable Style of Melodeon.

tinged. The cross-piece to which the pedals are attached, called the "stretcher," is readily removed, when the legs, which are hinged, fold up beneath the case, the bellows receding at the same time; and the whole instrument occupies a space the size of the case alone. The top is hinged at the back—as is also the case in each of the other styles—and is opened to expose the interior arrangements of the instrument without difficulty. The "sounding board,"



Piano Style of Melodeon.

which is a thin strip placed perpendicularly lengthwise the case, a few inches behind the keys, is removable at pleasure, by which the reeds are exposed to view, and taken out, tuned and replaced, with the utmost ease and facility. The extreme simplicity and perfection in the construction of these instruments, enables a person with the least intelligence to comprehend them at a glance. Again, if by any unforeseen circumstance, a reed should get broken or cracked, by just writing to the manufacturers, and mentioning the name of the note, another is forwarded by mail that is sure to suit the instrument; such equality in the notes is only arrived at by the superior machinery with which they are manufactured.

The Piano style is made with from five to

seven octaves, and in its internal arrangement is about the same as the above described. The external appearance they are precisely like small piano. They are finished with octagon and fancy-carved legs, paneled, and moldings to suit the tastes of the most fastidious.

The "double reed" has two sets of reeds, named the "principle" and "disposition." They are tuned an octave apart, and may, by means of the stops, be played together, or separate, producing a pleasing variety. This melodeon is possessed of great power, and is most desirable for churches, public halls, etc., etc.

The seven Octave Parlor Melodeon is a style unique to this establishment, and either as a superior musical instrument, or an elegant piece of furniture, it is equally deserving of gracing the drawing-room of the most distinguished in the land. In regard to the musical qualities of these melodeons, the best judges in Europe and America have pronounced them superior to any other in the world; and we have no hesitation in saying, with those who know the character of the instrument as manufactured by this firm, that they are the acme of perfection for every quality known to characterize a reed instrument. During the preparation of this paper, we addressed a line to a well-known musician and author, who is considered to be "well posted" in the history of musical instruments, and requested some information on the subject. After referring to the claims of most of the manufacturers, he says:—"The melodeons of Messrs. Carhart, Needham & Co., of New York, are not equalled in the world. Other makers are so well aware of this fact, that they are ever on the alert, watching to catch the

first appearance of a new style, or internal improvement in their instruments, that they may speedily copy it, and thus reserve a reputation for their own manufacture. Within a few years past, makers of reed instruments have increased almost like the locusts of Egypt, and the variety of styles and names are nearly as numerous. But over all, and above all, the Carhart Melodeon still continues to hold its *ne plus ultra* position."

The noble will be man-

rep. by a firm, 101 East Twenty-third street, where will be found a large assortment of their various styles; where, by a further examination, the advantages of these instruments will be fully appreciated.

The firm is composed of Messrs. Jeremiah Carhart, Elias P. Needham and Samuel C. Swartz. The former, and his superior genius and inventive faculty, we have often referred to; and it would be superfluous to speak further, except of one remarkable fact, that heretofore he has always been fortunate enough to devise a means of accomplishing any of his numerous undertakings.

Mr. Needham is a gentleman of experience and valuable business facilities, who ever exercises

care and precaution in each moment of association, never making an investment from there is almost positive assurance of usefulness and profit from it. Like all other great geniuses, Mr. C. has his eccentricities, devoting his mind and energies to scientific research, and in improving and perfecting his melodeon—leaving the care of the counting office to his other partners, who are eminently qualified in that respect, and he is therefore, in a great measure indebted to his original associate for their great pecuniary success. In fact, we can repeat the old saying that, in all business associations, it would be well for "each Carhart to meet his Needham, and each Needham to meet his Carhart."

Our friend, Samuel C. Swartz, the junior partner, has long been engaged in the manufacture and sale of the melodeon; he was employed by Messrs. Carhart & Needham on their first arrival in this city, and became associated as a member of the firm about one year ago. His energy, industry, and superior business qualifications are too well known to need our endorsement. With Mr. Needham, he takes exclusive control of the financial and commercial interests of the concern, and discharges the duties with a masterly ability. As a whole, like the instruments they make, and the establishment where they are produced, we know of no more equally balanced and efficient firm than is composed by this trinity.

Editor's Table.

LITERARY AND ARTISTIC ITEMS.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, who has been elected to the professorship at Cambridge, vacated by the resignation of Professor Longfellow, has gone to Europe to spend some time in travel and study previous to entering on the duties of his office. The same course was pursued by his "illustrious predecessor," Professor Longfellow, who after his appointment to the professorship spent a couple of years abroad, mostly in Germany, to perfect himself in the modern languages.

Mr. Lowell has acquired an enviable reputation as a poet, and has shown himself worthy to step into Longfellow's shoes. But we believe it is not very generally known that Mr. Lowell's wife, who died about a year ago, was also a successful votary of the muses. An elegant little volume of her poems, collected and edited by Mr. Lowell, has recently been printed for private circulation among her friends. It contains a fine portrait of the author. We have not seen the poems, but have seen them pronounced gems, that must ere long be added to the public literature of the country. The volume published is a beautiful tribute by the living poet to the memory of his departed wife.

MATERIALS FOR A HISTORY OF TURKEY.—A valuable and curious library is to be sold at St. Petersburg. It is that of the Councillor of State, Liprandi, and consists entirely of works on Turkey, in which respect it may be called unique. It contains thousands of volumes which for centuries have been withdrawn from the book market, beside a great many maps, plans, drawings, and manuscripts. It has taken the Professor thirty years to collect these treasures, which are now of extraordinary value.

STATUE OF FRANKLIN.—The people of Boston are paying a deserved tribute, though at a late day, to the memory of our great philosopher, Franklin, in the erection of a statue, which is pronounced to be one of the finest achievements of art yet produced in this country. And by the way, is it not a disgrace to the whole country, that the remains of Franklin, in Philadelphia, are allowed to repose in obscurity with hardly a rude stone to mark the spot to the inquiring eye of posterity? Why will not the printers of the country take the matter in hand, and see that a suitable monument is erected over the remains of the most illustrious man of the craft?

In Boston, the committee having in charge the erection of the Franklin Statue, lately met at the room of the artist, Mr. Greenough, to view the completed model. The Boston "Post" says: "The work elicited warm encomiums. On submitting a motion for its acceptance, Jared Sparks expressed his gratification, in decided terms, at the appropriateness of the whole design, and the felicity of its execution—the artist having been successful, in his opinion, in being true to the man. This motion was seconded by William H. Prescott, and was unanimously adopted. The subject of providing for the public exhibition of the model was referred to the Committee on Design. The foundation of the statue is Houdon's bust, with the picture of Duplais. It will not fail, we think, to tell its own story, at once, to the appreciative eye. It is Franklin, and only Franklin, that it calls up. Here he stands, thoughtful and dignified; of a kindly and benignant expression; unconscious that he is in the world's eye; and wisdom seeming to drop from his lips. He is not figured as a statesman, or as a philosopher, but as a man, bearing about him the repose of virtue and the lines of greatness. The characteristic of this statue is its simplicity; and in this it is in harmony with the life of the illustrious patriot, statesman and philosopher. If tried by the true tests of fidelity of look and truth of character it will be admitted, we think, that a Boston artist has produced a work that will be admired as worthy of American art. Months will elapse before the model will be cut, which is to be done at Chicopee; and a year will elapse before it will be inaugurated. But the committee have been remarkably prompt and fortunate thus far; and when it is completed, it will be an honor and ornament to this city."

STATUE TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH.—It has been resolved that the monument to the late Professor Wilson should be a colossal statue of bronze, to be placed on a pedestal, in the open air in some public situation in Edinburgh. It was stated by Mr. Robert Chambers, the Honorary Secretary of the General Committee, that the subscriptions already received exceeded £1,100, and that the sum required would be about £1,500.

ORIGIN OF THE RED ROSE.—The following exquisite lines are by Carey, an old English poet:—

As first in Eden's blissful bowers
Young Eve surveyed unnumbered flowers,
An opening rose of purest white
She mark'd with eyes that beam'd delight—
The leaves she kiss'd, when straight it drew
From beauty's lips the vermeil hue.

Some years ago a fair, pale, beautiful young American girl, now not unknown to fame, selected these lines, as a gem she greatly admired, and presented them to her lover. After reading them, he returned her the following impromptu response:—

When first I heard thee tell how Eve
Could kiss a white rose red,
My doubting heart could scarce believe
What even you had said.

But when thy lily cheek I press'd
My doubtings soon were gone,
For bright upon thy lily's breast
Shook'd morning's rosy dawn.

THE NEW FRENCH SILVER.

The public have been interested lately by statements respecting a new method of obtaining in large quantities, from that most abundant of deposits, common clay, a metal which rivals in beauty with silver, and surpasses it in durability, not to mention other qualities. The discoverer—for so we must call him—is Mr. Sainte-Claire Deville. Aluminium, which hitherto existed only in very small quantities, and esteemed rather as a curiosity, can now be produced in masses sufficient and cheap enough to replace copper, and even iron in many respects, and thus place the "new silver," superior in some points to the real article, into such common use as to suit the means of the poorest persons.

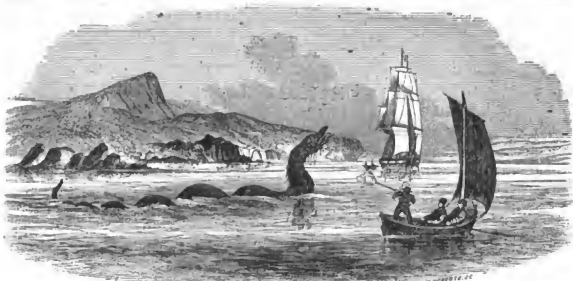
We learn from Paris that the members of the Academy of Sciences, and the numerous auditory were led in their admiration and surprise at the beauty and brilliancy of many ingots of aluminium presented by Mr. Dumas, the celebrated chemist. It was impossible to believe they were not silver snail taken into the hand, when their extraordinary lightness at once proved the contrary. That a metal should weigh so little seemed almost incredible.

The price aluminium a short time since in France was about the rate of gold! Mr. Dumas secured the Academy that, owing to recent discoveries reducing the expense of extracting it, the cost of production was now about one hundred times less; and Mr. Balard, another member, stated that there was little doubt that the effect of competition in its manufacture, together with the advantage of throwing it open to the industrial resources of the world, would be to reduce the price as low as five francs the kilogramme, or about forty cents a pound.

This important result is mainly attributable to the facility with which we are now able to procure pure clay in abundance, which is the active agent for the revivification of aluminium, and which was at one time very expensive. Sodium is obtained by the decomposition of carbonate of soda by charcoal. By the aid of a little lime it has been found easier to separate it from oxygen. The conversion of aluminium earth or clay into chloride of aluminium takes place so easily that the price of the chloride only comes to about ten cents a pound.

Mr. Dumas observed that the generalization of the procedure of Mr. Deville, the application of chlorine to the extraction of metals, forms a new era in metallurgy.

Among the many remarkable qualities of aluminium, such as its resistance to oxidation, either in the air or by acids, its hardness, its wonderful lightness, its malleableness, the facility of moulding it, etc., Mr. Dumas mentions another, its sonority. An ingot was suspended by a string, and being lightly struck emitted the finest tones, such as are obtained only by a combination of the best metals.



MONSTER SEA SERPENTS. THE GREAT SERPENT OF SILVER LAKE.

CANST thou draw out leviathan with a hook? or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down? Canst thou put a hook into his nose? or bore his jaw through with a thorn?

Canst thou fill his skin with barbed irons? or his head with fish spears? Behold the hope of him is in vain. Shall not one be cast down even at the sight of him? None is so fierce that dare stir him up. Who then is able to stand before him?

Who can discover the face of his garment? or who can come to him with his double bridle? Who can open the doors of his face? His teeth are terrible round about. His scales are his pride, shut up together as with a close seal.

By his sneezings a light doth shine, and his eyes are like the cyclops of the morning. Out of his mouth go burning lamps, and sparks of fire leap out. Out of his nostrils goeth smoke, as out of a seething-pot or caldron.

In his neck remaineth strength. The flakes of his flesh are joined together; they are firm in themselves; they cannot be moved. His breast is as firm as a stone; yes, as hard as a piece of the nether millstone.

When he raiseth himself up, the mighty are afraid. The sword of him that layeth at him cannot hold; the spear, the dart, nor the habergeon. He esteemeth iron as straw, and brass as rotten wood. The arrow cannot make him flee; darts are counted as stubble; he laugheth at the shaking of a spear.

He maketh the deep to boil like a pot. He maketh a path to shine after him; one would think the deep to be hoary. Upon earth there is not his like, who is made without fear.

The foregoing sublime description of some mighty sea-monster, is contained in one of the oldest books, if not the very oldest, preserved among men. An animal answering to this description, in a very striking degree, has been seen within the last thirty years by hundreds of reliable persons in this country, at different times and in divers places. There are also records of similar monsters having been seen in the waters of other countries in different ages of the world. And yet probably ninety-nine out of every hundred of the people of our country are entirely incredulous as to the existence of

such an animal, and regard the stories told and the accounts published about him, as gross and wilful fictions, or the results of optical delusions or wild and disordered imaginations. This unbelief with regard to the existence of the modern sea-serpent is unreasonable.

The fact is supported by abundant testimony of unimpeachable witnesses that would be quite sufficient to establish any question in a court of law; unless, indeed, the Irishman's mode of rebutting testimony is set-up, who declared that where one person could be produced to swear to having seen the fact, he could bring twenty who would swear they hadn't seen it. If Leviathans inhabited the great deep in the time of Job, what good reason is there for doubting their existence at the present day? And that the record is true which we have copied from that most ancient of books, there is other evidence beside the divine authority which attaches to the sacred writings. There are various animals described in the Book of Job, animals which are well known, and the descriptions we know to be accurate and true. Therefore we have no right to question the fidelity of the description of another animal because we have not seen it.

The Psalmist also bears witness to the existence of this same animal, though he does not describe it:—

"O Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast thou made them all. The earth is full of thy riches; so is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts. There go the ships. There is that Leviathan, whom thou hast made to play therein."

There is nothing in analogy, or in the nature of things, to render impossible the existence of such huge water serpents. The whale is larger than any land animal; and why is it incredible that a sea-serpent should be larger than any land serpent? The boa-constrictor, the great land-serpent found in India, Africa and South America, has frequently been found to be thirty and forty feet in length, and some accounts have represented him as of much greater length. We have a remarkable historical account of a huge monster, perhaps of this species, that once spread terror and dismay through a whole Roman army. The fact is alluded to by Livy in

one of his books that has not come down to us, but is quoted by Valerius Maximus as follows:

"Since we are on the subject of uncommon phenomena, we may here mention the serpent, so eloquently recorded by Livy, who says that near the river Bagrada, in Africa, a snake was seen of so enormous a magnitude as to prevent the army of Attilius Regulus from the use of the river. And after snatching up several of the soldiers with his enormous mouth, and devouring them, and killing several others by striking and squeezing them with the spines of his tail, was at length destroyed by assailing it with all the force of military engines and showers of stones, after it had withstood the attack of their spears and darts. It was regarded by the whole army as a more formidable enemy than even Carthage itself, and the whole adjacent region being tainted with the pestilential effluvia proceeding from its remains, and the waters with its blood, the Roman army was obliged to remove its station. The skin of the monster was a hundred and twenty feet long, and was sent to Rome as a trophy."

Another account of this terrible monster says, "It caused so much trouble to Regulus, that he found it necessary to contest the possession of the river with it, by employing the whole force of the army, during which a considerable number of soldiers were lost, while the serpent could neither be vanquished nor wounded, the strong armor of his scales easily repelling the force of all the weapons directed against him. At length, recourse was had to battering engines, with which the animal was attacked in the manner of a fortified tower, and was thus finally overpowered. Several discharges were made against it without success, till its back bone being broken by an immense stone, the monster began to lose its powers, and was with difficulty destroyed, after having diffused such a horror among the army, that they confessed they would rather attack Carthage itself than such another monster."

But is there such a thing as a great serpent in modern times? Notwithstanding the prevailing unbelief upon this subject, we believe there is. We believe he has actually been seen many times within thirty years past upon the coast of Maine and Massachusetts, as well as other parts of the country. We could give

many instances, but we will cite but one. Nearly thirty years ago, one pleasant summer morning, at a house on the margin of one of the beautiful harbors on the coast of Maine, a young woman rose with the sun, and looked out upon the still waters. Presently her eye was attracted by something floating on the water, near the mouth of the harbor, and nearly a mile distant. It seemed large and long, like a log or vessel's mast. But it appeared to be moving up the harbor "like a thing of life." She called up the family, father, mother, brothers, and sisters, and they all saw it. It glided gracefully across the harbor toward the house, and soon exhibited all the appearances of the famous "sea-serpent," with his head lifted up above the water, and his body exhibiting the undulations or rolling humps that have usually been ascribed to his great snake-ship.

When he had drifted along within about a quarter of a mile of the house, one of the neighbors, thinking to get a better and nearer view of him, stepped into a little boat, and paddled off toward him. He had not proceeded many rods when the stranger evinced a disposition to meet him half way by turning his head and making directly for the boat. The man was at once so well satisfied with the looks of his customer that he declined a nearer interview, and paddled back to the shore for dear life. The party then went down upon a little jutting headland toward which the serpent was gradually moving, and there had a near and fair view of him. He came up within half a dozen rods of the shore, made a slow and graceful curve in the little cove at the foot of the rocks where they stood, and then gradually glided again out of the harbor. They judged him to be from eighty to a hundred feet in length, and nearly as large round as a barrel. Whether he was simply making a survey of the coast, or looking for his breakfast, they could not tell; probably the latter, however, as there were schools of mackerel at that time in the bay and harbor.

Reader, that party consisted of the father, mother, brothers and sisters of the writer of this account. To him, therefore, the evidence is as conclusive as if he had seen the monster with his own eyes.

But we have now to give our readers an account of the latest sea-serpent story out. It is also the most remarkable account we have had, by reason of the locality in which his snake-majesty was fit to exhibit himself, it being in "Silver Lake," one of the beautiful little sheets of water in the western part of New York. If the great sea-serpent was there, how came he there? That is a puzzling question, a solution of which may possibly be suggested to some minds by the fact, that certain phenomena, at times exhibited by some of the little ponds and lakelets of New York and Michigan, gave plausibility to the idea that they are connected by subterranean passages with the great lakes, or possibly some of them with the Atlantic Ocean.

However, two different parties, whose characters are well vouched for by the editors in the neighborhood, give a minute description of the interviews they had with the monster serpent, respectively, on the evenings of the 13th and 14th of July last, in Silver Lake; and some of

the parties testify to the truth of the account under the solemnity of an oath. The first account which follows, is from the "Wyoming Times," Wyoming County, New York:—

Silver Lake is a sheet of water about four miles long, and from half to three-fourths of a mile wide. The lake is a great place of resort for fishing parties. There is said to be a place in this little lake where the lead has been dropped in vain. No sounding has been obtained, hence the presumption, and we admit it as a presumption, that it connects by some subterranean passage with Lake Erie or Ontario, and, to draw the figure still greater, with the vast Atlantic.

On Friday evening last, as a party, of which we formed one, were disembarking from a trip up the lake, with a hundred pounds or so of dressed cat-fish. Messrs. Charles Hall, Joseph R. McKnight, Charles Scribner and Alonzo Scribner, accompanied by two boys named George Hall and John Scribner, were just leaving the landing on an evening fishing excursion.

They left the landing near Mr. Howe's Pump Factory, about eight o'clock, P. M., Friday, and rowed up to the narrows of the outlet, where two of the party got out and dragged the boat through. As the channel became wider, they took seats in the boat, rowed steady up to the lake, and commenced fishing. The evening was not dark. Both shores were in view, and stars and clouds appeared alternately. About nine o'clock, as the entire party were fishing, McKnight, who sat in the stern of the boat, called attention to what had the semblance, though much larger, of a long tree trimmed off, lying on the surface of the water north of their boat, and a dozen yards off. All looked at it, and various suggestions were made regarding it. It appeared to be eighty or one hundred feet long.

However, the party continued fishing, the thing they saw—be it tree, log, or what-not—remaining in the same position for twenty minutes or half an hour. At about half-past nine o'clock, it had disappeared, when or how the party had not observed. In about ten minutes, McKnight called attention to the same object between the boat the party occupied and the old sail boat "Frolic," which lies aground, disabled, on the east shore. The center of the log, tree, or whatever it was, was in a direct line from the stern of the boat, and not more than four rods off. After watching it a few minutes, McKnight, who was nearest it, exclaimed, "Boys, that thing is moving!"

A few minutes more passed, and Hall, noticing that it had and was changing its position, exclaimed, "See, it is bowing around!" and true enough, so it was. All looked and saw the same movement. Its head—it could no longer be called a log, was now within three rods of the boat, and as it approached, the waves parted on either side, as if a boat was leisurely approaching. Scribner, in an attempt to cut the rope attached to the anchor and boat, lost his knife, and pulled up the anchor. Hall grasped the oars, and commenced pulling vigorously for the west shore. McKnight steering the boat. Scribner took a seat with Hall, and assisted in rowing. All this was the work of an instant, and their mysterious and unwelcome guest disappeared while it was going forward, to the great joy of the party.

But they were not clear of their visitor. The boat had not been propelled more than thirty rods, when the strange customer was again visible on the surface for the third time, to the north-east of them, and between the boat and the outlet. This time the visitor was within one rod of the boat, and the party were making rapid progress toward the inlet. All in the boat saw the creature. It again disappeared.

For the fourth time, when the party were within thirty-five or forty rods from their proposed, and now nearest landing point, the south side of the inlet, the serpent—for now there was no mistaking its character—darted from the water, about four feet from the stern of the boat, close by the rudder paddle, the head and forward part of the monster rising above the surface of the water eight or twelve feet in an oblique direction from the boat! All in the boat had a fair view of the creature, and concurred in representing it as a most horrid and repulsive-looking monster. All agree as to the length exposed to view. On the opposite side of the boat, about a rod and a half to the north-east, the other extremity of the serpent was in full view, lashing the water with its tail. When the forward part descended upon the water, it created waves that nearly capsize the boat, and suspended regular operations at the oars.

The party reached shore in safety, but frightened most out of their senses. They left the boat on the side of the lake furthest from home, and footed it home, some two miles, rather than venture down the outlet, not more than half a mile in length. It is almost needless to say that they slept little that night.

We will add, for the benefit of the incredulous, that these men are persons of character. They would be believed in this community in any ordinary matter as between man and man. We admit it is a large story, but it is about a large serpent. He would be a monster at half the size.

But here is the affidavit of two of the party: "Joseph R. McKnight and Charles Hall, both being duly sworn, say that they have heard read the article published in the 'Wyoming Times,' in relation to the serpent in Silver Lake, and that the statements there made are true of their own knowledge.

J. R. McKnight.

CHARLES HALL.

Subscribed and sworn this 16th day of July, 1855, before me.

ENOS W. FROER,

Justice of the Peace."

The "Perry Times," Wyoming County, gives the following account of another party, who had an interview with the monster in Silver Lake, on the next evening after the occurrences related above:—

"Saturday evening the 14th inst., one day after McKnight and Hall with their party were fishing and saw what they regarded and still regard as a monster serpent, Franklin Morgan, Abner Glazier, Eli Bishop and George Kingsley, young men of sixteen to twenty-two years of age, residing on the west side of the Lake, went down to bathe. They had heard the story that a monster had been seen in the Lake, but as they had been acquainted with its waters for years, and had never seen anything unusual in or about it, laughed at the credulity of some persons and ridiculed the idea of there being anything there of unusual dimensions. They landed near the mouth of the inlet, had a good

swim and dressed themselves, nothing occurring to especially attract their attention. They again took the boat, and pushed off to row up the Lake, their landing being on the same side but some distance above. When fifteen or twenty rods from the inlet, Morgan, steering the boat, heard a noise which sounded "like a tow-line being raised from the water." On looking round he discovered the form of a bow on the water, its center projecting a trifle above the water line, but both ends concealed from view. It formed a span of ten or twelve feet long, and appeared to be at least a foot in diameter, and of a dark color. Glazier was paddling the north side, and also saw it. It was then sinking and gradually disappeared. The other two in the boat saw only the movement of the water where it had disappeared.

"This occurred between eight and nine o'clock in the evening. Both shores of the Lake, and objects on them, were in full view. These four young men work on farms two or three miles from this village. They have no object in presenting a large story.

"After this straightforward recital by Mr. Morgan, we asked him if he would go in bathing in the lake in the evening now. He promptly replied that he would not, unless very near the shore, nor in the day time in the middle of the lake. That what he saw had the appearance of being a very large serpent.

FURTHER CORROBORATIVE TESTIMONY.

"A revered gentleman, well known in this community, and formerly a resident of this village, called upon as yesterday morning, and stated that he had an interview on Monday with an Indian named John John, some fifty years of age, and in the course of conversation asked him if there was any truth in the rumor that the Indians on 'Squahey Hill' would not fish in Silver Lake. John John replied that it was true, and added that once upon a time two of the tribe encamped upon the shore of the Lake one night, and were frightened by the appearance of a serpent, or monster. He then inquired of the Indian what the size of the monster was? John John replied, 'big as a flour barrel.' He then asked him if it was in consequence of this that they would not bathe or fish there, and he replied in the affirmative.

"Since this occurrence several parties have visited the Lake, but mostly during the day. It is now proposed, and we certainly hope it will be carried out, to man one or two boats each evening and watch for the appearance of the monster. The various statements in regard to it, coming from persons well known in this community, and persons, too, having no desire or object in misrepresenting such an occurrence, cannot be denied until after full and careful investigation. They are told with that sincerity that carries conviction with the recital, that the persons have seen something of an unusual character in that Lake—something that frightened them exceedingly, and in one instance, at least, caused four men to row for shore, and that, too, the distant one, rather than turn down the short outlet but half a mile in length.

"Beside this, at intervals for years, persons who have been called to the Lake on business or for diversion make somewhat similar repre-

sentations, though on such occasions, extending through a period of twenty years, the monster has been curtailed of half its dimensions.

"After a thorough search has been made and not till then, can the testimony of competent witnesses be regarded and set aside, because others have not been fortunate or unfortunate enough to obtain a 'sight'.

"Monday evening the vigilance committee, in three boats, were on the Lake from seven to ten p. m. Of course, they were duly armed and equipped. None of the party, however, saw or heard anything unusual, except occasionally a half suppressed gurgling noise, as though 'something' was being poured out of a powder-flask by parties on shore, followed by an occasional 'smack' which led to the belief that it went elsewhere than in the musket barrel.

"The same practice is to be followed up—we mean the make hunt, not the flask—for a week or more; and then, if not found, the water will probably be drawn off as much as practicable, and the repose of the stranger disturbed by grappling irons."

LATER FROM SILVER LAKE.

Since the foregoing article was put in type, we find the following account of a third view of the monster in Silver Lake, in the "Wyoming Times, Extra," August 2:—

"Yesterday, the 1st instant, the existence of a monster of the fish or serpent species in the quiet waters of Silver Lake was established beyond reasonable doubt, if, indeed, there has been room for doubt for a week past.

"At about noon, on Wednesday, the monster was seen by at least half a dozen persons from different points of view, from the upland adjoining the lake. There were no boats out. Workmen on the farm of Mr. A. Macomber—not half a mile distant—two young men visiting at Mr. M.'s, on another part of the farm, a young man named Merrill, of this village, from another point, and part of Mr. M.'s family from the upper window facing the lake. All saw the monster, apparently sunning himself on the surface of the water.

"A description is impossible, except of his movements. He moved and floundered about for ten or fifteen minutes. The parties were from one-quarter to half a mile distant. The water elsewhere on the lake was as smooth as glass, and there could be no deception or optical delusion in the vision of the parties.

"All concur in the statement that he is as large round as a large log, and that thirty or forty feet of him were visible.

"The parties saw it unknown to each other. Some of them have no personal acquaintance, and one or two are yet almost ready to disbelieve their own senses rather than run counter to all well-established rules in regard to Snakeology.

"For ourselves, we are forced to admit the fact of the existence of a monster of the serpent species, of immense proportions, in Silver Lake. We cannot escape the conviction and belief, unless we disbelieve merely because we have not seen.

"We hope, however, to announce, before long, that he has been captured. Every effort is being made to accomplish that object. One word more. We assert, without fear of contradiction, that there is not a log on nor in the

waters of Silver Lake—that nothing has been placed there to create the serpent story—and that what is above stated, and what has appeared in the 'Wyoming Times' regarding a serpent in Silver Lake has been related to us by candid, honest, and truthful men and women—persons who have not flinched from testifying to the facts as given to the public."

POSTSCRIPT.—After the foregoing article was in type, and these pages were about being made up for the press, there comes to us a letter from Perry village, at Silver Lake, and published in a Buffalo paper, giving a minute detailed account of the capture of the monster serpent of the lake. The story is that he was harpooned by some old whalers, and after a great struggle, he became exhausted, and was drawn ashore. The whole process of the capture, and the length, size and appearance of the animal are described with great particularity. As the description, however, is undoubtedly fabulous, though very cleverly done, we think it hardly worth while to copy it. Our object in this article was truth, not fiction.

RED FOGS AND SEA DUST.

LIEUTENANT MAURY, in his physical geography of the sea explains an ingenious theory which he has formed respecting the character and origin of the red fogs which seamen sometimes encounter in the vicinity of the Cape Verde Islands, and of the showers of red dust which in the vicinity of Northern Africa often descend in such quantities as to cover the sails and rigging, though the vessel may be hundreds of miles from the land. In the Mediterranean this dust, which is of a brick red or cinnamon color, is called Sorooco dust, and in other places African dust, from the belief that the winds bring them from some parched section of the continent of Africa. But this assumption is far from correct, for it has been discovered by the microscope of Professor Ehrenberg, one of the most distinguished scientific men of modern times, that the dust consists of infusoria and organisms which could only have come from the southeast trade wind region of South America.

Lieutenant Maury thinks that this establishes the fact that there is a perpetual upper current of air from South America to North Africa, and he says there can be no doubt that this volume of air is necessary to equal the volume which flows to the southward with the northeast trade winds. The "rain dust" has been observed to fall most frequently in the spring and autumn seasons of the year, from thirty to sixty days after the equinoxes. The reason for these periodical visitations is supposed to be the fact that these are the dry seasons of certain portions of the South American continent. At the time of the vernal equinox, for example, the valley of the Lower Orinoco is parched with drouth, the pools are dry, and marshes and plains are arid wastes; vegetation ceases, and light-scorching breezes bear away dense clouds of dust from the dried-up lakes. Whirlwinds and tornadoes sweep over the earth with terrific force, so impregnating the air with dust that it assumes a straw-colored hue. At the period of the autumnal equinox another portion of the Amazonian basin is parched with drouth, and affected in a like manner by the winds. Lieutenant Maury thinks that these are the countries from which the rain dust comes. He thinks that it is caught up from the valleys of the Amazon and Orinoco by these whirlwinds, and borne away, far away, by the rapid currents of upper air, to the region of Northern Africa.

NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS.

Few events have been more important in the history of the human race, than the invention of printing; and its application to the production of newspapers and periodicals is scarcely less important than the production of books. The printed newspaper, which was not known till about two centuries and a half ago, has become the grand lever to move the world. Among a free people, it molds and guides popular sentiment, and in more monarchies than one, it has become the "power behind the throne, greater than the throne itself." The United States, the youngest nation in the world, outstrips them all in the publication of newspapers. Indeed, this country, probably, publishes more newspapers and periodicals than all the rest of the world beside. This is owing to our free institutions, giving the spur of activity to the general mind, and leaving the press unshackled and untaxed. Competition is free and open to all, and papers are produced at the lowest possible cost, and sold to the people at the smallest fraction of profit. Therefore, everybody can have a newspaper, and "he that runs may read."

Not so in England. There, till within a very few weeks past, the newspaper has been kept down, and its growth retarded by a grinding tax to the government. Every newspaper printed had to be stamped with a government stamp, for which it had to pay a tax of about three cents. This tax alone is as much as the average price which the people in this country have to pay for their newspapers. Of course, when the cost of the papers and the printer's profits are added to the tax in England, the newspaper becomes too costly a luxury to be indulged in by the poorer and middling classes. This state of things helped to build up one mammoth newspaper, the London "Times," sometimes called the "Thunderer," which, by heavy investments of capital, and large concentration of talent, forced itself into an extensive circulation, and became indispensable to all business men as a medium of advertising. Having once obtained a monopoly of the business, it could go on increasing and growing rich, in spite of the tax, while its poorer and weaker neighbors, having to pay the same tax, could barely live, and some of them for several years past, declined in circulation, while that of the "Times" has steadily increased.

There are thirteen dailies published in London. In 1851, the "Times" had attained a circulation of forty thousand, while the other twelve, all together, had a circulation of but about thirty thousand, the highest among them, the "Morning Advertiser," having about six thousand. In 1853, the "Times" had increased to forty-four thousand five hundred, while the other twelve had fallen in the aggregate a little below thirty thousand. In 1854, the "Times" had gone up to fifty-one thousand, and the circulation of the other twelve dailies generally remained stationary and some of them fell off. So that the "Times" had attained nearly double the circulation of all the other dailies. At length the public mind began to be awakened to the injurious effect of the tax on newspapers, and the subject was carried into Parliament, and discussed and pressed, till finally at the late sitting of Parliament, the tax was wholly removed, in spite of the power-

ful opposition that was made by the "Times," which had an immense income, notwithstanding it was paying to the government half a million of dollars a year, and of course was desirous that Parliament should let well-enough alone. The moment the tax was removed, cheap papers began to spring up all over the kingdom. But they were mostly hot-bed plants, and already, after a very few weeks of sickly existence, are said to be dying out. Some of them were reported dead by the last arrival, and the sagacious "Thunderer" was crying out "I told you so." But this failure of the cheap papers in England is nothing strange. It requires some experience to know how to manage the business successfully, and it will not be long before individual enterprise will give to the British public abundance of cheap newspapers, and they will live and grow and multiply, and spread over the land like the locusts of Egypt, and they will gradually suck out the fatness of the great "Times" and grow fat themselves.

The "Times" has been published sixty-seven years, having been started in 1788, by the father of the present publisher. The oldest paper published in Great Britain, is the "Edinburgh Gazette," which was commenced in the year 1600. The next oldest is the "Caledonian Mercury," started in 1660. The next was the "London Gazette," 1665. Then followed the "Edinburgh Evening Courant," in 1690. So, it appears Edinburgh was decidedly ahead of London in the early publication of newspapers.

Some of the popular weekly publications in London have large circulations. The "Illustrated London News," in 1851, had a circulation of a hundred and thirty-six thousand, but in two years, or in 1853, it fell to eighty thousand, having lost more than fifty thousand. "Lloyd's Weekly," has a circulation of about ninety thousand. The "News of the World," over a hundred thousand. The "Weekly Dispatch," thirty-eight thousand. "Reynold's Weekly," about thirty thousand. "Bell's Life in London," twenty-five thousand. "Bell's Weekly Messenger," twelve thousand. "Punch" circulates about eight thousand. Nearly sixty other weeklies vary in circulation, from five or six thousand down to two or three hundred; and even one or two are stated to have a circulation of less than one hundred. The London "Commercial Daily List," which has been published for about sixty years, has less than one hundred subscribers. It is noticeable that all the papers in England, whether daily or weekly, that have a very large circulation, are the liberal, independent, and radical journals, which speak of the government and the aristocracy, with as much freedom and severity of criticism as mark any of the journals in this country. This shows that the popular sentiment in Great Britain is gaining the ascendancy, and that whatever may be the form of government, the masses will rule. At present, at least in Great Britain, an ordinary rule is reversed, and power, instead of "stealing from the many to the few," is stealing from the few to the many. The press in England is already more powerful than the throne.

The whole number of newspapers and other periodicals, published in England, Scotland and Ireland, is about nine hundred and sixty. While in the United States there are undoubtedly

over three thousand. Our papers and periodicals numbered more than twenty-five hundred in the census of 1850. The aggregate number of papers and periodicals published in Great Britain in a year is about a hundred and twenty-five millions. In the United States the number in 1850 was more than four hundred and twenty-six millions, and must now exceed four hundred and fifty millions.

The two old university towns, Oxford and Cambridge, have each had their newspaper for more than a century, the "Oxford Journal" and the "Cambridge Chronicle." The first paper in Liverpool, the "Liverpool Times," was established in 1757. The oldest paper in Glasgow, the "Courier," was started in 1791. The oldest paper in Ireland, the "Dublin Gazette," was established in 1711. The "Belfast Newsletter" was started in 1737.

The great increase of newspapers a few years past, both in this country and Great Britain, and the enormous quantities of paper used for the purpose, have been such as to produce a scarcity in the raw material, from which paper was manufactured. In fact "rags" were in greater demand than almost any other article in market; prices advanced, and fears were entertained that one-half the world would have to dispense with their reading, by and by, for the want of paper. But recent experiments have given good reason to expect that abundance of cheap paper will ere long be manufactured from other materials besides rags. One day's issue of the "London Times" probably weighs more than five tons. And a single issue of the UNITED STATES JOURNAL (published monthly by the proprietors of this magazine) has sometimes weighed more than eight tons, and with a supplement, more than ten tons. The regular issue of the New York "Weekly Tribune" must probably weigh seven or eight tons. From facts like these it may readily be perceived why paper rags should be in demand. In a statement before us, published nearly a year ago, it is said that the London "Times" uses daily 126 reams of paper, weighing 92 pounds to the ream, (if double supplement, 168 reams). It sold on the 19th of November, 1852, 70,000 copies, containing the account of the Duke of Wellington's funeral. It printed from 10,000 to 12,000 an hour. The "Times" often publishes a double supplement, and has 1700 advertisements; the largest number it has published was 2250 in one day. When the Royal Exchange was opened by the Queen, they sold 54,000. In 1828, its circulation was under 7000 a day. Of the "Illustrated News," with a narrative of the Duke of Wellington's funeral, there were sold of a double number 400,000 copies. Manchester, with 400,000 inhabitants, has but three newspapers; Liverpool, with 357,000, eleven; Glasgow, with 350,000, sixteen; Dublin, with 200,000, twenty-two.

The largest newspaper ever known was the "Boston Notion;" it measured six feet ten inches by four feet; it contained eighty columns, and 1,000,000 of letters, and sold for six cents. But that was a notion too extravagant to last, and it accordingly soon died out. Several of our large leading papers in New York, within the year past, have had to curtail their dimensions on account of the severe pressure of

the times and the general stagnation of business. They took the wiser course to trim their sails to the storm, and therefore continue alive and prosperous. We had intended to say something more of the American press, but shall have to defer the subject till another opportunity.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

Our young friend, Democritus, Jr., took us rather by surprise this month in presenting his "raw material" to fill his department of the magazine. He has turned up all at once a full-fledged poet, a consummation in his character, which, however "wished for," we had not before "dreamed of." He entered into a discussion with us the other day upon the general principles of symmetry, equilibrium, action, and re-action. He said everything in nature had a balance, everything was double, everything was like something else, everything was mated, everything was in equilibrio, and every action had its re-action.

We were amazed to find our green young friend diving headlong into the deepest depths of the profoundest philosophy; but, willing to see what would come of it, we replied, "Yes, Democritus, you seem to have taken a profound philosophical view of the works of nature; but what lesson do you draw from it?"

"Well, it seems to me," said Democritus, putting on his wisest look, "that all the works of man ought to be like the works of nature; everything ought to have a balance and be in harmony, and never try to play see-saw on a rail with only a boy on one end of it."

"You are undoubtedly right, Democritus, in your general principles, but what are you driving at? Are you looking at any special application of these principles?"

"Yes, I am," said Democritus; "I think they ought to be applied to our magazine. You have what you call an illustrated poem at the beginning of the magazine, so I think there ought to be an illustrated poem at the end of it, and that would make an even balance; that would be symmetry; that would be ship-shape."

"Your theory is all very well, Democritus, but it would be rather difficult of application in this case. It is no easy matter to get an illustrated poem."

"Please your honor," said Democritus, with a very complacent smile, "I've got one all ready, and pictures to match, all made."

Here he presented us the following mournful ballad, with the accompanying engravings, which we examined and accepted instantly, assuring Democritus that we should hereafter rank him as a poet next to Alexander Smith:—

LORD GAMMON'S RIDE IN BROADWAY.

I.

Lord Gammon was an Englishman
Of noble pedigree,
Descended from the illustrious,
Whose head was Earl of Devon.

II.

Lord Gammon had accom-
By travel had grown an
He knew the sights of Limerick
And London all by heart.

III.

And Manchester, and Edinburgh,
And Glasgow he had seen;
So what was this dull world to him?
Lord Gammon wasn't green.

IV.

And when New York he visited,
'Twas not to see the sights,
But just to show Lord Gammon to
The wondering Gothamites.

V.

To choose the most effectual mode
He never was at loss—
He would not ride in omnibus,
But on a gay young 'om.

VI.

Lord Gammon on a prancing horse,
Drew'd out in rich array,
Was bound to make the natives stare,
All up and down Broadway.



VII.

He started from the Battery,
And pass'd the Bowling-Green,
And on he goes, by Delmonico's,
Where the smartest chaps are seen.

VIII.

With quickening pace, o'er pavement smooth,
He held a tightened rein,
And soon was past old Trinity,
And up with Maiden-Lane.



XI.

Lord Gammon's horse with fright grew wild,
And rear'd with might and main,
And Gammon cried, "get out, you cuss,"
And tighter held the rein.

XII.

But the mettlesome steed more furious grows,
And sudden round he wheels,
And streaks it straight across the Park,
With bull dog at his heels.

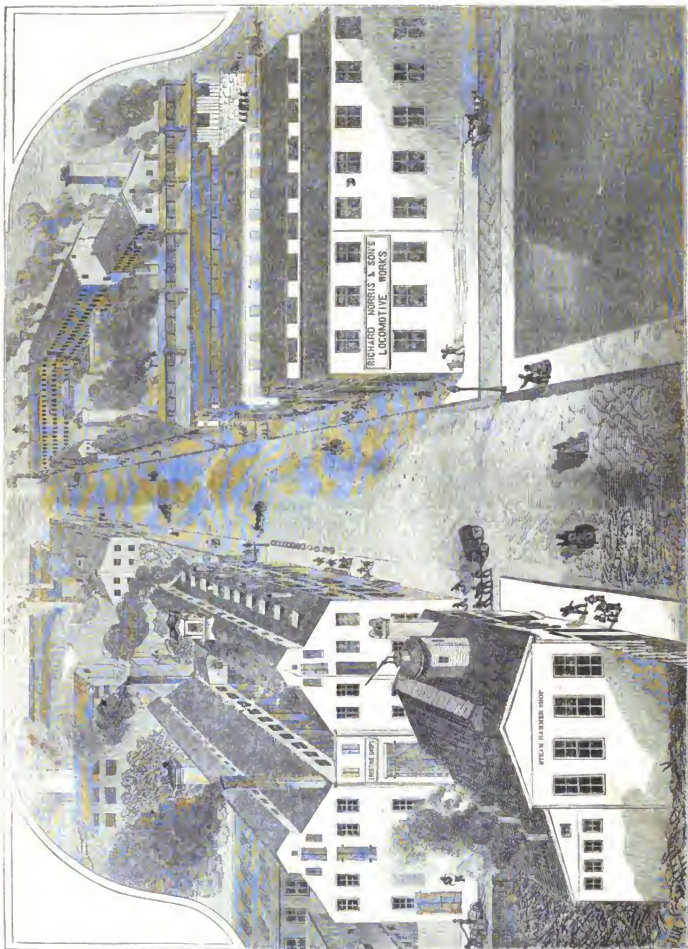


XIII.

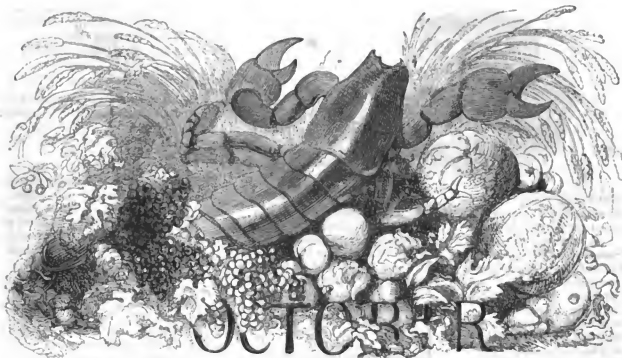
Through Chatham street to Chatham square,
With lightning speed he flew,
And many a hair-breadth 'scape befel
To Gentile and to Jew.

XIV.

But, oh, the muse can never paint
The uproar and the noise,
That did betide when Lord Gammon's ride
Waked up the "Bowery Boys."



[See page 131.]



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THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.



Canto Fourth.

I.

SWEET TEVIOT! on thy silver tide
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more;
No longer steel-clad warriors ride
Along thy wild and willow'd shore;
Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill,
All, all is peaceful, all is still,
As if thy waves, since Time was born,
Since first they roll'd upon the Tweed,
Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
Nor started at the bugle-horn.

II.

Unlike the tide of human time,
Which, though it change in ceaseless flow,

Retains each grief, retains each crime,
Its earliest course was doom'd to know;
And, darker as it downward bears,
Is stain'd with past and present tears.
Low as that tide has ebb'd with me,
It still reflects to Memory's eye
The hour my brave, my only boy,
Fell by the side of great Dundee.
Why, when the volleying musket play'd
Against the bloody Highland blade,
Why was not I beside him laid!—
Enough—he died the death of fame;
Enough—he died with conquering Grème.*

III.

Now over Border dale and fell,
Full wide and far was terror spread;
For pathless marsh, and mountain cell,
The peasant left his lowly shed.
The frighten'd flocks and herds were pent
Beneath the peel's rude battlement;
And maids and matrons dropp'd the tear,
While ready warriors seized the spear.
From Branksome's towers, the watchman's eye
Dun wreaths of distant smoke can spy,
Which, curling in the rising sun,
Show'd Southern ravage was begun.

IV.

Now loud the heedful gate-ward cried—
"Prepare ye all for blows and blood!
Watt Tiellin,* from the Liddel-side,
Comes wading through the flood."
Fall off the Tynedale smatchers knock
At his lone gate, and prove the lock;
It was but last St. Barnabright
They sieged him a whole summer night,
But fled at morning; well they knew,
In vain he never twang'd the yew.
Right sharp has been the evening shower,
That drove him from his Liddel tower;
And, by my faith," the gate-ward said,
"I think 'twill prove a Warden-Raid."[†]

V.

While thus he spoke, the bold yeoman[†]
Enter'd the echoing barbacan.
He led a small and shaggy nag,
That through a bog, from hag to hag,



Could bound like any Billhove stag;
It bore his wife and children twain;
A half-clothed serf¹⁰ was all their train:
His wife, stout, ruddy, and dark-brow'd,
Of silver brooch and bracelet proud,¹¹
Laugh'd to her friends among the crowd.
He was of stature passing tall,
But sparsely form'd, and lean withal;
A battered morion on his brow;
A leather jack, as fence enow,
On his broad shoulders loosely hung;
A Border ax behind was slung;
His spear six Scottish ells in length,
Seem'd newly dyed with gore;
His shafts and bow, of wondrous strength,
His hardy partner bore.

VI.

Thus to the Ladye did Tintlinn show
The tidings of the English foe:—
"Beited Will Howard is marching here,
And hot Lord Daere, with many a spear,
And all the German hackbut-men,¹²
Who have long lain at Askerton:
They crosse'd the Liddel at curfew hour,
And burn'd my little lonely tower:
The fiend receive their souls therefor!
It had not been burnt this year and more.
Barn-yard and dwelling blazing bright,
Served to guide me on my flight;
But I was chased the livelong night.
Black John of Akeshaw, and Fergus Greme,
Fast upon my traces came,
Until I turn'd at Priestlangh Scrogg,
And shot their horses in the bog,
Slew Fergus with my lance outright—
I had him long at high despite:
He drove my cows last Eastern's night."

VII.

Now weary scouts from Liddesdale,
Fast hurrying in, confirm'd the tale;
As far as they could judge by ken,
Three hours would bring to Teviot's strand
Three thousand armed Englishmen—
Meanwhile, full many a warlike band,
From Teviot, Aill, and Eitrick shade,
Came in, their Chief's defence to aid.
There was saddling and mounting in haste,
There was pricking o'er moor and lea;
He that was last at the tryting-place,
Was but lightly held by his gay ladye.¹³

VIII.

From fair St. Mary's silver wave,
From dreary Gamescleuch's dusky height
His ready lances Thiristane brave
Array'd beneath a banner bright
The treasured fleur-de-luce he claims
To wreath his shield, since royal James,

Enemyp'd by Fala's mossy wave,
The proud distinction grateful gave,
For faith 'mid feudal jars;
What time, save Thiristane alone,
Of Scotland's stubborn barons none
Would march to southern wars;
And hence, in fair remembrance worn,
Yon sheaf of spears his crest has borne
Hence his high motto shines reveal'd—
"Ready, aye ready," for the field.

IX.

An aged Knight, to danger steed'
With many a moss-trooper, came on;
And azure in a golden field,
The stars and crescent graced his shield,
Without the bend of Mordleston.
Wide lay his lands round Oakwood tower,
And wide round haunted Castle-Ower;
High over Borthwick's mountain flood,
His wood-embosom'd mansion stood;
In the dark glen, so deep below,
The herds of plunder'd England low;
His bold retainers' daily food,
And bought with danger, blows, and blood.



Marauding chief! his sole delight
The moonlight raid, the morning fight;
Not even the Flower of Yarrow's charms,
In youth, might tame his rage for arms;
And still, in age, he spurn'd at rest,
And still his brows the helmet press'd,
Albeit the blanche looks below

Were white as Dislay's spotless snow;
Five stately warriors drew the sword
Before their father's band;
A braver knight than Harden's lord
Ne'er belted on a brand.¹⁴

X.

Scotts of Ekdale, a stalwart band,¹⁵
Came trooping down the Todshawhill;
By the sword they won their land,
And by the sword they held it still.
Hearken, Ladye, to the tale,
How thy sires won fair Ekdale.—
Earl Morton was lord of that valley fair,
The Beattisons were his vassals there.
The Earl was gentle, and mild of mood,
The vassals were warlike, and fierce, and rude;
High of heart, and haughty of word,
Little they reck'd of a tame liege lord.
The Earl into fair Ekdale came,
Homage and seignory to claim:
Of Gilbert the Gaillard a heriot¹⁷ he sought,
Saying, "Give thy best steed, as a vassal
ought."

"Dear to me is my bonny white steed,
Of has he help'd me at pinch of need;
Lord and Earl though thou be, I trow,
I can rein Buckfoot better than thou."
Word on word gave fuel to fire,
Till so highly blazed the Beattison's ire,
But that the Earl the fight had ta'en,
The vassals there their lord had slain.
Sore he plied both whip and spur,
As he urged his steed through Ekdale mair;
And it fell down a weary weight,
Just on the threshold of Branksome gate.

XI.

The Earl was a wrathful man to see,

Full fain avenged would he be.
In haste to Branksome's lord he spoke,
Saying—"Take these traitors to thy yoke;
For a cast of hawks, and a purse of gold,
All Ekdale I'll sell thee, to have and hold:
Behrew thy heart, of the Beattison's clan
If thou leavest on Eke a landed man;

But spare Woodkerrick's lands alone,
For he lent me his horse to escape upon."
A glad man then was Branksome bold,
Down he flung him the purse of gold;
To Eskdale soon he spurr'd amain,
And with him five hundred riders has ta'en.
He left his merry-men in the mist of the hill,
And bade them hold them close and still;
And alone he wended to the plain,
To meet with the Galliard and all his train.
To Gilbert the Galliard thus he said:—
"Know thou me for thy liege-lord and head;
Dead not with me as with Morton tame,
For Scots for play best at the roughest game.
Give me in peace my heriot due,
Thy bonny white steed, or thou shalt rue.
If my horn I three times wind,
Eskdale shall long have the sound in mind."

XII.

Loudly the Beattison laugh'd in scorn;
"Little care we for thy whined horn.
Ne'er shall it be the Galliard's lot,
To yield his steed to a haughty Scott.
Wend thou to Branksome back on foot,
With rusty spur and miry boot."
He blew his bugle so loud and hoarse,
That the dun deer started at fair Craikcross;
He blew again so loud and clear,
Through the gray mountain-mist there did
lances appear;
And the third blast rang with such a din,
That the echoes answer'd from Pentoun-linn,
And all his riders came lightly in.
Then had you seen a gallant shock,
When saddles were emptied, and lances broke;
For each scornful word the Galliard had said,
A Beattison on the field was laid.
His own good sword the chieftain drew
And he bore the Galliard through and
through;
Where the Beattison's blood mix'd with the rill,
The Galliard's laugh men call it still.
The Scots have scatter'd the Beattison clan,
In Eskdale they left but one landed man.
The valley of Eke, from the mouth to the
source,
Was lost and won for that bonny white horse.

XIII.

Whitlade the Hawk, and Headshaw came,
And warriors more than I may name;
From Yarrow-cleugh to Hindhang-swar,
From Woodhousele to Chester-glen,
Troop'd of man and horse, and bow and spear;
Their gathering word was Bellenden,
And better hearts o'er Border sold
To siege or rescue never rode.
The Lady mark'd the aids come in,
And high her heart of pride arose:
She bade her youthful son attend,
That he might know his father's friend,
And learn to face his foes.
"The boy is ripe to look on war;
I saw him draw a cross-bow stiff,
And his true arrow struck afar
The raven's nest upon the cliff;
The red-crow, on a southern breast,
Is broader than the raven's nest:
Thou, Whitlade, shalt teach him his weapon to
wield,
And o'er him hold his father's shield."

XIV.

Well may you think the wily page
Cared not to face the Lady sage.
He counterfeited childish fear,
And shriek'd, and shed full many a tear,
"And moan'd and plain'd in manner wild.
The attendants to the Lady told,
Some fairly, sure, had changed the child,
That wot to be so free and bold.
Then wrathful was the noble dame;
She blush'd blood-red for very shame:—
"Hence! ere the clan his faintness view;
Hence with the weakling to Buccleuch!—
Watt Tinnin, thou shalt be his guide
To Rangleburn's lonely side.—
Sure some fell fiend has cursed our line,
That coward should e'er be son of mine!"



XV.

A heavy task Watt Tinnin had,
To guide the counterfeited lad.
Soon as the palfrey felt the weight
Of that ill-omen'd elfish freight,
He bolted, sprang, and rear'd amain,
Nor heeded bit, nor curb, nor rein.
It cost Watt Tinnin mickle toil
To drive him but a Scottish mile;
But as a shallow brook they cross'd
The elf, amid the running stream,
His figure changed, like form in dream,
And fled, and shouted, "Lost! lost! lost!"
Full fast the urchin ran and laugh'd,
But faster still a cloth-yard shaft
Whistled from startled Tinnin's yew,
And pierced his shoulder through and through.
Although the lump might not be slain,
And though the wound soon heal'd again,
Yet, as he ran, he yell'd for pain;
And Watt of Tinnin, much aghast,
Rode back to Branksome fiery fast.

XVI.

Soon on the hill's steep verge he stood,
That looks o'er Branksome's towers and wood;
And martial murmurs, from below,
Proclaimed the approaching southern foe.
Through the dark wood, in mingled tone,
Were Border pipes and bagles blown;
The coursers' neighing he could ken,

A measured tread of marching men;
While broke at times the solemn hum,
The Almayn's sullen kettle-drum;
And banners tall, of crimson sheen,
Above the copse appear;
And, glistening through the hawthorns green,
Shine helm, and shield, and spear.

XVII.

Light forayers, first, to view the ground,
Spurr'd their fleet coursers loosely round;
Behind, in close array, and fast,
The Kendal archers, all in green,
Obedient to the bugle blast,
Advancing from the wood were seen.
To back and guard the archer band,
Lord Dacre's bill-men were at hand:
A hardy race, on Irthing bred,

With kirtles white, and crosses red,
Array'd beneath the banner tall,
That stream'd o'er Acre's conquer'd wall;
And minstrels, as they march'd in order,
Play'd, "Noble Lord Dacre, he dwells on the
Border."

XVIII.

Behind the English bill and bow,
The mercenaries, firm and slow,
Moved on to fight in dark array,
By Conrad led of Wolfenstein,
Who brought the band from distant Rhine,
And sold their blood for foreign pay.
The camp their home, their law the sword,
They knew no country, owned no lord;
They were not arm'd like England's sons,
But bore the levin-darting guns;
Buff coats, all fringed and "broider'd" o'er,
And morning-horns and scarfs they wore;
Each better knee was bared, to aid
The warriors in the escalade;
All, as they march'd in rugged tongue,
Songs of Teutonic feuds they sung.

XIX.

But louder still the clamor grew,
And louder still the minstrels blew,
When, from beneath the greenwood tree,
Rode forth Lord Howard's chivalry;
His men-at-arms, with glaive and spear,
Brought up the battle's glittering rear.



There many a youthful knight, full keen
To gain his spurs, in arms was seer;
With favor in his crest, or glove,
Memorial of his lady-love.
So rode they forth in fair array,
Till full their lengthen'd lines display;
The call'd a halt, and made a stand,
And cried, "St. George for merry England!"²⁰

On battlement and bartizan
Gleam'd axe, and spear, and partizan;
Falcon and culver,²¹ on each tower,
Stood prompt their deadly hail to shower;
And flashing armor frequent broke
From eddying whirls of sable smoke,
Where, upon tower and turret head,
The seething pitch and molten lead



XX.

Now every English eye, intent,
On Branksome's armed towers was bent;
So near they were, that they might know
The straining harsh of each cross-bow;

Reek'd, like a witch's candron red.
While yet they gaze, the bridges fall,
The wicket open, and from the wall
Rides forth the hoary Seneschal.



XXI.

Armed he rode, all save the head,
His white beard o'er his breast-plate spread;
Unbroke by age, erect his seat,
He ruled his eager coursers' gait;
Forced him, with chaste'n'd fire, to prance,
And, high curvetting, slow advance:
In sign of truce, his better hand
Display'd a peeled willow wand;
H's squire, attending in the rear,
Bore high a gannet on a spear.²²
When they espied him riding out,
Lord Howard and Lord Dacre stout
Sped to the front of their array,
To hear what this old knight should say.

XXII.

"Ye English warden lords, of you
Demands the Ladye of Buccleuch,
Why, 'gainst the truce of Border hide,
In hostile guise ye dare to ride,
With Kendal bow, and Gileland brand,
And all you mercenary band,
Upon the bounds of fair Scotland!
My Ladye reads you swift return;
And, if but one poor straw you burn,
Or do our towers so much molest,
As scare one swallow from her nest,
St. Mary! but well light a brand
Shall warm your hearths in Cumberland!"—

XXIII.

A wrathful man was Dacre's lord,
But calmer Howard took the word:
"May't please thy Dame, Sir Seneschal,
To seek the castle's outward wall,
Our pursuivant-at-arms shall show
Both why we came, and when we go."
The message sped, the noble Dame
To the wall's outward circle came;
Each chief around lean'd on his spear,
To see the pursuivant appear.
All in Lord Howard's livery dress'd,
The lion argent deck'd his breast;
He led a boy of blooming hne—
O sight to meet a mother's view!
It was the heir of great Buccleuch.
Obedience meet the herald made,
And thus his master's will he said:—

XXIV.

"It irks, high Dame, my noble Lords,
'Gainst ladye fair to draw their swords;
But yet they may not tamely see,
All through the Western Wardenry,
Your law-contemning kinsmen ride,
And burn and spoil the Border-side;
And ill beseems your rank and birth
To make your towers a semence-sirch.²³
We claim from thee William of Deloraine,
That he may suffer march-treason²⁴ pain.
It was but last St. Cuthbert's even
He prick'd to Stapleton on Leven,
Harried²⁵ the lands of Richard Musgrave,
And slew his brother by dint of glaive.
Then, since a lone and widow'd Dame
These restless riders may not tame,
Either receive within thy towers
Two hundred of my master's powers,
Or straight they sound their warrison,²⁶
And storm and spoil thy garrison:
And this fair boy, to London led,
Shall good King Edward's page be bred."



XXV.

He ceased—and loud the boy did cry,
And stretch'd his little arms on high;
Implored for aid each well-known face,
And strove to seek the Dame's embrace.
A moment changed that Lady's cheer,
Gush'd to her eye the unbidden tear;
She gazed upon the leaders round,
And dark and sad each warrior frown'd;
Then, deep within her sobbing breast
She lock'd the struggling sigh to rest;
Unalter'd and collected stood,
And thus replied, in dauntless mood:—

Or else he will the combat take
'Gainst Musgrave, for his honour's sake.
No knight in Cumberland so good,
But William may count with him kin and blood.
Knighthood he took of Douglas' sword,
When English blood swell'd Ancram's ford;¹
And but Lord Dacre's steed was wight,
And bare him ably in the flight,
Himself had seen him dubb'd a knight.
For the young heir of Branksome's line,
God be his aid and God be mine;
Through me no friend shall meet his doom;
Here, while, I live, no foe finds room.



XXVI.

"Say to your lords of high emprise,"
Who war on women and on boys,
That either William of Deloraine [stain,²
Will cleanse him, by oath, of march-treason

Then if thy lords their purpose urge,
Take our defiance loud and high;
Our Slogan is their lyke-wake dirge,³
Our moat, the grave where they shall lie."

XXVII.

Proud she look'd round, applause to claim—
Then lighted Thirlestane's eye of flame;
His bugle Wat of Harden blew;
Pennisils and Pennons wide were flung,
To heaven the Border slogan rung,
"St. Mary for the young Buccleuch!"
The English war-cry answer'd wide,
And forward bent each southern spear;
Each Kendal archer made a stride,
And drew the bow-string to his ear;
Each minstrel's war-note loud was blown—
But, ere a gray-goose shaft had flown,
A horseman gallop'd from the rear.

XXVIII.

"Ah! noble lords!" he breathless said,
"What treason has your march betray'd?
What make you here from aid so far,
Before you walls, around you war?
Your foemen triumph in the thought,
That in the tolls the lion's caught.
Already on dark Ribbleslaw
The Douglas holds his weapon-awh;⁴
The lances, waving in his train,
Clothe the dun heath like autumn grain;
And on the Liddel's northern strand,
To bar retreat to Cumberland,
Lord Maxwell ranks his merry-men good,
Beneath the eagle and the rood;
And Jedwood, Eke, and Teviotdale,
Have to proud Angus come;
And all the Merse and Lauderdale
Have risen with haughty Home,
An exile from Northumberland,
In Liddesdale I've wander'd long;
But still my heart was with merry England,
And cannot brook my country's wrong;
And hard I've spurred all night, to show
The mastering of the coming foe."

XXIX.

"And let them come!" fierce Dacre cried;
"For soon you crest my father's pride,
That swept the shores of Judah's sea,
And waved in gales of Galilee,
From Branksome's highest towers display'd,
Shall mock the rescue's lingering aid!
Level each arquebuse on row;
Draw, merry archers, draw the bow;
Up bill-men to the walls and cry,
Dacre for England, win or die!"

XXX.

"Yet hear," quoth Howard, "calmly hear,
Nor deem my words the words of fear:
For who, in field or foray slack,
Saw the blanché lion e'er fall back?⁵
But thus to risk our border tower
In strife against a kingdom's power,
Ten thousand Scots' gainst thousands three,
Ceria, were desperate policy.
Nay, take the terms the Lady made,
Ere conscious of the advancing aid:
Let Musgrave meet fierce Deloraine,
In single fight, and it be gain,
He gains for us; but if he's cowed,
'Tis but a single warrior lost:
The rest, retreating as they came,
Avoid defeat, and death, and shame.

XXXI.

Ill could the haughty Dacre brook
His brother Warden's sage rebuke;
And yet his forward step he staid,

And slow and sullenly obey'd.
But ne'er again the border side
Did these two lords in friendship ride;
And this slight discontent, men say,
Cost blood upon another day.

XXII.

The parvaunt-at-arms again
Before the castle took his stand;
His trumpet called, with parleying strain,
The leaders of the Scottish band;
And he defied, in Musgrave's right,
Stout Deloraine to single fight;
A gannet at their feet he laid,
And thus the terms of fight he said:
"If in the lists good Musgrave's sword
Vanquish the Knight of Deloraine,
Your youthful chieftain, Brankome's Lord,
Shall hostage for his clan remain:
If Deloraine fall good Musgrave,
The boy his liberty shall have.
How'er it falls, the English band,
Unharming Scots, by Scots unharm'd,
In peaceful march, like men unarm'd,
Shall straight retreat to Cumberland."

XXIII.

Unconscious of the near relief,
The proffer pleas'd each Scottish chief,
Though much the Lady sage gaily'd;
For though their hearts were brave and true,
From Jedwood's recent sack they knew,
How tardy was the Regent's aid:
And you may guess the noble Dame
Durst not the secret presence own,
Sprung from the art she might not name,
By which the coming help was known.
Cloed was the compact and agreed
That lists should be enclosed with speed,
Beneath the castle, on a lawn:
They fix'd the morrow for the strife,
On foot with Scottish ax and knife,
At the fourth hour from peep of dawn;
When Deloraine, from sickness freed,
Or else a champion in his stead,
Should for himself and chieftain stand,
Against stout Musgrave, hand to hand.

XXIV.

I know right well, that, in their lay,
Full many minstrels sing and may,
Such combat should be made on horse,
On foaming steed, in full career,
With brand to aid, when as the spear
Should shiver in the course:
But he, the jovial Harper, taught
Me, yet a youth, how it was fought,
In games which now I say;
He knew each ordinance and clause
Of black Lord Archibald's battle-laws;
In the old Douglas's day,
He brook'd not, he, that scoffing tongue
Should tax his minstrelsy with wrong,
Or call his song untrue:
For this, when they the goblet pled,
And such rude taunt had chafed his pride,
The Bard of Renl he slew.
On Teviot's side, in fight they stood,
And tuncful hands were stain'd with blood;
Where still the thorn's white branches brave,
Memorials o'er his rival's grave.

XXV.

Why should I tell the rigid doom,
That dragg'd my master to his tomb;

How Ouseman's maidens tore their hair,
Wept till their eyes were dead and dim,
And wrung their hands for love of him,
Who died at Jedwood Air?
He died!—his scholars, one by one,
To the cold, silent grave are gone;
And I, alas! survive alone,
To muse o'er rivalries of yore,
And grieve that I shall hear no more
The strains, with envy heard before;
For, with my minstrel brethren fled,
My jealousy of song is dead.

He paused: the listening dames again
Applaud the hoary Minstrel's strain.
With many a word of kindly cheer—
In pity half, and half sincere—
Marvell'd the Duchess how so well
His legendary song could tell—
Of ancient deeds, so long forgot;
Of feuds, whose memory was not;
Of forests, now laid waste and bare;
Of towers, which harbour now the hare;
Of manners, long since changed and gone;
Of chiefs, who under their gray stone
So long had slept, that fickle Fame
Had blotted from her rolls their name,
And twined round some new minion's head
The fading wreath for which they bled;
In sooth, 'twas strange, this old man's verse
Could call them from their marble bier.

The Harper smiled, well pleased; for ne'er
Was fatter loss on poet's ear:
A simple race! they waste their toil
For the vain tribute of a smile;
E'en when in age their flame expires,
Her dulcet breath can fan his fires:
Their drooping fancy wakes at praise,
And strives to trim the short-lived blaze.

Smiled then, well pleased, the Aged Man,
And thus his tale continued ran.

(1) The Viscount of Dundee, slain in the battle of Killcrankie.

(2) Some of the most interesting passages of the poem are those in which the author drops the business of his story to moralize, and apply to his own situation the images and reflections it has suggested. After concluding one canto with an account of the warlike army which was prepared for the reception of the English invaders, he opens the succeeding one with the following beautiful verse (Stanzas I. and II.).

There are several other detached passages of equal beauty. [No one will dissent from this, who reads, in particular, the first two and last glowing stanzas of Canto VI.—*now*] by association of the past, rendered the more affecting, which might be quoted in proof of the effect which is produced by this dramatic interference of the narrator.—*JEREMY.*

(3) The mortgages were the usual result of the Border heresies, on the approach of an English army.—(*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. i. p. 263.) Owe, owed in the most dangerous and inaccessible places, also afforded an occasional retreat. Such caverns may be seen in the precipitous banks of the Teviot at Benlaw, upon the Ailsa at Ancrum, upon the Jed at Harlaw, and in many other places upon the Border. The banks of the Eids, at Gorton and Haverthorn, are hollowed into similar recesses. But even these dreary dens were not always secure places of concealment. "In the way as we came, so far from this place (Long Niddry), George Ferris, a gentleman of my Lord Protector's," happened upon a cave in the grounds, the mouth whereof was so worn with the fresh prints of steps, that he seemed to be certain that wear some hole within; and gone down to try, he was really surprised with heart-burn to find. He left them not yet, till he had known whether they would be content to yield and come out; which they feignly refusing, he went in my lord's grace, and upon utterance of the rhyme, got thence to deal with them as he could; and so returned to them, with a score or two of pismirs. These wastes had their cave, that we were wary of, whereof he first slept up on; smothered his hall straw, and set it a fire, whereat they within cut water apart; but it was so well maynayed without, that the fire perished, and that within lay to get them belyke

into another parter. Then dervyd we the I kept to be with him) stop the same way, whereby we should cryther smother them, or fynd out at another issue, about xii score of, we sought, as in the frame of the smoke to come out; the which continued with so great a force, and so long a while, that we could not but think they must smother get them out, or smother within; and forthwith as we found not that they dyd the tone, we thought it for certain that war was the toother.—*Foster's Account of Dundee's Expedition into Scotland, upon Dalziel's Proposals.*

(4) This person was, in my younger days, the third of a Brodie tale. He was a retainer of the Buccleuch family, and held for a long time the office of hereditary constable of the frontiers of Liddesdale. Watt was, by profession, a miter, but, by inclination and practice, an archer and warrior. Upon the capture of the castle of Cumberland, it said to have made an incursion into Scotland, in which he was defeated, and forced to fly. Watt thought that he pursued him closely through a dangerous moor; the captain, however, gained the firm ground; and seeing Thalia, Dumfriesshire, and flourishing in the bog, and these words of latter—*Watt, ye cannot see your boots; the heels rip, and the seams rise.* [Ausp. crack.—*Watt, tear!*—*"If I cannot see," returned Thalia, discharging a shot which scalded the captain's nose to his saddle.—"If I cannot see, I am perit."*

(5) And when they came to Brankome's ha', They asked of a haill leech and his, Till up and spak his auld Buccleuch. Said,—*"What this brings the frays to me?"*—*"I, Jean Teviot, the fair bodied, And a harried man I think I be,"* etc.

(6) An intrud, commanded by the Warden in person.

(7) The dawn displays the smoke of ravaged fields, and shepherds, with their flocks, flying before the storm. Things might be by least of the battle not used to seek a shelter on light occasions of alarm, disclose the strength and object of the invaders. This man is a character of a lover and a rougher sort than the latter. The portrait of the rule of the ride again is sketched with the same masterly hand. Here, again, Mr. Scott has true in the footsteps of the old romances, who condemn themselves to the display of a few persons who stalk over the stage on stately stilts, but usually reflect all the varieties of character, and the various scenes which they belong. The interesting account of manners thus preserved to us, is not the only advantage which results from a perusal of their romantic literature. It enables them to carry us along with them, under I know not what species of fiction, and to make us, as it were, co-temporaries of their most extravagant scenes. In this they seem to resemble the painter, who, in the delineation of the heroic, places the actors in the midst of the day combat in the front, takes care to fill his background with subordinate figures, whose appearance adds at once both spirit and air of probability to the scene.—*Critical Review*, 1805.

(8) The broken ground in a bog.

(9) There is an old rhyme, which thus celebrates the places in Liddesdale remarkable for game—
"Elk and hinds for be and an deer,
And Cartt bang for swine,
And Tarras for the good bull trout,
If he be taken in time."

The bucks and roes, as well as the old ewes, are now extinct; but the good bull-trout is still famous.

(10) Boudsman.

(11.) As the Borders were indifferent about the furniture of their habitations, so much exposed to be burned and plundered, they were proportionally anxious to display splendor in decorating and ornamenting their females.—*See Lady de Morville's Lamentation.*

(12.) The four last lines of stanza vii. are not in the First Edition.

(13.) See, besides the note on this stanza, one in the Border Minstrelsy, vol. i. p. 10, respecting Watt of Harlaw, the son of Earl of Mar.

A satirical piece, entitled "The Town Elegy," which made much noise in Edinburgh shortly after the appearance of the first edition, has these lines.

"A modern author spends a hundred leaves,
To prove his characters notorious thieves."

(14.) Stanzas x. xi. xii. were not in the First Edition.

(15.) In this, and the following stanzas, some account is given of the role of Marston, who was the property of Eak was transferred from the Boudsman, its ancient possessor, to the name of Scott. It is needless to repeat the circumstances, which are given in the poem. Literally they have been preserved by tradition. Lord Maxwell, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, took upon himself the role of Earl of Marston. He was the son of Boudsman, who added the duty to escape from his disobedient vassals, continued to hold these lands with the memory of a man, and was the only lord of the name. The old people give locally to the story, by showing the Galliard's Haugh, the place where Boudsman's men were carried, etc.

(16.) The name of Marston, in certain places, was entitled to the best horse of the name, in name of Heriot, at Heriot.

(17.) The name of Marston, in certain places, was entitled to the best horse of the name, in name of Heriot, at Heriot.

(18.) This and the three following lines are not in the First Edition.

(19.) Beldune is situated near the head of Northwick Water, and being in the center of the possessions of the Scotts, was frequently used as their place of rendezvous and gathering word.—*Survey of Liddesdale, in Heriot.*

lance's MSS. Advocates' Library. Hence Hutchell calls one part of his genealogical account of the families of that clan, his Belvidere.

(20.) The mercenary adventurers, whom, in 1280, the King of Cambridge carried to the assistance of the King of Portugal against the Spaniards, waited for want of regular pay. At an assembly of their leaders, Sir John Souter, a natural son of Edward the Black Prince, thus addressed them:—"I counsel ye, let as be alle of oode aliance and of oode accord, and let as among ourselves reyse up a sauer of St. George, and let us be frendes to God, and enmyes to all the world; for without we make ourselves to be feared, we get nothing."

"I say my faith," quoth Sir John Belmont, "ye saye right well, and so let us do." They all agreed with one voice, and so regarded among them who shold be their captain. Then they advyced, that Sir John Souter could not have a better captain than Sir John Souter. For they shold then have good leyser to do yvel, and they might be war more meylster than any other. Then they raised up the prynces of St. George, and cried:—"A soldier! a soldier! the valyunt bastarde! frendes to God, and enmyes to alle the world!"—*Promysse, vol. i. c. 303*

(21.) Powder-flasks.

(22.) The stanza, describing the march of the English forces, and the lavishment of the Castle of Brannburgh, display a great knowledge of ancient costume, as well as a most picturesque and lively picture of feudal warfare.

—*Crivell's Romance.*

(23.) Ancient pieces of artillery.

(24.) A glove upon a lance was the emblem of faith among the ancient Borderers, who were wont, when any one broke his word, to expose this emblem, and proclaim him a faithless villain at the first Border meeting. This ceremony was much dreaded.—*See LAMAR.*

(25.) An asylum for outlaws.

(26.) Several species of offences, peculiar to the Border, were designated what was called *black treason*. Among others, was the crime of riding, or causing to ride, upon the opposite country during the time of truce. Thus, on a capture made at the water of Eke, beside Salom, on the 25th day of March 1334, between noble lords and mighty, Sir Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and Archibald Douglas, Lord of Galloway, a truce is agreed upon until the 1st day of July, and it is expressly accorded,—"Of any stailie author on the ta part, or on the telkyr, that he shall be hangit or beheadit; and gif any company stailie any cride within the trece before sayd, one of that company shall be hangit or beheadit, and the remanent shall portore the gude stailie in the dubbin."—*History of Westmorland, Cumberland, and Lancashire, vol. i. c. 303.*

(27.) Plundered.

(28.) Note of assault.

(29.) Orig. "I say to Sir Berde of high empire."

(30.) In dubious cases, the unknown of Border crime, was occasionally referred to the *Wardlaw*, a tribe of attacking birds, or unidentities, by Border custom thus:—"You shall swear by heaven above you, hell below you, by the way part of Fort Berde, and by all that made in six days and seven nights, and by God himself, you are whart out sackless of any, way, writing, or meaning, harm, or coetting of any of the goods, and cattell named in this bill. So help you God!"—*History of Cumberland, Lancashire, vol. i. c. 303.*

(31.) The battle of Ancrum Moor, or Praelibuch, was fought A. D. 1482. The English, commanded by Ralph Evers, and Sir Brian Laloun, were totally routed, and both their leaders slain in the action. The Scottish army was commanded by Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, assisted by the Laird of Buccleuch and Norman Lesley.

(32.) *Ephe-mere*, the watching a corpse previous to interment.

(33.) *Wapen-achow*, the military array of a country.

(34.) This was the cognizance of the noble house of Howard in all its branches. The crest, or bearing, of which was often used as a name of derision. Thus Richard III. acquired his well-known appellation of the *Boar of York*. In the violent attack on Cardinal Wolsey, written by Shakespeare, but erroneously imputed to Dr. B. Hall, the Duke of Buckingham is called the *Boar of France*, and the Duke of Norfolk, or Earl of Surrey, the *White Lion*. As the boar is extremely rare, and the whole passage relates to the emblematic interpretation of heraldry, it shall be here given at length.—

THE DESCRIPTION OF THE ARMES.

"Of the proud Cardinal this is the sheldie,
Up between two angles of Bathan;
The six bloody axes in a bace hand
Sheweth the crueltie of the red man,
Which hath devoured the beautiful Swan,
Most contrary unto the Wythe Lion.
Curter of York, the ryle butcher's anone.
The six bulles headed in a fild blacke,
Beneath his stordy forrisonment
Wherefore, the godly light to put ashewe,
He bringeth in his dryvyn darcones;
The leading in the middles doth expresse
The mastiff curie bred in Ypwich town,
Gawynow with his hilt a klinge croone,
The double-headed payre in the wynd,
Covered over with a Cardinal's hatt,
Wherein shall be fulfilled the prophesie,
That he shall up, Jacke, and put on the crowne,
For the tyme is come of hage and walett.
The temporal chervany thus throwne downe,
Wherefore, prout, take heed, and beware thy crowne!"

There were two copies of this very accurate satire in the Library of the late John, Duke of Roxburgh. See an

account of it also in Sir Egerton Brydges' curious miscellany, the *Omnia Libraria*.

(35.) The title to the most ancient collection of Border regulations must thus—"Be it remembered, that, on the 18th day of December, 1460, Earl William Douglas assembled the whole lords, freeholders, and eldest Borderers, that best knowledge had, at the college of Lincolne, and there he caused their lords and Borderers to be sworn, the Holy Gospel touched, that they justly and truly, after their causing, should decree, decree, deliver, and put in order and writing, as they sawe in time of warfare before. The said Earl William, seeing the statuten in writing decreed and delivered by the said lords and Borderers, thought them right speedful and profitable to the Borders; the which statuten, ordinaunces, and points of warfare, he took, and the whole lords and Borderers he caused bodily to be sworn, that they should maintain and supply him at their goodly power, to do the law upon those that should break the statuten under writing. Also, the said Earl William, and lords, and eldest Borderers, made certain points to be treason in time of warfare to be land, which were no treason before his time, but to be treason in his time, and in all time coming."

FAMILIAR LETTERS TO MY BROTHERS.

NUMBER ONE.

ADDRESSED TO MRS. W., who once suggested to me that my chirography, style, &c., strongly resembled those of Edgar Poe; and who claimed to have discovered her own relationship to Poe in the somewhat remarkable manner indicated as follows:—"Edgar Poe was a great magician, a God peer as the transposed letters of his name would indicate to those who believe in the significance of anagrams; and I doubt not he could, as you think, if still in the flesh, project his thoughts through space so as to affect the nerve-aria of those who might sustain magnetic relations to his own spirit. He always seemed to me to have something of the supernatural about him. One or two incidents, attributable as I believe to this strange spiritual energy, transpired within my own observation, and were scarcely less marvellous than the mysterious phenomena now claimed as evidence of a spiritual presence. In his presence I often had rapid intuitions in relation to subjects on which I had not previously reflected. I was once, in the autumn of 1848, speaking to him of my father's family, and suddenly remarked to him that I was convinced the name of *Poe* (which was my maiden name) was originally spelled *Poor*; that his own name was spelled in the same way; that we were descended from a common ancestor, and were, not very distantly, related. All this flashed upon my mind without a moment's reflection. Mr. Poe looked at me wonderingly for an instant, then said with an expression of intense interest: "Neh, you startle me! I have something very curious to tell you on that head. My grandfather, David Poe, had a record of his family in which our ancestors are traced to a certain Le Poer, whom (for reasons which he explained to me) he believed to be the same mentioned in 'Grammont's Memoirs.'"

My friend, I have just now come from among the leafy trees, where I have been in order to listen to nature's voices made by the sighing winds and the murmuring waters. Those voices are such as nature ever utters when communing with herself and with those akin to her—open, flowing, peaceful, harmonious, made up of the full vowels and the liquid consonants—through them she seems to pour forth her spirit in love to her worshippers.

Now, let us suppose one of those worshippers, the first man upon earth, dwelling in the midst

of the primal forest upon the shore of the swelling ocean, or by the side of a running river. He is fully formed in body, with faculties of mind latent, but ready to be developed. The sound from the ocean or from the river comes, borne in waves by the wind, through the branches of the forest to his ear, formed into the whispered word *pour*, does it not? go out among the trees, even when there is no moving water, and if you do not hear very nearly such an expression especially if the wind is slightly gusty. The man having his brain continually impressed with the word, as with a burthen, will himself, give it whispered utterance at length, involuntarily if not by an effort of the intellect. He could hardly help doing so, if he opened his mouth at all—the separation of the lips would give the sound of *p*; the further widening of the orifice would give that of *e*; and the full expansion would terminate the word with *r*, (prove the suggestion by gapping).

Then, may not *pour* have been the first word ever spoken by man? Whether its first or not, still, supposing it to have originated in the way intimated, it is easy to imagine how other words in use in modern languages may have sprung from it as a root: Thus, the man, upon first speaking it, or after speaking it a number of times, attaches an idea to it—the idea of the moving of the water, which moving he sees with his eyes. A mightier ocean tide than he has been used to behold comes swelling up to the shore, or the river, increased by the same "water" pouring from the clouds, rushes down its channel more forcibly than has been its wont; he has only the one word *pour* to express his new idea—rather his old idea added to— but he makes it answer its new purpose by speaking it with greater stress than at first; hence *power*. He observes water *pour* through small apertures, as well as down the river's channel and upon the ocean's bosom; hence *poor* (of the skin, &c). He attaches the sense of *pour* to other things than water in motion—to the falling of the rays of light from the morning sun; to the humming of insects; to the songs of birds; to the cries of beasts; to the voices, speaking words and making music, of his fellow men; hence even *poem* and *poet*.

Further, may not *pour* have been the name of the first man and of the first family of men upon earth? The man would finally know himself, from seeing his image reflected from the water-mirrors and from hearing his own voice, as *Poe*; also, his fellows having come into existence, would, from hearing the word issue from his lips, know him by it; and, after they had caught the same from him and embodied it in speech, would be known to him and to each other by it.

Here, without offering any further remarks of my own, I refer you to the remarks of Dr. Webster, given in his quarto Dictionary, under the words *prove*, *process*, *praise* and *proud*. Under *prove* he says: "The primary sense is, that which projects or stretches forward;" under *process*: "The primary sense of the root is to stretch, shoot or advance forward;" under *praise*: "We see that *prude*, *prudent* and *proud* are from the same root. The sense of *prude* is probably from stretching, straitening, stiffening;" under *proud*: "We find in the Italian,



JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

[From a Portrait by the elder Jarric, taken in 1816.]

THE ASTOR LIBRARY AND ITS FOUNDER.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR, to whom, as the founder of the Astor Library, a portion of the columns of our present number is devoted, was a native of Germany. Waldorf, a small village in the grand duchy of Baden, was the residence of his family, and there Mr. Astor was born, on the 17th of July, 1763. His father was occupied in the pursuits of rural life, and to the same labors the early youth of the son was also devoted. But he felt that he was made for a wider theater of action, and an early prementiment, which he is said to have had, that he was born to be a rich man, probably stirred within him his first striving to become so. It is not easy to account for the origin of such an impression; there was nothing in the circumstances of his birth or bringing up which explains it, and it must be regarded as one of those mysterious inductions by which the path of their destiny is often pointed out to superior minds. Fairies are something more of reality than mere creations of the poet's mind, and wise men generally heed their whisperings. Mr. Astor, it seems, was of this opinion. The good genius which assured him that there was something worth seeing beyond the happy valley which lies between the Rhine and the mountains of the Black Forest, and something better for him to do than feeding his father's flocks, was listened to and followed. He was but little past sixteen, when an opportunity presented itself for gratifying his early-formed and long-cherished hope, and proving by experience what there was of truth in its whisperings, which was gladly embraced by him. His eldest brother, who was his senior by eleven years, had been established some years in London, as a musical instrument maker. Being very successful, he now needed more assistance in his business, and invited one of his younger brothers to come to London and join him in it. The invitation was declined by the brother whose

seniority gave him a prior right, and transferred to John Jacob, the youngest of the four. The adventurous youth at once bade adieu to his paternal home, and started for London, without waiting for other outfit than the clothes he wore. At that time, there were none of the present facilities for traveling, and it is easy to imagine what difficulties and perplexities must have been encountered by one so young, on a journey from the vicinity of Heidelberg to the metropolis of England. It was the first step in the career which was afterward so brilliant, and the first test of that indomitable energy which marked his character through life. The journey from Mannheim was made chiefly on foot, as far as the coast of Holland, from which he was safely conveyed to the quays of London in a Dutch smack. He soon found his brother's residence, where he was warmly welcomed and kindly treated by both heads of the family. He had come to assist his brother in his business, and he at once applied himself assiduously to it. The family kept up their good German habit of early rising, and as they lived within the sound of Bow Bells, they were loudly reminded of the regular hour. Mr. Astor's own account of this period of his youth is, that he never failed to rise and dress when the clock struck four, which gave him an hour to prepare for his daily occupation; much of this hour was regularly devoted to reading the Bible and the Lutheran prayer book, then the only books in his library. In this practice he had been trained from childhood, and in the continuance of it, as he has often said, he found great comfort, pleasure and profit. This connection with his brother was on every account an agreeable one, but it was not continued many years; a great event was maturing in the world, which was to open to him a new prospect in the vista of his life. The event referred to was the return of peace, and the recognition of the Independence of the

United States of America, which brought into being a new empire, opening a wide field of enterprise to every one, more particularly to a young man of Mr. Astor's aspiring mind. His second oldest brother was already in America, which might have acted upon him as an additional inducement to try his fortune there, had anything been wanting to fix his decision; but his well known resolute character renders such a supposition improbable. Young and inexperienced as he was, it could not but have occurred to his far-seeing mind that, by transplanting himself to a land where all was youthful like himself, he must grow with the growth of everything around him. His resolution was soon taken, and no time was lost in carrying it into execution. Undismayed by the discomforts or dangers of a winter passage, he embarked, in November, 1783, on board a ship destined for Baltimore, with a consignment from his brother of some few hundred dollars' worth of musical instruments. They had very rough weather on the passage, and did not reach the Chesapeake until late in January. The winter was unusually severe, and the bay so full of floating ice, the vessel was obliged to come to anchor in Hampton roads, where she remained until March, making it altogether a passage of more than four months. This long delay was not, however, wholly lost time to Mr. Astor. During their ice blockade, the passengers on board the different ships, which were detained by it, kept up a constant communication with each other, from some of whom he acquired a great deal of that information so desirable to a stranger on arriving in a foreign country.

Among the acquaintances he made during the detention, was a German furrier, a man of great shrewdness, and particularly clever in his own business. This man proved to be of great service to Mr. Astor. When he learnt from him that he had it in view to engage in the same business, his compatriot encouraged the project, and instructed him how to proceed. By his advice, Mr. Astor came to New York, and here disposed of his outward adventure, the proceeds of which were invested in furs, so advantageously, that the whole of his first business operation in America might well be taken as a favorable omen for the future. It most naturally occurred to him that the interminable forests on the frontiers of the United States, must teem with wild animals, and that the Indian tribes, now pacified, would be hunting them for their furs. From this source he must have seen that a great supply of this valuable article would surely be furnished, and that the traffic in it must be productive. To this conclusion he seems to have come very soon after his arrival in America and to have made up his mind, that it should be the first object of his pursuit here.

After a short visit in this country he returned to London, and rendered an account to his brother of the consignment he had made to him, the returns from which were sold for their mutual benefit. Finding that to prosecute the fur trade to advantage he must make himself better acquainted with the mode of carrying it on in the great marts of Europe, he devoted his time while in London to the object, and soon became familiar with the various operations



JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

(From a Portrait by Stuart, taken in 1798.)

connected with it. Toward the close of the year 1784, he returned to the United States somewhat enriched by his first commercial enterprise, and in every way better prepared for the successful prosecution of the business in which he proposed to embark, having established such relations with his brother as would greatly facilitate his plan of operations. This country now became his by adoption, the home in which he lived during the remainder of his life, as strongly attached to it as if it had been the land of his birth, taking the deepest interest in all its concerns, and contributing in every way he could to its honor and prosperity. At that time he had just completed his twenty-first year—he was beginning life in a foreign land, without money capital, without powerful connections, and without established credit; but he possessed powers and qualities, and had formed habits which made him independent of capital, connections, and credit—a clear head, sound judgment, quick perception, a mind of the most comprehensive grasp, and a masterly business talent. To these high intellectual powers was joined great moral force of character, a resolute will, great self-reliance, firmness in pronouncing the unyielding no, when requisite, the strict integrity that inspires confidence, and the patient perseverance that ensures success. Beside which he had the groundwork and guarantee of prosperity in his habits of life—economy, self-denial, industry, love of labor, a proper pride in his business, punctual in his engagements, and above all, a careful avoiding of the thralldom of debt. It is to these properties that we must look for the elements of Mr. Astor's extraordinary prosperity, and not to any accident of birth or fortune, or any external circumstances of condition; his only advantages of that kind were his fine personal appearance, his noble head, his ornamental brow, the stamp of higher intelligence upon his every feature, his commanding, and

when he chose, winning address. His reliance was upon himself in business, as well as in everything else, and he so managed his affairs as to make his rapidly accumulating capital sufficient for its constant extension. Valuable consignments were often made to him by his brother in London, but wholly as business transactions, and not as favors, for which returns were as punctually made as if to a stranger. For many years he continued to make the fur trade his main business; and for its successful management he was obliged to undertake long and toilsome journeys to Canada and the unsettled regions near the lakes, to collect skins wherever they could be found; singly or in greater numbers, it mattered not, they were bought by him and taken to some convenient deposit, from which they could be forwarded in large packs to the place of sale or shipment. Neither at this time, nor afterwards, when the possessor of millions, was he ever backward or ashamed to labor with his own hands, or be seen in the dress appropriate to his occupation—knowing that nothing is done well if the eye of the master is not upon it, and his hand ready to assist in it when necessary. In this way, by patient toil and unremitting industry, was laid the foundation of that fortune which afterward became a colossal pile. The trade in furs is one of vast extent, when carried on upon so grand a scale as it was by him. In its full development it required of him to become a large ship owner, to establish commercial relations with all the great marts of Europe, and engage extensively in the trade to the north-west coast of America and China, and to make his name familiar to all the hunters and Indian tribes from Hudson's Bay to the Pacific Ocean. Having greatly increased his capital and acquired the utmost skill in the management of these vast concerns, nothing was wanting to an unlimited extension of the trade, and an entire control over it, but the protection of the

government and the powers of an incorporated company. Every disposition was shown by the general government to further his views, as they wished to have the fur trade within the limits of the United States, exclusively in the hands of American citizens; but they had no power to afford him any direct aid, or clothe him with corporate authority. There was no such constitutional limit to the powers of the State government. The legislature of New York, on his application, granted a charter in 1809, to a corporation styled "The American Fur Company," with a capital of a million of dollars. This capital was chiefly furnished by Mr. Astor, who was in fact the company; all its concerns were managed, and all its operations directed by him. To obtain undivided possession of the whole hunting ground for his own company, he bought out all the interests of the Mackinaw Company, and united them under the new name of the South-West Company. Many important suggestions were made by him to the American government as to the mode of providing the annual supplies required by the Indian treaties, and by adopting them, large sums were economized in that branch of the public expenditures. He was also instrumental in obtaining the passage of a law of Congress excluding British fur traders from the territories of the United States, and was preparing in various ways for more extensive operations in this important trade than had ever been prosecuted either by individual or company, when the war of 1812 was declared, which event defeated all his well laid plans for these grander enterprises. Most unfortunately, both for the country and for himself, the system of defense which he had urged upon the government for the settlement at Astoria, near the mouth of the Columbia river, was not adopted by them. This post had been established by him at great expense, with a view to the more advantageous prosecution of the fur trade on the west side of the rocky mountains; foreseeing that a strong fortification would be required to protect it against capture by the enemy in case the long impending war should take place, he offered to erect and mount the necessary works at his own cost and put them at the disposal of government, provided they would man them and keep them up. The importance of the measure was not then foreseen at Washington, and consequently was not accepted. The place was taken by the British soon after the commencement of the war, and this adverse possession furnished one of the strongest grounds of their denial of our claim to the exclusive right of navigation on the Columbia river. Had Mr. Astor been listened to, the long and expensive contest about the Oregon territory would never have arisen; the valley of the Columbia river would probably long ere now have been covered with populous towns and villages; and the first founder of the colony, in addition to the boundless wealth he would have derived from it, have had the far higher satisfaction of transmitting his name to future ages as the father of a nation. Disappointed of this lofty hope, Mr. Astor never again engaged in the fur trade with the ardor he had done before, or made it an exclusive object of pursuit; but the American Fur Company was reestablished, and



ASTOR LIBRARY: FRONT ELEVATION.

again looked to him as its head. The commercial enterprises which had grown out of his principal business, and his wide-spread possessions now required much of his time and attention; for however numerous his agents and assistants, his personal supervision was never withdrawn from his concerns, except while occasionally abroad; when at home, his was always the planning and directing mind. Every year was adding to his fortune—at first, almost imperceptibly, but, as the mass rolled on, it gathered up upon a greater surface and increased more rapidly. Few very great fortunes were ever acquired more in accordance with the laws of aggregation than Mr. Astor's; but a small portion of it was added by accident, or lucky hits, or great speculations of any kind. He was its sole and systematic architect, and constructed the edifice on the best foundation, and in the fairest proportions. So far as depended upon himself, it may almost be said, he never made a mistake, or met with a loss, through defect of judgment, or bad calculation; but he suffered many and some very heavy ones, through disobedience of orders, ignorance or breach of trust on the part of agents, and the unavoidable perils of the sea. His extraordinary sagacity of mind, his moral force, and his prudent habits, would have enabled him to become rich anywhere; but he became uncommonly rich in owing, in part, no doubt, to having his lot cast in America so opportunely. He continued in active business a full half-cen-

tury, and as every year from the beginning was one of greater or less profit, and as some single years added more than a common fortune to his store, and some early investments centupled in value, it is easy to understand how his immense wealth was amassed.

During a very long business career, Mr. Astor maintained a high character, as a merchant, for uprightness in his dealings, and the exact fulfillment of his engagements. If tried by the mercantile moral code, he would be found never to have violated it. But the justice which has been done him in regard to the acquisition of his fortune, has been denied in regard to his use and distribution of it. He has suffered as all rich men must suffer in public opinion, who do not adopt a plan of systematic charity, and set apart a certain portion of their income to be lent to the Lord in being given to the poor. His business cares were too great to afford time for inquiry into the innumerable instances of poverty and distress which claim relief, and he may have often denied when his really benevolent heart would have prompted him to succor, if he had listened to the sufferer. When he gave, he was a truly liberal giver. He loved to give when he could see that the gift would be a positive benefit to the receiver. Such gifts he viewed as good investments, and no one made them more readily. Little indiscriminate charities he did not think much of; they were regarded as so much money wasted—strikingly illustrating the influence of habit upon charac-

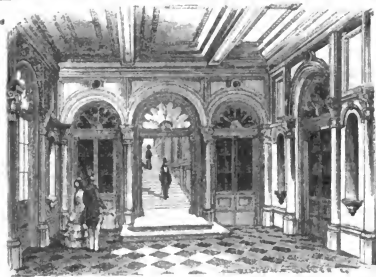
ter. In the outlay of money in small sums, he was always frugal; in the appropriation of large ones, always noble-hearted.

It is a feeling, common to men who have grown rich by their own unaided energy, not to be touched with a feeling of human infirmities, and look upon poverty more as a fault than as a misfortune. Then, too, the insensibility to suffering, which too often arises from continued good fortune, is in danger of being increased by the frequency of appeals for relief, and the importunity with which they are made. The necessitous are not apt to be considerate in their applications for assistance, each is made and urged as if the only one, and, if granted, would take but a single drop out of the ocean from which it is supplied. There is no conceivable object, or plan, or project, to which a man of Mr. Astor's wealth is not called upon to contribute. His means—large as they were—would soon have been exhausted if one in ten of them had been complied with; and as the disappointed always clamor, while the successful are silent, very imperfect credit has been given him on the score of his private charities.

"The evil that men do, lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones."

But our present purpose leads us to speak of him more as a public benefactor than in the relations of private life, and herein none can hesitate in placing him among the most manifest of any age or country. In addition to many large subscriptions made during his lifetime to different benevolent institutions in New York, he left, by will, twenty thousand dollars to the German Society; twenty-five thousand to the Association for the Relief of Respectable Aged Indigent Females; four thousand each to the Institution for the Blind and the Society for the relief of Half-orphan and Destitute Children; four thousand to the Lying-in Asylum, and fifty thousand to the use of the poor of Waldorf, his native place—making one hundred and seven thousand dollars to public charities, exclusive of the four hundred thousand for forming the Library. The bequest to Waldorf has since been applied to the establishment of an excellent institution for the relief and improvement of that class of persons designated by him.

Mr. Astor lived to the good old age of four score and four years and eight months. For some years previous to his death, which happened March 29th, 1848, his manly form was bowed down by age, and his bodily strength greatly enfeebled, but his mind retained much of its original vigor and brightness. Considering his extraordinary activity until a late period of his life, he submitted to the helplessness of age with unobtrusive resignation. When his impaired eye-sight no longer permitted him to read, his principal relief from the wearisomeness of unoccupied time was in the society of his friends and near relatives. All who knew him well were strongly attached to him, and none but those who were ignorant of his real character believed him amiable and repulsive. His smile was peculiarly benignant and expressive of genuine kindness of heart, and his whole manner cordial and courteous to every one entitled to his respect. There was something so impressive in his appearance, no one could stand before him without feeling



MAIN HALL ENTRANCE.

that he was in the presence of a superior intelligence. His deep sunken eye beneath his over-arched brow, denoted the prophetic—it might almost be said, the inspired mind within. Although he lived many years beyond the age when "the grasshopper is a burden," and was the victim of much suffering, he did not murmur, nor did he become unreasonable and peevish. He was not wont to talk much on the subject of religion, or freely communicate his views in relation to the life beyond the grave; but it cannot be doubted that such tranquility as he exhibited in his near approach to it, must have been derived from that "peace which the world can neither give nor take away."

The instructive example presented in the character of Mr. Astor, and the prominent position which he occupied, have carried as beyond our intended limits in the notice of him, which properly preceded our account of the library which he founded, and to that we now come.

Its history naturally begins with an extract from his will, establishing it, which runs thus—"Desiring to render a public benefit to the city of New York, and to contribute to the advancement of useful knowledge and the general good of society, I do by this codicil appropriate four hundred thousand dollars out of my residuary estate to the establishment of a public library in the city of New York." By the same instrument, this sum is to be applied and disposed of—

"First, in the erecting of a suitable building for a public library.

"Second, in furnishing and supplying the same from time to time with books, maps, charts, models, drawings, paintings, engravings, casts, statues, furniture, and other things appertaining to a library for general use, upon the most ample scale and liberal character.

"Third, in maintaining and upholding the buildings and other property, and in defraying the necessary expenses of taking care of the property and of the accommodation of persons consulting the library.

"The said sum shall be payable, one-third in the year after my decease, one-third in the year following, and the residue in equal sums in the fourth and fifth years.

"The said library is to be accessible at all reasonable hours and times for general use, free of expense to persons resorting thereto, subject only to such control and regulations as the trustees may from time to time exercise and establish for general convenience.

"The affairs of the institution shall be conducted by eleven trustees, to be from time to time selected from the different liberal professions and employments in life, and the classes of educated men.

"All the property and effects of the institution shall be vested in the said trustees. They shall have power to direct the expenditure of the funds, the investment, safe keeping and management thereof, and of the property and effects of the institution; also to make such ordinances and regulations from time to time as they may think proper for the good order and convenience of those who may resort to the library or use the same; also, to appoint, direct, control and remove the superintendent of the library, and all librarians and others employed about the institution; and, also, they shall have and use all powers and authority for promoting the expressed objects of this institution, not contrary to what is herein expressed." Other clauses in the will fix the site of the library building, limit the cost of the edifice to seventy-five thousand dollars, exclusive of that of the lot, authorize an expenditure of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars in the purchase of books and other objects for establishing the library, and direct the residue to be invested as a permanent fund for its maintenance and gradual increase. The reports of the trustees to the legislature of the State show that these several testamentary directions have been exactly followed, and the library carried into operation in exact conformity to the will of its founder. The above cited clauses exhibit the whole that is contained in the instrument, expressive of Mr. Astor's intentions relative to the character of the institution which he founded; in them it may be seen that there is not a word or intimation implying that it was to be a public library in any other sense than that in which it is now organized; in other words, that it was not to be a lending library. There appears to be no phrase among all in which it is spoken of that will admit of any other construction.

On recurring again to Mr. Astor's will, we find that a spirit of elevated philanthropy prompted him to the magnificent act. It was an expression of his "desire to render a public benefit to the city of New York, to contribute to the advancement of useful knowledge and the general good of society." And how happened it, it may be asked, that a library was selected by him as a means of effecting such important objects. His own pursuits in life had not been of a kind to reveal to him the necessity and value of these store-houses of learning, or to have given him practical experience of the great want of one in the city upon which he bestowed his bounty. On the other hand it should be said that no man had a higher estimate of the value of intellectual cultivation, or a higher respect for learning, than he had, and no man better understood than he did that the only imperishable monuments are those consecrated to man's mental and moral improvement. In reflecting upon the purposes to which he could apply his intended bounty, he must have seen that it was not needed for that class of institutions for which the State and city governments have power to provide either for the relief of suffering or for public instruction—that it was much needed for that very thing, which they had no power to create, a public library—and that none so fully combined the three objects he wished to promote. He might have said of New York as Sir Thomas Bodley did of Oxford, "It has everything but an adequate library." He had seen most of the great libraries in Europe, and had doubtless remarked that they were among the most valued of all their public institutions. It is not improbable that in contemplating some of these grand conservatories of human knowledge, in which every volume formed a memorial tablet for perpetuating the name and memory of their founders, his decision may have been first taken to make a public library his own mausoleum. But nothing can be determined with certainty as to the origin of the idea in his own mind; the earliest written evidence of its being his fixed decision is the third codicil to his will, dated August 21, 1836. A year or more before this, he had made known to some of his friends that he intended to make a bequest of a large sum for some public object, and asked for their opinions as to the way in which it could be best appropriated. It so happened that without concert or consultation with each other, they all fixed upon the same thing, and had his own mind before been in doubt upon it, this unanimity of opinion among his friends would probably have removed it.

The sum which Mr. Astor first set apart for this purpose was, three hundred and fifty thousand dollars; and it is alike creditable to his liberality and his discernment, that on after reflection, unsolicited by any one, he increased it to four hundred thousand. Three hundred and fifty thousand dollars at that time, which was a day of small things as to libraries, was looked upon as a very large sum for the purpose, and who will say that it was a matter which Mr. Astor did not understand, with this evidence that he said it required more. As soon as the main question was settled, the library became a matter of great interest to him, and but for the infirmities of age, it



MAIN, OR LIBRARY HALL.

would have been carried into immediate execution; he naturally shrunk from a new career when those he already had were beyond his strength. He had plans drawn of a library edifice, and made repeated efforts to decide upon the one to be adopted preparatory to beginning the erection of it, but he found every effort of the kind too exhausting to be continued, and he was at length obliged wholly to abandon the attempt. Some small beginnings, however, were made in collecting books, and more would have been done in the same way, but for the want of some convenient and safe place of storing them. It may not be uninteresting to know that the first purchase for the library was made at the sale of part of Major Douglass's books, March 15th, 1839, when about forty volumes were bought, among them Britton's *Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain*; Young's *Recent Discoveries in Hieroglyphic Literature*; White's *Gradations in Man*; and Cheneville's *Voyages*. These were the nucleus of the Astor Library, and may fairly be considered as a type of the whole collection. In the course of the same year, a very valuable library which had been collected by Count Boutourlin, and left at his death in Florence, where he had resided, was offered to Mr. Astor, for about fifty-four thousand dollars. He decided to buy it, and furnished a friend (Mr. Cog-

well) who was about visiting Europe, with the credit necessary to effect the purchase. But it was too late; when he arrived he found the library had been removed to Paris, to be sold by auction, and a part of it already dispersed. It may help to correct the general false impression, that the value of a library can be estimated by its number of volumes, to know that the Boutourlin library did not contain more than twelve thousand volumes, and would have cost between fifty and sixty thousand dollars; that is, it would have absorbed nearly one-half of the whole sum to be expended by the Astor Library for books, and it would not have filled more than one-eighth of its shelves. The twelve thousand volumes of the Boutourlin, would have been preferred by the Bibliomane, the forty or fifty thousand which the same sum has procured for the Astor Library, will be found vastly better adapted to the wants of those who use it. The only work bought by Mr. Astor himself for his library, was a copy of Audubon's *Birds of America*, and the whole number of volumes bought for it during his lifetime was not above a thousand. It was not until nine months after his death, in March, 1848, that the work of collecting books can properly be said to have been undertaken. The first meeting of the Trustees of the Institution, founded by John Jacob Astor, was con-

vened in May of the same year, at which meeting they gave to it the name of the Astor Library, and appointed J. G. Cogwell, of New York, to be its superintendent, the latter being as has been stated in their official report, in accordance with the wishes and intentions of the founder. At a meeting afterward, on the 18th of October, as it was known to be a favorable time for buying books abroad, in consequence of the political agitations in France, the superintendent of the Library was authorized to go to Europe, and purchase books for it to the amount of twenty thousand dollars.

In accordance with this vote, he embarked on the 12th of November, 1848, and remained abroad until the beginning of the following March, reaching New York on his return about the middle of the month. His whole absence was a few days over four months, which allowed him three in Europe for the purposes of his visit. This time was divided between London and Paris, with a short excursion to Brussels, and wholly devoted to hunting up books. The auction sales in London, particularly of the Duke of Buckingham's large library, and the still unsettled state of Paris, enabled him to bring together a collection justly considered rich for the time and means employed in effecting it. The opportunity seemed too favorable to be neglected and



ONE OF THE ALCOVES.

tempted him to exceed the appropriation by five thousand dollars, which excess he proposed to be individually accountable for, if the trustees did not see fit to sanction it. As they were satisfied with the reason for exceeding the limit they had fixed for the present purchase, and with the purchase itself, they did not accede to his proposal.

The twenty thousand volumes which now belonged to the library requiring a place for safe keeping, in which they could be placed on shelves, arranged, and inventoried, a house in Bond street was rented by the trustees for that purpose, and provided with the necessary shelving. It now became evident that in order to go on with the formation of the collection upon system, and apportion to each department its just share of the fund, it would be necessary to have a prospective catalogue of the books—deemed, if not indispensable, at least very important to form the library. As no such catalogue existed, the superintendent undertook to prepare one, based upon the calculation of being able to start with a library of seventy-five or eighty thousand volumes. Being intended for a manual, it was necessary to make the titles as concise as could be done, and identify the book. Restricted as they thus were, to a single line, they formed a volume of 446 pages, exclusive of 30 of Bibliography prefixed. It required the unremitting labor of eighteen months to prepare this volume, which was printed at the expense of the superintendent, as it was mainly intended to facilitate his work: but, from want of a better, it has since been the only printed catalogue in use. Without some guide of the kind, it is certain that no systematic collection of books of the extent of the Astor Library, could have been formed by a single individual in the short space of four years. The fidelity with which it surveys the whole field of printed books, from the invention of the art to the time of its going to press in

the beginning of 1850, has been put to the severe test of daily use for nearly two years by numerous readers, and the examination by many thousands altogether, who agree in pronouncing it as complete as a work of such limited extent could be made.

While the superintendent was thus engaged, the trustees were preparing to erect the library edifice. After examining various plans, that upon which it has since been constructed was adopted, and Mr. A. Saelzer, by whom it was drawn, appointed the architect to superintend the building. The corner stone was laid on the fourteenth of March, 1850; the keys of the building completed were given up by the contractors in July, 1853. By the end of the same year, the books were placed on the shelves, classified, and prepared for use. On the 9th of January, 1854, the library was open for inspection, and on the first of the following month for use. An account of its organization and administration as a library, will be given before we conclude this article. We must now return to the history of its progress in the further collection of its books.

Early in 1851, when it was found that the library edifice would not be completed for a year or more, the superintendent proposed to the trustees to allow him to return to Europe and make further purchases of books for the library. Permission was given him to do this, and a credit of twenty-five thousand dollars opened in London for this purpose. He embarked at New York, on the 26th of February, 1851, and returned on the 24th of December of the same year, making his whole absence ten months. During this absence, the search for books was extended to almost every great mart of Europe, from Rome on the south, to Stockholm on the north, in every one of which the most valuable productions of science and literature, in the language of the country, were carefully collected. Every day was scrupu-

lously devoted to the interests of the library, and contributed more or less to increase its stores. Particular attention was given to Scandinavian and Oriental literature, and to the transactions of learned societies, which departments of the Astor Library now constitute three of its most distinctive features. Every one conversant with book-buying, knows how difficult it is to find all valuable works of an early date, and will readily understand the extent of the labor that must have been expended in forming a whole library in which there is a great number of works of this class. It was only by the combination of favorable circumstances, and unremitting efforts, that it has been accomplished. It would not be easy to cite an instance of the collecting of a library of equal extent in an equally short space of time, and certainly not one in which it was done by a single individual. The library itself is the only test by which it can be determined whether it was done well or ill. This second book-buying tour of the superintendent added nearly twenty-five thousand volumes to the number before possessed, making the aggregate now collected at home and abroad, little, if anything, short of fifty thousand volumes. This was the extent which it was at first expected the library would reach, when its whole fund of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars had been expended, and one-half of this sum was still in reserve.

It was now necessary to arrange and inventory the recent additions, and in the expectation that so much of the work as should then be done, would not have to be done again in the new library, an exact systematic classification was undertaken. To this more than six months of assiduous labor were devoted, and in accomplishing it, it was necessary that every volume should be taken in hand by the superintendent, and put in its proper place, and this was done. The consequence was, as might naturally be expected, an inroad upon his health, and an exhaustion of his strength, that rendered him wholly incapable of labor. Finding himself in this condition, he requested the trustees to allow him to spend the winter in Europe, and to regain health and strength that would enable him to complete the work of forming the library, with which he had been intrusted. As the voyage was made primarily on his own account, he would not allow the expenses of it to be a charge upon the library; the opportunity, however, was not neglected of greatly increasing the collection already formed, which he was authorized to do by a vote of the trustees, providing funds for the same. He was again absent just four months, during which he collected an additional twenty thousand volumes, including the two considerable libraries which were bought, the one mathematical, and the other miscellaneous. The former made a very important addition to the mathematical department which the previous purchase of Mr. Samuel Ward's excellent library, formed out of Laby's and Legendre's, had raised to the first rank in its class. The expectations that the new library building would be ready for the books early in the spring of 1853, were again disappointed; and as the lease of the house in which they had been arranged, was out on the 1st of May, they

had to be removed, there was no alternative but to pack them in boxes and stow them away in the lower rooms of the new building, by which operation they were thrown into such disorder that the labor of classifying them was all to be gone over again when they came to be placed on their shelves. This was done during the summer and autumn of 1853. By the end of the year, the library was made ready for public inspection, and its opening announced for the 9th of January, when it displayed to its visitors a large number of volumes than ever had been contained in any one library in America. This of itself would have been little to boast of, as a still greater number might have been collected at one-quarter the cost, and one-hundredth the labor. To do it full justice, it should be added, that, for its extent, it would favorably compare with any library of printed books at home or abroad, in character and intrinsic value. We have now to speak of its organization, administration, and use.

The Astor Library, in accordance with the intention of the testator, as far as expressed, is organized upon the plan of a library of reference, and does not lend out its books. It is not a popular library, in the ordinary sense; that is, it is not made up of the so-called popular books, but it really is and should be known to be a library for popular use, in the fullest acceptance of the words. Just as freely as the youth of New York, of every class, can repair to the Free Academy for a higher education than can be had at the common public schools, can every man, of any class or condition, repair to the Astor Library to improve his mind by the reading and study of books of a higher order than those in common circulation. It is a first experiment of throwing open a library in a great city to any one and every one, without any formality of admission, or any restriction whatever, except as to age. It was thought impossible by many to carry out a system of such entire freedom of admission, and so it must be, where there is no barrier between the book shelves and the visitors. The barrier in the Astor Library is a light iron railing, which does not conceal the books in the slightest degree (as is shown by the sketch of the interior), and merely serves as a notice that the alcoves are not to be entered, or the books taken down from the shelves, without the knowledge of the library attendants. This obviates the necessity of having glass or other doors to the book-cases, which are always in the way, and consume much time in locking and unlocking, beside being injurious to the books by preventing a free circulation of air among them. We will now suppose that a stranger, or any one not already familiar with the library, wishes to visit or use it; he must go to the street called Lafayette Place, and there, on the east side of it, and directly opposite a long row of marble buildings, he will see the edifice, marked by its exterior as a public one, and easily recognized by the front view of it, here given. Having reached it, he has only to enter by a center door, and ascend the flight of marble steps which are directly before him, and which lead to the principal library room. Here the first object which presents itself, as he looks toward the east end of the building, is a bust of the founder of the library, supported on a

bracket which is attached to the center column. Beneath it is a small desk for the use of those who wish for books, and near it, on the adjoining table, the tickets are placed, on which the titles of those wanted are to be written. The visitor, when he has filled up his ticket, hands it to one of the attendants, and if the books are in the library, they are brought to him at once. On the reverse of these tickets, the few simple regulations of the library are printed. We give them here for the benefit of those who have never seen them:—

"ASTOR LIBRARY REGULATIONS.

- "1. The Library is open every day, except Sundays and established holidays, from 10 A. M., until half an hour before sunset.
- "2. Admission free to all persons over sixteen years of age.
- "3. When a book is wanted, its Title is to be written on this Ticket, with the name of the applicant. The Ticket is then to be given to an attendant, who will look out the book, if in the Library, and put it into the hands of the reader without delay.
- "4. Readers must return their books before leaving the Library, and take back their Tickets, otherwise they continue responsible for the books.
- "5. No one is allowed to enter the alcoves, or remove a book from its place, unless accompanied by an officer of the Library.
- "6. Readers wishing to consult costly works of art, must make special application for that purpose.
- "7. In taking Notes from Books, Pencils, not Pen and Ink, are to be used.
- "8. Smoking strictly forbidden in any part of the Library."

It is a mistake to suppose that any part of the library, or any book in it, is kept shut up from the public; on the contrary, everything in it may be seen by any one who chooses, under the regulations made for the due preservation of what is particularly costly. The trustees are constituted the guardians of this portion of the public property, and are responsible for the due execution of their trust. The people are the *custos que trust*, and should call to mind, that if there is waste or destruction, the loss is their own, and cannot be repaired. It is also a mistake to suppose that any one connected with the library can derive benefit from the exercise of care in preventing injuries to the books entrusted to him, in any other way than by the consciousness of having done his duty. It would be much easier for the trustees and all acting under them, to adopt the principles on which public trusts are often administered, of looking more to popular favor than to the public interest; but this modern degeneracy seems not to have reached them; they have preferred risking the displeasure of the ward to wasting his estate.

Before giving an account of the manner and extent to which the Astor Library is used, it must be premised that it is now a library of eighty thousand volumes, carefully selected with a view to the character intended to be given to it; that is, a library of reference formed of books in all languages, from which may be learnt the history, progress and present condition of human knowledge. To keep up with the discoveries and speculations of the age, it

is furnished with most of the leading periodicals, both American and Foreign—numbering two hundred and eighty different journals and magazines, and half as many different memoirs and transactions of learned societies. Thus, it will be seen that much has been done toward attaining the character of a thoroughly well-furnished library; but much remains to be done—perhaps the time is not far distant when it will be found in that condition which will entitle it to be called an "University for Grown People," as a great library was most happily denominated a few years since by one of the leading journals of this city.

This library has been in operation now nineteen months, and it may give some idea of the extent to which it has been used, to know that during this period thirty-three thousand tickets for books have been presented at the librarian's table. On each of the tickets an average of at least three volumes has been asked for—making in all more than a hundred thousand volumes which have been read or consulted in the library since it was opened. A library that is used to this extent can hardly be considered a useless one. The fact is, that notwithstanding the people here are not accustomed to the use of a library of this description, it has been much more resorted to than its friends anticipated. To various classes of the community it has already been found of great advantage, and most of all, perhaps, to those engaged in the industrial arts. The public are indebted to W. B. Astor, Esq., for the founding of this special department. The funds for it have been received from him, and not from the amount bequeathed for the library. The sum given by him for this purpose was twelve thousand five hundred dollars, more than three-fourths of which have been expended on the most important works proper for the department. It is enriched by daily additions, and when completed, will be one of the best polytechnic collections existing in the country. We are here reminded of what ought to have been said, when, speaking of Mr. Astor, the founder of the library, that in the whole progress of it, from the moment it was started until now, it has been cordially and liberally aided by his son. No one could have more sacredly carried out the known or supposed intentions of a father than he has done.

We said above that the library has been much used by practical men, and it may be added, that it has been so by readers of all kinds. Many men of leisure pass more or less of every day there, and those engaged in making researches into any matter of science, history, or literature, are sure to find in it more or less to their purpose. The conductors of the press are not wholly independent of it, they are often helped out in questions of difficulty by the authorities it furnishes; and unfriendly to it as has been the spirit of several of them, it has been none the less at their command. It is not the act of receiving and publishing complaints against the administration of the library, which can justly be objected to; that must be expected in what is called a free country; it is only to the spirit in which it is done. If it is seen to be malignant, it is fairly inferred that the hostility is to the institution itself, rather than to the individuals who are for the time

the interests of the public. It may be a question how far attacks, in such a spirit, upon an institution founded by private munificence may be conducive to the public welfare; certainly they are not very encouraging to like deeds in others. When the general tendency of an institution is acknowledged to be good, and a positive benefit to the community derived from it, it is commonly thought deserving of some respect, even if its management is not wholly approved of. In a civilized land it would not be unreasonable to hope that when grievances are alleged against the managers of a public institution, it should first be ascertained whether they had been informed of them and had denied redress, before publicly petting them with mud and stones.

It has been the misfortune of this institution to suffer under the stigma of being exclusive and aristocratic. To all who are laboring under this error, we recommend to go there and judge for themselves. Nothing more aristocratic than cleanliness, order, and decorum, will be seen there. The paper from the street may sit beside the merchant prince, if he will; may read just as many, and the same sort of books, and is just as promptly waited upon. From the opportunities we have had of conversing with many in the humbler conditions of life who expressed anything but dissatisfaction with the treatment they received there, we infer that the cry of aristocracy is raised by those who find it too equalizing and too republican for them. It is true that perfect quiet and the most gentlemanlike demeanor prevail among the readers in the library, a part of which may be attributed to a feeling of respect for the place; but no small credit is due to those who frequent it, for their ready observance with what is seen to be the usage: this is all that can give rise to the charge of aristocracy. The trustees must be allowed to have acted with great discretion in the cautious manner in which they have tried this first experiment of an entirely free public library in the very populous city of New York; it has succeeded thus far so well, they may think it safe to give it somewhat of a more popular character. It is desirable, and it is hoped it will be found practicable, to keep some one or two of the rooms open in the evening, in order to accommodate certain classes of the community who are occupied during the day—particularly apprentices, who would be greatly benefited by much that it contains, which is well adapted to their instruction and improvement. It cannot be doubted that it is the wish and aim of the trustees to make it in every way as conducive to the gratification and welfare of the public as a due regard to its safety will permit. Nor is there any room to doubt that an unrelenting pursuit of this aim, uninfluenced by ill-natured cavils, must sooner or later command for it the good opinion and attachment of the people, and make it the pride and boast of New York; it will then be secure against the malevolence of ignorance and the vandalism of the Times.

The Astor Library is placed in a central and easily accessible situation. La Fayette Place, on the east side of which it is built, communicates with the two great thoroughfares of the city—Broadway and the Bowery—by Great Jones street at the south, Astor Place and

Eighth street at the north, and by Fourth street near the center. A more appropriate site could not be found in New York. The street has a refined, classic air, and is in a good degree exempt from the throng and noise and bustle of business streets. The contrast between it and Broadway is so striking in this respect, that it is difficult to comprehend that they are in such near proximity. The eye of the visitor in traversing it, will be attracted by a long row of stately marble dwellings, with rich porticos supported by elegant Corinthian columns, and, if a stranger, he may perhaps fix upon these for the Astor Library. But a glance across the street, when about opposite the center of this fine range, will show him a very plain structure of brick, raised upon a lower story of rustic ashlar brown stone, somewhat more lofty than the neighboring buildings—this is the Astor Library. The style of architecture is the Byzantine; the front, which has too little mass or spread for effect, is rendered somewhat imposing by the deeply recessed arched doors and windows, the rich brown stone moldings and mullions, and still more by the boldly projecting cornice, corbels, and entablature, all beautifully wrought in the same material. In this city we have of late been made so familiar with the immense, that a building as limited in extent as the Astor Library, dwindles into insignificance; its fine proportions, architectural correctness, and adaptation to its purpose, will be appreciated by none but an artistic eye. Such an eye will see that the architect has made the most of his prescribed front elevation; and it should be borne in mind that the building in all its extent, was marked out by the will of the founder, and wisely, too, for instead of a library of precious books, we might now have nothing but an empty marble palace. But it is time to pass the threshold. On opening the main entrance door, the eye falls at once upon a beautiful flight of thirty-six broad marble steps, leading, between straight walls of solid mason-work, to the second floor of the building, which is the main floor of the library proper. These stairs land the visitor at a point about the center of the room, from which, at a single glance, he may survey the whole thing; and the Astor Library in all its extent is before him. As if his expectations have been formed upon some of the exaggerated accounts which have been published, he will certainly be disappointed. But if he has no such preconceived ideas, and has waited until he could see and judge for himself, he may be pleased and gratified. The room, which is a hundred feet in length by sixty-four in width and fifty in height, is sufficiently large and lofty to appear grand. A broad skylight, extending two-thirds its length, with a row of huge curved panes of glass on each side, and a double mah spreading nearly horizontally across the center, pours in a flood of light from above, which, with that let in through the ten broad windows in front and eight in the rear, gives an uncommonly cheerful aspect to the apartment. It is really beautiful as it is, and will be much more so when the glare of its stucco ornaments, and of its gilded balustrades, become softened down by time. The internal arrangement is a very convenient one, and very economical of space. A series of seven alcoves or apartments, open in

front and rear, fills up the space on each side, from the side walls to the columns which support the roof, leaving corridors two and a half feet in width along the walls, by which a communication is established between the different parts of the library. On this plan, the capacity of the room for books is more than doubted, that is, for every fifty-one wall shelves, there are seventy-two in the alcoves. On no other could it be made to contain one hundred thousand volumes, as it is now ascertained it will. Each alcove has a light gallery, eleven feet above the floor, to give easy access to the higher tiers of shelves; and these galleries, extended in front of the wall shelves, form a continued corridor from end to end. The room within the columns which support the roof, is open from floor to skylight, but divided into two stories between these columns and the outer walls. In the second story there is a series of alcoves exactly corresponding to that on the first, with similar galleries above. The part of the library which is divided into alcoves, is separated from the open area in the center by a light iron railing. This area is provided with reading tables, for those who wish to use the books, which are to be handed to them by the assistant librarians. The only part of the library above the first floor which has not been described, are two small rooms in the northeast corner, appropriated to the superintendence; these two rooms are not taken from the main building, but formed by carrying up a portion of the walls of the projection in the rear.

Although we have above stated the number of volumes in the Astor Library to be eighty thousand, it is here proper to add, that some thousands of these are double and triple volumes, bound together for the sake of economy. Had these remained as they were bought (as is always the case in the large libraries of Europe—in fact, in some, the smallest pamphlet is dignified with a pasteboard cover and the appellation of volume) the whole number could fairly be set down at one hundred thousand.

To estimate the value of a library by the number of volumes it contains, is about as correct a mode as it would be to estimate it by the number of pounds they weigh. The truth of this assertion is easily made out. In this collection a dozen volumes might be taken, the average cost of which was two hundred; another fifty, of an average of one hundred dollars per volume; and then an equal number could be selected which did not cost half as many cents per volume. An average of things so totally unlike in value, should never be thought of. Another fact will prove this position still more clearly. There are libraries in this country—and one, at least, in this city—which do not occupy as much shelving as one of the twenty-eight alcoves of the Astor Library, and yet were most costly, and it may be, more valuable than the whole of this collection.

In regard to this subject, Dr. Cogswell, in a letter to the editors of the "Home Journal," remarked:—"It is a real degradation of books to value them by dollars and cents. Nothing relating to this library has so much mortified and disgusted me, as to hear men, and sensible men, too, boast how cheap the books had been bought, as if there was anything higher than a

huckster's merit in that. When a man, who is entrusted with the expenditure of money for the benefit of the public, is conscious that he has spared no pains to make it produce as much as possible, and executed his trust with fidelity in all respects, he is not particularly pleased that it has required for him the reputation of a sharper. A much more rigid economy has been used in buying books for the library, than the buyer would have used had it been done for his own account—if he has any merit, that is the sum of it."

To correct a strange mistake which some have made, of comparing the Astor Library with the older first-class libraries of Europe; and as the American people are fond of statistics, and given to estimate by figures, we will state the difference by a fact, in figures, which will dissipate such a delusion. The shelving in the Astor is about eleven thousand feet, or somewhat over two miles, and would reach, if placed in a continuous line, from the Park to Union Place; that of the British Museum is more than fourteen miles, and would reach in a similar line from the Battery to Kings bridge. It is not absurd to suppose that a library founded by the munificence of a single individual, and formed within four years, could begin to approach, in any one respect, to a library which has had the fostering patronage of the British Government for a century, and on which, in a single year, a larger sum has often been expended than the whole cost of the Astor Library to the present time, to say nothing of the two very large and very choice libraries, and the numerous smaller ones that have been engulged in it. The library of the British Museum is rich in everything which time and unlimited means and untiring pains can procure; rich in manuscripts; rich in palimpsests, rich in the science, history and literature of every age and nation. The Astor Library has no manuscripts, and in printed books is rich only for one so recently and so rapidly formed.

This sketch of the Astor Library, to be complete, should give an account of the system upon which the books are classified and arranged, with notices of some of its many rare and costly works, which are not found in other libraries in this country, but it already much exceeds the limit of our articles, and we must defer any further remarks to another occasion. We hope, however, to resume the subject, and to add some interesting details in relation to the classes of the readers, and of the books they read, which would serve as a curious indication of the present activity of the American mind. We must now close; and we cannot do it without a renewed expression of gratitude to the illustrious founder for his munificent bequest. It cannot be too much to ask, that it will be received in the spirit in which it was given. Nothing more is needed to make it for all time what he intended—a public benefit to the city of New York. It wants nothing but the right feeling toward it on the part of the inhabitants of this great city, to secure to it unlimited progress; if they cherish it as they should, it will certainly become one of the grandest monuments that commerce and the arts, combined with respect for learning, ever raised. This, we trust, is to be its future, and that when its

history shall hereafter be written, it will appear that the good fortune of its founder was but typical of its own destiny.

A BARBER—HIS ADVENTURE.

ONE night about ten o'clock, as the Barber of Gottingen College was preparing to go to rest, after having scraped the chins of upward of a dozen of students, the door of his shop opened briskly, and a short, burly, thick-set man made his appearance. He seemed to be about fifty years of age. In stature he did not rise above five feet, but this was amply compensated by a rotundity of form that would have done honor to a burghmaster. His face, his legs, and in truth his whole frame, gave equal tokens of *en bon point*; and spoke in eloquent terms of good living and freedom from care. This worthy personage had on a broad brimmed glazed hat, a brown frock coat, and brown small clothes, with copper buckles at the knees. His hair, which was curly, and as black as pitch, descended behind and at each side underneath the rim of his hat. His whiskers were thick and bushy; and his beard appeared to be of at least four days growth.

The malutation which he made on entering the *sanctum sanctorum* of the barber, was more remarkable for its freedom than for its politeness. He pushed the door roughly aside, and strutting into the middle of the room, placing his hands jockeywise into his coat pockets, and whistling aloud.

"Can you shave me, I say?" was his first address to the astonished tonsor.

"Sir!" said the latter, with a stare of surprise, as he turned round and encountered the eye of this new arriver.

"I say, can you shave me?" thundered out the latter with increased loudness.

The barber was a tall, meagre, spindle-shanked figure of a man, somewhat up in years, and not remarkable for an extraordinary share of courage. He had, however, too high an opinion of himself—being no less than peruke-maker to the professors of Gottingen—to stand tamely by and be bearded in his own house. His indignation got the better of a feeling of dread, which, in spite of himself, began to creep over him; and he heard the demand of his visitor with rather an unusual share of resolution.

"You ask me if I can shave you, sir," said he, ceasing from the operation of strapping a razor, in which he was engaged; "I can shave any man living, that wears a beard; and see no reason why you should be more difficult to shave than other people, unless, peradventure, your chin is stuck over with bristles like a hedge hog, or some such animal."

"Well, then, why don't you shave me?" returned the other, throwing himself upon a chair, pitching his hat carelessly to one side, and stretching out his short plump legs as far as they would go. "Come along, my old boy; now I am ready for you." So saying, he unloosed his neck-cloth, laid it down, and grasped and rubbed his neck and chin with both hands with an appearance of peculiar satisfaction. But the College Barber was in no mood of mind to relish such freedoms. He stuck his Dutch spectacles upon the tip of his long skinny nose; projected forward his peering chin in a sarcas-

tic sneering manner, and eyed the stranger with a look anything but favorable. At last he broke silence.

"I said, sir, that I could shave any one; but—"

"But, what?" said the other, aroused by the gravity of his tone, and turning around upon him.

"But it is not my pleasure to shave you." And he commenced strapping his razor as before, without taking any farther notice of his neighbor. The latter seemed astonished at what he heard. He in fact doubted the evidence of his ears, and gazed upon the barber with a look of curious astonishment. His curiosity, however, soon gave way to anger; and this was indicated by a most portentous heaving about the chest, and an increased flushing of his rubicund face. His cheeks were at length blown out and distended with genuine rage; till they acquired something of the rotundity and proportions of a good large pumpkin.

"Not shave me!" ejaculated he, emptying his lungs and cheeks at once of the volume of air accumulated within them. The rushing out of this hurricane of wrath was tremendous. The barber trembled from top to toe when he heard it; but he uttered not a word.

"Not shave me!" He was silent as before.

"Not shave me!" repeated the little man a third time, louder than ever, and starting from his seat with a bound very remarkable for a man of his corpulence. The shaver got alarmed, and well he might; for the other stood fronting him—his arms a-kimbo—his eyes flashing fire; and all his attitudes indicative of some hostility. The strap was dropped and the razor quietly deposited upon the mantelpiece.

"Do you mean to do me an injury in my own house?" said the barber, with all the courage he could muster.

"Dunder and blitzen! Who talks of injuring you? I wish you to scrape my beard—is there anything extraordinary in that?"

"I can shave no man after ten o'clock," replied the barber. "Besides, my business is solely confined to the professors and students of the university. I am strictly forbidden to operate on the face or head of any other person, by the most learned Dr. Dedimus Dunderhead and *Senatus Academicus*."

"Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead!" observed the other with a contemptuous sneer. "And who the devil may he be?"

"He is Provost of the University, and Professor of Moral Philosophy thereunto," answered the barber; not a little scandalized at hearing that learned man spoken of in such terms.

"Aye—and a pretty Dunderhead fellow he must be to give any orders. However, I am not going to waste my time here all night. All that I have got to tell you is this, that if you won't shave me, I shall shave you." And smiting the action to the word, he reached up his hand, got hold of the barber by the nose, and placed him by sheer force, upon the chair which he had himself just left. The suddenness of this action deprived the other for a moment of his senses. He sat gazing, with a mixture of rage and amazement, at the author of the audacious deed; nor was it till he felt

the brush, loaded with cold soap suds, thumping upon his cheeks, and heard the stranger laughing aloud, that he reflected upon his situation. His first impulse was to start up, but he was immediately pushed down by the brawny arm of the little man. He then turned his head from side to side to avoid the assault, but this did not mend the matter; his face was reached by the brush, and brow, nose, cheeks and ears bespattered with saponaceous effusion. Nor when he attempted to bawl out, were his efforts more successful; the indefatigable operator filled his mouth with lather, and laid on with greater energy than ever. With one hand grasping him by the throat and the other armed with the shaving brush, the fat man continued at his occupation, laughing heartily, and enjoying with the most turbulent mirth, the scene before him. At last the barber managed with great difficulty, to get out some words, and cried strenuously for mercy, promising by heaven and earth, to shave his oppressor when and where he thought proper, whatever Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead and the *Sonatus Academicus* might say to the contrary.

This declaration procured him a release. He rose up trembling from the grasp of the stranger, and having his face more thoroughly bedizened with his own peculiar liquid, than any face, handsome or ugly, which ever came under his hand. His first care was to free it of those ignominious marks of good will by means of a towel, while the author of this outrage threw himself upon a chair almost convulsed with laughter.

As the astonished shaver prepared his utensils for the operation about to be performed, though in a different manner, upon his opponent, he had some leisure to recover from the shock into which he was thrown. Indignation was still a prominent feeling in his mind; but this was subordinate to other emotions; and the dread of his sufferings being repeated, together with the appearance of the stranger, who had now resumed his seat, and was whistling impatiently, made him hasten his preparations with unusual speed. Having arranged everything—that is to say, having prepared a razor, mixed up a quantity of foaming lather, and stuck a towel under the chin of his customer, he was about to commence, when the latter thundered out, "Assault!" The barber gave way like a scared poacher, retreated some steps, and gazed at the other with ill-suppressed alarm.

"Perhaps you mean to cut my throat!" said the stranger in a loud voice.

"My business is to shave beards, and not to cut throats," rejoined the affrighted shaver, with all humility.

"Very like!—very like; but I don't choose to take you at your word; so have a care. If you cut my throat, I will blow your brains out; that's all." And placing his hand in one of the large pockets of his coat, he brought out a horseman's pistol, cocked it deliberately, and placed it on a chair beside him. "Now proceed," continued he, "and remember, if you so much as scratch a pimple on my chin, or leave a single hair unshorn, I shall send a bullet through your napekull!"

The appearance of this terrible weapon augmented, as may well be supposed, the barber's alarm. His hand shook like an aspen leaf,

and he kept laying on the suds ten times longer than he ever did on any former occasion. He was terrified to lay his razor on the face of so dangerous a subject, and resolved to keep brushing to the very last moment, rather than run the risk of having a pistol discharged at his head. The delay, indeed, was useful to him, as it gave his hand time to recover its wonted steadiness. Nor did the stranger take it ill; on the contrary, his good humor appeared to return with the agreeable titillation of the shaving brush; and he whistled aloud, thereby blowing the soap from his lips upon the barber's face, with a look of apparent satisfaction.

Half an hour had now passed away since the latter commenced laying on the soap, and he was still employed at this preliminary operation. The fat man relished it mightily; and far from complaining of its tediousness, kept whistling away, and humming snatches of old songs, to the no small annoyance of the operator, who found the utmost difficulty in making the brush move smooth over features so diversified in motion and expression. Notwithstanding all the gaiety, however, the shaver did not like this new acquaintance. There was something too odd about him; and, even though there had been nothing remarkable, he could not, at once, forget the egregious insult offered to his own person only a short time before. Instead, therefore, of laughing at his strange sallies of broad humor, he felt his heart burning with a wrath which nothing but genuine fear prevented from bursting forth. The whistling and singing of the stranger only produced disgust; his witticisms drew forth nothing but a grin. Every moment his outrageous mirth became more intolerable. His whole aim seemed to be to stultify and ridicule the unfortunate barber, who continued to apply the brush with a feeling of agony which dyed his pale cheek to a dingy hue, and lengthened his gaunt physiognomy fully a couple of inches.

It will be asked, why did he not get through with his operation, and rid himself of so troublesome a customer? This, as we have said, proceeded from his dread of applying the razor to the chin of so irritable a personage. But time quieted all things, and his dread, at least, wore off. His hand became steadier, and he thought the might now venture to finish a business commenced under such extraordinary auspices. His attempt was in vain. No sooner had he ceased applying the soap, and was in the act of moving off for his razor, when the loud voice of his customer fell, like thunder, upon his ear, "Brush away, my old boy—nothing like it." And he continued humming these words for a quarter of an hour longer, during which time the barber was compelled to soap his chin without the least interval of repose. It was now eleven, as was indicated by the striking of the college clock.

Three quarters of an hour had he scrubbed away at the chin of this strange character, and as yet, he saw no more chance of his labor terminating than when he began. The same toilsome, never-ending task was still before him, and he was kept working at it as by some supernatural agency. It was in vain for him to get into a passion; the fat man laughed in

his face. It was in vain to attempt a cessation of his labor; the eternal "brush away," from the mouth of his tormentor, kept him at the work. Still more vain was it for him to refuse; he remembered the punishment inflicted upon himself for such an act, and had, moreover, an eye to the pistol hard by, with which, doubtless, his owner would have enforced compliance.

Never was any human being so completely wretched. He felt as if in the charmed ring of some enchantment, from whose precincts it was impossible to escape. He had no power of his own. His will was useless; every movement of his body was in direct opposition to its dictates. What could he do? If he stopped one moment, that cursed sound of "brush away!" was thundered into his ears. If he moved for his razor, he was brought back by the same invoking spell. If he refused to shave, he ran the risk of being shaved himself. Nay, even though he had the razor in his hand, what security had he that he might not scratch the chin of such a talkative and unsteady being, and thereby get as a reward a pistol bullet through his brain? Such was the deplorable condition of the Barber of Göttingen University.

"Brush away!" cried the stentorian voice of the stranger, as he plunged his fingers among his immense mass of curly black hair, and showed, while he laughed, a mouth which might well have swallowed the full moon.

"I can brush no longer," said the barber, dropping his hands with absolute fatigue. "I have brushed for more than an hour to no purpose, and am exhausted beyond endurance."

"Exhausted, say you, my old boy! I shall cure you of that. Here, swallow a little of this glorious stuff—the Elixir Diabolii of Doctor Faustus." So saying, he drew a bottle of red liquid from his pocket, uncorked it in an instant, and before the barber was aware, forced one-half down his throat. "Now brush away," continued he, "nothing like it."

Confounded by the suddenness of this action, the operator had no time to reflect. Again did he begin his eternal labor—again was the brush loaded with a supply of suds, and laid on as before. Inspired by what he had swallowed, he felt new vigor to diffuse itself throughout his body. His arms, forgetting their fatigue, worked with refreshed energy, while the fat man continued to bawl out "brush away," and laughed and grinned alternately in his face.

But although his body was strengthened, let it not be supposed that the least glimmer of satisfaction was communicated to his mind. On the contrary, he became every moment more overwhelmed with amazement and wretchedness. Body and mind seemed to have dissolved their natural connexion. The former was a mere puppet, over which the latter had no control. The unhappy man felt his misery. He knew the utter absurdity of his conduct—he knew that he was acting the part of an idiot—a madman—a laughing stock. Yet, with all this knowledge, he could not check himself in his unaccountable career; but, as if by some infernal influence, he continued to lather the face of his obnoxious customer, notwithstanding all his inclination and common sense could say to the contrary.

We have said that the college clock struck

eleven. Another half hour passed by, and midnight was approaching. The apartment in which this strange scene was carried on began to get obscure, from the untrimmed lamp and fading glow of the fire. A dim twilight from these sources lit it up, aided by the rays of the young moon peering through a small window, which opened into the college court. Every moment the place was becoming darker and darker; and at last the barber's blocks, capped in their corresponding wigs, and ranged at intervals along the walls, were so obscure that they might have been mistaken for the heads of so many human beings stuck upon poles; nothing but their dark columns was discernible. On the expiring embers of the fire stood the kettle, still sighing audibly, and pouring forth streams of vapor from its spout.

The scene of gloom was no impediment to the operations of the barber. He still continued his incessant toil, and the strange man as unceasingly his vociferations. "Brush away, my old boy!" came perpetually from his lips, and was succeeded invariably by a long drawn despairing sigh from the bosom of the shaver. The darkness at length became so great, that the latter could with difficulty perceive his own brush and soap box. The lamp flickered some score of times like a dying meteor, and then went out, while nothing remained of the fire but a few red embers, which communicated a local glow of warmth, but scarcely emitted the slightest ray of light. The room was illuminated solely by the faint beams of the moon, and was so dark that nothing but the outlines of the largest objects, such as the chairs and tables, were visible. The blocks, long ere this time, had hid themselves in darkness.

As the gloom became deeper, the barber's terror increased. His hand could scarcely hold the brush, with which he worked at random, like a blind man—sometimes hitting, and sometimes missing, the physiognomy of the stranger. But though the darkness thickened around, and the college clock had struck the twelfth hour, the latter showed no signs of exhaustion. His eternal cry continued the same, "brush away, brush away, brush away,"—that incessant sound rung like a knell of misery in the ears of the wretched shaver. He even thought that he heard the accursed notes taken up by every object around; his blocks—his kettle, seemed instinct with sound. They all reechoed it; the former with low and repulsive notes from their wooden sconces, the latter with a hissing sound like that of a serpent endowed with speech.

Another half hour now passed by, and at length the horrid and uncanny tones of the fat man became less loud. He seemed to drop asleep, and "brush away" was repeated at longer intervals, and in a deep and hollow voice. It never ceased, however, but was uttered with much less rapidity than at first. He began to snore; and between each, a long deeply drawn "b-r-u-s-h-a-w-a-y" was heard to proceed from his bosom, as from the bottom of a tomb! the blocks and the kettles also remurmured the tones with kindred slowness. In all this there was something inexplicably frightful; and a cloud passing before the moon, and thereby leaving the chamber in profound dark-

ness, the barber found himself overwhelmed with unutterable dread.

There was not a soul present but himself and his fearful companion. His house opened into the college churchyard, which was a dismal place, surrounded by high walls, and regularly locked in each evening. Every circumstance, therefore, contributed to render his situation more appalling. There was no one at hand to relieve him of his distress; no one to hear him should he invoke their aid. There was even no way of escape should he be so fortunate as to get out; the lofty wall of the cemetery rendered that a hopeless undertaking.

Meanwhile, he continued to ply at his endless task. The least pause brought on increased exclamations from the stranger. While he lathered him with rapidity, he was comparatively silent; but on any occasional pause from fatigue, the cries became redoubled in loudness and rapidity. Times without number was he obliged to shift the burden from one hand to the other from actual exhaustion. It was in vain; there seemed to be no termination to his efforts. If he relaxed a moment, he was sure to be recalled by the incessant "brush away!" of the mysterious man.

Such intolerable misery he could not endure. Human nature, in the person of the barber, was taxed to its utmost limits, and refused to do more. The anguish he sustained gave him courage, and stepping aside all at once, he made to the door, intending to effect his escape. Alas! scarcely had he advanced a yard toward the threshold, when a "brush away!" louder than he had yet heard, fell upon him like a thunderbolt, and froze the very spirits within him. He returned to his task, and commenced brushing the beard of the fat man as before. The cries of this personage now became more loud than they had been for the last half hour. His slumbers seemed to be broken, and he resumed with unabated vigor, his old system of singing and whistling and laughing fearfully.

"Brush away!" continued he with his intolerable laugh. "Ain't fatigued, I hope, my old boy? Will you have another taste of my elixer, eh?"

"We are more in need of lights than of elixers," ejaculated the barber, with an effort which it cost him all his skill to accomplish.

"Brush away, then, and we shall not want light. There's a brace of them for you. Did you ever see anything finer, old boy?"

The barber started back a fathom with amazement; and well he might, for in the midst of the darkness he beheld two horrid luminous eyes glaring upon him. They were those of the man, and seemed lighted up with that hideous spectral glow which is to be seen floating in cemeteries and other places of corruption. The unnatural glare made his whole head visible. His face, so far as the soap permitted its tints to be seen, was flushed to the color of deep crimson. His dark hair appeared to be converted into sable snakes; and when he laughed, the whole inside of his mouth and throat resembled red hot iron, and looked like the entrance to a furnace within his entrails. Nor was the breath which emanated from this source endurable; it was hot, suffocating, and sulphurous, as if concocted in the bottom of hell. Such a

hideous spectacle was more than the barber could endure. It gave speed to his feet; and dashing down his brush and soap box, he rushed out at the door, in an agony of desperation.

Away he ran through the churchyard, into which, as we have said, his door opened. Nothing was capable of impeding his progress. He leaped over the hillocks, tombstones, ditches, and everything that stood in his way. Never was terror so thoroughly planted in the heart of a human being. He had not been half a minute out, however, when his ears were saluted with one of the stranger's horrible laughs, and with his still more horrible "brush away!" In another moment he heard foot-steps coming after him, which made him accelerate his speed. It was to no purpose; the steps behind gained upon him, and on looking back, he beheld, to his horror, the fat man—his face covered with soap suds—the towel tucked under his chin—his hat off, and the horseman's pistols in his hands. He laughed; and roared out, "brush away!" as he pursued the wretched shaver, with a speed miraculous for a man of his unwieldy size. The moon which shone brightly at this time, rendered every object tolerably distinct.

Pushed to desperation, the barber turned his foot-steps toward the tower of the steeple, the door of which stood wide open. He entered and endeavored to close it behind him. It was too late; the other was close at his heels, and forced himself in. There was no time to be lost. Our fugitive mounted the stair of the tower, and ascended with the rapidity of lightning. There was a door nine stories up, which opened on an outside terrace upon the top. Could he only gain this, all would be well, as he could lock the door outwardly, and exclude his pursuer from coming farther. His exertions to achieve this were tremendous, but without much success; for, about a yard behind him, he heard the steps and unnatural laugh, and "brush away!" of the stranger. He even saw the light of his phosphorescent eye, glaring upon the dark stair of the tower, as he came behind him. Every effort was in vain. The barber mounted the topmost step and pushed through the door—the fat man did the same.

They were now on the terrace—above them rose the church spire to a hundred and thirty feet—below them yawned a gulph of as many more! The first salutation of the stranger to his companion was a hideous laugh, followed by, "brush away—nothing like shaving!" The barber, meanwhile, stood as far removed from him as possible—the monument of pale despair. His teeth chattered, his knees knocked together, and he knelt down with the agony of terror.

"Ha, ha!" exclaimed his tormentor; "what dost thou now think, old boy? Brush away! come, give me a scrubbing till six in the morning—only five hours more—nothing more—nothing like a little wholesome exercise." He concluded with one of his intolerable laughs.

"Brush away," continued he, holding his sides and laughing at the mortal fear of the barber. "Out with thy lather box and thy brush, man; where are they, old beard scraper?"



CAPTURE OF ANNAWON.

"I have thrown them away," muttered the terrified shaver.

"Throw them away! dunder and bilzen, then I have a good mind to throw thee away also! A toss from the tower would be a mighty pretty thing to look at in such a fine moonlight morning."

So saying, he took hold of the barber by the nose, and as he knelt for mercy, lifted him up with perfect ease, and held him with arm's length over the terrace. The poor man's alarm at being poised by the beak over such a tremendous gulph may be better imagined than described. He kicked, and threw out his long arms to and fro, like a spider on the rack. He roared aloud for mercy as well as his pinched nose would admit of—promised to shave his honor to the last moment of his life—mentioned the destitute condition in which his wife and family would be left by his death, and made use of every tender argument to soften the heart. It was in vain—the fat man was not to be moved; for, in the midst of one of the most eloquent appeals, he opened his thumb and fore finger by which the barber was held. The nose slipped down from between them, and its owner, body and soul, tumbled headlong through the abyss of space, a descent of one hundred and thirty feet. Down, down, down he went, whirling round about like a shuttlecock, sometimes his feet being upward, sometimes his head. During these multiplied circumgyrations, he had occasional glimpses of his adversary above him. There he beheld him leaning over the terrace, with his soapy face and the towel before him, holding his sides and laughing with inconceivable vigor—while every now and then he could hear the hated "brush away," coming from his lips. But the most dreadful of all scenes which greeted him, was the glare of his ghastly eyes, which shot down spectral glances, and seemed like sepulchral lights to illuminate him on his descent. Dread-

ful were the feelings of the barber as he approached the ground. His frame shuddered convulsively—his breath came fast—he felt almost suffocated, and threw himself into the smallest possible dimensions, like a snail within its shell.

The fatal moment came at last when he was to be dashed to pieces, but, contrary to the law of gravitation, the nearer he approached the earth the more slow his descent became. At last it was so gentle, that he seemed to be sustained in air. Some good angel had caught him in his fall, and, instead of being shivered to atoms, he was borne as on the wings of light music to the ground. On turning round he felt some gentle one reposing beside him. It was his wife. Worthy couple! they were snug in bed together: and the barber found to his inexpressible satisfaction, that he had been dreaming.

CAPTURE OF ANNAWON.

THE death of Phillip, the Wampanoag chief, virtually ended the long and bloody war which he had waged against the colonies of New England, although a few of the chiefs whom he had drawn into the conspiracy, still kept up hostilities. Annawon, one of his principal chiefs, with a band of warriors, still ranged the woods, occasionally making predatory excursions, alarming the inhabitants, and keeping them in a state of constant fear and excitement. Having settled, or taken up his quarters, in the neighborhood of Swansey, the residents of that neighborhood sent for the celebrated Captain Church, to come and capture them. With a limited number of troops, the brave soldier immediately undertook the task. Having reached the neighborhood, on the 28th of August, 1676, and captured a small party of warriors, one of them, whose life was spared, offered to lead the captain to Annawon's retreat. He led the party through swamps and thickets, until

about sundown, when he ordered a stop, and informed Church that about this time the chief-tain sent out scouts to see if there were any indications of approaching danger, and consequently it would not be safe to move until it began to grow dark. The party, therefore, kept close, until the shades of night should protect their advance, and then under direction of their pilot, crept forward, feeling their way as they went, and careful not to make any noise by which to alarm the enemy. The sound of pounding sorn in a mortar at length warned them that they were approaching the vicinity of Annawon's quarters. Crawling forward on his hands and knees, to reconnoiter, Church reached the brow of a precipitous rock, which rose abruptly about thirty feet, at the foot of which he discovered, by the light of their fires, an encampment of a party of Indians. Two other parties were encamped at a short distance from each other, as Church discovered by the fires which were seen scattered about on the edge of the swamp, which extended in front and on either side of the rock. Against this rock a tree had been felled, and branches piled up against it, forming a very comfortable arbor or wigwam. This, Church was informed, was Annawon's quarters; and here he dwelt, with his son and several of his principal men. Near this hut were discovered their guns, which were piled up against a stick which rested in the crochets of other sticks, driven into the ground, and were protected from the weather by a mat which had been thrown over them. Several Indians were scattered about meat was cooking on spits before their fires and a squaw was busily engaged in pounding corn, which afterward served for supper for the captors. The captive Indian informed Church that there was no other way of approaching, than by climbing down the face of the rock, in full view of the camp; that he and all others were ordered to come that way, and none were

allowed to approach from any other direction without danger of being shot. The captain was forced, therefore, to adopt a stratagem to reach the pile of guns without being discovered. He ordered the captive Indian and a squaw to go forward with baskets on their shoulders, to mislead Annawon, while he and his men crept down under their shadows. This ruse was perfectly successful. Annawon, seeing the Indians, returning, as he supposed, from their scout, took no notice of them, while the English followed close in their footsteps, lowering themselves from crag to crag by the aid of the branches of trees which grew in the crevices. The noise made by the squaw in pounding corn facilitated their advance, and when she ceased pounding, to turn the corn, they ceased to proceed until she recommenced pounding. In this way they crept stealthily down, Church keeping directly behind the two Indians, until he had nearly reached the muskets. Young Annawon was reclining on the ground between him and the stack, and it was necessary to pass over him to reach it. As Church sprang forward, the lad, discovering him, whipt his blanket over his head, and shrunk into a heap, exclaiming, "Oonnuuz!" (Englishmen!). The active captain stepped over his prostrate body, and seized the muskets, while Annawon, springing on his haunches, and discovering Church, exclaimed, "Hohoh!" signifying, "I am taken." There was no possibility of escape, and supposing the English to be more numerous than they really were, he resealed himself in silence, and before he was undeceived, his whole party were prisoners. Church immediately sent parties to capture the other camps. They knew not of Annawon's being a prisoner, until it was announced to them that Captain Church had surrounded them with his army, and that resistance was certain death, while, if they yielded at once, quarter would be given them. They readily did so, and after delivering up their muskets and hatchets, were marched to head-quarters. Thus, in the space of a few minutes, without bloodshed, was a numerous band of warriors captured by a handful of men, by a simple ruse, and the exhibition of a firm and determined bravery.

Annawon entertained his captor with "cow beef" and "taubnt," or bominny, and was very communicative, telling him that now that he was captured, he supposed that the war was at an end, as he was the last of Phillip's chieftains. After supper, Church stationed his men as sentinels around the camp, informing them that, as he had had no sleep for thirty-six hours, he would lie down for a couple of hours, and then he would relieve them. He laid down between Annawon and his son, but sleep would not visit his eyes, and he soon made the discovery that his guards were all asleep. Annawon felt no more like sleep than his captor, and after a time he rose and went out, which Church supposed to be a common occasion. He soon returned, however, and brought to the captain all of Phillip's royalties, consisting of large and handsome belts of wampum, sashes and other ornaments, with two horns of glazed powder, and a red cloth blanket, all of which he presented to him, saying, "These are all of Phillip's effects; and I consider myself happy in giving them to you. You have killed Phil-

lip, and conquered his country, and therefore these things belong to you."

They spent the night together in conversation, and the chief entertained the captain with anecdotes of his prowess in the various wars in which he had been engaged, under Aashmequin, Phillip's father. In the morning, the captives were assembled, and the whole started on their return. On their way, they met Lieutenant Howland at a place where Church had appointed to meet him previous to the capture. Howland was surprised to find that the captain had already succeeded in his object, and felt somewhat chagrined that he had had no part in the capture. Stopping at Taunton over night, Church took Annawon and some of his principal chiefs, and his own men, in the morning, and went to Rhode Island; the rest were sent to Plymouth, under charge of Lieutenant Howland. Annawon was subsequently sent to Plymouth, where he was tried for conspiracy against the English, and put to death, much to the grief of Captain Church, who desired to save him. It is true, he had not promised him his life when he took him, but he trusted to his influence to accomplish the object. His mediation came too late, however, and the chief was beheaded.

TIME FOR BED.

BY ZEPHYRUS.

"Time for bed!"—the weary day
With its toils has passed away—
So has wrapp'd his forehead bright
In the curls of the sweet dim-
And his glorious lamp again
Lower'd behind the western minn,
Leaving all heaven's pure expanse
Radiant with his parting glance
Just a few faint stars are seen
Ranged around the midnight queen,
A select and glorious band,
Who alone may waiting stand,
Near their Empress of the night,
Bearing up their arms of light,
Her majestic path to cheer
Till the shadows disappear.

"Time for bed!"—the folded flowers
Hang their heads in forest bowers—
Nestled in each downy nest
Day's sweet warblers calmly rest—
And the night bird's plaintive hymn
Echoes through the forest dim—
Dewdrop on the birchen bough
In the star beams sparkle now—
Scarce a sycamore stire the roose
So profound is Earth's repose.

"Time for bed!"—put by thy books
Learner! with thy studious looks
Poet!—lay thy pen away—
Candle light will spoil thy lay,
Leave it till the morning hours,
Come with sunshine for the flowers
Leave it till from shrub and tree
Birds pour forth the minstrelsy—
Till the sun on wood and wold
Turns the drops of dew to gold—
Till the bee comes forth to sip
Nectar from the flow'rs' lip—
Then, with joy, and light, and love,
All around thee and above—
With sweet flowers beside thee springing—
And glad music round thee ringing—
Thou mayest tune thy joyous lays
Unto higher notes of praise.

"Time for bed!"—thou man of toil—
Why consume the midnight oil—
Night was made for slumbers blest,
Thou art weary, therefore rest

"Time for bed!"—poor "Martha!" thou
Long enough hast labored now,
All the day's bright hours are numbered
Yet art thou "with teeming cumbered!"
Lay that tedious work away
Till the blest return of day,
Thou art care-worn and oppress'd,
Thou art weary, "Martha," rest!

"Time for bed!"—about up the stove,
To its place the table move,
Lay the books into their case,
Wheel the sofa to its place,
Wipe the clock, brush up the floor,
Close the shutters, lock the door,—
That will do—put out the light—
Toil and trouble, all good night!

THE BATTLE OF THE FALLEN TIMBER.

The defeat of St. Clair, spread a gloom over the whole country, and the consequences of that terrible disaster were appalling in the extreme. The Indians, emboldened by their success, poured down in augmented numbers upon the unfortunate settlers of the whole north-western border, and some of the most thrilling incidents recorded in the history of the frontiers, occurred during the year which followed that mournful event. British emissaries were continually busy in stirring up in the minds of the Indians, a deadly hostility toward the Americans, and it was determined after every effort to restore peace had failed, to strike a blow which should be final. Wayne, the hero of Stony Point, was selected to command an expedition to the Indian country, and offer them the alternative of peace or war. Taught by the experience of his predecessors, of the necessity of moving with great caution, Wayne did not leave Fort Recovery—the post where his command rendezvoused, until his preparations were complete, not only to strike a decisive blow, but to retain possession of whatever he might conquer. It was the 8th of August, therefore, before he reached the confluence of the Au-Glaizer and the Miami of the Lakes, in which vicinity was situated the most important towns and villages of the hostile tribes. In the neighborhood of the rapids, and fifty miles within the prescribed boundary between the United States and British possessions, Governor Simcoe, of Upper Canada, had erected a fortress, around which had assembled a body of upward of two thousand Indian warriors of the following nations, viz.: the Miami, Wyandots, Pottawatamies, Delawares, Shawanoe, Chippewas, Ottawas, and Senecas. Wayne, or Black Snake, as he had been called by the Indians; determined to surprise their villages, and for this purpose, he commenced cutting, or rather opening, two old roads in a different direction, to mislead the Indians. His stratagem was foiled, however, by the desertion of a villain by the name of Newman, who deserted to the enemy, informing them not only of Wayne's design, but of the strength and disposition of the American forces. Little Turtle, the leader of the Indian tribes, thereupon withdrew to the vicinity of the fort, and made dispositions for giving battle to his opponent. Finding his scheme for surprising them thwarted, and anxious still to hold out the olive branch of peace, Wayne sent Christian Miller, who had been brought up among the Indians, and spoke their language with fluency, to offer them terms of accommodation. Miller was



THE BATTLE OF THE FALLEN TIMBER.

loth to undertake the hazardous enterprise, but upon the assurance that the prisoners then in the hands of Wayne, should be held as hostages until his return, he at length consented to go. He was received with a very ill grace, and his life threatened. Assuring them, however, that every prisoner in the American army would be sacrificed, if he should not return before the 16th, they sent him back with a message to Wayne, to the effect, that if he would wait where he was for ten days, they would then decide. Wayne had, however, already taken up his line of march, and met Miller on his return, and rightly judging that the message he bore was only intended to gain time, he pushed on until he found himself, on the 19th of August, in close proximity to the enemy, who were drawn up in three columns, extending from the river some miles into the country, at right angles with the stream. The position selected, was admirably adapted to their mode of warfare, and presented serious obstacles to the attacking forces. A tornado had swept over the ground at a remote period, leveling large trees in its course, which, with the underbrush that had grown up around them, formed a natural breastwork. Impenetrable to cavalry, and almost inaccessible to the infantry.

Throwing up a small field-work as a protection to his magazines, the American commander advanced to the attack on the morning of the 20th, in the following order, as taken from Wayne's own report of the battle:—

"The legion was on the right, its flank covered by the Maumee, one brigade of mounted volunteers on the left, and the other in the rear. A select battalion of mounted men under Major Price, moved in front to give timely notice for the troops to form in case of action. It being yet undetermined whether the Indians would decide for peace or war.

After advancing about five miles, Major Price received so brisk a fire from the enemy,

secreted in the woods and tall grass, as to force him to fall back. The legion was immediately formed in two lines, principally in a close thick wood, which extended for miles on our left, and for a very considerable distance in front. * * *

The savages were formed in three lines, within supporting distance of each other, and extending for nearly two miles from the river. I soon discovered from the weight of the fire and the extent of their lines, that the enemy were in full force in front, in possession of their favorite ground, and endeavoring to turn our left flank. I therefore gave orders for the second line to advance and support the first; and directed Major General Scott to gain and turn the right flank of the savages, with the whole force of the mounted volunteers by a circuitous route; at the same time, I ordered the front line to advance and charge with trailed arms, rouse the Indians from their coverts at the point of the bayonet, and when up, to deliver a close and well directed fire on their backs, followed by a brisk charge, so as not to give them time to load again. I also ordered Captain Campbell, who commanded the leginary cavalry, to turn the left flank of the enemy, next the river, which afforded a very favorable field for that corps to act in. All these orders were executed with spirit and promptitude; but such was the impetuosity of the charge by the first line of infantry, that the Indians and Canadian militia and volunteers, were driven from all their coverts in so short a time, that although all possible exertions were used by the officers of the second line of the legion, and by Generals Scott, Todd and Barbee, of the mounted volunteers, to gain their proper positions, but part of each could get up in season to participate in the action; the enemy being driven, in the course of one hour, more than two miles through the thick woods already mentioned, by less than one-half their number. This horde of savages, with their allies, abandoned themselves

to flight, and dispersed with terror and dismay, leaving our victorious army in full and quiet possession of the field of battle, which terminated under the influence of the guns of the British garrison."

Wayne returned to Fort Defiance, on the 27th, laying waste and destroying the Indian villages and corn-fields on his route, and such was the suffering and misery occasioned by the battle and subsequent devastations, that the various tribes were glad to sue for that peace they had so recently spurned, and the treaty of Greenville (negotiated soon after) gave security and quiet to the frontiers for many years.

PHILOSOPHICAL ANALYSIS OF DANCING.—The sum and substance of the matter seems to me to be only this: A party of ladies and gentlemen (who elsewhere pass for intelligent and rational beings) assemble at the ball-room. They soon array themselves in opposite lines. Presently a young lady jumps up from the floor, shakes one foot, and comes down again. Again she springs up, and the other foot quivers. Then she turns round in her place, springs up, and shakes both her feet. Her intelligent partner opposite performs the same operations. Then both rush forward and seize each other's hand, jump up again, shake their feet and stand still. The next lady and gentleman very rationally and soberly followed the example just set them, jumping, skaking and turning, and so on to the end; and for no other reason than because black Cuffee sits in the corner yonder, drawing a horse-hair across a caigut.

PROPER STUDY OF MANKIND.—Pope may say "the proper study of mankind is man;" but give me woman. No ethereal angel cut from a cloud, and with a moonbeam for a petticoat, girdled with a rainbow, and rectified with a piece of blue sky; but dear, tangible, palpable, lovely woman—a form in which passion is fed by sentiment, fire tempered by softness—all that Rousseau could imagine, Byron describe, or Titian paint.



SHOPS ON THE EAST SIDE OF SEVENTEENTH STREET.

OUR MANUFACTORIES.

SUMMER

THE TRANSPORTATION OF PASSENGERS AND WARES.

A VISIT TO THE NORRIS LOCOMOTIVE WORKS.

AMONG the vast advances of the wonderful age in which we live, none is more startling or more effective in the grand progress of civilization, than the more recent improvements in the modes of the transportation of persons and goods, and the rapid transmission of intelligence. In the latter, the electric telegraph may be said to have annihilated time and space; while in the former, by the locomotive engine—that great triumph of science and mechanism, in the construction of which, it would almost appear that inanimate wood and metal was endowed with human intelligence and sagacity—localities that before could only be reached by tedious and expensive journeys, are brought, as it were, in our immediate vicinity, and the time consumed in reaching them are as an hour now, to a day formerly; thus, while intelligence is diffused, an impulse is given to commerce, each of which advantages most powerfully affects the condition of the people. The benefits of cheap and quick communication to a great commercial State are too evident to be enlarged upon. Time and money are thus most importantly saved; and the rapid and economical transit of goods, by lessening their cost, enables the humblest to partake of comforts which were formerly considered as luxuries only for the rich.

Our purpose in the present article is, to examine and review some of the various modes of locomotion from the earliest periods of time to the present day, and to present a history of the locomotive engine, with a thorough description of its manufacture and the materials, machinery, tools, etc., employed in its production. To make the whole understandable, we have recently paid several visits to the extensive works of Messrs. Richard Norris & Son, in Philadelphia, one of the largest and most perfect in all its appearances in this or any other country; and to still further second our efforts, we have, at a great expense, procured an elaborate series of pictorial illustrations,

the examination of which, with the aid of our description, will, we trust, effectually present the subject to any mind of ordinary capacity.

Undoubtedly, among the earliest of man's ideas was a wish for locomotivity; being provided by nature with organs, which, by structure and situation, are admirably adapted for such a purpose, the instinct to move from place to place must have been immediately developed. Nearly identical with the moving of his body, it is fair to presume, was the desire to convey such articles of food or other conveniences that came in his possession at that time, the only means of which transfer was thus afforded by his physical developments. In his first advances, as may be supposed, the aid received from artificial resources, were of the rudest kind, as is still the case among many Nomadic tribes in those countries, where but little progress has been made in the useful arts. Perhaps the primitive and most degrading species of artificial conveyance that seems to have been practiced, was the employment of human labor, in bearing litters and palanquins, specimens of which on a scale of barbarous splendor, are now seen in India, Burmah, and China.

The first and most obvious improvement in modes of transport was the substitution of brute for human labor; and it is reasonable to conclude, that the value of this practice could not have been long in being pressed on the attention of mankind. We find the term "beasts of burden" used in the most ancient records—the animals meant being the ass, the horse, or the camel. No trace, however, exists of the progress from *burden* to *draught*, though it also must have been in very early times. The ass and horse are equally adapted to carrying or drawing, but the camel exerts its power only by carrying. Draught is alone suitable for the reindeer and ox, the back of these animals not being adapted by nature for bearing burdens. For moving weights over the common ground, with asperities and inequalities of substance and structure, no piece of inert mechanism is so favorably adopted as the wheel-carriage. It was introduced into use in

very early ages. Wagons are spoken of in the Book of Genesis, from which it may be inferred that a knowledge of wheels was common at a most remote period. It is further known that the making of wheels formed a distinct trade among the citizens of Thebes, in ancient Egypt, three or four thousand years ago. Wheels diminish friction, and also surmount obstacles or inequalities of the road with more advantage than bodies of any other form, in their place, could do. The friction is diminished by transferring it from the surface of the ground to the center of the wheel, or rather, to the place of contact between the axle-tree and the box of the wheel; so that it is lessened by the mechanical advantage of the lever, in the proportion which the diameter of the axle-tree bears to the diameter of the wheel. The rubbing surfaces, also, being kept polished and smeared with some unctuous substance, are in the best possible condition to resist friction. In like manner, the common obstacles that present themselves on the public roads are surmounted by a wheel with peculiar facility. As soon as the wheel strikes against a stone, or similar hard body, it is converted into a lever for lifting the load over the resisting object.

The chief obstacles which oppose locomotion or change of place, are gravity, collision, air and friction—the last of which is, in most cases, a consequence of the first. Gravity confines all terrestrial bodies against the surface of the earth, with a force proportionate to the quantity of matter which compose them. Most kinds of mechanism, both natural and artificial, which assist locomotion, are arrangements for obviating the effects of gravity and friction. Animals that walk obviate friction by substituting points of their bodies, instead of large surfaces, and upon these points they turn, as upon centers, for the length of each step, raising themselves wholly or partly from the ground in successive arcs, instead of drawing themselves along the surface.

Before the days of Semiramis, whose highways are among the first mentioned in history, or the times when Roman way-wrights constructed thoroughfares, as durable as their language, or Omund, of Norway, earned his title of road-maker, or Macadam proved the virtue of broken granite, mankind could not have failed to perceive that in proportion to the smoothness and levelness of the ground over which they journeyed, so was the speed, ease and comfort of traveling. "Make the paths straight" must have been a precept of peculiar significance in an age when paths were the only routes; we can easily imagine, that the maker of a road would be regarded with not less of reverent gratitude than he who "dugged a well." Such insight as we get into remote antiquity, shows us that the earliest nations in the "far east," and in the countries bordering the Mediterranean, had mastered the rudiments of road-making, and shaped them into a completeness not far removed from science. The Romans, borrowing the idea of paved roads from the Carthagenians, set to work with that practical common sense which characterized them, and constructed roads from their capital city to every quarter of their mighty empire. With them, a chief point was to have the roads



THE "ERECTING SHOPS," AT THE NORRIS WORKS.

straight and level; they understood too well the importance and advantage of facile means of transit and communication, and, with singular skill and boldness, they pierced or excavated hills, built bridges and viaducts, and raised embankments, remarkable alike for their extent and their durability.

In Italy alone there were several thousand miles of public highways; of these the "Queen of Roads," or "Appian Way," 142 miles in length, is the most noteworthy. It was constructed by Appius Claudius, 310 years before the birth of Christ; and Procopius writing in the sixth century, says of it:—"To traverse the Appian Way is a distance of five day's journey for a good walker, and it leads from Rome to Capua; its breadth is such that two chariots may meet upon it and pass each other without interruption; and its magnificence surpasses that of all other roads. For constructing this great work Appius caused the materials to be brought from a great distance so as to have all the stones hard and of the nature of mill-stones, such as are not to be found in this part of the country. Having ordered this material to be smoothed and polished, the stones were cut in corresponding angles so as to fit together in joining without the intervention of copper or any other material to bind them, and in this manner they were so firmly united that in looking at them one would say they had not been put together by art, but had grown so upon the spot; and notwithstanding the wear of so many ages—being traversed daily by a multitude of vehicles and all sorts of cattle—they still remain unmoved; nor can the least trace of ruin or waste be observed upon these stones, neither do they appear to have lost any of their beautiful polish; and such is the Appian Way." Most of this description remains true even to the present day; and the road, after a lapse of more than two thousand years, still presents an instructive model to the modern artificer.

The modes of traveling and conveyance generally, were of a comparatively rude and primitive kind in Great Britain, till the latter part of the seventeenth century; and anything like comfortable and quick travelling cannot be said to have been known till a century later, when mail-coaching was introduced. In old times, people in the humble walks of life journeyed

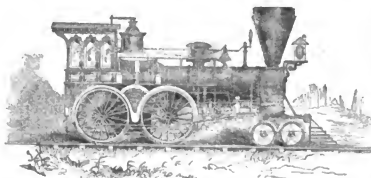
only on foot, and those of the higher stations on horseback. Noblemen and gentlemen, as much for ostentation as use, kept running footmen—a class of servants active in limb, who ran before them on a journey, or went upon errands of special import. The pedestrian powers of these footmen were often surprising.

For instance, in the Duke of Lauderdale's house, at Thirlestane, near Lauder, on the table-cloth being one morning laid for a large dinner party, it was discovered that there was a deficiency of silver spoons. Instantly the footman was sent off to the Duke's other seat of Leithington, near Haddington, fully seventeen miles off, and across hills and moors, for a supply of the necessary article; he returned with the bundle of spoons, in time for dinner. Many like instances of their great agility and wonderful powers of endurance could be cited, as could cases among other nations, not only in ancient but modern times. The Incas of Peru, as well as the Montezumas of Mexico, had their relays of runners extending throughout their respective empires; in the latter, delicacies for the royal table were conveyed by them from the coast to the great central city, in a single night; even among the aborigines of our own territory, there were individuals of like capacity.

In England, when the matter of communication was of particular importance, or required to be despatched to a considerable distance, horsemen were employed; and these, by means of relays of fresh animals, and great toll of body, would proceed journeys of some hundreds of miles to accomplish what would now be much better done, in three minutes of time, by the electric telegraph. Some journeys performed on horseback in former days would be considered wonderful, even in modern times, with good roads. Queen Elizabeth died at one o'clock on the morning of Thursday, the 24th of March, 1603. Between nine and ten, Sir Robert Carey left London (after having been up all night) for the purpose of conveying the intelligence to her successor, James, at Edinburgh. That night he rode to Doncaster, a hundred and fifty-five miles; next night, he reached Witherington, near Morpeth; early on Saturday morning, he proceeded by Northam, across the border; and that evening, at no late hour, knelt beside the King's bed, at Holyrood, and saluted him as King of England, France, and Ireland. He had thus traveled four hundred miles in three days, resting during the two intermediate nights. But it must not be supposed that speed like this was attained on all occasions. At the commencement of the religious troubles in the reign of

Charles I., when matters of the utmost importance were debated between the king and his northern subjects, it uniformly appears that a communication from Edinburgh to London, however pressing might be the occasion, was not answered in less than a fortnight. The crowds of nobles, clergymen, gentlemen and burghers, who at that time assembled in Edinburgh, to concert measures for opposing the designs of the court, always dispersed back to their homes after despatching a message to King Charles, and assembled again a fortnight thereafter, in order to receive the reply, and take such measures as it might call for. And even till the last century was pretty far advanced, the ordinary riding post between London and Edinburgh regularly took a week to the journey.

In consequence of the inattention of the masses to roads, and the wretched state in which they were kept, the progress of the adaptation of wheeled vehicles was slow. According to Stow, wagons for the conveyance of goods and passengers were in limited use as early as 1541; but the most of the traffic was carried on by means of pack horses, which, tethered together in long trains, made their way slowly and painfully along the causeway, and whoever met them was obliged to step off into the mire on either side, to get out of their way. "The people of Kendal," says Roger North, writing in 1676, "could write to most trading towns and have answers by the packs—for all is horse-carriage—with returns—time being allowed—as certain as by the post." In 1609, to send a letter from London to Oxford, and get back an answer, took a whole month, and even after the establishment of the post, in 1650, correspondence was but little expedited. The introduction of coaches (probably from Hungary), asserted a writer of the day, would ruin the country; wagons mentioned by Stow, were advocated "as traveling easily, without jolting men's bodies or hurrying them along," which the obnoxious coaches did at four miles an hour. In 1673, travelers were kept a week on the road between London and Exeter, the fare being forty shillings sterling in summer, and forty-five shillings sterling in winter; the same fare was charged from London to Chester or York. In 1678, a six-horse coach took six days to perform the journey between Edinburgh and Glasgow. At the end of the seventeenth century, the stage-coach, with six horses, occupied two days in the journey from London to Cambridge, fifty-seven miles; and fifty years later, the journey to Oxford consumed the same time. Traveling by night was first introduced about 1740, not without opposition from those who foresaw ruin in any departure from old practice. Hogarth's picture, "The Country Inn Yard," brings before us the ordinary coach of the period. It underwent alteration from time to time, as fancy or convenience dictated. In 1750, the "Alton and Farnham" machine was started with a wicker basket slung behind for the outside passengers. During the first quarter of the present century, through the exertions of Telford and Macadam, and the improvement in wheeled vehicles, the advancement in the facilities of transportation was rapid, and at the close of the period last-mentioned, a superior mail-coach system was in



A NORRIS FIRST-CLASS PASSENGER LOCOMOTIVE.

successful operation in England and other parts of Europe. For example, the mail-coach between London and Edinburgh, a distance of four hundred miles, for some time before the introduction of railroads, usually performed the trip in forty-three hours; four horses were employed, which were changed every eight miles, thus requiring two hundred for the whole journey.

In this, as in the mother country, the progress of easy transit was slow. Although beaten paths marked the way between certain localities, still among the first adventurers and settlers there was little attention paid to the opening or working of roads. At a later period the sturdy pioneer who ventured inland from a seaport town with his family and household effects, after procuring one of the usual covered wagons, could only shape his course by following the Indian "trail" to the desired locality. However, during and after the war of the revolution, many of these trails, from a variety of causes, had become tolerably fair roads. As late as 1824, the stage-coach between New York and Philadelphia made weekly trips, the journey either way consuming thirty hours, the fare was \$8. Who of the older inhabitants does not remember the original style of Pennsylvania wagons, with their hoop covered tops, and four, six, eight and sometimes even ten horses? something of the same kind is rarely seen at the present day, but they have been modernized—degenerated—they are not the familiar acquaintances of the days of our youth. Until within some thirty years, for land carriage, these were almost the only facilities for the transportation of the wares, products and commodities of the manufacturer, the merchant, the farmer and the mechanic. The utmost speed attained with them rarely exceeded two miles per hour, and they usually consumed four or five days in conveying a ton of goods between the two cities last mentioned.

We have thus sketched the different modes of land carriage for the transfer of persons and property, until between thirty and forty years ago, when the wonderful power of steam, with the appliance of skillful mechanism, began to be more fully developed. Steam, the power of which an eloquent lecturer, in 1832, eulogized thus:—"It is on our rivers, and the boatman may repose on his oars; it is on the highways, and begins to exert itself along the course of land conveyance; it is at the bottom of the mines, a thousand feet below the earth's sur-

face; it is in the mill and in the workshop of the trades. It rows, it pumps, it excavates, it carries, it draws, it lifts, it hammers, it spins, it weaves, it prints." Yes, it has truly become one of the most subservient agents of man. But who dare estimate its term of sway? The public mind is already

ready prepared for quite as startling announcements, as would that be, which proclaimed its successor.

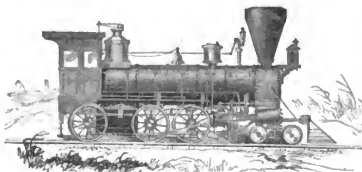
What traveling was, even fifteen years ago, is, and each day becomes more and more, matter of history. Except in the little frequented sections of the country and on short routes, stage coaches and wagons have materially disappeared. Having superseded less perfect machinery, they in turn were set aside in accordance with the aims and requirements of the age.

From the roads of the past we turn to the roads of the present. What was the origin of the latter? According to certain writers, we should find it by a study of the ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics. Something, however, more to the purpose than hieroglyphics occurs in Roger North's book already quoted:—"Another remarkable thing," says Roger, referring to the neighborhood of Newcastle-on-Tyne, "is their *ways-lanes*; for when men have pieces of ground between the colliery and the river, they sell leave to lead coals over their ground; and so dear that the owner of a rood of ground will expect £20 per annum for this leave. The manner of the carriage is by laying rails of timber from the colliery down to the river, exactly straight and parallel, and bulky carts are made with four rowlets fitting these rails, whereby the carriage is so easy that one horse will draw down four or five chaldrons of coal, and is an immense benefit to the coal merchant." This account, as is obvious, refers to a mode of transport already established, and we may believe that similar contrivances would sooner or later be made available in other districts; but we meet with no subsequent instance until 1738, when a railroad was laid down from Cokenzie to the coal pits of Tranent, across the ground on which, some years later, the Highlanders put General Cope to flight, and won the famous battle of Prestonpans. A portion of the line, which may still be traced, was selected as a position for the English cannon. About the same time iron rails were laid down in the Whitehaven collieries. The practice had been, as described by Roger North, to make the rails of wood, and fix them parallel on cross-pieces called sleepers, imbedded in the earth. Thin plates of iron were sometimes nailed on to protect those parts most exposed to wear—a precaution which could scarcely have failed to suggest the idea of rails made entirely of iron.

These were first introduced in Coalbrookdale, where, in order to keep the furnaces at work during a slack season, a number of bars, five feet long, four inches wide, and one and a half inches thick, were cast to be used as rails instead of wood, with the intention of taking them up for sale in case of sudden demand.

During the whole of the eighteenth century divers experiments and improvements were made in the British coal districts, in the construction of rail, or, as they were then called, *tram-ways*, which finally resulted in iron being universally adopted, and something in form like the present T rail was arrived at. The first road that was employed in the conveyance of passengers was the Stockton and Darlington—finished in 1825. It was originally constructed for the transportation of coal, and is twenty miles long. At first the wagons were drawn by horses, and such was the effect of easy carriage, that the price of coal at Stockton fell from eighteen shillings to eight shillings and six pence per ton. Lead was carried from the interior to the ships at greatly reduced rates, and a brisk trade in line sprung up which had not before existed. Shortly after the opening two coaches were placed on the line for the conveyance of passengers—large roomy vehicles to carry twenty-six passengers as a regular load, and in extraordinary cases, half as many more—an addition which in no way interfered with the speed of the journey. The coaches had no springs, and were intended to run backward or forward without being turned. A block of wood made to press against the tree of the wheels, by means of an iron lever within reach of the driver, enabled him to check the motion, or stop suddenly when required. Ten miles an hour was the usual speed, and seemed scarcely to require an effort from a single horse that drew the load, so seldom was there any strain on the traces; and the smooth and equable motion of the coach was a constant theme of congratulation among the passengers. The line originally consisted of a single pair of rails, with sidings at frequent intervals, at which vehicles, or coal trains, passed each other. Traffic became at once so lively on this short road, that a fair dividend was earned the first year. An intercourse and trade seemed to arise out of nothing, and no one knew how; and altogether the circumstance of bustle and activity which appeared along the line, with crowds of passengers going and returning, formed a matter of surprise to the whole neighborhood. Such was the birth of the infant which in thirty years has grown to be a tremendous giant.

In the following year, two of Stephenson's locomotives were employed in the coal transport on the line, in addition to the horses. It was no uncommon sight to see one of these engines drawing behind it a train of loaded wagons, weighing ninety-two tons, at the rate of five miles an hour. In those days steam whistles had not yet come into use; and the firemen, to give notice of their approach after nightfall, threw up high into the air, from time to time, a shower full of red hot cinders, which could be seen at a considerable distance by those moving in the opposite direction. Without a load, the speed of the engines was, not



A NORRIS FIRST-CLASS FREIGHT LOCOMOTIVE.

unfrequently, fifteen miles an hour—a most exhilarating rate of traveling, which at that period was regarded as little less than marvelous.

The first railroad in the United States was constructed in 1825, from the Quincy quarries to Neponset river, a distance of three miles. It was used solely for the transportation of the product of the quarries. The first road for the conveyance of passengers was the Mohawk and Hudson, running from Albany to Schenectady, a distance of sixteen miles. The company received their charter from the State of New York, in 1826, and we believe a portion of the road was in operation in 1828. As in those days it was deemed impossible for a locomotive engine to ascend any considerable grade, and as there is a steep descent at both the Mohawk and Hudson rivers, at either end of the line, stationary engines were used on the inclined planes; since, however, portions of the road have been reconstructed, and this difficulty obviated. This road is now the eastern section of the New York State Central railroad.

From 1830, the construction of railroads in every section of the country has been so rapid and extensive, that they are now familiarized to the sight and understanding of every reader; and without further comment on the history of roads, we will turn to the main intention of this paper—the history and description of the Locomotive Engine.

Although the suggestion of steam as a motive power is claimed for several parties, undoubtedly the first practical idea of applying steam power to wheeled carriages is due to Dr. Robinson, by whom it was communicated to Watt, in 1759. Some time afterward, the latter made a model of a high-pressure locomotive, and described its principles in his fourth patent, in 1784, which, among certain improvements, specified “a portable steam engine and machinery for moving wheeled carriages.” Watt, however, had doubts of the safety of his machine, and mentioned the subject to one of his friends, Murdoch, who, three years afterward, constructed the model of a locomotive which proved the correctness of the previous calculations. “This engine,” we are told, “was made in 1787, and persons are still alive who saw it in that year, drive a small wagon round a room at his house at Redruth, in Cornwall.” Among those who saw it, was Richard Trevithick, who, in 1802, took out a patent for a similar invention.

road, in Lanarkshire and the adjoining county. Then followed that by Trevithick and Vivian, in 1802, which ran on the Merthyr tram-way, and drew a load of ten tons at the rate of five miles per hour. Slight ridges were left in the edge of the wheels and on the trams, to prevent their slipping round, and to insure a forward movement. That, without this precaution, there could be adhesion or advance, was an idea that long prevailed. The cause of this slipping lay in the construction of the engine, which had but one cylinder, and the crank having to pass two centers during one revolution of the wheel; the consequence was an occasional slow dragging motion. Trevithick, who was a man of great ability, and one to whom steam locomotion is much indebted, afterward made a carriage to run on common roads, which combined several arrangements now in use. The fireplace was surrounded by water, and the waste steam blown off through the smoke-pipe, to produce a draught. The cylinder was placed inside the boiler, for economy of heat, and the fore-wheels made to turn by cranks in connection with the piston-rod; but with one cylinder only, the motion was very irregular. This engine was exhibited on one of the roads in Lambeth, in 1806, without, however, exciting more than a temporary interest. Three years previously, another locomotive by Trevithick had blown up—an accident which created so much dread of high-pressure steam-carriages, that a feeling of alarm arose respecting their use, which, in some quarters, was long in being dispelled.

Blenkinsop, of Middletown Colliery, near Leeds, constructed a locomotive in 1811, the wheels of which were cogg and ran in toothed rails; a noisy contrivance, intended to overcome the imaginary difficulty—want of bite—and effectually prevented rapid motion by its enormous friction. The engine had two cylinders, and so far was an improvement on those which preceded it, and labored along at five miles an hour. The Chapmans' came next with a new plan, a chain stretched from one end to the other, along the middle of a tram-way, was passed once around a wheel fixed beneath the carriage, and this wheel being made to revolve by the action of the machinery, its bite on the chain caused the whole to move forward. This method involved so great an amount of friction, that it was abandoned almost as soon as tried. Brunton followed, in 1813, with mechanical legs and feet attached

Singularly enough, a similar model was exhibiting, the same year, at the opposite end of the kingdom. Smyth's locomotive was then shown in the house of Mr. Gilbert Meason, at Edinburgh. He pursued the experiment, and, in 1795, worked a steam-engine on a line of turnpike

to the rear of his engine, intending by the alternate walking motion, to propel it continually onward, and prevent the slipping of the wheels on the rails. Considerable ingenuity was displayed in this contrivance, which performed well, and in certain cases might be employed with advantage, but it was not well adapted to locomotive propulsion. The difficulty against which it was especially applied, was soon proved to have no existence.

During the same year, Blackett repeated Trevithick's experiments at Wylam, in Northumberland, and the fact was satisfactorily demonstrated that, in ordinary circumstances, and with clean rails, the adhesion between the wheel and the rail was sufficient to cause a progressive motion. It would have been proved long before had the engine and tram-plates been heavier: both were too light; and the slipping so much complained of had been an accidental not a necessary consequence. Meantime, Stephenson, was busy at Killingworth, in another part of Northumberland, making and testing locomotives. In 1814, he verified the experiments of other inventors, and went beyond them all in the perfection and performance of his machinery. He took out patents in the two following years for engines, that with a load of twenty tons, and on smooth rails, would travel five miles an hour, and ten miles without a load. No better result at that time was looked for. The possibility of transporting heavy goods with facility at a slow pace having been demonstrated, all that remained was to make it available.

Early in 1829, before the completion of the Liverpool and Manchester railroad, the company sent a deputation to Killingworth, to witness the workings of the locomotives, with the view to the employment of a similar power on their line when put in operation. Although the rails were not laid with that precision now considered so indispensable, the deputation found that the locomotives had been kept at work with much regularity, drawing heavily laden trains of wagons from the coal-pits to the ships in the Tyne. The deputation reported in favor of steam locomotive power, and in accordance with their decision, the company offered a premium of £500, for the best locomotive engine, which should draw on a level plane three times its own weight, at ten miles an hour, which was not to exceed six tons. There were several other stipulations, among which the cost of the machine was not to exceed £550; the height of the chimney was restricted to fifteen feet, and the pressure on the boiler to fifty pounds the square inch, and was to consume its own smoke; be supported on springs, etc.

The 8th of October, 1829, was fixed for the trial, and on the appointed day, five engines were brought forward to contend for the prize; a competition which involved a vast deal more than the winning of £500. Stephenson was there with his “Rocket”; Hackworth, with the “Sanspareil”; Braithwait and Ericson, with the “Novelty”; Burstall, with the “Perseverance”; and Branderth with the “Cyclopede.” The latter was a horse-locomotive, and was therefore not considered as entitled to run for the prize. It was tried, however, as a matter of experiment,

but its speed was only about six miles an hour. After a brief trial, the "Perseverance" was withdrawn, leaving the three first mentioned the sole contenders. The test assigned, was to run a distance of thirty miles, at not less than ten miles an hour, backward and forward along a two mile level, near Rainhill, with a load three times the weight of the engine. The "Novelty," after running twice along the level, was disabled by failure of the boiler plates, and withdrawn. The "Sanspareil" traversed eight times, at a speed of nearly fifteen miles an hour, when it was stopped by derangement of the machinery. The "Rocket," was the only one to stand the test and satisfy the conditions. This engine traveled over the stipulated thirty miles, in two hours and about seven minutes, with a speed at times of twenty-nine miles an hour, and at the slowest, nearly twelve; in the latter case exceeding the advertised maximum, in the former tripling it, and of course gaining the prize. Here was a result! An achievement so surprising, so unexpected, as to be almost incredible. Was it not a delusion? had it been really accomplished? and could it be done again? When Mr. Stephenson was examined before a committee of the House of Parliament, some four years previous to this triumph with the "Rocket," he stated, that he saw no difficulty in constructing a locomotive that would travel from fifteen to twenty miles per hour—which remark provoked one of the members to reply, that the engineer could be only fit for a lunatic asylum. Even Mr. Nicholas Wood, who was appointed one of the judges to award this premium of £500, had a short time previously, published his opinion respecting locomotives, as follows:—"It is far from my wish to promulgate to the world, that the ridiculous expectations, or rather professions of the enthusiastic speculatist will be realized, and that we shall see engines traveling at the rate of twelve, sixteen, eighteen or twenty miles an hour. Nothing can do more harm toward their adoption or general improvement, than the promulgation of such nonsense." And that the directors of the Liverpool and Manchester railroad, in a measure agreed with this opinion, is evident from their appointing Mr. Wood an umpire, and only requiring the engines to travel with three times their weight, at ten miles an hour. In fact, with the exception of a most limited circle of truly scientific and practical men, who from actual experiment had demonstrated the fact to be otherwise, the general opinion at that time was—even should the whole system of railroad travelling be perfected according to the most sanguine expectation of its projectors—the maximum of speed obtained, under any circumstances, could not exceed ten miles per hour. Thus the performance of the "Rocket," had such a startling effect, not only on the local community where it occurred, but throughout the whole civilized world; and from that moment is marked the grand epoch in rapid locomotion, which has by a succession of improvements arrived at the very acme of excellence.

The inventive talent of our own country has been much exercised in the steam power, and its appliance to navigation, has rendered the name of Fulton immortal and the locality of the Hudson river, ever memorable in history.

But we were not without experiments in the steam carriage, and finally, when that important fact was promulgated, its greatest perfection was first arrived at by our own skillful mechanics and engineers. However, as early as 1772, Oliver Evans, of the city of Philadelphia, began to experiment on steam, with a view toward employing it as a substitute for animal power. In 1786, he petitioned the legislature of Pennsylvania, for the exclusive right to use his improvements in mills, and his steam wagons, in that State. The committee to whom the petition was referred, heard him very patiently while he described the mill improvements, but his representations concerning steam wagons, made them think him insane; his petition, as regarded the wagon, was refused. Evans foresaw that steam would one day be the prime agent of locomotion, and he frequently declared that the time would come when travelers would be conveyed on turnpike roads at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, or three hundred miles a day, by a contrivance similar to his own. In 1804, Mr. Evans, applied steam power to the propulsion of a small upony road. The boat was built for a dredge, and as the workshop was at some distance from the water, it was launched by fitting up driving wheels under it, and running it over land and into the water. There are other Americans who might be mentioned in this connection.

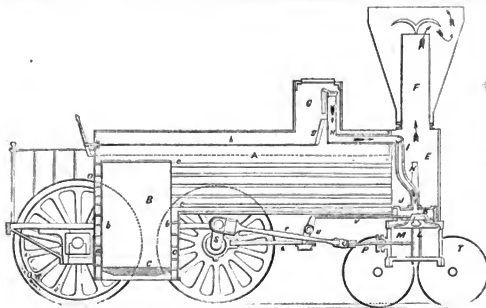
The cause of motion in a steam engine, is the steam generated from the water in the boiler. And the true and ultimate source of the power of steam, is contained in the heat applied for the conversion of the water into steam. The power of steam is derived from its force of expansion or elastic property, and it is heat which expands all matter within its influence, whether solid or fluid. We will observe the effects attendant upon the conversion of water into steam. Suppose an open vessel containing water at its common temperature, to be placed over a fire. As soon as the temperature of the water is raised above that of the surrounding atmosphere, a silent and insensible evaporation commences. When the temperature has been raised to the point indicated by 212° Fahrenheit, boiling commences. The evaporation at this period has assumed the form of a vapor, equal to the pressure of the atmosphere, or 14.7 against the vacuum. That is, a piston fitting tight to a cylinder, from whence the air has been exhausted, might be driven by the force of this vapor, with an intensity of pressure equal to 14.7 per square inch of the surface of the piston. If, now, we increase the temperature above 212°, a violent ebullition ensues, and the surplus heat above the boiling point is discharged, as fast as applied in the vapor generated by its application. And no amount of heat would suffice to increase the temperature of the water beyond this point, for the water would become entirely evaporated in the steam which would carry off such heat. But, if while the temperature of the water remains at 212°, we close the vessel, we can apply increased heat, and it will be retained in the steam formed within the vessel. The ebullition will be stopped as the force of the bubbles of steam rising from the bottom of the vessel, being no more than equal to the force of the steam con-

tained in the closed chamber above the surface of the water, the two forces are equalized, and the surface of the water remains tranquil. Now, while at 212°, the steam collected in the upper part of the vessel had expelled the atmosphere, and was in equilibrium with it; by continuing the process of generation, a greater weight of steam is formed in the same compass, and we can see now that this steam, in striving to restore its original proportion of weight, compass and force, at 212°, is enabled to manifest the effects which we consider as power. Its tendency to expand, measures its power, and the power can be measured by the resistance necessary to prevent its expansion.

It is obvious that the power of heat, although always the same, is differently effective upon different substances. Water has no cohesion among its particles, hence heat has only to contend with the gravity or weight of these particles, and this is lessened as the water is heated to successively higher points, so that if 212° can raise water into steam of the pressure of one atmosphere, 250° is enabled to raise it to a pressure of two atmospheres, while 290° will raise it to a pressure of four, and 350° to eight atmospheres, and so on. The resistance to the change of form diminishes so fast, that heat applied in amounts, in an arithmetical progression, produces pressure corresponding, which increases nearly in geometrical progression.

The ebullition of water is the result of a circulation of particles, and is performed in vertical planes. With solids, heat is communicated by their conducting power. If heat be applied to water, that portion which receives the heat, becomes rarified, ascends, gives off its vapor, and descends again in regular order. It is the regular and constant succession of these operations that constitute the phenomenon of boiling. If heat be applied to the side of a vessel, the water contained below that point can receive but little heat and can never be made to boil. Steam is invisible, but becomes visible upon condensation, in the form of a cloud of vapor. Steam is of a pressure of the atmosphere 49-100 of its specific gravity. The force of steam is the same at the boiling point of every liquid.

Having described the prominent properties of steam, it remains to show in what manner its useful effects may be realized in the production of power for locomotive purposes. Any reader would be aware that a locomotive must combine within itself the means for the generation of steam, its application to produce motion within the machine itself; and, also, the propulsion of the whole upon the road. A complete locomotive steam engine, therefore, combines three distinct arrangements for realizing these conditions. The source of power lies in the boiler and fire-box; the cylinders, valves, piston, and the connections, are the means by which it is applied to produce motion within the machine; and the wheels by their tractive force or adhesion to the rails, secure the locomotion of the machinery which impels them, and, also, from their surplus power above what is necessary to move the engine alone, the draught of a great load upon the rails. It is therefore necessary to understand the construction of each of these parts, and also the general arrangement by which they are combined in the production of power.



A SECTIONAL VIEW OF THE LOCOMOTIVE.

A reference to the sectional view above will serve to show the construction of an ordinary eight-wheeled engine, as divided in the direction of the length of the boiler, so as to show the entire machinery for generating and applying the power. The boiler *A*, in which the steam is first produced, is of a cylindrical form, having a furnace or fire-box, *a*, at one end, surrounded by a water casing *a*, communicating with the boiler, and which is to prevent the destruction of the plates of which the fire-box is formed, by the intense heat of the fire. The plates which form the outside of this water casing are united to the cylindrical part of the boiler, and form what is called the outside fire-box. This outside fire-box supports the furnace, or fire-box proper, by a number of stay bolts, seen at *b b*; these bolts being screwed at their ends into the sides of both fire-boxes. *c* is the grate, the bottom of the fire-box being open to admit the air necessary for the combustion of the fuel, and *p* is the door through which the fuel is admitted. At *e e* are shown a number of small copper tubes, their purpose being to convey the heated air through the boiler from the fire-box to the smoke-box, *x*. The arrangement of these tubes may be better understood by an inspection of the cut designated *Section of a boiler*, which shows the fire-box and boiler divided transversely across its diameter.

They are very small, and are placed so as to be but $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch apart in any direction. They are, also, very thin, so to communicate the heat passing through them to the water which surrounds them, and which generally stands four or five inches above their upper or top row. It is the surface of the fire-box and the exterior surfaces of these tubes that constitute the heating surface of the

boiler. That portion of the boiler above the water-level (which is shown by the dotted line) is the steam-room of the boiler, and is occupied by the steam generated from the water above and among the tubes and in the water space around the fire-box. The forward compartment of the boiler, or smoke-box, at *x*, receives the surplus of the heated air not communicated to the water, and the gaseous products of the combustion of the fuel in the fire-box; and the chimney *y*, provides for their escape into the open air. The draught of the fire through the tubes is excited artificially by the escape of the steam from the cylinders of the engine, the arrangement and operation of which we shall presently explain. This, then, is the arrangement by which the power applied to produce locomotion is first generated. The peculiar form given to the boiler, the contact of water with the sides and top of the fire-box, and the great extent of heating surface afforded by the disposition of the tubes, secure the rapid production of a vast volume of steam within very restricted limits.

The second division of the entire arrangement of the engine is that in which the power already generated is applied to produce motion within the machine. Upon the top of the boiler a cylindrical chamber or dome, *o*, is formed, and the pipe which conveys the steam from the boiler penetrates it, as seen at *u*. The object of elevating the mouth of the steam feed-pipe is to prevent the motion of the engine from throwing particles of water into it, to be carried into the cylinders and to oppose a load to the motion of the engine. The mouth of this pipe is covered by a valve, provided with ports or openings to admit steam within it, and the admission of steam is governed by the motion communicated to the valve through its lever *g*, rod *h*, and starting lever *i*, without the boiler and accessible from the foot-board, where the engineer or driver stands. In the drawing, this valve is represented open, and the steam is descending through the pipe, in which it passes along through the partition between the boiler and smoke-box and down through the branch-pipe *r*

into the steam-chest *z*. This steam-chest communicates with each end of the cylinder *m*, by the passages seen in the drawing, and steam is admitted through these passages,* alternately to each end of the cylinder by a sliding valve, seen at *k*.

Within the cylinder is the piston *l*, against which the pressure of the steam is exerted to produce motion. In the position given to the valve *k*, in the drawing, the left-hand passage is open and is admitting steam to that end of the cylinder to press the piston in the direction of the arrow. There is also a quantity of steam on the right hand of the piston which was employed in the preceding stroke to force the piston to the left hand of the cylinder; and its work being now done, it is escaping through the right hand passage, and turning in a cavity in the under side of the valve into a third passage on the face of the cylinder, and which is situated between the two induction passages already mentioned. The exhaust steam is

carried in this last passage a short distance around the cylinder, and passes through an opening on the side of the same, into the bottom of a vertical pipe, part of which is seen at *s*; the mouth of this pipe is considerably contracted, as seen in the drawing, and the resistance given by this contraction to the exit of the steam makes it discharge in a very forcible blast. This powerful draught at the mouth of the tubes excites the passage of the heated air through them, and causes a great intensity in the fire. Without this artificial draught the boiler could not, from its proportions of fire surface, generate sufficient steam to supply the cylinders.

We have seen the steam entering by the left hand passage within the cylinder, and impelling the piston toward the opposite end of the same. As the piston approaches the right hand termination of its stroke, the valve *k* is made to shift its position in the steam-chest, and to close the left hand passage, and likewise, by the same motion, to open the opposite or right hand one. The left hand passage is fully closed when the piston is within three or four inches of the end of the cylinder, and the right hand passage, almost at the same instant, begins to open, so that the full pressure of steam is exerted against the right hand side of the piston before it actually has completed its stroke in that direction. This advance of the valve on the piston is termed the *lead* of the valve, and when confined within certain limits, is found to increase the speed of the engine, as it allows the steam to act with a concussive force, like that of a spring at the ends of the strokes, so as to lose no time in changing the motion of the piston. When the piston has commenced on its return stroke, and while it is in its motion, the valve moves likewise in the same direction, uncovering the right hand passage more and more, until (when the piston has returned to the position shown in the drawing, or to the middle of the stroke) this passage is fully open; the same as the left hand passage shown in the drawing, to admit steam for the preceding stroke.

The motion of the valve has transferred the

* Described as induction ports.



SECTION OF THE STEAM HAMMER SHOP.

cavity on its under side to the left hand passage, and the steam which, during the preceding stroke, was admitted through that passage, will now discharge through it, and pass into the exhaust port, and up the exhaust pipe *x*, as already described. By the time the piston has reached the middle of its stroke, the valve will have reached the end of its motion on the face of the cylinder, and will begin to move the contrary way, so that, during the last half of the stroke of the piston, the piston and valve move in opposite directions. The cavity on the under side of the valve in which the steam turns from the induction into the eduction port, must receive such a width of opening as to allow the exhaust steam to commence its escape from one end of the cylinder before steam is admitted to the opposite end; so that if, for instance, the lead of the valve on the induction side be $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch, the exhaust must have a lead of about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch. In other words, when one steam port is taking steam through $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch, the other port must be discharging steam through $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch. This is necessary for the free escape of the steam, that it may oppose no load to the progress of the engines. We are now to show how the motion of the piston is communicated to the wheels, and in what manner the sliding valve *x*, is moved within the steam-chest, so as to regulate the admission of steam to the cylinder; and to guard against any misconception on the part of the reader, we will say here, there are two steam chests and two valves and cylinders, together with two entire, but similar, arrangements for communicating the power exerted against the pistons to the wheels. The drawing will admit of the representation of but one engine (the cylinder and its valve and piston being the engine), the other being behind the one we have shown. The steam-pipe *u*, after passing through the partition between the boiler and smoke-box, is divided into two smaller pipes, one of which conveys the steam to each cylinder. Within the center of the body of the piston is keyed the rod *r*, which passes through a stuffing-box in the cover of the cylinder, and is attached at its other end, to a cross-head having a pin or bearing for a

connecting-rod. This cross-head is also attached to guides, to insure the motion of the piston-rod in the line of the axis of the cylinder. The connecting-rod *r* takes hold of this pin at one end, and at the other to a wrist or bearing of the crank axle *s*, upon the extremities of which axle are keyed the driving wheels of the engine. As there are two cylinders and connecting-rods, there are necessarily two cranks in this axle, and they are placed at right angles, one with the other; so that one piston may be exerting its entire force against it, while the other is changing the direction of its motion, and is exerting but comparatively little power. The alternate motion of the pistons is thus converted into a continuous circular motion, and it is from this motion that the movement for operating the valves is derived in the following manner:—Four eccentric pulleys, the action of which is the same as that of short cranks, are affixed to the axle, between the two cranks. There are two eccentrics for each cylinder, one being set at such an angle with the crank for that cylinder as to give the proper motion to the valve for a forward motion of the engine, and the other to produce a backward or retrograde motion. These eccentrics are encircled each with a brass strap, to which is attached a rod *t*, having a hook at its remote end. At *u* is a rock shaft provided with arms on its upper and lower sides. If the hook of the forward eccentric rod be dropped on a pin in the lower arm, the motion of the forward eccentric will be communicated to the valve, through the rock-shaft *u* and its upper arm, and the valve-stem *v*. And so of the hook in the backward eccentric rod. Another shaft, mounted with arms or cams, and governed by a lever within reach of the engineer, is made to throw out either the forward or backward, or all the hooks in the eccentric rods. This shaft is laid immediately beneath the hooks, and traverses in the same direction as the rock shaft *u*.

It will now be easy to trace the operations of the steam, and of the machinery put in motion by its action on the piston. The throttle-valve at the mouth of the steam-pipe *u*, being opened

by the lever *l*, the steam will be admitted within the pipe, and will descend through it and through the branch-pipe *i*, into the steam-chest *z*. From here it will find its way into the cylinder through whichever passage that may be open; and as that is here the left hand one, it will be admitted to press against the left hand side of the piston and to move it toward the opposite end of the cylinder by which time the right hand passage will have been opened to admit steam to force the piston back again. The motion of the piston will be communicated to the axle of the driving wheels through the piston-rod *p*, connecting rod *r*, and cranks; and the motion so transmitted will cause the eccentrics to turn, and by their motion to operate the valve through the eccentric rod *t*, rock shaft and arms *u*, and valve stem *v*, so as to maintain the admission of steam to the cylinder in the manner described. The driving wheels, as they are turned, will, by their adhesion to the rails, move along the engine and its load; and the constant occurrence of these motions in the piston, valve, and their subordinate connection, will maintain the action necessary to produce this required progressive motion of the machine.

Of the remaining parts of the engine, *o* shows an additional pair of driving wheels, connected with those fixed to the crank axle, and turning with them. The object of this second pair of wheels is to obtain a greater adhesion to the rails than with only one pair, and also to relieve the principal pair of drivers from the great weight of the engine, which would otherwise come upon them, at least, all that portion not supported by the truck-wheels *r*. The drivers on the crank axle generally have plain rims, while those on the hind axle have flanges on their inner sides, as the like the forward or truck wheels, in order to keep the engine on the rails. The four forward wheels are combined in a separate frame, which turns around a pintal secured to the body of the engine, and is to facilitate the passage of the engine around curves. There are springs under the bearings of the wheels to relieve the engine from shocks arising from inequalities passed over on the rails. There are pumps which are not shown in the drawing for supplying the boiler with water, as it is evaporated in the production of steam. These are of the forcing kind, and are attached to the cross-head or to a pin on the outside of the driving wheels. The boiler is provided with a pair of safety valves to provide for the escape of steam when it attains an unnecessary pressure, and the engine has also a whistle and bell for alarms and signals. Many recent engines have expansion or cut-off valves, a sandbox for sanding the rails, to aid adhesion in wet or slippery weather, and a few other additions for various purposes; but from what we have here written, we believe any one may acquaint himself with the general arrangement and operation of the locomotive engine.

To convey an idea of the capabilities of recently constructed locomotives, we instance the following facts: their velocity, of at times



SECTION OF THE FORCE SHOP.

seventy or eighty miles an hour, may be increased when stronger materials or modes of construction shall be discovered. A cannon ball, in its swiftest flight, travels four times faster only than the seventy-miles-an-hour express train. The phenomena of passing objects, observed during such rapid locomotion, are most remarkable: the steam fills and leaves the cylinder twenty times in a second; twenty times in a second the piston advances and returns, and the outflow of steam sounds as a continuous whiz, so inappreciable are the intervals between the rapid strokes. The driving wheels, eight feet in diameter, revolve five times in a second, and at every beating of a clock, the mighty engine dashes over thirty-five yards of ground!

The development of the locomotive has been wonderful. From its earliest and most primitive condition, it has attained to new forms, new proportions, and new and vastly increased usefulness. Side by side, also, with its own progress and improvement, have been that of the now mammoth establishments devoted to its construction. A wide interest attaches to this great advancement, in both the manufacture and the manufactory. In the great works which form the subject of our present notice, the locomotive has been originated and matured in its most varied and valuable forms, and its production has here reached an extent unequalled in any other establishment in the world.

Among those who, by thought and practical experiment, paid much attention to the construction of the locomotive engine, was Colonel Stephen H. Long, of the United States Army, who, in 1830, received letters patent for "certain improvements in the construction of locomotives and other steam engines."

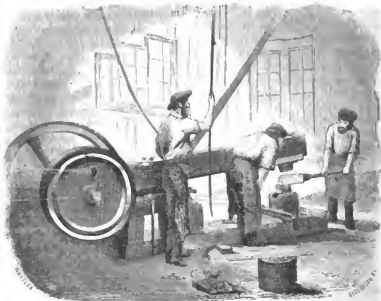
In March, 1831, a company, consisting of Colonel Long, General Parker, George D. Wetherell, Dr. Richard Harlan, and William Norris, was formed at Philadelphia, under the title of "THE AMERICAN STEAM CARRIAGE COMPANY," to build "locomotors" (as they were called at that time) after the designs of Colo-

nel Long, which, among other qualities, were intended for the use of anthracite coal as fuel. The first engine was built under the immediate superintendence of Colonel Long, at the Phoenix Foundry, Kensington. On the 4th of July, 1832, it was placed upon the Newcastle and Frenchtown railroad, and steam raised, amid the hopes and anxieties of the projector and his associates. But, on trial, it was found their first attempt was a failure, in consequence of the limited grate and fire surface. The locomotor would run a mile at fair speed, but would then quickly come to a stand, until a fresh supply of steam was generated.

After this practical experiment in grate surface, Colonel Long constructed and finished, in June, 1833, the locomotor "Black Hawk," which performed successfully on the Columbian, and after, on the Germantown railroad. In this locomotor there was no want of steam, and its performances were regular and always on time. At this period, all the first associates, except Mr. Norris, had withdrawn their several interests, leaving Long and Norris to continue the manufacture of locomotors on their own account. They accordingly, in the year 1834, constructed three locomotives, to burn anthracite coal, for a Boston railroad company; but although their general performance was as good as those of other manufacturers of that day, yet they were condemned solely because a coal

fire required better attention on the part of the engine driver, than a wood fire. These locomotives, however, were afterward used for the sand and gravel trains at a most economical rate. And "Old Black Hawk" is still on its wheels, but in a perfect state of rest, in which it has resided twenty-one years.

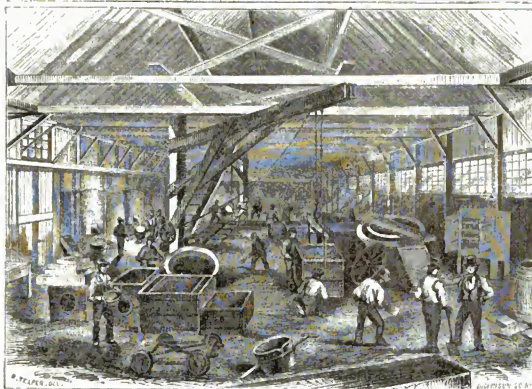
In 1834, public duties calling Colonel Long from Philadelphia, he disposed of his interest in the locomotive business to Mr. Norris, who thus became the sole owner, and, profiting by the hard-earned experience gained in previous efforts, after much labor, he succeeded in finishing the locomotive "Star," which performed successfully on the Germantown railroad. In the last-mentioned year, Mr. Norris determined to open a shop of his own, and to put his resolution into immediate effect, he obtained possession of an old stable that had formerly belonged to Colonel Hamilton, situated on Bush-hill. This shop, which was the nucleus of the present extensive works, commenced operations with six workmen, whose united wages were thirty-six dollars per week. The power was furnished from the adjoining wheelwright shop of Messrs. Rush & Mullenburgh,* by a connecting shaft through a hole in the wall. At that period, railroads were hardly more than an exciting fiction, the capital, enterprise, and public spirit of the country being beyond their influence. The practicability, even, of steam locomotion was not generally admitted, and there were many, indeed, who denied its possi-



A SPRING OR TRIP HAMMER.

bility. Had the principle of the locomotive, however, been generally recognized, its construction would not have been, at that time, an easy and attractive task. The mechanical skill which prevailed a quarter of a century ago, was imperfect at the best. There were no large bodies of men at command, having proper and distinctive training in each of the

* Mr. Rush was a son-in-law of Oliver Evans.



A SECTION OF THE FOUNDRY.

trades, or, more properly, the arts, which are embraced in locomotive building. Much less were known the construction and the use of those wonderful modern tools and engines by which iron and steel are now wrought into every geometrical form, and with nearly the same facility as soft and yielding wood. The turning engine, even, was a rude and primitive affair, whilst most other machines, now common in mechanical establishments, were wholly unknown. We have seen a letter from a manufacturer of that date, which thus clearly and practically illustrates the embarrassing condition of affairs in that particular:—"Our career has not been a long one, yet it has been so long as to embrace the infancy and youth of mechanical operations in this country. When we commenced, in 1828, there was not a planing machine known; screw-cutting and drill presses and shaping machines by power, were scarcely thought of. Slide rests were sometimes used, but turning was generally done with the long-handled 'button head' and 'hook tools,' and the finishing was done by the hand hammer and chisel. Steam joints were made with a lead ring on a rough surface, and packed with rusted iron borings." Under such circumstances, many of the great establishments now holding high rank for the extent and quality of their productions, were commenced.

The locomotive builder of that day had thus not only to contend with the popular unbelief in the success of his efforts, but had also to procure, and to teach, suitable workmen for the execution of his designs. Not always, however, could men be found having sufficient capacity to learn, or such as were contented to be taught further than in the first steps of the business. As men acquired a partial insight of the new work, they were apt to grow presumptuous and exacting; and it was only by a ready knowledge of human nature, by liberal com-

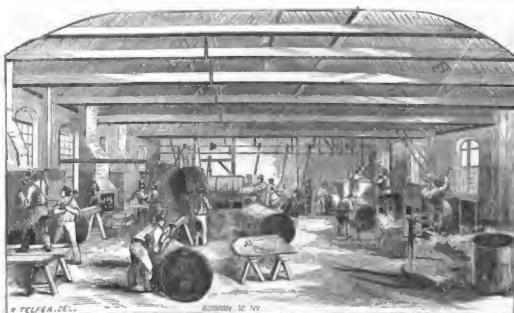
pensation, and the possession of a strong personal influence over this class of individuals, that they could be always kept in a state of proper discipline and efficiency. Nothing short of the practical talent competent to the perfection of the locomotive, could have supplied the machinery and fixtures necessary for its construction. The tools now in use in the NORRIS LOCOMOTIVE WORKS are evidence of the industry with which these adaptations have been made, and of the practical appreciation of current improvements, which has abided, from the first, with the management of these works. The parts of a locomotive are so numerous, and so different in their form and materials, the introduction of improvements and alterations have been so rapid, and the mutual adjustment and fitness of one part to another so necessary, that an engine factory comprises within itself many different factories or branches of manufacture, all bearing on one point. There are, however, certain broad distinctions which serve to indicate the general character of the operations. First, there is the rough material—iron, steel, copper, or brass, in the form of sheets, bars and rods; and then implements and processes whereby these are wrought up into usable form, such as those connected with rolling, drawing, casting, forging, boring, turning, planing, drilling, cutting, filing, polishing, and other mechanical operations. However varied may be the appearance of the engines produced at such factories, yet it is by modifications of the processes here enumerated that they are all produced, the skill of the workman adapting the practical details to the purpose to which the engine is to be applied.

From the day of its establishment, the career of the Norris Locomotive Works has been onward. Each month has added increased facilities to its internal arrangements, and each year to its extent of territory. In 1834 and

1835, the manufacture having got well under weigh, Mr. Norris determined to secure an "excellent" reputation for his engines, and in 1836, a locomotive was produced that caused a second "Rocket" excitement. This engine, the "George Washington," on the 10th of July, 1836, ascended the inclined plane on the Columbia and Philadelphia railroad, thus demonstrating the important fact that heavy grades could be ascended and descended by trains of cars, without the assistance of stationary engines and ropes, that had been previously used for the purpose. This valuable demonstration at once led to a new theory in the construction of railroads, and has saved immense sums, in the item of grading, in the construction account. As the first performances of the last-mentioned locomotive marked another era in land transportation, we have concluded to give the following condensed account from two articles published in the "Railroad

Journal" at that time: "The locomotive steam engine 'George Washington,' made for the State of Pennsylvania, by William Norris, of Philadelphia, was placed on the Columbia and Philadelphia railroad on Saturday afternoon, the 9th instant. On the following morning, her powers were tested in ascending the inclined plane near Philadelphia. This plane is 2,800 feet in length, with an ascent in that distance of 196 feet, or at the rate of 369 feet to the mile, or 7 feet rise in 100 feet, or 1 foot in 14. The weight of the engine is 14,390 pounds only. The load attached weighed 19,200 pounds, including the weight of twenty-four persons, who were on the tender and burden car. The engine started immediately at the base, without a running start, and dragged up said load of 19,200 pounds the above distance of 2,800 feet, in the space of two minutes and one second, or at the rate of fifteen and a half miles per hour—pressure on the boiler, a fraction under sixty pounds to the square inch. The engine then descended the plane with the same load at various speed, frequently stopping to test the security—the valves being reversed, or set for going ahead; and when it was desired to stop altogether, the steam was let on very slow, which brought her to a dead stand for a second or two, when she would immediately start up the grade. In this way, stopping and starting at pleasure, the time occupied in descending the 2,800 feet was from twelve to fifteen minutes—thus testing the perfect security of her performance on the plane. She again ascended the plane, with the same load, and took her place on the road the same morning, ready for use."

The startling announcement of the signal success of this engine was doubted on all sides; and to give ocular demonstration to all who chose to witness this triumph of skill and machinery, on the 19th of the same month, an exhibition of the qualities of this locomotive



SECTION OF THE BOILER SHOP.

was given, which was attended by a large number of gentlemen—engineers, directors and others—engaged in railroad matters. The ascent and other operations were performed with the same facility as on the former occasion, and the whole party present signed a certificate of the wonderful superiority of the Norris locomotives. These performances were never equalled, and have never been surpassed, even to the present day. In the "George Washington," four eccentrics were used, and a throw given to the valve, which gave to the eccentric a camb motion, the *ne plus ultra* of rapid movements. This has proved one of the most valuable improvements ever made in the construction of the locomotive. Another improvement was effected here, in October, 1836, by making the connections all outside the frame. The "Washington County Farmer," the first engine on this principle, was successfully worked on the inclined plane, in that month.

Of course, the performances of these engines and the reputation of their skillful constructor, spread with great rapidity, and in a few months they had orders on European account on their books, which orders were promptly filled. In the summer of 1837, a correspondence was commenced with the engineers of the Gloucester and Birmingham Railway, England, which resulted in supplying that road with *seventeen* locomotives, the most of which are in use on their line at the present day. Fresh orders were received on their delivery, but in a few weeks after their receipt, they were countermanded. The jealousy of the British builders were much excited, and they at once set to work to get rid of their too formidable rival. Through their exertions, the Lords of the Treasury issued a *decree forbidding the importation of locomotive engines into England*. Thus John Bull

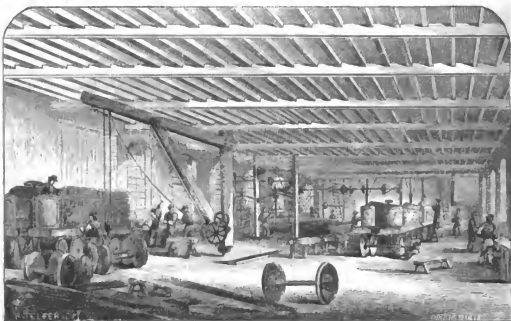
protects his manufacturing interest. In the great perfection of their productions, at one time, they thought they stood unrivalled. The rebuke from the "Quaker City" was not the first nor the last they have received from this side of the Atlantic; and those who read the newspapers can readily perceive that we have not yet paid our full score on that account. But, to the locomotives. The English, at first, scoffed at the idea of anything superior in the steam locomotive line coming from America; but when their most skillful engineers and mechanics repeatedly failed in their various attempts to compete with the Norris locomotive, and on the same road, and seeing that the latter did really and truly perform *double* the duty

and other crowned heads.

We will now turn to our original intention, at the commencement of this paper, and without further historical account, endeavor to describe the establishment and its extensive operations, that has produced such a large number of "Iron Horses,"—the works, whose shrill whistle can be heard in such an extended portion of the civilized world. Should we succeed (and the reader will, on concluding the article, bring to mind the old stable and the limited extent of the works when first established), they will readily admit the truth of the old truism, that

"Tall oaks from little acorns grow."

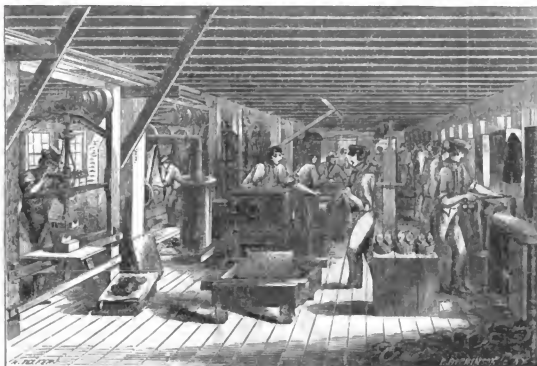
The works, as enlarged by the present pro-



SECTION OF THE TENDER SHOP.

of their own, they brought all their influence to bear with the government, and thus was prohibited the importation of American locomotives. They, however, carefully copied the Norris improvements, and they are now used by all the English engine builders.

prietors, Messrs. Richard Norris & Son, are situated on Seventeenth, Hamilton, Fairview, and Morris streets, on the locality formerly known as Bush-hill, now in the corporate limits of the city of Philadelphia. The whole extent of territory covered is quite equal to one h



SECTION OF MACHINE SHOP, FIRST STORY.

dred city lots. Many of the buildings are of recent erection, and nearly all of them are three stories high. Our artist has made a capital bird's-eye view of the whole; and by turning to the tinted plate, facing the title page, the reader will get a good idea of the extent and outside appearance of the whole works. In land, buildings, machinery, and working capital, the whole establishment represents a property of a little rising one million of dollars. And within the walls, daily employment is furnished to from six hundred to seven hundred industrious operatives. In our description we shall adopt the plan of conducting the reader through the various apartments; following the raw material until it is produced the perfected article—a first-class locomotive engine. And it must be borne in mind that this is the only article of manufacture at the Norris Works. Most other builders add the construction of various kinds of machinery to their business; but, excepting tools for their own use, the Messrs. N. are engaged exclusively on locomotives.

After an order for any number of locomotives has been received and entered in the counting room, it is at once sent to the constructing shop; which is situated in the upper story of the large building on the south-west corner of Morris and Seventeenth streets, and is an apartment seventy by fifty feet in extent. As you enter this room, opposite the door is the desk of the master of construction, and all around the large space is the trestle-boards and tools of the civil engineers. Large cupboards and drawers are erected along the walls in which the plans that have been used are filed away. There are also receptacles for the various material used here, and notwithstanding the great dimensions of the shop, it is only by observing the utmost determination in "having a place for everything, and keeping everything in its place," that it is found of sufficient extent for the purposes used. Here, after

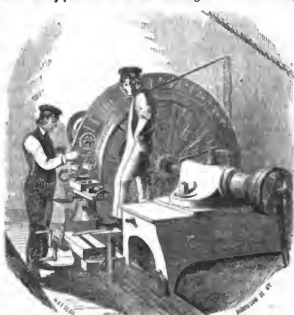
being registered—which process states the number, name, dimensions, character, etc., of each engine about to be built—the master of construction lays out the designs, and the draughtsmen set to work preparing the plans, etc.

It is claimed by them who ought to know, that the system employed here (which is original with the chief of the department) is superior to all others known. It is carried out by a series of printed blanks some six in number; and we would like to present transcripts of them in full, but as they would occupy much space and would only be of value to a portion of our readers, we have concluded to merely

mention their purport. One of these blanks is the *Order of Construction*; and when filled up presents the specification, number of engines ordered, diameter and stroke of cylinder, gauge of track, diameter of the driving and truck wheels and their axles, the guides, the dimensions of the frames of the work and materials ordered at the different shops, the name of the company for whom ordered, day of the month the boiler was received in the finishing shop, day the engine was tried, the day it was finished, remarks, etc. Another blank gives, beside a portion of the above, the bearings of the driver, truck, and tender axles, centers of the drivers, diameter and throw of eccentric and throw off eccentric, rock-arm centers and cut-off rock-arm centers, guides, cut-off link centers, reverse shaft bearing, height of truck casting, dome, diameter of breeches pipe, pump-arm centers, center of cylinder, distance between frames, centers of cut-off spanner hooks, piston rods, eccentric hooks, centers of lifters and lifting links, con. and coupl. of rod stubs, cross heads,

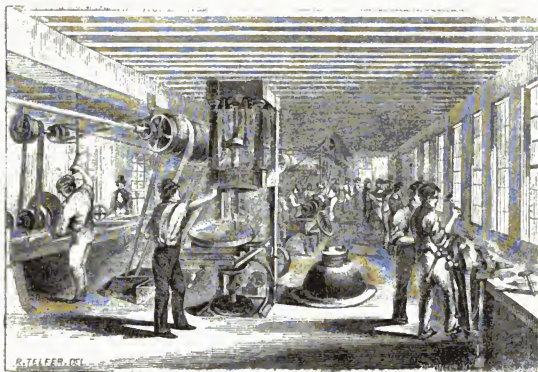
shackle pins, bottom of st. ch. to center of v. r., height of steam chest, centers of truck wheels, tumblers, etc. The blank for the foundry bears the order for the number of cylinders, cylinder flanges, heads and glands; steam chests, covers and glands; main and cut-off valves; piston rings, heads and followers; cross heads, followers; pumps, pump glands, caps, and air chambers; rock arms, do. cut-off, do. bearers, do. bearer caps, do. bearer's tail-end; guide braces, cylinder bed plate; dome, ring, and dome; cone and cone seat; breeches pipe and pipe flanges; throttle valve, do. seat and pipe; smoke box plates, front and flanges; brackets for guide brace, do. for pump; cut-off shaft bearers, counter do., reverse do.; do. do. lifting arms; main eccentrics, do. straps; cut-off eccentrics, do. straps; driving wheels, do. do. boxes; truck

wheels, do. do. boxes and pedestals, and truck frame bearers; center pin eyes; collars for truck axles; foot plates; grate bars, and rings; whistle seat; blow-off cock handle; hand hole; sand box, do. valves; bell frame, yoke; spring pockets and pedestals; front and hind drag blocks, etc. The above enumeration will give the attentive reader a perfect idea of the whole system; each department, beside being furnished with the plans and specifications, is presented with the orders in which the exact size and dimensions of the most minute article is given in detail as above enumerated; and a mistake in the smallest degree becomes almost



A WHEEL LATHE.

an impossibility. Another important feature in this registry is, that it enables the master of construction to tell at all times the amount of material used, and what it is used for. Of course there are many engines built on the same



SECTION OF THE MACHINE SHOP, SECOND STORY.

principle, and of the same sizes, although for different roads. Out of the sixty-four orders during the present year, there have been eleven different styles of construction only; but as a general thing, there is always more or less alteration in the detail, each party ordering having their peculiar notions—all of which makes work for the civil engineers. While in the construction shop we learned the following significant facts.

The whole number of locomotives constructed at these works, up to the day of our visit, was eight hundred and six; of which number one hundred and seventeen were on foreign account, having been shipped to the following countries—England, France, Austria, Prussia, Italy, Belgium, South America, Cuba, etc. Except in a single instance of one engine only, the Norris Works is the only establishment in the New World that has furnished motive power for their elder brethren on the other side of the Atlantic.

The time required for the construction and delivery of a locomotive, is thirty days, although as will be perceived before we finish this paper, it has been done in this establishment in a much shorter time. The orders are issued simultaneously to the different shops, where we will now follow a set—commencing with the *roving*, which is situated on Morris street, immediately in the rear of the last mentioned building; it is sixty by seventy-two feet square, with an L fifty by twenty-five feet; there are two cupolas, numerous cranes, and every facility for the rapid and perfect production of the work, among which we observed an apparatus for cooling cylinders and car wheels; the blast is furnished from the main engines in the machine shop. Although care is taken in selecting all the raw materials consumed, none but the best *Longwamp* and *Sallyann* charcoal blast iron is used for the cylinders or car wheels. On the opposite side of the yard, is the *BRASS FOUNDRY*, in which not only all the castings

used of that metal are made, but also the bells. The castings made here, owing to the materials selected, and the skill of the master workman, are exceedingly perfect, and thus the firm have been enabled to obviate difficulties that were formerly troublesome.

From the foundries we proceed to the *BOILER SHOP*, situated on the south-east corner of Fairview and Seventeenth. It is eighty by a hundred feet square, and the center peak fifty feet high. This boiler shop is one of the new additions to the works, and is not only in construction especially adapted for the purpose, but it is also fitted and furnished with each and every tool or appliance that can be suggested to expedite and perfect this important branch of the manufacture—among which are shears that chip iron boiler plates half an inch in thickness, with as much facility as children cut out their paper dolls; heavy punches and drills that make the holes for the rivets, with the same ease that a shoemaker punches holes in a pair of gaiters; large rolls for bending plates, and other powerful machines for bending flanges, etc., etc. Our interior sectional view gives a good idea of this shop. The order from the construction shop, is immediately followed with the plates for the boilers to be built. Only the very best of Buckley's improved charcoal boiler plates are used, and these are tested in the most thorough manner. Those plates coming in contact with the fire, are of an increased thickness, and one of the first processes they pass through is a testing with the hammer, after being laid out in inch squares, to make it almost certain that any flaw or other imperfection would be discovered. Some of the principal hands in the boiler shop, have been employed there twenty years, and even among rival craftsmen, the superiority of one or two of them is universally acknowledged.

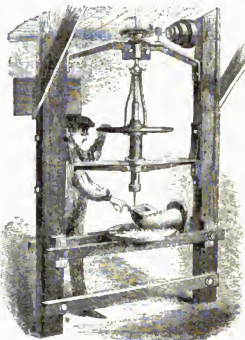
Again, scarcely a rivet is headed, except under the supervision of the master workman: these regulations carried out in the most minute workings of the shop, will at once explain the causes of admitted excellence of the boiler work from this establishment.

Adjoining the boiler shop on Seventeenth street, is the *TANK SHOP*, a building thirty by a hundred feet. The process of constructing the tanks, is about the same as the boilers; of course, excepting the thickness of the plates, and the testing which would here be superfluous.

On the north-east corner of Hamilton and Seventeenth streets, is the *TENDER SHOP*, sixty-eight by a hundred feet, and three stories high. A fair idea of its internal appearance can be formed from our engraving. It will be observed, that power-tools of all suitable kinds, have also

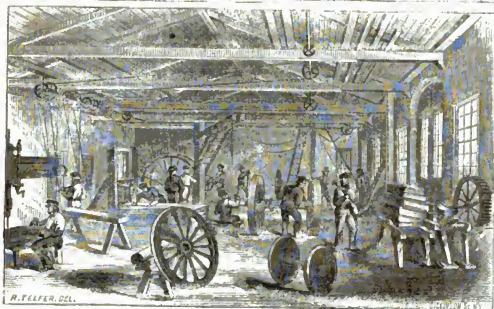
been adopted here; but much of the work of the tender is perfected in the other shops, and is brought here and put together. The second story of this building, is the *PATTERN SHOP*; a portion of the room is also used for the construction of the engineers' houses; here, as before, we find the usual quantum of power-tools, such as saws, planes, boring, morticing, and other machines for wood work.

The whole of the third story of this building, is occupied for the storage of patterns, which are arranged with the same precision and sys-



A DRILLING PRESS.

tem, that characterize all the operations of the firm. Immediately in the rear of the tank shop, and between the tender and boiler shops, in a separate building, is a stationary engine of



A SECTION OF THE WHEEL SHOP.

fifteen horse-power, which drives the tools in all the shops just mentioned.

The main BLACKSMITH'S SHOP, is situated on the north-east corner of Fairview and Seventeenth streets, and will be readily recognized in either of the outside views from the number of chimneys. It is 116 by 153 feet square, and the largest smithy we have yet visited. There are forty-eight smith-fires in this shop, at some of which six men are employed; and in that portion where the frames and other heavy work are forged, there are never less than four men to an anvil. There are also cranes to each of the above, and three large trip hammers. The power for the machine tools, and the blast for the forges and furnaces, is furnished from the main stationary engine in the machine shop adjoining. In the yard, is the apparatus for tiring wheels. For which, only the *Low Moor* iron is used here. There are two furnaces, one straight and the other circular. The straight bars are first heated in the former, and placed on the bending machine, which leaves them in the form of a half circle; two of these are welded together, and thus the tire receives its circular shape. When the tiring commences, the tires are heated in the round furnace, and at the proper time are removed to the forming machine, where, by a contrivance in which the lever, wedge and screw are most successfully combined, they receive their perfect circular shape in the process termed "forming." While hot, they are placed around the iron wheel. There being a quarter of an inch play, they are then plunged in a vat of cold water, and when cold the adhesion of the tire to the wheel is so perfect, that the wheel and tire has the appearance of one solid piece.

The STEAM HAMMER SHOP, on the southwest corner of Hamilton and Seventeenth streets, is 100 feet long by 80 wide. Here will be found two of Nasmyth's Patent Steam Hammers, one weighing 2,000 lbs., that can strike a blow equal to 2½ tons, and the other weighing 4,500, the heaviest blow of which is equal to 7½ tons. Notwithstanding the immense weight of the hammers of these enormous engines, they are so completely under the command of the engineer, and so perfectly can he regulate the

power of the stroke, that he can crack a dozen of hickory nuts in succession without crushing one of them, or increase the power of the blow to its greatest capacity, at pleasure. The engine of the large hammer is 65 horse-power—that of the smaller one, 25 horse-power. There are two heating furnaces that burn anthracite coal, with three doors each, the blast for which is furnished from a stationary engine in this shop of 15 horse-power. The steam that works the hammers is obtained from a large upright flue boiler, six feet in diameter, and twenty-six feet high; the flue being three feet in diameter, thus giving a water surface of eighteen inches. The iron made here is of the best and toughest description, and is at once forged into axles, frames, and the other heavy parts of locomotives—there being always an extensive demand for the former, when the firm have time to make more than required for their own use. The quality of the forgings is the result of experience; only the best raw material is used, and the weight of the hammers is not sufficient to crush the iron, and thus debar it of some most important qualities. There are also nine smiths' forges in this shop, at which scrap iron is piled. *Piling* iron is the welding together of all the small pieces, and with the aid of the steam hammers they are wrought into new bars.

The principal MACHINE OR FINISHING SHOP is the large three story row of buildings on the south-east corner of Morris and Seventeenth, extending 166 feet on the latter and 153 feet on the former streets, with an extension of 105 feet parallel to the first; the whole range being 45 feet deep. This is one of the most important departments of the whole works, for although the locomotive is put together in the erecting shop, all the principal machinery of the engine, after being formed in the foundry and blacksmith shops are perfected and finished

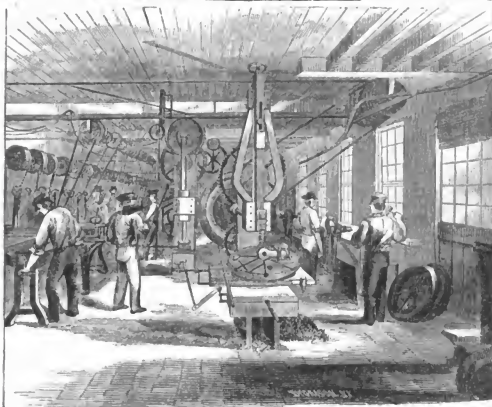
here. In the yard is the engine house, which contains a large stationary engine of 70 horse power, which furnishes the motive power for the machine shop (except the rear extension), the blast for the blacksmith shop and the foundry—to the latter by a subterranean passage under Seventeenth street. This is a superior engine, and, would space permit, we would like to describe its proportions, as on examination we found it worked with great ease and precision. It was made on the premises. The finishing is carried on in the several floors of this extensive range, throughout the whole of which large numbers of sturdy artisans will be found exercising their bodies and brains during the ten working hours of each day, from Monday morning to Saturday night; their operations involving the use of many distinct classes of working apparatus—of nearly all of which there are a large number of duplicates.

The fact cannot be disputed, that the Norris Works contain the largest and most valuable collection of machine tools in this, or perhaps any other country. Our artist is of much benefit to us in describing this portion of the works, as by his aid, we are enabled to give views of sections of the different apartments and many of the most valuable machines—among which machines we enumerated the following: On the first floor, four large wheel lathes; two of the largest class of planing machines, on which the engine frames, cylinders, bed-plates, steam-chest and like work is planed; one pair of cylinder boring machines, the working of which, by the way, needs a little explanation. This pro-



THE LARGE SLOTTING ENGINE.

cess, does not consist, as the name seems to imply, in boring a cavity through a solid piece of metal, but in giving a perfectly circular form and smooth surface to that which has already been formed by casting. The motion of a piston in a cylinder, to a smooth and air-tight, requires that the internal surface of the cylin-



SECTION OF THE PLANING ROOM.

der should be rigorously true; and as this exactitude cannot be produced by casting, it is attained by subsequent boring: the cylinders are placed horizontally, and the boring instruments consist of five cutters arranged in a circle, the intersections being filled with wood, which revolves within the inner surface of the cylinder, thus producing a perfection of finish. The planing machines are intended to produce the same effect upon a flat surface as a boring machine on a cylindrical surface—that is to make it perfectly level and smooth: slotting and shaping engines are modifications of the latter with different ways of working in the more intricate situations. But once more to our enumeration: Three boring mills for wheel boxes, etc.; three slide lathes for axles; an axle cutting machine for key-ways; large slotting machine for slotting pedestals of frames, etc.; six heavy drill presses, under which the frames, etc., are drilled; there are other tools we made no note of. On this floor all the heaviest portions of the engines are put in readiness for the erecting shop—even to the trucks that support the forward ends of the locomotives. The second floor contains seventeen hand lathes; fourteen slide lathes; four large chuck lathes; four drill presses; a large hoisting machine, capable of raising an engine finished, etc., etc. On this floor, the guides, connecting and coupling rods, valve gear in all its connections, rock-arms, valve rods, spanner-hooks, and many other smaller parts, are finished ready for the erecting shop. On the third floor there are thirteen large slide lathes; eighteen hand lathes; twelve screw cutting engines; six drill presses; three slotting engines; one perforator, used on the headings of the smoke stacks; one gear cutting engine, and other machines of less note. On this floor the pistons, pumps, eccentric hooks, the throttle levers, and a

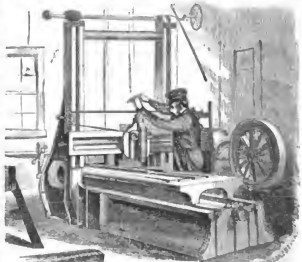
great portion of the smaller and lighter work, is finished complete. In the main finishing shop there are 1,948 feet of line shafting, putting in motion 541 pulleys; they in turn giving motion to the same number of counter-shafting and pulleys. We also counted over 200 vices attached to the benches. In the extension building the whole of the first floor is occupied as the wheel room, and contains one radial drill, a large slide lathe, and a compound planer with a revolving tool box, all of which were manufactured by the celebrated Whitworth; but we must confess the work done on them is no better than that done on most of the other apparatus, which was made by the Messrs. Norris on the premises. There are also here four large slide lathes; two of the largest class planing machines; one large wheel lathe; one wheel quartering machine; one wheel drawing machine, for drawing the wheel on the axles; one large chucking lathe, for facing and boring truck wheels, etc. The upper story of the extension is called the PLANING ROOM, and contains more machinery than we ever saw in the same space; we counted thirty-two planing machines; four drill presses; one shaping engine; one screw-cutting machine; one compound planer; and six slotting engines. One of the latter is of mammoth dimensions, and at the very moment the daguerrotype was taken for our sketch, the junior partner of the firm was busily engaged in giving the engineer some orders, and as the likeness could be readily recognized, we requested the artist to include it in his drawing, which, by-the-by, will

give some of his lady friends an opportunity of seeing him in his working clothes. Attached to the extension building is an engine house, which contains a stationary engine of twenty-five horse power, and which works the tools last enumerated. The basement story of the main finishing shop is the BRASS SPINNING SHOP in which there are four lathes; one of them spinning up diameters of six feet. The laths of jacks, cylinder heads, do. covers, cheek do., dome do.—in fact all the spun ornaments are made here; and in an adjoining apartment, the iron, brass and copper tubes for the boilers are made. These tubes are tested with a hydraulic pump of immense power; they are also hammered on all the joints while under the pressure of the water. Attached to the finishing shop is a forge shop where all the tools are sharpened: some of these are so large and heavy that a trip hammer is employed to great advantage—in fact, saving the service of two men. The two lower stories of the large building on the south-west corner of Seventeenth and Morris streets, are occupied for the ENGRAVING, PAINT, and GRINDSTONE SHOPS; but the great extent of our article, will not allow us to describe them

in detail. One large apartment is called the SKEET-MON SHOP, where the smoke-stacks, wheel-covers, engine-jackets, and all work of that kind is done.

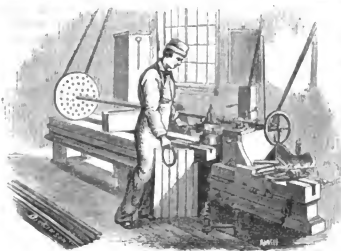
We will now visit the ERECTING SHOPS, which are situated on the northwest corner of Hamilton and Seventeenth streets. They cover a space of 179 feet by 130 feet, and consist of two buildings, each three stories in height, 179 by 50 feet in plan, and separated three-fourths of their length by an open passage-way 30 feet wide.

In each of these buildings are 12 tracks, run-



PLANING MACHINE WITH REVOLVING TOOL BOX.

ning across the width of the building, and upon which, in each building, as many locomotives may stand. In the building, which is devoted to putting together the various parts of the engines, there are water pipes, travelling hoisting apparatus, and smoke-jacks over each track, so



A SLIDE LATHE.

rod and valves—the steam pipes—the throttle valve—the dome—the safety valve—the feed and supply pipes—the wheels—the eccentric hooks—the connecting rods—the valves set—and the whole of the working part, being now about together, steam is raised, and after “giving her a good blowing out,” to get rid of dirt, etc., the cylinder heads are screwed on and the working of the new engine thoroughly tested. At these times

that an engine may be fired, raised, and fired up on any track in the building. Opposite each track, in each building, a large door opens into the open 30 feet space. A permanent track runs down the whole length of this space, or court, upon which is a stout truck, 30 feet wide (equal to the width of the court), and on which is a transverse truck of adjustable gauge. The truck may then be moved so as to stand opposite to any track of one building, after which an engine may be run out upon it, to be placed upon any track of the other building. If necessary, an engine can also be changed from one to another track of the same building. One of these buildings is devoted wholly to putting together the heavier parts of the engines, setting the tubes, “firing up,” and testing the engines, etc., while the other is occupied for painting and trimming the engines, and for boxing their machinery for transportation. In the completing room is also a heavy track-scale, upon which any engine may be weighed, with or without steam, and entire, or on each pair of wheels. These are the only works to our knowledge, having scales for weighing locomotives. With the number and variety of engines built here, and by constant weighings, the amount and distribution of weight, in any plan of engine, can always be foretold with great accuracy. This saves many disappointments and embarrassments, otherwise likely of occurrence in delivering engines having more or less weight, or a different distribution than that stipulated in the contracts.

The whole of the different portions, whose construction we have described, is finally brought to the erection shop; for up to this time the locomotive is not “one and undivided;” it is a thing of many parts, each of which require most accurate shaping, smoothing and adjusting before it is brought into connection with the rest. The reception of the materials and the “setting up” proceeds in about the following order here:—First, the boiler is placed and accurately leveled—the frame is set and fastened—the braces are set and fastened—the check and whistle stands are riveted fast—the cylinder—then the rock arms and pedestals—the boiler flues put in—the driving boxes are put up, and laid out for boring—the center pin set—the driver and the guides are set—pumps put up—next, the reversing shafts—the footplate put on and fastened—the valve

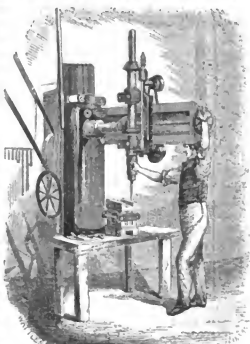
the senior proprietor is always present. On the occasion of our visit we witnessed the trial of a first-class engine then building for a western railroad. Among the other superior qualities of this locomotive, there was one that greatly exceeded anything of the kind we had before seen or heard of. While under full headway forward, the motion of the engines was suddenly reversed, and in five seconds from the time the lever was applied, the driving wheels were revolving backward at their utmost speed. On stating this fact to a well-known practical engineer, a few days since, he seemed to rather doubt its truth. At the same time he remarked, that “no boiler could stand the shock.” We assured him that if such was his opinion, the boilers built by the Messrs. Norris must be superior to all others, as we had positively witnessed the above experiments, not only once, but, at least, a dozen times in the course of half an hour, and we should not have made a particular item in regard to it, had not the fact been denied by such eminent authority as the party alluded to. After the trial, the engine is run across into the opposite shop, where the remainder of the “setting-up,” painting, adorning, etc., is rapidly proceeded with, and in a few days she is ready for shipping; which latter is readily accomplished here, as immediately over the entrance, between the two shops, is a hoisting apparatus, by the aid of which six men are enabled to raise and load a locomotive of the largest class. The close vicinity of the Reading railroad, the track of which runs within a hundred yards of this shop, affords a ready means of transit to the most distant points.

[On the corner of Nineteenth and Willow streets, the company have a building and lots—the whole premises being 125 by 114 feet—which borders on this road. It is used for the shipment of locomotives, storage of iron, coal, and other raw material.]

About fourteen men can at the same time be profitably employed in the “setting up” of a locomotive, which process generally requires about fifteen days. At these works, it is often accomplished in a much shorter period. On one occasion, an engine was tried the fifth day after the reception of the boiler, and early on the fifth day after trial, it was on route for its

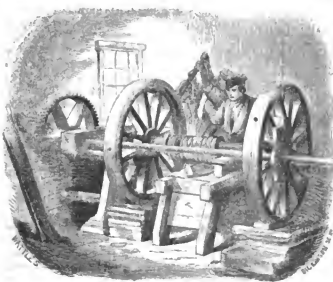
destination. The upper floors of these last buildings are now being fitted and arranged for an addition to the machine or finishing shops, the power for which is located in an adjoining building on Fairview street, 200 by 254 feet square, and now occupied by a new and elegant stationary engine of one hundred horse power. This engine has five large cylindrical boilers, 33 inches in diameter and 42 feet long, with all the modern improvements. It has already been tested, and found in capital working order. As will be observed on the outside views, the bell that calls this community to and from labor, is on the top of one building of the erecting shop. Throughout the whole works, the Schuylkill water is diffused for all necessary purposes, and in all the principal apartments there are hydrants with three-inch butts and several lengths of hose to match. In the principal machine-shop, there is also a fire-engine; these general precautions, with a good and efficient night and day watch, render little risk of catastrophe from fire. As the full time of ten hours is made, winter and summer, the whole year round, most of the shops are fitted with pipes and other apparatus for burning gas. In all the shops the utmost attention has been paid to each and every department; nothing has been spared; and without hesitation, we pronounce it not only much the largest, but the most complete in its arrangements and detail of any manufacturing establishment we have yet visited, and no doubt the most perfect locomotive-building works extant.

The amount of hands at present employed number between six and seven hundred, although two years ago—that is, in 1853—during which the Messrs. Norris made one hun-



RADIAL DRILL PRESS.

dred locomotives, there were eleven hundred men. This amount may appear small when the number of engines finished is taken into account; but the great amount of machine tools must not be forgotten, and the problem will be readily solved. One of the rules is, that at least one-fourth of the employed are appren-



WHEEL DRAWING MACHINE.

ties, which system has been found of decided advantage on all sides—so much to the community, that there are always more applications for the berths than the proprietors can receive. The apprentices have every opportunity, not only for mechanical, but mental culture. Of course there is no need of instructing them in the first branches of a general education. Our glorious common school system has obviated this necessity, and we lose the opportunity that our English brethren of the press have of eulogizing Mr. A or Mr. B, because he engages a master to give his apprentices, each evening, an hour's instruction in the lower branches of education. In the Norris Works, the apprentices are regularly instructed in each and every branch of the department they undertake to learn; they are also taught drawing and civil engineering, and are encouraged in advancing themselves by stimulating rewards. Nor has this system been fruitless: the heads of some of the principal shops, and many of the best workmen, came to the establishment in their boyhood days, and commenced operations by learning to hold the file straight; and, as one remarked to us, "they are to the manor born." We also understood that over thirty of the apprentices of the Norris Works are in the engineering department of the United States Navy. Taken as a whole, the operatives are a superior class of the community, and, as a body, the citizens of Philadelphia are justly proud of them. To prove this assertion, we regret we have mislaid a small article from one of the Philadelphia journals, which spoke of the appearance, etc., of the operatives of the Norris Works, at the funeral of their former worthy employer, the late Octavius A. Norris, Esq. On that day, they turned out, eleven hundred strong, and, says our cotemporary, "a finer or more noble-looking body of men we never saw." Although, a member of the Ancient Order of Free and Accepted Masons, who wished to inter the remains of the deceased according to their solemn rights and customs: still, they were forced to comply with the dying request of their brother, and resign them to his professional co-laborers. As requested by the deceased, his palls were borne by the foremen of the several shops, and next to the immediate relatives, the most sincere mourners were those

eight hundred engines built here, all, with very few exceptions, were outside connected. The outside connection was first successfully adopted at these works, and was, for many years, the leading feature of the Norris engines. Most of the other builders, until 1840, used either the "full," or "half-crank" connection; upon neither of which plans could the same capacity of engine, or the same compactness and simplicity of construction, be obtained, as with the outside connection. The valuable principle of the distribution of the weight of the engine was recognized at a very early day at these works. The Norris Works were among the very first builders of engines with coupled drivers, and constructed the first ten-wheeled engines ever built. They were also among the very first to apply the separate cut-off valve, to which application they have consistently adhered to the present time. The construction of the engines now building at these works, may be briefly described as follows:—Outside connected—passenger engines having four drivers and a truck; level cylinders.

The boiler, for the largest class of engines, is of the largest possible diameter to be admitted between the wheels of narrow-gauge engines. It contains, usually, for the 16-inch cylinder engines, 160 two-inch copper tubes, 11 feet long. The furnace is made of the greatest possible width, by the use of the thin edge-frame, and by placing the single driving spring on each side of the engine, on the outer crown of the fire-box. A greater width of furnace is thereby attained than by any other builders, the dimension of width being considered to be much more influential than those of length or depth in the production of steam.

The tubes, usually of copper, have copper

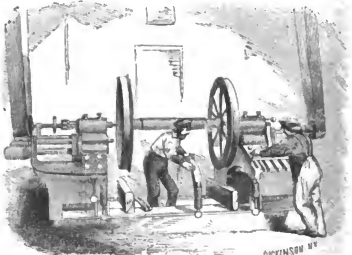
who were ever ready to obey his commands. In our perambulations through the various principal workshops and manufactories of our great and prosperous country, may we ever meet with the courteous treatment and intelligent answers that we in every case received from the operatives in the Norris Works.

We present the following resume of the latter part of our article; to which is combined the qualities claimed for the Norris locomotives. Of over

rings, brazed on the outsides, at each end. This gives a uniform opening on the inside of the tube, and also a better thickness for making the joint of the tube in the tube-sheet. It dispenses also with thimbles, thus leaving the draft unobstructed. The fastening of the cylinders is made upon the frame, and upon a stout cast-iron bed-plate, resting upon the frame, and forming the bottom and flat sides of the smoke-box. Without great weight, this gives a very permanent fastening, much more so than when the cylinders are merely fastened to the frame, and to the thin wrought-iron sides of a square smoke-box.

The frames, as well as the axles, equalizing levers, center-beams, and other heavy forged parts, are made at the works from tough scrap-iron. The frames have their pedestals and truss-braces welded in, as parts of one and the same piece. The truck frames are forged throughout as a single piece, the frame not only being forged square, but the pedestals and braces being forged solid thereto.

Many of the truck wheels used at these works, are of a peculiar pattern, not in use elsewhere, and which ensures equal and simultaneous contraction in cooling, immediately after being cast. The wheel is solid and of the spoke form, the spokes being connected with the hub in such manner as to leave oval openings near the outside of the hub, and in the line of each spoke. These openings are bored out of the casting, the cores being of iron, coated with clay, by which the heat is absorbed from the hub as fast as cooling goes on in the

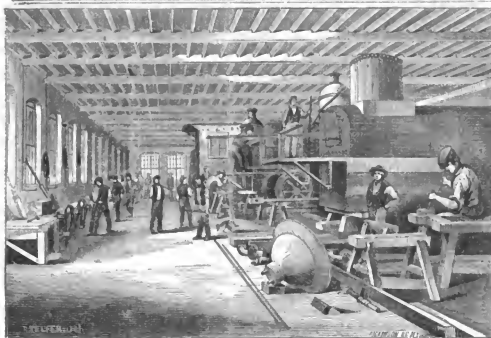


WHEEL QUARTERING MACHINE.

rim. The coating of clay around the cores prevents actual chilling of the iron.

The running machinery of the engines is very simple and strong. The rock arms, lifting arms, and all other parts of the valve motion, are of wrought-iron, forged very stout. The tires of the driving-wheels are exclusively of *Low Moor* iron, bent and welded at these works. The tires are so accurately bent to the circular form, as to fit the wheels closely at every point without boring, thus avoiding the expense of boring, and the loss of iron thereby.

There are several leading principles observed in the administration of these works, which appear calculated to insure their highest efficiency, and the best quality in their productions. One is the manufacture, upon the spot,



SECTION OF THE ERECTING SHOP.

not only of the engines, but as far as possible, of the materials also of which they are composed. All the forged work, tires, wheels, springs, brass and iron castings, chilled wheels, and other parts, often purchased outside of other works, are here made in the best manner, and with the aid of every fixture to be found in the establishments supplying separately each of these items. Another is the greatest possible substitution of machinery for manual labor. In these works, a smaller proportion of the men are engaged in hand-work than in any other similar establishment in the country. This circumstance is due to the fact that the tools are adapted, in a special manner, to the execution of each portion of the work, and that each class of tools is specially appropriated to distinct portions of the work. Another is the entire independence of the different departments of the works from each other. Hardly any two distinct branches of labor are carried on together in the same apartment; and, at the same time, there is the utmost facility for all necessary communication between the separate departments. In the materials used for the engines, wrought-iron is used wherever practicable, and to the exclusion of cast-iron. Hammered charcoal-iron is used for the boilers; thick braziers' copper is used exclusively for the tubes, and tough scrap is used for all important forgings.

The amount of materials consumed at these works is considerable. As some of the principal items—1,100 tons of boiler and tank iron, 1,000 tons bar iron, 1,700 tons pig iron, and 200 tons of copper and brass, is consumed in a single year. At the present time the aggregate weekly amount of wages is \$5,600; sometimes this amount is greatly increased. The time of the operatives is taken by the watchmen, four times each day. The working week of six days ends on Thursday evening. To which time the hands are paid the following (Friday) afternoon. They are paid during working hours, not in their own time.

In regard to the quality of the products of

the Norris Works, there certainly can be but one candid opinion. In every particular, they are not only fully equal to those of any other locomotive builders, but, in some important points—not the least valuable of which is their simplicity of construction, great power, and durability—the Norris locomotives still maintain their original reputation of being the most perfect and effective extant. The causes of this superiority have been fully explained in this article. It is the intention of the proprietors to use their undivided exertions to still maintain their time-honored reputation, "EXCELSIOR."

The present capacity of the whole works, when fully manned, would enable the delivery of a finished locomotive every second working day in the year. Now that the general commercial depression is past, prosperity and bountiful crops are visible on every side, and as the proprietors of these works have full confidence in the rapid advance of our flourishing country, arrangements have been already made to still further increase the producing power of the establishment.

The sole proprietors of these extensive works are Messrs. Richard Norris, and his son H. Latimer Norris. The senior proprietor is superintendent-in-chief, and unless detained by illness, or absence from the city—which is seldom the case, can almost always be found at the establishment during working hours. It would no doubt be impossible to meet a person more eminently qualified than he is to fill the important and responsible position he holds. To his superior capacities is added the peculiar gentlemanly manners and winning ways so pleasing to all who come in contact with him. Even the poorest laborer employed in the works, can readily approach his principal; and the courtesy received is of the same quality as that given to a railroad president who comes to order a dozen locomotives. Still, if occasion requires, and their duties are neglected, or not properly performed, let the party be master workman or the commonest laborer, he is sure to hear from head-

quarters in a manner that will make a lasting impression. His kindness in cases of sickness, etc., is proverbial, and during the whole of last winter, when all manufacturing (and more especially of this class) suffered so much from the general depression of the times—purely on account of his employees, he continued operations at the works almost as usual; the hands being engaged in making tools for the extended premises, or on a few unordered locomotives that were readily disposed of in the spring. At least one evening a week he calls a "cabinet meeting" of the heads of all the different shops or departments, during which a general business discussion is held on matters as they then stand, and how each can best work to facilitate his own and the general operations of the establishment. In fact, the whole system of these works are most comprehensive and effective; for no matter how insignificant the branch, the operatives employed in it are sure to have their work, at least once in each day, come under the

immediate supervision of the principal. In the general superintendence of this mammoth concern, the efforts of the senior are ably seconded by his son and partner, and also by his brothers, Septimus and James A. Norris, Esqrs. The former is mostly engaged in the financial department. Mr. S. Norris, who is a thoroughly educated, scientific, practical, civil engineer, has sole charge of the construction department. The reputation of this latter gentleman, both in this country and in Europe, places him in the front rank of his profession; of which fact we have abundant evidence in the superiority of his efforts.

We neglected to mention that the business department of this great establishment is in one of the large three story buildings in Seventeenth, between Fairview and Morris streets, next to and adjoining the construction, engraving and other shops in that row. The lower floor is used for the offices of the porters, watchmen, and the storerooms of the smaller materials used in the manufactory. Up stairs, are the counting and consulting rooms, private office of the proprietors, etc. Here, as in all the departments, everything is arranged in the most business-like and thorough manner.—Those who wish to visit these truly extensive works—which are one of the great lions of the city—can be taken within a block of them by the Fairmount omnibuses, which pass all the principal hotels on Chestnut street.

We cannot close this extended sketch without returning our acknowledgments to the proprietors and their master workmen generally (among the latter, more especially Messrs. Harberger and Sheppard, foremen, respectively, of the machine and erecting shops), for the many courtesies, and the vast amount of practical information we received during our brief, but truly pleasant and instructive visit to the Norris Locomotive Works.*

* We would also return thanks to E. Colburn, Esq., Editor and Publisher of the "Railroad Advocate," for valuable data in reference to this subject.

no answer. It falls back in its turn upon historical experience, and even from that source gathers only presumptive evidence.

We have seen that, from a consideration of the extreme cases of long life to be found upon record, Haller had concluded that the extraordinary limit of life approached to two centuries; Buffon reached the same conclusion by a different progress. "The ordinary life of a horse is twenty-five years; but there is a case on record of a horse of the Bishop of Metz which lived fifty years, or double the ordinary length of a horse's life. The same should happen in other species, and therefore in the human species," says Buffon. Man, he concludes, may live to double the ordinary length of human life.

In aid of this analogical argument of Buffon, M. Flourens brings further facts. The camel, which has an ordinary life of forty or fifty years, has lived to a hundred. The lion, which lives commonly to twenty, may live to forty, and even to sixty. Dogs have lived twenty, twenty-three and twenty-four years, and cats eighteen to twenty. From all these cases cited he concludes—in regard to unamiferous animals, to which our accurate knowledge is at present confined—"that it is a fact, a law—in other words the general experience in regard to that class—that their extraordinary life may be prolonged to double the length of their ordinary life; that is to say, the extreme possible limit of human life is measured by ten times the period of growth.

"A first century," he adds, "of ordinary life, and almost a second—a half century at least—of extraordinary life." Such is the perspective which science opens to man. It is true that science offers this great *fund of life* to us, more in the possible than the actual—*plus in posse quam in actu*, to speak after the manner of the ancients; but were it offered to us in the actual, would the complaints of men cease? "Begin by telling me," said Micromégus, "how many senses the men of your globe have?"—"We have seventy-two," answers the Inhabitant of Saturn; "and we complain every day of the smallness of the number." "....." "I don't doubt it," said Micromégus, "for on our globe we have nearly a thousand, and we are still tormented with vague desires."

SECOND: But an old age thus protracted—a life continued to the full period of one century only—are they worth struggling for, are they worth living for, are they worth having when they come? Solomon speaks of them as "evil days," as years in which a man shall say, "I have no pleasure in them." And he describes the infirmities of the period, as the "day in which the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men bow themselves, and the grinders cease, because they are few, and those that look out of the windows shall be darkened, and the doors shall be shut in the streets. . . . and all the daughters of music shall be brought low. . . . and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail."

The frailties of extreme old age are truly pictured in the figurative language of Solomon. Physical strength declines as old age advances; this fact is unquestionable. But for this decline of strength, does old age bring with it no compensation? "The physical losses," says Cor-

naro, "that is certain." "The moral gains," says Cicero. "More than the physical losses," says Buffon. "A noble compensation," says Flourens. "It makes one wish to become old," says Montaigne. "And then how advantageous to live long," adds Cornaro; "for if one is a cardinal, he may become pope as he grows older; if he occupy a distinguished place in a republic, he may become its chief; if he be a learned man, or excel in any art, he may excel in it still more."

We might quote the praises which Cornaro lavishes on old age. But seeing him bear so joyously his many years, we almost identify him at ninety-five with old age in person, and feel as if he were only sounding the praises of the ancient Cornaro himself.

Cicero, on the other hand, wrote of old age when he was still too young. His praises read sweetly, and contain much truth; but it is the composition we admire, as much as the sentiment it embodies. We reflect that Cicero, in talking of old age, was still far from the period when he might speak of it from experience. He was only composing a theme which he had set himself as a task.

But at seventy years of age, Buffon, who regarded himself as still young, wrote—not of set purpose, but incidentally, and among his other writings—concerning old age. We listen as to the true and genuine homage of one who stands on the confines of both periods, and feels himself entitled to speak freely of each—when, in contrasting his own state with that of younger men around him, he says—"Every day that I rise in good health, have I not the enjoyment of this day as immediately and fully as you have? If I conform my movements, my appetites, my desires, to the impulses of a wise nature alone, am I not as wise and more happy than you? And the view of the past, which awakens the regrets of old fools, offers to me, on the contrary, the enjoyments of memory, agreeable pictures, precious images, which are worth more than your objects of pleasure; for they are pleasant, these images, they are pure, they call up only amiable recollections. The inquietudes, the chagrins, all the troop of madneness which accompany your youthful enjoyments, disappear in the picture which represents them to me. Regrets ought to disappear in like manner; they are only the last flashes of that foolish vanity which never grows old.

"Let us not forget another advantage, or at least a powerful compensation, which contributes to the happiness of old age. This is, that the moral gains more than the physical losses. In fact, the moral gains everything; and if something is lost by the physical, the compensation is complete. Some one asked the philosopher Fontenelle, when ninety-five years of age, which twenty years of his life he regretted the most? 'I regret little,' he replied; 'and yet the happiest years of my life were those between the fifty-fifth and the seventy-fifth.' He made this confession in good faith, and his experience arose out of these sensible and consoling truths. At fifty-five years, a man's fortune is established, his reputation made, consideration is obtained, the state of life fixed, pretensions given up or satisfied, projects overthrown or established, the passions for the most part calmed or cooled, the career nearly com-

pleted, as regards the labors which every man owes to society; there are fewer enemies, or rather fewer envious persons who are capable of injuring us, because the counterpoise of merit is acknowledged by the public voice."

"The spirit increases in perfection," says Cornaro, "as the body grows older." It becomes fitted for new duties and exercises of mind; for the development of the human faculties is not simultaneous, it is successive. Those which rule at one period, become subordinate at another. "In youth," says Flourens, "the attention is quick, lively, always on the alert, fixes itself on everything, but reflection is wanting. In manhood, attention and reflection are united, and this constitutes the strength of manhood. In old age, attention lessens, but reflection increases; it is the period in which the human heart bends back on itself, and knows itself best."

"The old man," says M. Revellé Parise, "smiles sometimes; he very rarely laughs. Goodness, that grace of old age, is often found under a grave and severe exterior, for the first comes from the heart, and the second from the physical being, which has become weak. Patience is the privilege of old age. A great advantage of a man who has lived long is, that he knows how to wait. In the old man, everything is submitted to reflection."

Thus old age has its pleasures, it appears, and its compensations. It is by no means the unenjoyable period we are apt to fancy it. For its calm and reasonable pleasures, wise men praise it above the other periods of life. It is surely worth living for, therefore. It is even worth sacrificing the pleasures of youthful excess, if by so doing we can hope to reach and live through it. But if it begin only at seventy—the natural termination of manhood, according to M. Flourens—how few ever do reach it! and of these, again, how few have left themselves in a condition to taste its peculiar enjoyments and compensations!

THIRD: But if old age be an enjoyable period of life—if it be really worth living to, and living for, it is worth caring for, when reached. It is to be reached, as we have seen, by living a sober life; it is to be reached in good health, by a reasonable obedience to the rules of Lescaus. But when this green and worthy old age is attained, how is it to be nursed and specially upheld?

With a view to this special end, M. Revellé Parise has laid down four simple rules.

THE FIRST is to know how to be old. There is very much in this rule. "Few people know how to be old," was one of the sayings of Rochefoucauld; and the philosophy of this knowledge is expressed by Voltaire in the couplet—

"Qui n'a pas l'esprit de son âge—
De son âge a tous les malheurs."

THE SECOND rule is to know oneself well. Both of these precepts are more philosophical than medical, and yet both lie at the basis of a successful medical management, at the period when age and ill health are so likely to conjoin.

THE THIRD rule is to make a suitable adjustment of the daily life. Good physical habits produce health, as good moral habits produce happiness. Old men who do every day the same thing, with the same moderation and the same

relish, live forever! "One can scarcely believe," says Reville Paris, "how far a little health, well treated, will carry us." And "the rule of the sage," says Cicero, "is to make use of what one has, and to act in everything according to one's strength."

And the fourth rule is, to attack every malady at its beginning. In youth, there is a reserve of force—a dormant life, as it were, behind the visible active life. The first life being in danger, this second life comes to its aid—and thus youth rallies after much neglect or ill usage, and still lives on. But old age has no such reserve life. Every aliment of age, therefore, must be taken up quick and cut short, if the single, unsupported, easily enfeebled life is to be surely upheld.

By following these fundamental rules, and the practical precepts as to diet, exercise, temperature, etc., which M. Reville Paris deduces from them, can we prolong life? No; we cannot, by any art, *prolong* life, in the sense of making it pass the limit prescribed by the constitution of man. But we shall be able to live an entire and complete life—extending our days as far as the laws of our individual constitution, combined with the more general laws which regulate the constitution of the species, will admit of.

The subject, as we have sketched it, seems—indeed, really is—complete in itself. And yet speculative questions rise up in connection with it, some of which awaken doubts as to the main conclusion at which we have arrived. Grant that human life may naturally extend to a hundred years, or even to a century and a half, then we naturally say to ourselves,—were men really to live so long as this, and other animals in proportion, how thickly peopled the world would become! If births greatly exceed deaths now in civilized nations, living at a state of peace, how would it be were men to live usually to a hundred years, with health and vigor in proportion! This reflection did not escape the great Buffon—great in genius and in capacity of speculation, but limited, like the time in which he lived, and often erroneous, in his knowledge of facts. He met the objection it embodies, with a new and brilliant hypothesis.

"The total quantity of life on the Globe," he says, "is always the same. Death, which seems to destroy all, destroys nothing of that primitive life which is common to all the species of organized beings. . . . God, in creating the first individuals of each species of animal and vegetable, not only gave form to the dust of the earth, but rendered it living and animated by including in each individual a greater or smaller number of active principles, of living organic molecules, indestructible in their nature, and common to all organized beings. These molecules pass from body to body, and serve to maintain and continue the life, or to nourish and enlarge the body of every individual alike; and after the dissolution of the body, after its destruction, even its reduction to ashes, these organic molecules, upon which death has no power, still survive, pass into other beings, and bring to them nourishment and life. Every production, every renewal, every increase by generation, by nutrition, by development, supposes then a preceding destruction, a conversion of substance, a transport

of these organic molecules which never multiply, but which, always existing in equal number, keep nature always equally alive, the earth equally peopled, and always equally resplendent with the first glory of Ilum who created it."

Who, after reading this passage, will deny to Buffon the praise both of genius and eloquence? No wonder he has charmed and captivated so many generations of admiring readers, and persuaded them to receive his poetical imaginings as the dogmas of true science.

The entire doctrine of Buffon, that the quantity of life on the globe is fixed, is a pure speculation. His organic molecules are a second still more ethereal imagination, devised to explain the possibility of the first. Except as a curious hypothetical notion, wherewithal to while away an idle hour, we would dismiss the first not only from our books, but from our thoughts. It can scarcely, in any way, be connected with the positive knowledge of our time. The second speculation is only to be numbered with the vain fancies, antiquated, though fine, which abound so much in the purely poetical physical philosophy of past centuries.

And yet there is a charm in this poetical philosophy which makes us regret, while we dismiss it. We cannot help admiring the speculators of the golden time, as men of finely-gifted minds. And we envy them those happy hours of creative inspiration, when, by their midnight lamps, or beneath the shade of academic groves, they built up poetical worlds, and by imaginative methods constructed and regulated all their wheels.

It is, no doubt, owing to feelings of this kind that the great views of Buffon, the substance of his eloquence, possess still the power to charm and influence M. Florens. "I reject," he says, "the organic molecules of Buffon, as I do the monads of Leibnitz. They are only philosophic expedients for removing difficulties which they do not remove. I study life in neither of these, but in living beings themselves; and from this study I learn two things—first, that the number of species has been continually diminishing ever since animals have existed upon the globe; and, second, that the number of individuals in certain species has been, on the contrary, continually increasing. The result of these contrary actions is, that taking everything into account, the total quantity of life—by which I understand the total number of living beings—remains in effect, as Buffon has said, very nearly the same."

Tamed down into plain English, the eloquent imaginings of Buffon, as interpreted and understood by M. Florens, amount simply to this, that the number of individual living beings existing at one time on the face of the earth has always been very nearly the same. Out of a purely speculative assertion like this, what good can be extracted? Does it really throw any light upon paleontological history, or derive any confirmation from such chapters of this history as have yet been written? Does it enable us, in any degree, to understand better the Divine plan and procedure in the past, as it is recorded in the rocky strata—or in the present, as seen in the supposed progressive increase of the human race?

Nevertheless, M. Florens, in the book before

us, sets formally to work to prove his two propositions.

"That species are always lessening in numbers," he says, "is evident from the fact that several species are known to have become extinct in comparatively recent times. The dodo has become extinct since the Portuguese first visited the Isle of France, in 1545. The primitive types of nearly all our domestic animals—the ox, the horse, the camel, the dog—are all extinct. Immediately before the historic period the mammoth and the mastodon disappeared, leaving the elephant as the sole existing gigantic quadruped. Before these, again, the megatherium, the dinotherium, and how many others!"

"To take a special example. Not less than forty species of pachyderms are known to have lived on the soil of France, and of these the only one that now remains, is the wild boar; and of nearly a hundred species of ruminating animals, only the ox, the stag and the roebuck. Finally, M. Agassiz reckons not less than twenty-five thousand species of fossil fishes all lost, while we know only five or six thousand living fishes—and of extinct shells forty thousand are reckoned in a fossil state."

These facts are admitted, but the conclusion which M. Florens hastily draws from them, is not admissible.

Since life first appeared upon the earth, he says, species have always gone on diminishing. But of this assertion, the facts he has advanced are no proof whatever. It is an undisputed fact in paleontology, that species, and even genera, have from time to time disappeared from the surface of the globe. But it is equally undisputed that new species and genera have from time to time made their appearance—man himself, so far as we know, being among the last. New forms constantly succeeded the old. And who shall say that any one of those epochs in which life most abounded, the number of species or genera was really less than in another? Who can even, with a show of reason, say—taking all species of living things together—that there are fewer genera, or species, on the earth at this moment—in air, land and water—than at any former geologic era he could name? All that can be safely said is, that man, as the dominant species, is gradually subduing and extirpating some hundreds of other species in the present era, and that the individuals of his own species, and of a few useful domestic animals, are at the same time increasing somewhat in number.

But in this latter increase is there anything more than an imaginary compensation for the other forms of life that are lessened or extirpated? Is there in it any evidence of a system of compensation having been in existence in more ancient geological epochs? There is nothing of the sort. The imaginary law of Buffon is rendered in no degree more probable by the conjectural modifications of M. Florens. All we can admit at present is, that the quantity of life upon the globe at any one time, and the forms in which this life manifests itself, are dependent upon the will of the Deity. To what general laws He has subjected this total quantity and these forms, we cannot even guess.

Do these speculations as to the quantity of life upon the globe, interfere in any way with our reasonings and conclusions as to the natural and possible length of human life? Not in the least. As an abstract result of physiological inquiry, it has been rendered probable that from ninety to a hundred years is the natural length of an ordinary human life. As a special and individual positive result, affecting each of us to whom this information is given, it has been rendered further probable that, by leading a moderate and sober life, any of us may attain this length of life in comparative health and comfort. As to what would happen on the face of the globe, were all men that live so as none should fail to reach this great age—as to how the people would multiply, and what would become of them,—these are questions which do not concern us as individuals anxious to live long—which, were we all to begin incontinently so to live, could scarcely cause anxiety for generations to come, and which we may confidently leave to be answered by the ALL-DISPOSER.—*Blackwood.*

Editor's Table.

OUR PRESENT NUMBER AND SUPPLEMENT.

We point, with no little satisfaction, to the present number of our Magazine. Heretofore, it has been generally conceded that we have kept fully up to all the prolific promises of the prospectuses and other advertisements of our publishers; and we think the whole reading public will agree that this time we have fairly outdone all these, and that the UNITED STATES MAGAZINE, at least in artistic execution, is quite equal to any similar publication ever issued, at any price. The original engravings in this number cost over twelve hundred dollars, and on account of the unusual length of one or two of the articles, to give the usual amount of variety, it was determined to append a SUPPLEMENT of sixteen pages, thus entailing an extra expense of one thousand dollars more. We make this increased exertion, because we are daily receiving substantial evidences that our efforts are appreciated by a discerning public. Even since our last issue, the subscription list has gained thousands, and, ere many months, we feel confident of announcing the fact, that our circulation is the largest ever obtained by any periodical on this continent. Such is the natural result of producing the best article at the lowest price. We shall continue our efforts with renewed vigor, and trust that we shall always be able to give the fullest appreciation of our motto—"Onward."

REOPENINGS.—However true it may have been in Shakespeare's time that "all the world's a stage," its entrances and exits have greatly changed since. Shakspeare, junior, if we have one among us, may say now that all the world's a school, and the men and women merely scholars. At all events, all our courts, churches, theaters, oyster saloons, and "well to do" domestic households, as well as academies, colleges, and institutions generally, have to be let out now-a-days about the first of August for a vacation. For four long

weeks, we—town-confined editors and other citizens—must go unwhipped of parsons, pedagogues and justice. Not a joke is to be had at Burton's, not a reproof from Beecher, not a bivalve of Florence, while terms are so heated as to make such indulgence unwholesome. But bless the dog-star! he has had his day, and the vacations are over. The daily papers are now full of announcements of "reopenings"—reopening of the schools, theaters and churches—reopening of the courts—reopening of political campaigns—reopening of the treasury to the City Hall thieves—reopening of Briggs' question: "where was Matcell born?"—and the reopening of oysters. "The summer is ended, the harvest is past, and"—Well, the balance of the statement is too terrible for publicity—so we betake ourselves to ashes and an early repentance.

THE GREAT PHENICIAN INSCRIPTION.

In the April number of the UNITED STATES MAGAZINE, it was our good fortune to place before our numerous readers the first modern printed transcript of the Ancient Phœnician inscription disinterred near Sidon, in Syria, on the 19th of January last. In the July issue, we presented the partial translation which had been accomplished under the auspices and through the influences of members of the Oriental Society, at Yale College. Since that time, a perfected (and to be) literal translation has been made by the joint exertions of several distinguished scholars, most of whom have acquired reputations for their knowledge of Oriental literature and languages. This last translation has been published in pamphlet form, as an extract from the journal of the Oriental Society. Through the kindness of a friend who presented us with a copy, we are enabled to place it before our readers.

Among the many communications we have received on this subject, is one from the Rev. Isidor Kalisch, Rabbi at Cleveland, Ohio, who advances a learned dissertation on the Phœnician and Hebrew languages, and concludes with a translation of about one-half of the inscription, and a promise to forward the remainder in time for our next issue. This translation differs most materially from the one presented by the Oriental Society, and we may conclude to publish it when the whole has been received.

While on this subject, in justice to the enterprise of our publishers, we must correct a misstatement in the "Journal of the Oriental Society." The transcript of the Phœnician inscription, published in the April number of this Magazine, was not from the lithograph of the Albany Institute, but from the original manuscript of Dr. Van Dyck. Neither was it engraved on wood, as by that process it could not have been prepared in time for the issue. It was prepared and presented in the shortest space of time, regardless of expense, and as the UNITED STATES MAGAZINE was the first medium of publishing it to the modern world, the Oriental Society should not endeavor to rob it of its well-earned laurels. But read the last translation, as published in their "Journal."

TRANSLATION.

1. In the month Bul, in the year fourteen, the 13th anniversary of the king, King Ashmunnyer, king of the Sidonians
2. son of King Tabnit, king of the Sidonians,

spoke King Ashmunnyer, king of the Sidonians, saying:

3. I, son of the molten sea-god, have received a wound from the hand of Mithumbeni; I am dead, and am resting in my sepulcher and in my grave.
4. In the place which I built. My curse to every kingdom and to every man: Let him not open my resting-place, and
5. let not a son of liars seek that I destroy a son of liars, and let him not remove the sepulcher of my resting-place, and let him not take the fruit of my resting-place [or] the cover of the resting-place where I sleep. Yea, if men speak to thee, hearken not to thine enticer. Any kingdom or
7. any man who shall open the cover of my resting-place, or who shall remove the sepulcher of my resting-place, or who shall take the fruit of my
8. resting-place, let them not have a resting-place with the shades, and let him not be buried in a grave, and let them not have a child, and let it go ill
9. because of them, and let the holy gods terrify them, even the kingdom with the ruling prince; wholly cutting
10. them off even the kingdom or that man who shall open the cover of my resting-place, or who shall remove
11. my sepulcher. Neith shall know of that matter. Yea, a man that slayeth they shall have no dwelling in peace. Good is the judgment from on high! Behold in life, as I was resting beneath the sun, I, son of the molten sea-god, received a wound
13. from the hand of Mithumbeni; I, the king, am dead. I, Ashmunnyer, king of the Sidonians, son
14. of King Tabnit, king of the Sidonians, grandson of King Ashmunnyer, king of the Sidonians, and my mother Emashorth, priestess of Ashorth, our lady the queen, daughter of King Isanyer, king of the Sidonians, behold we built the temple
16. of the gods, the temple of justice, by the sea—and justice is the support of the stars! There shall they be worshipped; and we
17. who have built a temple for the peoples, behold our guilt shall be diminished thereby, and there shall my children worship. And we who have built temples
19. to the god of the Sidonians, in Sidon, the land of the sea, a temple to Baal-Sidon, and a temple to Ashorth the glory of Baal, to us Lord Milcom giveth a city
20. on the border of the land, to strengthen all the Sidonians for ever. My curse to every kingdom and to every man: Let him not open my cover,
21. and not remove my sepulcher, and let him not take the fruit of my resting-place, and not remove the sepulcher of my resting-place. As for them, those
22. holy gods shall humble them; and they shall cut off that kingdom and the man that slayeth, that it may be ill with them for ever.

MARSHAL ON THE CAMDEN AND AMBOY RAILROAD.—Since the lamentable catastrophe at Norwalk some two years ago, there has been no railroad slaughter, in magnitude, to be compared to the fearful one that occurred on the 29th August, on the Camden and Amboy railroad. It was our misfortune to have been a passenger on the train from New York.—The one to get out of whose way the doomed train was backing at a tremendous speed—when the unfortunate occurrence took place. We were on the spot almost immediately; and should we live to witness our centennial birthday, we deem it impossible for time or circumstance to

eradicate from our memory the heart-rending scenes and incidents that were there presented to our view. Although some three weeks have passed since that dreadful day, still the most minute occurrence is as vividly pictured in our mind, as if it had occurred this very morning. Oh! may the Great Giver of all good debar us of ever being compelled to witness a similar scene of agony and woe; for under the deep afflictions that were presented on every side, the sternest and stoutest of our sex quailed and softened, and their oppressed feelings could only find relief at nature's fount—a flood of tears.

As has been generally published, the immediate cause of this calamity was the cars being thrown off the track by running over a pair of horses while they (the cars) were being hauled at a fearful speed, to escape collision with the train coming in the opposite direction—the latter having the right of way—and the other, of course, being where they should not have been. But the recklessness of railroad managers and employees, and more especially those connected with the road in question, has become proverbial, and we fear that the only true remedy for this great existing evil, is to at once adopt the British system, and pass the most stringent laws, by which the perpetrators, who, by carelessness, recklessness, or incapacity, are the prime causes of these wholesale murders, shall be at once indicted for manslaughter, or, in extreme cases, for wilful murder. There is no excuse for the continual repetition of these human butcheries. That accidents will occasionally occur, must be admitted; but that ninety out of every hundred of these catastrophes, which are constantly occurring on railroads, are caused by the recklessness or incapacity of those who are intrusted with their management and direction, is a fact beyond cavil. How long this state of things will exist, depends solely on the body politic. If the whole people would pause for a moment, or a few days, and look to the safety of their lives with as much avidity as they, each other day, look to the accumulation of the Almighty Dollar, no doubt measures would be adopted which would effectually prevent a large majority of similar cases in future.

On the day of the occurrence of the sad affair above alluded to, we were much startled by the quick, shrill sound of the steam-whistle that signalled for the immediate and strong application of the brakes, and denotes danger ahead. Before the motion of the cars fairly ceased, we were out, and running ahead, as, from the platform, we had observed the overturned carriage and knew from this it was quite probable that something serious had happened. The first objects that attracted our attention were the mutilated horses: but casting our eyes forward, the immense wreck, with the fortunate survivors, or such as could extricate themselves, just crawling forth from the crumpled mass, were opened to our vision. Almost frantic with excitement, we rushed forward, and the first person we met, after passing the family of Dr. Heiniken (the persons who were in the carriage), was a tall, fine, gentlemanly-looking young man walking toward us, on the bank; he was bareheaded, and his apparel much soiled with sand and dust. "What has happened,

sir?" asked we. "Oh, don't ask me, sir; ask some of the rest," he replied. "Are you hurt, sir?" we again inquired. "I—I think not—not much. I shall feel better, presently." Thinking we would be of more service in the ruins below, we left him.

We afterward learned that the individual we had interrogated was the much lamented young Ingersoll, of Philadelphia. His case was a most remarkable one. After disengaging himself from the wreck, he ascended the bank, walked to the house on the roadside, and took a drink of water; then walked to the cars of the other train, and proceeded to Berdentsown, and, after telegraphing to his relatives, he proceeded to a friend's house, and soon after expired.

As we descended the bank, immediately before us was the crumpled, crushed, mass of wood, metal and human beings. In our first attempts to aid in rescuing the latter, our steps had to be taken with caution, without which one could scarcely move to the right or left without treading upon the mangled forms of the bleeding victims. Here, there, and everywhere, were weak women and children—aye, and stout-hearted men, too—mashed, bruised, cut, mangled, mutilated, in almost every conceivable form; and the large number who were not killed outright, required immediate assistance. *We never will forget the patient endurance that was exhibited on all sides. We had intended to particularize certain cases, where the bright side of human nature was most conspicuous; but we find this course impossible. Never was witnessed a more patient, pain-enduring, self-sacrificing company of martyrs, than the unfortunate victims of the Camden and Amboy murders. We will not dwell further on these harrowing details. The subject has been so thoroughly discussed and elaborated on by the public press generally, that even these purse-proud monopolists, who were the real cause of the destruction of twenty-eight valuable lives and the wounding of at least one hundred of our fellow citizens, will yet be made to feel the full effects of their cupidity.

OUR MECHANICAL AND MANUFACTURING ARTICLES.—Among all civilized nations, next to the agricultural, the mechanical and manufacturing interests are most important to the whole system of domestic economy. Notwithstanding the favorable geographical position of the Kingdom of Great Britain, except for the superiority of the productions of her mechanics and artisans, the great commercial supremacy, which she so long maintained would never have been achieved. The industrial and inventive talent of our country has been rapidly developed during the last thirty years; and, as has been aptly remarked, though yet in its early manhood, its strides have been of such gigantic dimensions as to far outstrip, in many instances, the similar efforts of any other nation on the planet we inhabit. The careful fostering of these interests should be the aim of each individual; and feeling the due weight of this pregnant fact, we some time ago commenced the series of illustrated papers which have since that time become one of the most attractive features of our magazine, and which, with its other qual-

ities, have already given it an ascendancy among the chief publications of the day. Although we felt confident there was much valuable and instructive information to embody in articles of this kind, we must confess we were not prepared for the universal commendation with which they have been received, and the avidity with which they are perused by all whose scope they come within. These demonstrations have been most grateful to our feelings, and have determined us to extend the series until most of the different processes of manufacture of the present age are described and illustrated.

In order to present these papers in the most advantageous and instructive form, we shall, as heretofore, from time to time visit the most celebrated and stupendous establishments in the United States, always taking those in their respective lines having the best reputations for the quality of their products, as the subject of our thesis. By this means and the aid of valuable historical data that has been months in the course of compilation, we shall undoubtedly be enabled to complete our series in a manner that will add an extensive page in the history of the country and the times.

ALL EXPOSED THRASHER.—While Rachel is among us enjoying an unexampled dramatic triumph, half a dozen live Yankees are in Paris astonishing princes, potentates and people in a very different field of contest. "All the world," as the Parisians say, went some thirty miles out of Paris, the other day, to witness a trial of mowing, reaping and thrashing machines. The Paris correspondent of the "Tribune" gives a circumstantial and interesting account of the strife, of which the following is the result:—

The thrashers were tried before the mowers and reapers. Six men were set to thrashing with flails at the same moment that the different machines commenced operations, and the following were the results of half an hour's work:—

Six thrashers with flails.....	60 litres of wheat.
Pitt's American Thresher.....	140 " "
Clayton's English Thresher.....	410 " "
Donoré's French Thresher.....	250 " "
Finet's Belgian Thresher.....	190 " "

In regard to Pitt's machine, the "Moniteur" says:—

"Pitt's machine has therefore gained the honors of the day. This machine literally devours the sheaves of wheat; the eye cannot follow the work which is effected between the entrance of the sheaves and the end of the operation. It is one of the greatest results which it is possible to obtain. The impression which this spectacle produced upon the Arab chiefs was profound."

The "Moniteur" might have added that the effect was no less wonderful to the Prince Napoleon, who returned twice to the machine, and declared that it was "wonderful to look at!" as it must have been to all those who never before saw a genuine, fast American thrasher.

The machine of Donoré is used almost exclusively in France, but already the demand for the Buffalo machine is so great, that without doubt it will supersede all others.

The most refined and elegant people in the world, it seems, stand deaf with equanimity, when it comes in the field of unmitigated hard-fisted labor; but when we invade the realms of the fine arts and drawing-room life with our appliances and improvements, it is quite another affair, and their blood is up directly. The "Tribune" correspondent goes on to say that—

A decision which has just been made in favor of one of the two American pianos in the Exhibition will, no doubt, astonish the French people more than the performances of the machines of which we have just been speaking. The French people, with their limited knowledge of the half-civilized people of America, pretend to comprehend how it is possible for them to excel in the invention of such labor-saving machines as a sparse population and a scarcity of hands compel them to invent; but that America should send over here a piano which could take a premium over the three hundred fine French pianos in the Exhibition, is a problem which they cannot understand. They imagined that they furnished the United States with nearly all the pianos they required, and that in consequence it was an industry not yet developed there, and that the people were not capable of excellence in that branch. No award of the jury, therefore, will be received with more surprise than this. I take this occasion to repeat what I have stated on a former occasion, that at the end, when the jury come to make their awards, the United States will, as at London, come off with honors of which they may well be proud.

Our European brethren may as well face the music. It has been evident all along that sooner or later they must, and here they are all up standing before the fact that we are not only great on a base-wood whistle or a pumpkin-vine fife, but that a piano is no less our forte. Our huge elephantine genius is equilibrated with both immense tractive and the most delicate tactile powers. It is equal to uprooting the tallest oaks, and the picking up of the little acorns from which they grow. The dawning conviction of this fact upon all minds across the water, and the wide, staring, astonished eyes consequent thereon, are sufficiently amusing and highly gratifying.

WHAT THE LONDON TIMES HAS DONE.—It was the "Times," as the leading organ of the press, which hurried the feeble and wavering Government into the Crimean expedition, without sufficient knowledge of the war, and with inadequate preparation for its capture. It was the "Times" which previously had bullied the Ministry, anxious to gain public favor, into the appointment of Lord Hardinge as successor to the Duke of Wellington, instead of Lord Raglan, who was far better qualified for the business duties of commander-in-chief at home, and thus led to his being sent to the East at a time of life when he was unequal to active and energetic service. It was the "Times" which, through its being under the influence of certain great capitalists involved in financial affairs at Vienna, deluded this country with the treacherous alliance of Austria. The "Times" has, throughout the war, irritated the Americans, maligned the Italians, discouraged the Poles, and done all in its power to alienate the Hungarians, the noblest people of Europe, with a warlike population twice that of England in the great war of Chatham. To claim merit now for saving the remains of the army before Sevastopol, is what might be done by those who first scuttled a ship, and then boasted how many lives they saved from the wreck.—*Ledary Gazette.*

Powerful paper, that "Times." It "bullied the Ministry," did it? Well, things do work curiously in this world. The Ministry bullied the "Times" in hundreds of instances when it was a baby; and now it is the Government that whimpers, and coaxes, and gets bullied. Wonder if Queen Vic. and the Ministry hadn't better abdicate in favor of the "Times," and drop all pretense at sovereignty and rule. But the "Times" ought to be ashamed of irritating the Americans—that's naughty. We'll

sympathize with the Russians, Mr. "Times," if you don't stop "plaguein on us."

PLAIN TALK.—The St. Louis "Intelligencer," in a popular article on Kansas affairs, has the following remarkable passage, which looks as if some soldiers, in the shock of battle, were getting sorry that they enlisted:—

Between these fires, Missouri is leading on her languid existence. St. Louis is retarded in a most woful way. Our railroads creep at snail's pace. We build ten miles while other Western States build one hundred. In every department of life we feel the paralysis. Instead of bounding forward, buoyant, strong and rejoicing, we sit with dull eyes and heavy spirit, and listen to the tick of a death-watch.

"These are the bitter fruits of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise—a wicked and wrongful deed—that will yet bring a hell of bitter self-reproaches to its authors. Missouri did not demand that repeal. The South never asked it. Atchison solicited it, and in a moment of political insanity, the South consented to the wrong, and made the wrong her own. This was the suicide of slavery."

"Every step since taken has deepened the wrong and enhanced the danger."

RACHEL.—We are old play-goers. There are few artists, lyric or otherwise, of any note, that we have not seen. On leaving the theater or the opera after having witnessed the performances of so-called great artists, our illusions had completely vanished, and nothing remained but disappointment. Those repeated disappointments bred within us a distrust in all histrionic celebrities. The name of RACHEL had long been familiar to us; her praises had been hymned by the united voices of the European press, yet our former experience had rendered us distrustful and fully prepared to be disappointed—we went to see the Great Tragicienne.

What a surprise! No sooner had Rachel come upon the stage, in the classic costume of *Camille*, than we felt that we were in the presence of Genius. Without speaking a single word she had electrified the house—every being in it; those who did not understand French as well as those who did, waited in dead silence and with parted lips, the first sound of her voice. And when she had spoken, how that voice made your every fiber thrill! The majesty of her mien—the wonderful expressiveness of every feature—the manner in which she wore the costume, every fold of which hung as artistically as if molded by the hands of the great sculptors of antiquity—the perfection of every gesture, and the studied correctness of every intonation produced such a powerful and dazzling effect, that one left the theater in rapturous amazement at the genius whose fictitious sorrows could thus wake up the feelings of the human heart.

But it is useless to attempt to describe a talent which is as much above description as it is above criticism. Mademoiselle Rachel must be seen. The effect of her acting cannot be imagined; it must be felt. No comparison with any celebrity of the present day can give even an approximate idea of her astonishing histrionic powers. She stands among the glorious few, whose lips have been touched with the sacred fire of Genius and whose portion is immortality.

Mademoiselle Rachel's sisters are excellent actresses, and the other members of the troupe

are, generally, artists of merit. But unfortunately for them the towering talent of Rachel neutralizes their best efforts; for when she is on the stage, one has eyes and ears for her alone.

The performances of the Rachel company have been attended by an audience of the most superior kind. All that New-York contains of notabilities, in the Press, the Bar, in Literature, and in Art, may be found nightly at the Metropolitan Theater. We are happy to see that New York has properly understood and appreciated the genius of the greatest tragedienne of the age, and we are sure that her visits to the other cities of the Union will be a repetition of her success in New-York.

HARPER'S EXTERMINATED.—Progress does, on the whole, advance; justice, in its inexorable march, will tread down wrong; good is in eternal conflict with evil, and evil in the end must inevitably yield. We New Yorkers, and especially "the strangers within our gates," have lately seen an interesting example of this power of good over evil. A terrible wrong, which the patient and defenseless emigrant to our shores has for years endured, has just been broken up and abolished. The arrangement by which our Castle Garden is appropriated as a landing place for emigrants, where they are entertained hospitably, furnished with all information which it is important for them to know, and forwarded to their respective destinations by safe and expeditious routes, is working most admirably. We shall hear very little more of spurious tickets, boarding-house extortion and the brutality of runners. These monsters, who have for years lived by the licensed robbery of their victims, for a few evenings after its opening for the reception of emigrants, gathered around the Garden and let off their discontent in marches, speeches, blatant noise, cannon and music; but they attracted no sympathy beyond their own shameless circle and soon gave up the effort. They are now looking for other congenial employments, or betaking themselves to other ports, where they hope to renew their nefarious operations. A score or more of them sailed in a late steamer for California, and others have gone to European ports, where they hope to commence their impositions upon emigrants at the start; but in this they will undoubtedly be foiled, for, even if the authorities do not disturb them, the emigrants will have them at a disadvantage upon their own soil.

The liquor interest is another destructive business that dies hard; but the brains are already out and in the inflexible course of things it must go. Its adherents may fight, girdle shade trees, burn buildings, buy judges, editors, lawyers and legislators, call conventions, make speeches and pour out their money like liquor, yet its legion of opponents are driving them into closer and tighter corners, and it is finally fated that they must surrender. This nuisance, too, must be abated and there is no help for it.

MR. WILLIAM B. ASTOR has presented to the Trustees of the Astor Library a lot of land 85 feet front, and the same depth of the present lots adjoining the same, on which to erect a large addition to the present fine building. This is a very valuable donation.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.



We were in that mood in which a man generally finds himself after having partaken of an excellent dinner, when our young friend, Democritus, Jr. (who, by the bye, has lately adopted a "long-tailed blue," and seems to have serious intentions of raising a whisker) got upon his legs, according to the traditional custom of after-dinner speakers, to reply to some complimentary remarks we had let fall with regard to him. He seemed greatly moved; but whether it was by the good things in which he had plentifully indulged, or by our eulogy, we cannot positively say; however, we incline to the more charitable supposition. He spoke in his usual picturesque and characteristic style of the progress of the human race, of the grand intellectual struggle going on between the two hemispheres—served up the American Eagle with all kinds of sauce, complimented us in eloquent terms on the immense popularity of the *UNITED STATES MAGAZINE*, and expatiated on the glorious mission of instruction, amusement, and refinement which we (including himself) had undertaken. He would have gone on—heaven knows how long!—had he not been interrupted in the middle of a classical quotation, by a sonorous and long-continued snore from Philidias, our artist, who invariably takes his nap after dinner. Warned by this involuntary interruption, that he was, as orators say, trespassing on our valuable time, he hastily summed up, by informing us that he had had another visit from the Muses, the result of which was a poem, which he intended for the pages of the *MAGAZINE*.

Being in that state of friendship with all mankind which accompanies a healthy digestion, we pledged our word that Democritus' effusion should be published in our next number, and our somewhat friend, Philidias, after having been well shaken, like a bottle of medicine, undertook to illustrate it.

A few days after the above event, Democri-

tus entered our sanctum, and presented his MS., which turned out to be the following eccentric production, which we present to our readers—confident that, with their usual good judgment, they will do justice to Mr. Democritus. It is our opinion, however, that he is, like the generality of poets, a little queer in his upper story—perhaps, more so than the generality, and that is saying a great deal. But let him speak for himself.

THE AGE:
A PROGRESSIVE RHAPSODY.

BY DEMOCRITUS, JR.

I.

PRAY, lend me a hand, oh ye Muses nine!
While I run up a foolscap page
In praise of the wonders, both great and small,
Of this 'tarnal fast-going age.

II.

We're flyin' at such a confounded pace,
The moon will soon find we've passed her;
Old Earth must give up his diurnal twist,
Or twirl it a darn'd sight faster.

III.

And warn't we, chaps, just as fast as the times
And their rate of locomotion,
We might be knocked into all sorts of hats
By some thundering explosion.

IV.

But we know how to keep her on the track,
And at lightning speed we can snatch
The dollars and dimes that lie on the road,
Without even a finger scratch.

V.

The Telegraph was thought to be "some,"
But a couple of years ago;
Now, even old ladies, in these fast days,
Consider it awfully slow.

VI.

Our friend, Mrs. Partington, but t'other day.
The "wire pullers" sent to "Old Scratch,"
'Cos they wouldn't forward her brown parasol
In a telegraphic despatch.



VII.

When a railroad was fully completed
Folks kick'd up a mighty great time—
Mayors and Aldermen guzzled champagne,
And their feasts were sung in bad rhyme.

VIII.

On *terra firma*, to lay down the rails,
Is at present, but mere child's play
To drive an air-line right across the sea,
Is what suits the men of our day.



IX.

An ugly old chap, in the days gone by,
With his long, shuffy nose and cane,
Grim-visaged and thin stood by your bedside,
And only increased your pain.



when it returned, its possession a
 lava, which, according to re-
 port, is a very rare and valuable
 mineral. It is said to be the only
 one of its kind in the world, and
 is used for the manufacture of
 glass. It is also used for the
 manufacture of pottery, and for
 the construction of buildings.
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 2. Forum
 3. Temple of Mars
 4. Temple of Venus
 5. Temple of Juno
 6. Temple of Minerva
 7. Temple of Sol
 8. Temple of Luna
 9. Temple of Cybele
 10. Temple of Isis
 11. Temple of Osiris
 12. Temple of Serapis
 13. Temple of Belus
 14. Temple of Mithras
 15. Temple of Mitra
 16. Temple of Korymbos
 17. Temple of Sabazios
 18. Temple of Agathodaemon
 19. Temple of Eusebeia
 20. Temple of Tyche
 21. Temple of Fortune
 22. Temple of Luck
 23. Temple of Chance
 24. Temple of Fate
 25. Temple of Destiny
 26. Temple of Providence
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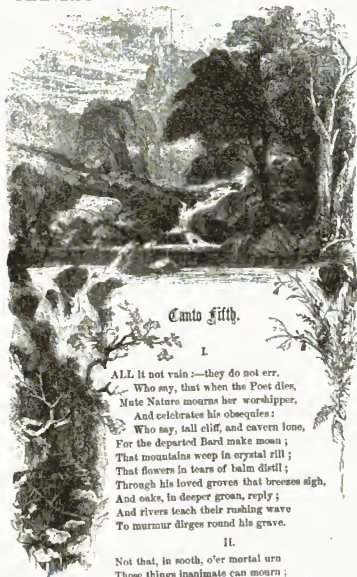
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United States Magazine.

VOL. II.].....NOVEMBER, 1855.....[No. 6.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.



Canto Fifth.

I.

ALL is not vain :—they do not err.
Who say, that when the Poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies :
Who say, tall cliff, and cavern lone,
For the departed Bard make moan ;
That mountains weep in crystal rill ;
That flowers in tears of balm distill ;
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
And oaks, in deeper groan, reply ;
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.

II.

Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn
These things inanimate can mourn ;

But that the stream, the wood, the gale,
Is vocal with the plaintive wail
Of those, who, else forgotten long,
Lived in the poet's faithful song,
And, with the poet's parting breath,
Whose memory feels a second death.
The Maid's pale shade, who waits her lot,
That love, true love, should be forgot,
From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear
Upon the gentle Minstrel's bier :
The Phantom Knight, his glory fled,
Mourns o'er the field he heap'd with dead ;
Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain,
And shrieks along the battle-plain ;
The Chief whose antique crownlet long
Still sparkled in the feudal song,
Now, from the mountain's misty throne,
Sees, in the thanedom once his own,
His ashes undistinguish'd lie,
His place, his power, his memory die ;
His groans the lonely caverns fill,
His tears of rage impel the rill :
All mourn the Minstrel's harp unstrung,
Their name unknown, their praise unsung.

III.

Scarcely the hot assault was staid,
The terms of truce were scarcely made,
When they could spy, from Branksome's towers
The advancing march of martial powers.
Thick clouds of dust afar appear'd,
And trampling steeds were faintly heard ;
Bright spears, above the columns dun,
Glanced momentary to the sun ;
And feudal banners fair display'd
The bands that moved to Branksome's aid.

IV.

Vails not to tell each hardy clan,
From the fair Middle Marches came ;
The Bloody Heart blazed in the van,
Announcing Douglas, dreaded name !
Vails not to tell what steeds did spurn,¹
Where the Seven Spears of Wedderburne,
Their men in battle-order set ;²
And Swinton laid the lance in rest,
That tamed of yore the sparkling crest
Of Clarence's Plantagenet ;³
Nor list I say what hundreds more,

From the rich Merse and Lammernore,
And Tweed's fair borders, to the war,
Beneath the crest of old Dunbar,
And Hepburn's mingled banners come,
Down the steep mountain glittering far,
And shouting still, "A Home! a Home!"

V.

Now squire and knight, from Branksome sent,
On many a courteous message went;
To every chief and lord they paid
Meet thanks for prompt and powerful aid;
And told them,—how a truce was made,
And how a day of fight was ta'en
Twixt Musgrave and stout Delorane;
And how the Lady pray'd them dear,
That all would stay the fight to see,
And deign, in love and courtesy,
To taste of Branksome cheer.

Nor, while they bade to feast each Scot,
Were England's noble Lords forgot.
Himself, the hoary Seneschal
Rode forth, in seemly terms to call
Those gallant foes to Branksome Hall.
Accepted Howard, than whom knight
Was never dubb'd, more bold in fight;
Nor, when from war and armour free,
More famed for stately courtesy:
But angry Daere rather chose
In his pavillion to repose.

VI.

Now, noble Dame, perchance you ask,
How these two hostile armies met?
Deeming it were no easy task

To keep the truce which here was set;
Where martial spirits, all on fire,
Breathed only blood and mortal ire.—
By mutual inroads, mutual blows,
By habit, and by nation, foes,

They met on Teviot's strand;
They met and sate them mingled down,
Without a threat, without a frown,

As brothers meet in foreign land:
The hands, the spear that lately grasp'd,
Still in the mailed gauntlet clasp'd.

Were interchanged in greeting dear;
Visors were raised, and faces shown,
And many a friend, to friend made known,
Partook of social cheer.

Some drove the jolly bowl about;
With dice and draughts some chased the day;
And some, with many a merry shout,
In riot, revelry, and rout,
Pursued the foot-ball play.

VII.

Yet, be it known, had bugles blown,
Or sign of war been seen,
Those bands, so fair together ranged,
Those hands so frankly interchanged,
Had dyed with gore the green:
The merry shout by Teviot-side
Had sunk in war-cries wild and wide,
And in the groan of death;
And whingers, now in friendship bare,
The social meal to part and share,
Had found a bloody sheath.
Twixt truce and war, such sudden change
Was not infrequent, nor held strange,
In the old Border-day.
But yet on Branksome's towers and town,
In peaceful merriment, sunk down
The sun's declining ray.



VIII.

The blithesome signs of wasel gay
Decay'd not with the dying day;
Soon through the latticed windows tall
Of lofty Branksome's lordly hall,
Divided square by shafts of stone,
Huge flakes of ruddy lustre shone;
Nor less the gilded rafters rang
With merry harp and beakers' clang:
And frequent, on the darkening plain,
Loud ho! ho!, whoop, or whistle ran,
As bands, their stragglers to regain,
Give the shrill watchword of their clan;
And revellers, o'er their bowls, proclaim
Douglas or Daere's conquering name.

IX.

Less frequent heard, and fainter still,
At length the various clamours died:
And you might hear, from Branksome hill,
No sound but Teviot's rushing tide;
Save when the changing sentinel
The challenge of his watch could tell;

And save, where, through the dark profound,
The clanging axe and hammer's sound
Rung from the nether lawn;
For many a busy hand toil'd there,
Strong pales to shape, and beams to square,
The list's dread barriers to prepare
Against the morrow's dawn.

X.

Margaret from hall did soon retreat,
Despite the Dame's reproving eye;
Nor mark'd she as she left her seat,
Full many a stifled sigh;
For many a noble warrior strove
To win the flower of Teviot's love,
And many a bold ally.—
With throbbing head and anxious heart,
All in her lonely bower apart,
In broken sleep she lay:
By times, from silken couch she rose;
While yet the banner'd hosts repose,
She view'd the dawning day:



Of all the hundreds sunk to rest,
First woke the loveliest and the best.

XI.

She gazed upon the inner court,
Which in the tower's tall shadow lay;
Where coursers' clang, and stamp, and snort,
Had rung the livelong yesterday;
Now still as death; till stalking slow,—
The jingling spurs announced his tread,—
A stately warrior pass'd below;
But when he raised his plumed head—
Blessed Mary! can it be?
Secure, as if in Ouseman bowers,
He walks through Brankome's hostile towers,
With fearless step and free.
She dared not sign, she dared not speak—
Oh! if one page's slumbers break,
His blood the price must pay!
Not all the pearls Queen Mary wears,
Not Margaret's yet more precious tears,
Shall buy his life a day.

XII.

Yet was his hazard small; for well
You may bethink you of the spell
Of that sly urchin page;
This to his lord he did impart,
And made him seem, by glamour art,
A knight from hermitage.
Unchallenged thus, the warder's post,
The court, unchallenged, thus he cross'd,
For all the vassalage;
But O! what magic's quaint disguise
Could blind fair Margaret's azure eyes!
She started from her seat;
While with surprise and fear she strove,
And both could scarcely master love—
Lord Henry's at her feet.

XIII.

Oh have I mused, what purpose bad
That foul malicious urchin had
To bring this meeting round;
For happy love's a heavenly sight,
And by a vile malignant sprite
In such no joy is found;
And oft I've deem'd, perchance he thought
Their erring passion might have wrought
Sorrow, and sin, and shame:
And death to Cranston's gallant Knight,
And to the gentle Lady bright,
Disgrace, and loss of fame.
But earthly spirit could not tell
The heart of them that loved so well.
True love's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven:
It is not fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly;
It liveth not in fierce desire,
With dead desire it doth not die;
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link,¹¹ the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind.—
Now leave we Margaret and her Knight,
To tell you of the approaching fight.

XIV.

Their warning blasts the bugles blew,
The p. pe's shrill port¹² aroused each clan;



In haste, the deadly strife to view,
The trooping warriors eager ran:
Thick round the lists their lances stood,
Like blasted pines in Ettrick wood;
To Brankome many a look they threw,
The combatants approach to view,
And banded many a word of boast,
About the knight each favored most.

XV.

Meantime full anxious was the dame;

In armor sheath'd from top to toe,
Appear'd and craved the combat due.
The Dame her charm successful knew,¹⁴
And the fierce chiefs their claim withdrew.

XVI.

When for the lists they sought the plain
The stately Lady's silken rein
Did noble Howard hold;
Unarmed by her side he walk'd,



For now arose disputed claim,
Of who should fight for Deloraine,
'Twixt Harden and 'twixt Thirsteaine:¹⁵
They 'gan to reckon kin and rent,
And frowning brow on brow was bent;
But yet not long the strife—for, lo!
Himself, the knight of Deloraine,
Strong, as it seem'd, and free from pain,

And much, in courteous phrase, they talk'd
Of feats of arms of old.
Costly his garb—his Flemish stuff
Fell o'er his doublet, shaped of buff,
With satin slash'd and lined;
Tawny his boot, and gold his spur,
His cloak was all of Poland fur,
His hose with silver twined;

His Bilboa blade, by marchmen felt,
Hung in a broad and studded belt;
Hence, in rude phrase, the Borderers still
Called noble Howard, Belted Will.

XVII.

Behind Lord Howard and the Dame,
Fair Margaret on her palfrey came,
Whose foot-cloth swept the ground:
White was her wimple, and her veil,
And her loose locks a chaplet pale
Of whitest roses bound;
The lordly Angus, by her side,
In courtesy to cheer her tried;
Without his aid, her hand in vain
Had strove to guide her broider'd rein.
He deem'd, she shudder'd at the sight
Of warriors met for mortal fight;
But cause of terror, all unguess'd,
Was fluttering in her gentle breast,
When, in their chairs of erismun placed,
The Dame and she the barriers graced.

XVIII.

Prize of the field, the young Buclench,
An English knight led forth to view,
Scarce rued the boy his present plight,
So much he long'd to see the fight.
Within the lists, in knightly pride,
High Home and haughty Dacre ride;
Their leading staffs of steel they wield,
As marshals of the mortal field;
While to each knight their care assign'd
Like vantage of the sun and wind.¹³
Then heralds hoarse did loud proclaim,
In King and Queen and Warden's name,
That none, while lasts the strife,
Should dare, by look, or sign, or word,
Aid to a champion to afford,
On peril of his life;
And not a breath the silence broke,
Till thus the alternate Heralds spoke:—

XIX.

ENGLISH HERALD.

"Here standeth Richard of Musgrave,
Good knight and true, and freely born,
Amends from Deloraine to crave,
For foul despicable scathe and scorn.
He sayeth that William of Deloraine,
Is traitor false by Border laws;
This with his sword he will maintain,
So help him God and his good cause!"

XX.

SCOTTISH HERALD.

"Here standeth William of Deloraine,
Good knight and true, of noble strain,
Who sayeth, that foul treason's stain,
Since he bore arms, ne'er soil'd his coat;
And that, so help him God above,
He will on Musgrave's body prove,
He lies most foully in his throat!"

LORD DACRE.

"Forward, brave champions, to the fight!
Sound trumpets!"

LORD HOME.

— "God defend the right!"¹⁴

Then, Teviot! how thine echoes rang,
When bagle-sound and trumpet-clang
Let loose the martial foes,
And in mid mist, with shield poised high,
And measured step and wary eye,
The combatants did close.



XXI.

"I'll would it suit your gentle ear,
Ye lovely listeners, to hear
How to the axe the helms did sound,
And blood pour'd down from many a wound;
For desperate was the strife and long,
And either warrior fierce and strong,
But, were each dame a listening knight,
I well could tell how warriors fight!
For I have seen war's lightning flashing,
Seen the claymore with bayonet clashing,
Seen through red blood the war horse dashing,
And scorn'd, amid the reeling strife,
To yield a step for death or life.—"

XXII.

"Tis done, 'tis done! that fatal blow!"
Has stretch'd him on the bloody plain;
He strives to rise—Brave Musgrave, no!
Thence never shalt thou rise again!
He chokes in blood—some friendly hand
Undo the visor's barred band,
Unfix the gorget's iron clasp,

XXIV.

As if exhausted in the fight,
Or musing o'er the piteous sight,
The silent victor stands;
His beaver did he not unclasp,
Mark'd not the shouts, felt not the grasp
Of congratulating hands.

When lo! strange cries of wild surprise



And give him room for life to gasp!—
O, bootless aid!—haste, holy Friar,¹⁵
Haste, ere the sinner shall expire!
Of all his guilt let him be shaven,
And smooth his path from earth to heaven!

XXIII.

In haste the holy Friar sped:—
His naked foot was dyed with red,
As through the lists he ran;
Unmindful of the shouts on high,

Mingled with seeming terror, rise
Among the Scottish bands;
And all, amid the throng'd array,
In panic haste gave open way
To a half-naked ghastly man,
Who downward from the castle ran;
He choiced the barriers at a bound,
And wild and haggard look'd around,
As dizzy, and in pain;
And all, upon the armed ground,
Knew William of Deloraine!



Each ladye sprung from seat with speed ;
Vaulted each marshal from his steed ;
"And who art thou," they cried,
"Who hast this battle fought and won?"—
His plumed helm was soon undone—
"Cranstoun of Teviot-side!
For this fair prize I've fought and won,"—
And to the Ladye led her son.

XXV.

Fall oft the rescued boy she kiss'd,
And often press'd him to her breast ;
For, under all her dauntless show,
Her heart had throbb'd at every blow ;
Yet not Lord Cranstoun deign'd she greet,
Though low he kneel'd at her feet.
He lists not tell what words were made,
What Douglas, Home, and Howard, said—
—For Howard was a generous foe—



And how the clan united pray'd
The Ladye would the feud forego,
And deign to bless the nuptial hour
Of Cranstoun's Lord and Teviot's Flower.

XXVI.

She look'd to river, look'd to hill,
Thought on the Spirit's prophecy.

Then broke her silence stern and still,—

"Not you, but Fate, has vanquish'd me ;
Their influence kindly stars may shower
On Teviot's tide and Branksome's tower,
For pride is quell'd, and love is free."
She took fair Margaret by the hand,
Who, breathless, trembling, scarce might stand ;
That hand to Cranstoun's lord gave she :—
"As I am true to thee and thine,
Do thou be true to me and mine !
This clasp of love our bond shall be ;
For this is your betrothing day,
And all these noble lords shall stay,
To grace it with their company."

XXVII.

All as they left the listed plain,
Much of the story she did gain ;
How Cranstoun fought with Deloraine,

But half his tale he left unsaid,
And linger'd till he join'd the maid.—
Cared not the Ladye to betray
Her mystic arts in view of day ;
But well she thought, ere midnight came,
Of that strange page the pride to tame,
From his fowl hands the Book to save,
And send it back to Michael's grave.—
Needs not to tell each tender word
'Twixt Margaret and 'twixt Cranstoun's lord ;
Nor how she told of former woes,
And how her bosom fell and rose,
While he and Musgrave bandied blows.—
Needs not these lovers' joys to tell :
One day, fair maids, you'll know them well.

XXVIII.

William of Deloraine, some chance
Had waken'd from his deathlike trance ;
And taught that, in the listed plain,
Another, in his arms and shield,
Against fierce Musgrave axe did wield,
Under the name of Deloraine,
Hence, to the field, unarm'd, he ran,
And hence his presence scared the clan,
Who held him for some fleeting wraith,
And not a man of blood and breath.
Not much this new ally he loved,
Yet, when he saw what hap had proved,
He greeted him right heartily :
He would not waken old debate,
For he was void of rancorous hate,
Though rude and scant of courtesy ;
In raids he split but seldom blood,
Unless when men-at-arms withstood,
Or, as was meet, for deadly feud.
He ne'er bore grudge for stalwart blow,
Ta'en in fair fight from gallant foe :
And so 'twas seen of him e'en now,
When on dead Musgrave he look'd down ;
Grief darken'd on his rugged brow,
Though half disguised with a frown ;
And thus, while sorrow beat his head,
His foe'sman's epitaph he made.

XXIX.

"Now, Richard Musgrave, liest thou here !
I ween my deadly enemy ;
For, if I slew thy brother dear,
Thou slew'st a sister's son to me ;
And when I lay in dungeon dark,
Of Naworth Castle, long months three,
Till ransom'd for a thousand mark,
Dark Musgrave, it was long of thee.
And, Musgrave, could our fight be tried,
And thou wert now alive, as I,
No mortal man should us divide,
Till one, or both of us, did die :
Yet rest thee God ! for well I know
I ne'er shall find a nobler foe.
In all the northern counties here,
Whose word is Snaffle, spur and spear,"
Thou wert the best to follow gear !
'Twas pleasure, as we look'd behind,
To see how thou the chase could'st wind,
Cheer the dark blood-bound on his way,
And with the bugle rouse the fray !
I'd give the lands of Deloraine,
Dark Musgrave were alive again."

XXX.

So mourn'd he, till Lord Dacre's band
Were bowing back to Cumberland.
They raised brave Musgrave from the field,
And laid him on his bloody shield ;

And of his page, and of the Book
Which from the wounded knight he took ;
And how he sought her castle high,
That morn, by help of gramarye ;
How, in Sir William's armour dight,
Stolen by his page, while slept the knight,
He took on him the single fight.



LITTLETON ESEBEL'S RACE.

LITTLETON ESEBEL'S RACE: OR, LIQUOR THE WORST ENEMY.

ONE morning in the spring of the year 1787, as the sun was climbing the eastern horizon, and shedding the light of its countenance upon an elevated ridge of land in the State of South Carolina, which divided Great and Little Rocky creeks, a party of several men were pursuing their way along the road which led over the ridge and down into the valley below, past and beyond the charred and blackened remains of what had been a church erected by the early comers, and which had been burnt by the British the summer previous to the date of our story.

They were all mounted, and from their arms and accoutrements, one might be led to suppose they were bent on some warlike expedition, as every man of them bore a rifle, and some carried tomahawks and knives in their belts. Their actions, however, indicated a different intent, as they were carelessly sauntering along, without any apparent fear of, or regard for danger, or anything else, except the contents of a canteen, which their leader bore slung on his shoulder. This, at intervals he passed from one to another of the party, and, in the interim, amused himself and his companions, by singing vociferously matches of love and martial songs, and occasionally winding a blast upon a small horn which he carried.

Proceeding in this manner, they reached the brow of the hill, when casting his eyes down into the valley, Littleton Esbel—that was the name of the leader of the Americans—discovered a troop of British dragoons, who, attracted by the sound of the horn, were charging at full speed up the road toward the spot where they stood. With a presence of mind which characterized him under all circumstances, Esbel turned to his comrades, and shouted in thunder tones, "halt!" and proceeded to deploy, by word of command, a large body of

troops, at the same time, in an under tone, directing his friends to make themselves scarce, which they lost no time in doing.

The dragoons bearing the commands given, and fearing that they might be in the presence of a large party of the rebels, came to a halt, and prepared to receive the expected charge. Meanwhile, Esbel, who had been darting first to one side of the road, and then to the other with great activity, now struck into the woods on the left, and disappeared for a time from sight. In a few moments, however, they heard his horn in their rear, and discovered that, taking a circuitous route around their right flank, he had struck the road about two or three hundred yards in that direction, and was now making the most contemptuous gestures of defiance at them. Perceiving at once the trick which had been played upon them by the wily rebel, they wheeled and started in pursuit. This was just what Esbel desired; he knew that the animal he strode was the fleetest in all Carolina, having now for his owner many a gallon of whiskey, and having been selected by him for his speed with a view to some such contingency as the present. He knew every inch of the ground as well as he knew his own name, and, with reckless daring, he determined to have some sport with the dragoons. With consummate impudence he awaited their coming until they were within a hundred and fifty yards of him, when, giving "Butterfly" the spur and the word, he started, pursued at full speed by the whole troop of red coats. This was fun to Esbel, and he enjoyed it to the utmost; cheering, shouting, and giving the Indian war whoop, occasionally turning toward his pursuers, and making defiant gestures to excite and irritate them, which they returned by firing their pistols at him. He took good care to keep out of range, however, taking care to preserve a distance of about one hundred and fifty yards between him and his pursuers; and in

this way they passed over a mile or two of the road, and were approaching the ruins of the log church. Now, Littleton's history exhibited many incidents which indicated the possession of but slight conscientious feelings, and he was seldom actuated by religious sentiments; yet as he had passed the heap of charred logs which marked the spot where had stood the humble edifice, he could not help recalling to mind the last sermon which he had heard preached therein; and the words of the minister—"the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," struck him as being peculiarly applicable to his present position. How did he know but some trifling accident—the stumbling of his horse, the simplest mischance—might place him at the mercy of his enemies, and he well knew, from the fate of some of his neighbors who had fallen into their hands, what to expect should he be taken. This thought troubled him exceedingly, as he pursued his headlong career, and he concluded to end the race, and place the creek between him and his enemy. The thought that his canteen had well nigh been the means of placing him in their power, also had its effect upon his mind, and he vowed never to touch liquor again, should he now escape from his pursuers. Turning from the road soon after passing the church, he took his way along a bridle path, which led him into the house of a Widow Anderson (whose husband was killed at the attack on Steele's party at Neely's), and thence down to and across the Rocky creek. The widow heard the sound of his horse's hoofs on the stones for some time before he rode into the door-yard, and when he did so, she was at the door, with one of her little ones by the hand, and accompanied by her adopted daughter, to see who it was who was in such haste. Her faithful dog, too—who, since her husband's death, was almost her sole protector—stood ready to welcome or attack the comer, whoever he might prove to be.

When he came in sight, she was surprised to see Ebel, and knew there was some mischief in the wind, for Littleton Ebel and mischief were synonymous. He reined up his panting steed at the door, and, in answer to her salutation and enquiry as to the cause of his haste, he replied by saying, "I've chased fifty red coats; no, I'm not right there—I mean I've led them a race like a pack of fools. Butterly's carried me notly in this race, and I would have had them at my heels all day to keep them out of more business; but as I passed the burnt meeting-house, I thought of what the minister said the last time I heard him preach there, about the race not always being to the swift, and it made me feel sorry, so I concluded to leave the fellows, for fear I should bring myself into a scrape. I was with a party of boys from our neighborhood, and we like to be caught like a fox in a trap by these dragoons, and all through that blamed canteen" (handing it to her, he continued); "so I've made up my mind to let whiskey alone till the war's over, at any rate. So take the old canteen and keep it till I call for it. I've got some all-fired good stuff in it yet, and I hate to part with it, but needs must, you know, and"—here he was cut short by the sound of the approaching dragoons, and gathering up his reins, he put spurs to his beautiful animal, which had been pawing the ground with impatience during his colloquy with the widow, and remarking, "here they come like the hounds after a fox, but I'll double 'em yet,"—he gave Butterly the word, and was out of sight in a moment. Dashing down toward the creek, he forded its rocky bed, and turning up the course of the stream, ascended a hill, from whence he could have a full view of the ground he had passed over, as well as of the ford. Looking in the direction of the house, he saw the leader of the troop in conversation with the widow, and with his angry gestures, he surmised that she, being anxious to screen and aid his flight, was equivocating in her replies to the questions of the dragoon, and was being threatened in consequence. In a moment his horn was at his lips, and he wound a blast which rang and echoed through the woods and dells, and having the desired effect of calling attention to himself. As he was now plain in sight from the house, the red coats were in pursuit immediately, but, coming to the creek, they could not readily find the ford, and the time lost here gave Ebel so great an advantage that they relinquished the chase, and he escaped. Returning to the house, they made particular inquiry after parties of rebels whom they had heard were organizing in that neighborhood, and one of which they supposed they had so recently surprised. Of course the widow could not—or, at least, did not—give them the desired information, and they returned to their camp, none the wiser or better for their race.

Ebel was a frequent visitor at the widow's afterward, but whether from the fact that he had ecchewed whiskey, or that he was ashamed to ask for it, he never spoke of the canteen. Let us give him the benefit of the doubt, and suppose that his last race had, at least, the effect of curing him of his great vice, and consequently he became a better man.

MACHINERY: ITS EFFECT UPON THE INDIVIDUAL.

Thus, of all the ages, is the most remarkable for new inventions. Old industrial methods, and the rude tools of ancient handicraft are passing away, and new processes, original devices, and curious machines that have no sweat upon their brows are taking the place of the toiling perspiring workers of the past ages, or are putting the hand-workers into the position of head-workers, and making them guides, overseers and thinkers.

As machinery is breaking up old habits of industry, and heaping wealth upon society through more active channels, so old views of life, philosophy, politics, human rights, and the fitness of things, are changing, disappearing and giving place to new thoughts through clearer mediums, and better adapted to the age in which we live. One of the untenable dogmas of the past, and even of this age, is—Society everything and the individual nothing; the interests of society are paramount, those of the individual subordinate; the State must always bear sway, the subject must forever yield; society is the holy of holies, the individual common and unclean. This doctrine, so universally maintained, so long used as an oppression and an impediment in the way of individual progression, is discovered to be false, and is evaporating in the sunlight of the new times. The other extreme—the individual is everything, society nothing, is just as untenable. The truth lies between. Society has the right of freedom from individual encroachment, the individual has the right of unimpeded growth and development, and an unlimited field for the exercise of all his faculties. The idea of advancing the interests of society by cramping and suppressing the individual, is as wise as to attempt to promote the health of the human body by clipping, confining and punishing its individual members. Both need freedom of action, and will have it, or the whole body must sicken and die. Man is the great master of this planet. He has the power to do very nearly what he pleases with it—to make it a Heaven of happiness or a Hell of horrors. Hitherto, by the design of the powerful few, but against the opposition of the weak many, he has succeeded admirably in making it the latter; but it cannot be eternal. Change and compensation will some day come. Man was placed here specially to subdue and beautify the earth, to develop and ennoble it. Nature and all her forces are made subject to him—a hard subject to be sure, but yet subject, and one well worth the ruling. Man is destined to be rich, strong, wise and beautiful. He is to ascertain nature's laws, conquer all her forces, discover all her secrets, ascertain all her capacities and prove his superiority by compelling her to yield all fruits and grains, and all natural wealth, to beautify and enrich his home, to clothe his person, to harden and energize his frame, to please his eye and gratify his appetite. If all men were thus wise and well, our so-called society would be something very different from the present, which is made up of so large a proportion of leeches and non-producers. The weakest in such a society would be still strong enough to vindicate his rights, and the strongest would be wise enough to see that

every oppression of the individual must inevitably recoil upon their own heads. To vindicate the individual against society, to lift him above the possibility of social and governmental encroachment, and to render absolute self-government possible, many causes are operating, and the chief of these is the unexampled development everywhere given to the genius of invention.

There have been inventions so vast, so powerful, so expensive that no individual could control or use them. It has taken all the strength that can be gathered from chartered companies and associated effort to carry them into practice. We have the various inventions that make up the stupendous activity, and buzz, and whirl of our factories of cotton, and woolen, and iron, which employ hundreds of workmen in a single series. We have telegraphs that stretch beyond even State, not to say individual, proprietorship. We have railways, and lines of steamers, and all the equipment of locomotion, which no one man alone has yet been able to own and manage on the largest scale. These are well—even indispensable; and though the corporations who own them sometimes oppress the individual, yet, on the whole, they increase his power, indirectly, by affording their products or their conveniences to him cheaper than he could produce them himself, even if he could produce them at all. According all honor to these and other great inventions, yet we hail with the highest pleasure all these discoveries and inventions that go immediately into the hands of the individual, and tend directly to increase his power.

Sometimes even the simplest application of a law in mechanics produces the mightiest results. The cutting of a screw or the adjustment of a wheel, may create a revolution in a whole branch of mechanics. Even so obvious an invention as the wheelbarrow, now only some two centuries old, doubled every digger in the universe, and made him twice as valuable to himself. The rifle, revolver and gunpowder, elevated the individual several degrees in power, and equalized the weakest with the strongest. They were especially felicitous appliances for the patriot, revolutionist, pioneer and backwoodsman.

The agriculturist has been the specially favored recipient of the discoveries of genius, and his position and power, no longer than half a century ago, bear no comparison to his resources to-day. Even so simple an instrument as the threshing ball, was an improvement on the practice of "treading out the corn" with horses and oxen. Many a winter's day has the writer of this article, pounded the floor of his father's old barn, and thousands of sheaves has he "knocked about the head," as if they had been the concentrated pate of "Bunsby," and he was shelling out the grains of garnered "wisdom." The only threshing machine he knew, a quarter of a century ago, was the dreaded birch that peeped ominously out from an inaccessible upper shelf, and it was as apt as any way to be applied to his own back, if he had not come up to the customary standard of a fair day's falling. But the threshing machine came at last, the old hickory ball was turned into sled-stakes, and a winter's threshing for the individual was driven into a week.

Then came the "Cultivator," for planting and scattering the seed a-field. With this machine a man and horse impregnates acres before dinner that used to occupy the "old man," and all his boys a week. Here, again, the individual was several times intensified.

But harvest as well as seed-time must have its labors abridged. The grain-cutter's cradle more than trebled the effective force of the harvester, whose labors before were only

"Crowded with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf."

His reign, however, was not enduring, for fast upon the heels of the cradler came the "Reaper," which shaves the farmer's field of grass or grain as clean as a barber would shave his face, and in about the same time. This, perhaps, is the most important of all the contrivances which inventive genius has placed in the hands of the farmer: It reinforces his working power many fold.

Where once it was desirable to select a building spot near some stream or spring, now wherever the rural dweller plants his house, he sets borers and excavators at work, taps the planetary rotundity, whose watery bowels might be considered dropsical, were not the out-gushing streams so clear, and cooling and healthful; and if they need some coaxing to come forth, if old mother earth won't "give down without bunting"—why, he draws her bosom with pumps of the gentlest and most approved suction. The "drawer of water" now bears small part of the burden put upon him of ancient days.

Portable grist-mills are also getting themselves invented and perfected, so that the grain grower can turn his own crops into flour and meal. This will take away much of the power of the miller and speculator, and increase his own. The portable saw-mill, of which we gave an account in a late number, is destined to be not only an important civilizer in the wilderness, but an immense individualizer. It is a new right arm added to the power of the pioneer in whatever business he removes to new fields to open up. His first necessity is a shelter, and this saw-mill walks up to the fallen trees, and individualizes the piles of boards that lie stored away in all their trunks.

Even woman's sphere of industry, small as it is, is invaded by this inexorable march of improvement. The churn and the washing-machine give her an important lift forward, and the sewing-machine duplicates her powers many fold.

We know a gentleman who is perfecting a new and cheap printing and stereotyping material. We heard him remark one day that one of its most important uses might be to furnish the European revolutionist with the means of printing editions of revolutionary tracts, circulars and proclamations; and then by immediately destroying the materials (which are so cheap that it would be little or no loss), leave no trace by which the origin of the incendiary documents could be discovered. That will be amplifying the power of the individual against the government.

The great pivot, however, of all inventions is the steam engine. It has exercised the largest and happiest influence upon the progress of the individual, and is destined to

advance his power to an almost unimagined extent. At first, when the steam engine went mostly into the hands of great ship-owners, cotton millers and railway kings, it was thought small advantage would come of it to the individual. But as its use and improvement progressed, its complex and ponderous proportions became greatly reduced, and consequently its cost soon came within the means of smaller proprietors; till, now, an eight and ten horse-power engine can be bought for a less sum than many sporting characters and Fifth Avenue Potiphar pay for a span of blood-horses. They are built strong and effective, yet light, compact and portable. Many a forehand farmer can employ them with some approach to the convenience of teams, and for thousands of mechanics they are indispensable.

Yet with all these strides to the pinnacle of individual power, there is still much to be done for the individual in the field of invention. We leave space to hint at only one. If some genius would give him the "wings of a dove," and make his locomotion independent of tickets, taverns and toll-gates, so that he might roam down alike on forests, mountains, rivers, ravines, and frontier officials, the power of the individual would be rendered almost godlike. The principle, no doubt, exists in nature, and only awaits the bidding of genius to come forth. In Europe especially, such a discovery would shatter *status quo* into the most multitudinous of finders. It would enable the individual to defy the passport system, which is so important a pillar in the support of European despotism. Instead of yielding obsequious obedience to laws that require him to ask some mayor, to apply to a minister of the interior to get permission of the supreme tyrant for him to visit his grandmother in the next commune, he could take wings some fine evening, join the mustering squadrons in the upper air, and drop missiles and explosives on the heads of *L'Empereur* and all the cohorts he could gather to his defense. The frontier would be too vague and undefined a line to be guarded, custom-house officials would be nowhere, and smuggling and free trade everywhere.

The individual is everywhere governed too much. Kings and rulers in all countries oppress him with unreasonable social restrictions, and grind half the life out of him, by the imposition of taxes for the support of a government that, in other directions, smother the other half. One great remedy against such tyranny is the attainment of individual wealth, and a necessary condition to that is access to machinery and a share in its profits. This will some day come, and the destiny of the individual man will then be more nearly complete. Great is the individual, and invention is his prophet!

TO A BABE.

BY ELIZABETH OLIVER SMITH.

Preserve baby, rest thee here;
Nestle thee about my heart;
Child, devoid of guilt and fear,
What a mystery thou art!
'Tis a pleasure, little one,
On thy sinless brow to look;
Life to do, and nothing done—
Nothing written in thy book!

Link art thou 'twixt me and heaven;
Blessed ministry is thine;
Unto thee a power is given
To renew this heart of mine—
Childhood's fearless love renew—
Childhood's truth and holy trust;
And of youth bring back the dew,
Lift the spirit from the dust.

Mothers may not know on earth,
Half the deep and holy spell
Wrought by infant tears and mirth,
Meanings strange that few may tell.
Deeper grows the mother's eye
With its look of love and prayer—
Holiest duty, promptings high
Mingle with maternal care.

Careless then as blossoms wild
Growing in the light of heaven;
Thou, a meek and trusting child,
Faith like theirs to thee is given:
And for thee I will not fear,
In the perils that await—
Thought and will, the prayer the tear
Aroun the strong for any fate.

SIMON KENTON SAVING THE LIFE OF DOONE. AN INCIDENT AT BOONEBOROUGH.

READ THE LIVES OF DOONE, KENTON, the LARSEN and their compeers, and say, infidel, if thou canst, that God in his Providence raised them not up to subdue and conquer the land for the use of the white man. How else can we account for that indomitable courage, that determined energy and self-sacrificing devotion, which marked the length and breadth of their career. To them war was a pastime, and suffering, danger and privation the accompaniments of their daily life. Fear, they knew not; and when danger led before the approaching footsteps of innumerable settlers, they pursued it even to its strongholds. Possessed of the cunning, subtlety and artifice of the Indians, they had all the energy and resource of the pale face, and it is not a wonder that the former succumbed, and retreated step by step toward the setting sun, until the "places that once knew them shall know them no more forever."

To protect themselves from the inroads of the savages, and for the safety of their wives and children, the early settlers in Kentucky built forts, or, as they were called, stations, which generally consisted of a group of cabins, forming the four sides of a parallelogram, with the roofs pitching inward. At the corners were four block houses, projecting beyond and over the line of the cabins, which block houses were two stories in height, the second stories being some eighteen inches larger every way than the first, with loopholes in the floor to fire through at an enemy, should he have gained a lodgment under the walls. Such a station was Booneborough, the scene of many a thrilling and soul-stirring incident. It was erected in April, 1775, by Daniel Boone, and was located on the southern bank of the Kentucky river. It was the first fort built in that region, and its erection excited the fears of the Indians, who were highly incensed at the rapid advancement of the whites into their beautiful hunting grounds, which feeling was still further increased by the British, who had forts north of the Ohio, and offered them bribes for every scalp or prisoner they took. Such being the incentives, Booneborough was besieged on several occasions by the Indians, in large par-

heavy rains. She accordingly consented to await their return; and toward the coast did the old man and his young companion proceed.

As they drew near the sand hills which bound in that part the mighty bed, wherein the ocean, lately so calm, was now raging, the sounds of many voices fell upon their ears—men calling out and giving orders, women screaming, and sailors vociferating words of encouragement and hope in their own peculiar technical phraseology. Then the flapping of sails and the rattling of cordage was heard; and when Father Michel and Henri reached the shore, they found, as they had anticipated, that a ship had run aground, and that all human efforts were being made to save the crew. But how powerfully excited were Pierre's feelings, how great his admiration, and how dread his alarm,—when he was told, in answer to a few hurried inquiries, that three or four gallant young men had put off in a small boat to carry a rope to the ship, and that his own son was of the party. Indeed, it was in compliance with Albert's representations, and in his own boat, that this daring achievement was attempted.

"Oh! why was I not here in time to join him?" ejaculated Henri Alvimar, who entertained a strong friendship for the brother of his beautiful Pauline.

"No!" cried Father Michel impressively; "it would be too severe a blow, were those dreadful waves to engulf all our hopes at the same instant!"

Pierre scarcely knew what he said; but Henri immediately fancied that an allusion to his attachment for Pauline was implied—although that attachment had not as yet been formally revealed—and, feeling grateful for the sort of acquiescence in his suit thus conveyed, he pressed the old man's hand warmly.

At that moment a shout of welcome arose from the crowds that stood along the shore, and, that multitude suddenly giving way, Albert hastened forward bearing a female form in his arms. His father was instantly by his side.

"Father," said Albert in a hurried tone, "an elderly gentleman—her father, perhaps—implored me to save this poor girl: she is insensible—she has fainted—take charge of her—convey her home—you and Henri can carry her between you—while I return and superintend the measures necessary to save the crew of yonder vessel."

With these words he yielded his burden to those whom he addressed, and hurried back again to the strand.

No longer consulting those selfish fears for his child which had led him to the coast, Pierre immediately returned home with Henri, bearing between them the lifeless form of the young female whom Albert had brought from the distressed vessel in his boat. On their arrival at the cottage, the stranger was consigned to the care of Pauline, who placed her in bed, and administered the proper restoratives to call her back to life. In a short time the young lady—for such she evidently was—opened her eyes and gazed in astonishment around her. A few words made her comprehend her safety; and she then inquired, in a

hurried and anxious tone, after her father. Pauline was about to reply in the words of promise and hope, when the door opened, and an elderly gentleman rushed in, exclaiming, "My child! Josephine—my dearest child!"

We shall not dwell upon the affecting details of this meeting after the dread perils which they had just escaped: but, after observing that through the gallantry of Albert Michel and his comrades in the dangerous enterprise, the whole of the vessel's crew was saved, we shall proceed to put the reader in possession of those few facts concerning the two strangers, which they themselves communicated to the inmates of the cottage.

It appeared that the gentleman, whose name was Tascher, and his daughter—a beautiful girl of only thirteen years of age—had sailed from Martinique, a French island in the West Indies, some weeks previously, and that stress of weather had compelled the captain of the vessel to run for Liverpool. There she was detained for repairs; and M. Tascher, with his daughter, being anxious to proceed to France as quickly as possible, hastened to Dover, where they embarked on board the hoy bound for Calais. The storm overtook the vessel at a distance of about five miles from Calais: the captain endeavored to run for the harbor, but, overshooting the mark, got aground on the sands to the north of the pier. Albert, who had landed from his own excursion before the storm commenced, had observed the distress of the vessel in the distance, and remained on shore to watch its maneuvers. He stayed until its dangerous predicament aroused his energies to action; and through the instrumentality of himself and a few other young men whom he persuaded to embark with him in his frail boat, the whole crew was saved.

M. Tascher, his daughter, and servant, remained that night at the cottage: but in order to allow the young lady as much time to repose as possible, after the alarms and fatigues she had experienced, he determined not to commence his journey to Paris until the afternoon of the ensuing day. While he proceeded into the town of Calais to make the necessary arrangements for a vehicle and horses to be ready at the time proposed, Pauline passed a few agreeable hours with her new friend.

The young lady possessed a most beautiful person, and an amiable disposition. She played on the harp, and sang with exquisite taste and feeling—as she walked, her light form, modeled with the most exquisite symmetry, was the very personation of grace;—and the tones of her voice were the most melodious ever heard. She was passionately fond of flowers, and gladly assented to a proposal made by Pauline to visit the little garden adjoining the cottage. After having examined, with true botanic taste, the various products of the little enclosure, Mademoiselle Tascher was about to enter the house once more, when a gipsy woman approached the railings to demand charity.

"I will have my fortune told!" ejaculated the sprightly girl; and before Pauline could utter a word by way of remonstrance, she had already yielded her hand to the old sybil over the railings, saying at the same time, "Do you discover anything extraordinary in my destiny?"

"Yes, much of happiness, and some misery," was the reply, accompanied by a solemn shake of the head.

"You take care not to commit yourself, my good woman," said the young lady. "I could utter the same prediction relative to any one, without much dread of its being falsified by the issue of events."

"You will pass through much misery, and will then be happy for a period," continued the gipsy, not heeding these remarks; "your life will then once more verge into gloom and melancholy."

"Again I cannot say that your prophecies are very sapient," observed Josephine.

"Stay, then—upon your own head be it!" said the sybil solemnly. "You will be married soon—that union will not be happy—you will become a widow—you will marry again—and—"

"And what?" demanded the young lady.

"And you will become Queen of France!" added the old woman.

The young lady withdrew her hand hastily from the gipsy's grasp, and, uttering an exclamation of mingled joy, alarm, and surprise, turned toward Pauline to ascertain what impression this declaration had made upon her. Mademoiselle Michel smiled faintly—for she did not altogether approve of the freak; and her young companion, having presented a silver coin to the old prophetess, retired with her kind hostess, into the cottage.

At three o'clock that afternoon M. Tascher and his daughter took leave of the family of Pierre Michel. But before they departed they manifested their gratitude toward the inmates of the cottage to the utmost of their power.

"To you, gallant youth," said M. Tascher, addressing himself to Albert, "are my daughter and myself indebted for our lives. Accept this ring as a token of my esteem—my friendship—my gratitude. Nay—reject not my offer: it is not intended as a reward—for nothing could adequately remunerate valor like yours: it is only a pledge of permanent regard."

"On those conditions I accept the gift," said Albert; and he pressed with warmth the hand that placed a ring of immense value upon his finger.

"Mademoiselle," said M. Tascher's daughter to Pauline, on her side, "allow me to leave some token of my gratitude and esteem with you also. You know," she added, laughing, and in a whisper, "that I am to be Queen of France; and then you shall not be forgotten. In the meantime this chain"—and she loosened one from her neck as she spoke—"must express my attachment toward you, and link our hearts forever in the bonds of friendship."

"You also, then, must keep a token to remind you of me," said Pauline; and having left the room for a few moments, she returned with a bracelet, which she clasped upon her new friend's wrist, receiving the chain around her own neck at the same time.

The word "farewell" was then uttered on both sides; and M. Tascher departed with his daughter, leaving behind them at the humble cottage the most favorable impression upon all its inmates.

But these impressions varied considerably in

their nature. Pierre Michel was pleased with the open-hearted disposition and honest frankness of M. Tacher; while Pauline felt herself deeply interested in the beautiful daughter of that gentleman. But on his part, Albert experienced an undefinable admiration of the young lady who had just taken her departure, which appeared to grow the more impassioned as he pondered upon her attractions. Every word she had uttered in his hearing during her short stay at the cottage—the softness of her hazel eyes—the luxuriance of her dark brown hair—her sweet smile—and the graces of her sylph-like form, were all treasured in his memory. In a word, he was deeply enamored of Mademoiselle Tacher: it was a love assuredly formed at first sight—but not the less sincere nor the less profound on that account; and from the moment she quitted the humble cottage with her father, to enter the vehicle that was to convey her to Paris, Albert grew daily more and more melancholy.

And what was M. Tacher? This question frequently intruded itself upon Albert's mind—for he often reflected, in his visionary musings, upon the claims which he might assert in aspiring to the hand of her whom he loved, at some future period. M. Tacher had been but little communicative relative to himself or his circumstances. The few particulars before recorded, and a word which had dropped from his lips, intimating that he was a widower, were all that Albert knew concerning his history.

"Still," thought the young man—"he is a gentleman—his manner and demeanor prove that; he is well educated—a fact evidenced by his conversation; and he is wealthy—for he travels with the circumstance and appendages, and in the style of a man of property. No—I may never hope for an alliance with his family—'twere presumption to indulge longer in the chimera!"

But the unhappy youth *did* indulge in the chimera, and pursued it, and cherished it, and nursed it, and allowed his imagination to feed upon it, until there were moments when the bright vision seemed to be realized—when the object of his affection, grown to womanhood, accompanied him with smiles to the altar—and when all the fond aspirations of his youth were crowded with felicity and success. Alas! it was indeed but a vision: weeks and months—and even years rolled by—and no tidings were heard of M. Tacher or his daughter. Albert's cheek grew deadly pale, and his eyes unnaturally bright; but, although frequent and urgent were the tender inquiries made by his father and sister relative to the cause of his altered appearance, he retained the secret in his own bosom.

Three years passed away, and Albert was now twenty-two. It was at this period that M. Alvimar, the old notary, died, leaving behind him considerable property, to which Henri, who was formally engaged to be married to Pauline, was the sole heir. As soon, however, as the funeral obsequies were performed, Henri was compelled to visit Paris, to receive certain sums of money which were due to him by virtue of his late father's will. Pierre Michel, who had for a long time observed with pain and grief the deep melancholy which had taken

possession of his son, and who vainly endeavored to ascertain the cause, imagined that change of scene might produce some beneficial effect; and he accordingly proposed that the two young men should proceed to Paris in each other's society. Henri gladly accepted his young friend as a companion; and in the month of June, 1779, Albert Michel and Henri Alvimar set foot in Paris for the first time.

France at that time was a volcano, prepared to burst forth, and startle the world with its convulsion. The extravagance, the dissipation, and the luxury of the French court were at its height. There—amid the crowds of gallantry and beauty that thronged the gilded saloons of the Petit Trianon or Versailles, moved Marie Antoinette, the most charming and prodigal Queen in the world; there were the voluptuary *Marsepains*, the profound and philosophic Turgot, the subtle Maleberies, and the elegant De Vergennes. There also was the Duchess of Bourbon Penthièvre, better known as the Princess de Lamballe, who was subsequently put to death by the outraged populace in that Revolution on the brink of which the splendid court was hovering. All that was most refined of the *Galvair*, the talent, and the beauty of France, was concentrated around the throne of Louis XVI. and his beautiful wife. It was the most brilliant epoch of the reign of the old regime; and, probably pleasure was more sought after, and high birth and elegance of manners the more valued, because were already heard the distant murmurs of that dread explosion of popular fury which was so righteously and so gloriously to sweep away throne and altar—rank and riches?

Albert had undertaken the journey to Paris under the impression, and with the earnest hope that he should encounter Mademoiselle Tacher. Thus, wherever he went—whatever public sights or exhibitions he visited, his mind constantly dwelt upon the one forgotten idea—that of again beholding her whose image dwelt in his bosom. Henri Alvimar had particular business to attend to, and was usually occupied throughout the day with the matters which had called him to Paris; and thus Albert was left to wander about by himself, examining the countenance of every well-dressed female he saw either on foot or in her carriage, in the hope of meeting the one that he most wished to see.

One afternoon Albert was strolling in the vicinity of the Palais Royal, when he was suddenly aroused from a deep reverie into which he had fallen, by the rapid tramp of cavalry, and in another moment a detachment of the royal guards passed by. In the midst was the Queen's carriage, and her majesty waved her handkerchief from the window to the few worthless sycophants who welcomed her with their acclamations. The gorgeous vehicle passed on; and three or four others containing the nobles and ladies of her majesty's suite followed immediately behind. Albert watched the glittering cavalcade with mournful pleasure; for the charms of the young Queen excited the generous compassion of his chivalrous soul, although his heart had been bestowed upon another. Just as the last carriage in the royal train whirled past him, one of its occupants—a lady elegantly

attired—leant forward for a moment; and Albert instantly recognized that countenance which was ever present in his memory.

He uttered an exclamation of surprise and joy; and, without reflecting for a moment upon the indiscretion of which he was guilty, darted through the crowd after the carriage with the speed of a hunted deer. In a few moments—such was the haste with which he rushed onward—he was alongside the vehicle; when a gentleman in a brilliant military uniform, and with a star upon his breast, who was sitting next to the idol of Albert's heart, suddenly thrust his head from the window, and exclaimed in an abrupt manner, "Move off, fellow!"

Albert stood paralyzed in the midst of the street; the cavalcade whirled out of sight, and he was exposed to the rude jesting of the crowd that had witnessed his singular behavior. But she, to gain a glimpse of whose countenance he had thus exposed himself to insult, had not seen him. He returned more melancholy than ever to the hotel where he and Henri were staying.

He felt convinced that it was not M. Tacher who had spoken to him so abruptly from the window of the carriage. Could Mademoiselle Tacher have married? and was her husband who had ordered him to move off, and called him fellow? At all events she was in the royal train, and, even if still unwedded, was far above the reach of his presumptuous hopes.

Urged by that infatuation which invariably prompts the lover to seek to throw himself in the way of the object of his affection, even when an impassable gulf appears to exist between him and the chance of happiness, Albert wandered all day, and throughout a considerable portion of the night, about the precincts of the Tuileries, at which place the Royal Family was then staying. Again he obtained a glimpse of the loved one—just as, lounging back in an open barouche, she was whirled beneath the archways leading into the Place du Carrousel, on her way to the royal presence. There was a gentleman by her side—the same who had called him fellow; and this gentleman again beheld Albert gazing earnestly upon the lady seated by his side; but the lady saw not her admirer. The gentleman fixed a scowling glance upon the young man, from whose view the coach almost immediately afterward disappeared.

"This is a visit of ceremony, and will be brief," thought Albert; "I will wait here until they leave the palace."

An hour and a half passed away, and Albert remained at his post. Presently the well-known barouche made its appearance; and this time its female occupant cast her eyes by accident on our young hero. He instantly raised his hat; she recognized him, and uttered a cry of joy, while her cheeks were suddenly flushed with the glow of pleasure. Albert was about to advance nearer, when her companion—the cross gentleman before noticed—ejaculated, in a voice rendered tremulous with rage, "Back—back—fellow! We do not know you—back!"

The lady cast a glance of mingled surprise and indignation at her companion, while Albert, embarrassed and discomfited, knew not in which way to take this strange conduct.

But ere he had half made up his mind how to act, the baroness drove rapidly away; and the guard at the gates of the palace, who had witnessed the whole proceeding, commanded the young lover to retire. Abashed and confounded, Albert did not even think of inquiring of the bystanders the name of the gentleman who accompanied the lady in the elegant baroness; but he returned to his hotel more wretched than before.

On three or four different occasions, subsequent to the last-mentioned one, did Albert encounter her whom he had known as Mademoiselle Tascher. Each time was she accompanied by her rude male companion; and each time was he unable to obtain one moment's conversation with her. She always bowed to him with a kindness—it might almost be said with a sisterly warmth of manner; and her companion as invariably appeared to be as indignant with her for bestowing that courtesy, as with Albert for receiving it. Neither on any of those occasions did Albert think of making such inquiries of the bystanders as should relieve him from his suspense relative to the condition of her whom he loved, and the nature of her connection with the rude gentleman by whom he was invariably insulted.

Six weeks had thus passed away since the arrival of Henri Alvimar and Albert Michel in Paris; and at the expiration of that time the former had terminated the business which led him thither. A day was accordingly fixed upon for their return—in spite of Albert's anxiety to procrastinate the moment when he must quit Paris—perhaps forever: for Henri on his part was anxious to seek once more the spot inhabited by his much beloved Pauline. The day of departure dawned, and the hour arrived—but Albert was not true to his appointment. Henri proceeded to his friend's chamber, where he found that Albert's clothes were duly packed up, ready for the journey. An inquiry of the porter at the entrance of the hotel made him acquainted with the fact that Albert had sauntered out only half-an-hour previously, but not with the air of a person who was bent upon any particular business. Henri waited, and waited—and his friend did not return. The entire day passed—the morrow dawned, but with it came not young Michel. Henri now grew alarmed, and feared that some accident might have overtaken the absent one. He visited the Morgue, or receptacle for dead bodies found in the river or elsewhere; he proceeded to the various hospitals; he called upon the magistrates; he made inquiries of the police—but nowhere could he obtain the slightest trace, nor hear the most remote tidings of him whom he sought. He passed a week in these fruitless researches; and then with a heavy heart he took his departure from Paris.

It were vain to attempt to describe the grief of Pierre Michel, or the anguish of Pauline, when Henri arrived at the cottage in the Bas-Ville, and communicated the extraordinary disappearance of Albert. For some time the old man was determined to proceed to Paris, and make personal inquiries after his dear son; but Henri overruled this desire, assuring him that no means which prudence or ingenuity could suggest, with a view to discover some

trace of him or his fate, had been left unseized. Conjecture as to the cause of that strange disappearance was vain: never was mystery more unfathomable. The grief of the bereaved ones was therefore the more acute; for they declared "that they could bear their loss with fortitude and resignation were they acquainted with the details; but that the horrible uncertainty which surrounded the circumstance only increased the sorrow it occasioned, by allowing free scope for the most dismal apprehensions." Sometimes imagination would picture to itself that the lost one had been foully murdered; at another time, the idea would occur that he had committed suicide, either in a moment of mental aberration, or through the same cause which produced the melancholy that was unaccounted for to a fond father, an adoring sister, and a faithful friend.

But all conjecture was vain: two years passed away, and no tidings were received of the lost youth. Pauline then allowed herself to be persuaded to reward Henri for his constancy and long tried affection, by bestowing her hand upon him: but the bridal was darkened by the thought that he who should have also been there, and whose presence would have completed the felicity of the day, was not in his place by his sister's side; and the old man wept, and Pauline's tears fell freely, and Henri's countenance was also moistened with the crystal drops of sorrow, as the priest pronounced that blessing which gave Pauline a fond husband, and Henri a loving and tender wife.

And what a valuable helpmate was Pauline! Untutored in the various arts of polished life that so often disguise the true aspect of the heart, she cultivated a thousand of those nameless domestic graces which throw a halo of light and love wherever they are seen. Neat, simple, and beautiful was her ordinary attire; and on Sundays and holidays she was decorated with a simple ornament of jet and gold—a mimic dove, suspended from her neck, and dallying with every throb of her heart—a fit emblem of the purity and innocence that reigned within. The present given to her by her friend of the moment, Mademoiselle Tascher, was kept in her little work-box, and regarded only as a memento of promised and unrealized felicity.

Months again passed away after the union of Henri and Pauline; and still there were no news of Albert. One evening Father Pierre was seated at his cottage door thinking of his lost son, and looking listlessly upward to the beautiful serene sky. But the mind of the old man was not tranquil, nor at peace. Something within told him that his son still lived, and urged him to seek after the lost but still dearly beloved youth. He then suddenly—and for the first time—blamed himself for his apathy in not seeking him whose strange disappearance he deplored. He was still at Calais—and his son had been lost in Paris—a distance of a hundred and sixty miles! Was it right that he—the father—should linger there?

Urged by these reasonings the old man started up, hastened to the dwelling of his son-in-law and daughter, and said, "My children, to-morrow morning I depart for Paris. I shall not know peace—nor tranquillity—nor rest, un-

til I seek my lost Albert. Do not attempt to dissuade me from my purpose—I am resolved."

Neither Pauline nor Henri attempted to reason with the old man; and on the following morning he took his departure for the capital of France. On his arrival there, his first care was to institute all the inquiries which prudence could suggest; but the result was completely unsatisfactory. From the moment Albert had left his hotel, as before related, a few minutes previous to his contemplated departure with Henri, no trace of him remained. The old man, though weighed down by grief, still felt that he had performed his duty—that he had done all that human nature, in such circumstances, could devise or accomplish. Thus, after a fortnight's search, he was almost inclined to renounce his fruitless errand, when a circumstance occurred to prevent his meditated return to his peaceful abode in the vicinity of Calais.

The evening before his intended departure, he endeavored to divert his mind from the contemplation of the dreadful bereavement he had sustained, by a walk in the delightful gardens of the Tuileries. Fatigued at length with his ramble, he threw himself upon a seat shaded by the grateful foliage of the trees which overshadowed it, and sank into a deep reverie. Suddenly a voice fell upon his ears—a voice so sweet and melodious, that he could not mistake it; for he knew it to be that of the young lady whom, with her father, his lost son Albert had rescued from shipwreck on the coast of Calais.

He started up and beheld a lady and gentleman walking past the place where he had been seated. She was young and beautiful—and he was some years older, with a fine military air and commanding demeanor. At that moment the expiring rays of the setting sun fell upon their countenances; and Father Pierre immediately recognized the features of her who was indebted to his son for her life. But the gentleman with whom she was walking was not her father; and she leant upon his arm with all the ease and familiar reliance—if we may use such a phrase—of at least a near and dear relative. Perhaps he was her husband? thought Father Pierre; at all events, she would, doubtless, be pleased to meet with him who had accorded her and her sire the rites of hospitality on that memorable night of storm and shipwreck. He accosted her, made a low bow, and was about to address her, when she instantly recognized him, grasped his hand with warmth, and saluted him by his name. She then made kind and anxious inquiries after his family—adding, "I am sadly to blame, M. Michel, for my neglect—my unpardonable ingratitude in not writing, if it were only one word, to my dear friend, Pauline; but, since my arrival in Paris, I have not had a moment to call my own."

She sighed as she uttered these words, as if the real reason of her silence were of a more grave nature than the apology stated.

"Madam," said Father Pierre, "I thank you for your kindness and condescension; but I was foolish to suppose that either myself or family could dwell in your memory or that of your father. I have seen enough of your gay city of Paris to be fully aware that its pleasures



and enjoyments are of no common order, and that the fashionable world is not the sphere in which sweet sympathies can be supposed to dwell for any length of time. Relative to my family, madam, my answers are soon given. My daughter is married to the young man whom you saw at our humble abode, and is happy in that union. My son——"

He stopped short, and the tears poured in a torrent from his eyes.

"Your son!" echoed the lady; "can any evil have happened to your son?"

"He has disappeared, madam—most mysteriously disappeared," answered the father, sobbing as he spoke.

"Disappeared—impossible!" cried his fair querist.

"He visited Paris, madam," continued the old man, "two years and a half ago, and he never returned home. It is to seek him that I am now in this city, from which I intend to depart to-morrow morning, my researches having all proved unavailing."

"Disappeared!" again ejaculated the lady, who had received this announcement with the most unfeigned surprise: "disappeared, do you say? and about that time—about two years and a half ago! Speak—M. Michel—speak!"

"It is as you say, madam," returned the old man.

"Ah! now I comprehend it all!" cried the lady, a flush of crimson suddenly overspreading her countenance; then, turning toward her companion, she said in a tone of bitter irony, but still of deep emotion, "Viscount, you can probably acquaint this old man—with this unhappy father—with the place in which he may find his son!"

She disengaged her arm from that of her companion as she spoke, and cast upon him a

glance which seemed to penetrate his soul—for he quailed beneath it.

"My son—my son!" cried the old man, joining his hands together in an appealing manner: "what know you, sir, of my son? Oh! tell me—keep me not in suspense—what know you of my son?"

"Your son—your son——" stammered the Viscount: for of this rank the individual really was.

"My son—my dear, my only son, Albert Michel!" added the old man, wild with mingled grief, suspense, and hope.

"Albert Michel!" muttered the Viscount between his teeth, while he compressed his lips together with rage: "do you ask me about Albert Michel?"—then, after a moment's pause, he added, "Old man, where do you reside?"

Father Michel named the inn at which he was staying.

"To-morrow, by mid-day, you shall hear from me!" said the Viscount in a low but decided tone; and taking the lady's hand, he led her hastily away from the spot where this conversation had taken place.

Father Michel fell upon the seat, exclaiming, "Thank God! I shall again behold my son! He is not dead—he will be restored to me!"

He sank into a reverie as delicious as that from which he had originally been awakened was painful; and it was not until a sentinel warned him that the gardens were about to close, that he recollected where he was, or thought of the necessity of retiring.

That night he scarcely slept a wink; and on the following morning he was up at an early hour. How heavily hung the time upon his hands until the clock struck twelve: he thought the sun would never gain its meridian point. At length the wished-for moment came; and

now his heart beat with all the varied emotions produced by hope and suspense. Five minutes elapsed—and a footstep ascended the stairs leading toward his room. Father Pierre hurried to the door; and an elderly man, dressed in deep black, entered the apartment.

"Your name is——" began the stranger in a mild and pleasing tone.

"Pierre Michel," immediately answered the anxious father.

"I thought I was not mistaken," said the other. "I presume you are acquainted with the object of my visit?"

"To lead me to my son—to tell me news of him whom I have sought with so much perseverance!" exclaimed Michel.

"Then follow me," said the stranger; and he led the way into the street, where a chaise was waiting.

Pierre Michel and his guide entered the vehicle, which immediately drove away at a rapid rate through the streets leading toward the eastern extremity of Paris.

CHAPTER II.

In order to pursue the thread of this narrative properly, it will now be necessary to return to Henri Alvimar and his beautiful wife Pauline. During the absence of the old man in Paris, they looked anxiously each day for the arrival of the mail with the letters from Paris; and on two or three occasions their anxiety was relieved by the receipt of news from him in whose safety they felt so deep an interest. At length, all tidings ceased, and he returned not home. Day after day passed—weeks flew away—and he neither came nor wrote. Henri could not help associating the

mysterious disappearance of the son with that of the father; and he resolved to devote himself to penetrate the mystery which, by snatching away two members of a family, had left the others in a state of such dreadful suspense. Pauline, whose grief knew no bounds, implored her husband to allow her to accompany him in the meditated search after whom she so tenderly loved; and this desire was complied with. They repaired to Paris; and, having installed themselves in a comfortable abode, secluded lodging, entered in their turn upon those inquiries and researches, in the success of which they seemed to have embarked all their hopes of happiness for the remainder of their years.

Were we to dwell upon the numerous measures adopted by Henri Alvimar to obtain some clue to the brother or father of his beloved wife, we should far exceed our limits in this episode. We must therefore sum up in one word the result of several years of unwearying research and persevering inquiry; we must in one sentence dispose of the incidents of a considerable section of human life; and in the most concise manner possible, we must record the simple fact, that seven years passed away since the moment when Henri and Pauline arrived in Paris, and that at the expiration of this interval they appeared to be no nearer to their object than on the day when they first set foot in Paris together.

During all this long sojourn in the metropolis of France, Pauline had led the most retired and secluded life—seldom quitting her own domestic hearth, and though not surrendering herself up to a wild and frantic grief, still imbued with a profound melancholy, which her devoted husband's tenderness alone softened down, and at times arrested. Henri had at first been much away from home, prosecuting his inquiries with a perseverance and energy which deserved success; but he gradually relaxed from this ardent application to the one grand object; not that he grew cold or callous; but because he was compelled at length to admit the utter inefficiency of his means to penetrate a mystery which seemed as insurmountable as that of futurity itself. He also saw the necessity of devoting more of his time to Pauline; and thus this fond couple knew no wish for society, but seemed happiest when compelled to trust only to each other for consolation or pastime. They formed no acquaintances, frequented no places of amusement, and abstained from appearing in public as much as possible. The mysterious event, into the secret of which they could not penetrate, had imbued their minds with a certain superstitious dread of evil when they were separated; and this sentiment was also a bond tending to link them almost inseparably together.

It was probably this species of superstitions feeling—a sentiment for which they often blamed themselves, but of which they could not divert their minds—that induced Henri to propose a new plan for the solution of the mystery which enveloped the fates of Pierre and Albert Michel. At the epoch of which we are now writing—and which, the reader will remember, was that when France stood upon the eve of her first revolution—the name of Mademoiselle Lenormand began to be famous

in Paris. This remarkable female—who was at that period only seventeen or eighteen years of age—had just commenced that profession of soothsaying which she since prosecuted with such unrivalled success. During her youth, several remarkable prophecies which met with an exact fulfilment, attracted the attention of the Parisians toward her; and the moment she publicly announced her determination to devote to the general benefit a gift which she deemed to have been conferred upon her by heaven, her residence was crowded with the fashion, the nobility, the wealth, and the learning of Paris. Implicit faith was placed in her predictions; and as she was a woman of remarkable penetration, she was often enabled to deduce correct opinions from the combination of certain antecedent circumstances. Thus, by making herself previously acquainted with the characters and deeds of those who consulted her, she was emboldened to predict of the future according to the past; and as men, as well as nations, prepare their own destinies by their own conduct and passions, it was not very difficult for a woman of profound observation, infinite tact, and acute judgment, to foresee the paths into which the natures of particular individuals were certain to conduct their footsteps. She was, moreover, an excellent politician, well versed in the history of all nations, and skilled in reading the depths of the human mind beneath the outward polish, hypocritical gloss, or conventional bearing which those who visited her were accustomed to assume. Then, again, she had another circumstance in her favor; the mind of the individual upon whom her predictions made an impression like that of a religious awe, subsequently viewed everything through the mirror of the new light opened to it, and shaped its thoughts according to the destiny to which it believed itself to be tending. These thoughts modeled the actions of the individual in their turn; and thus the very premonitions which issued from the lips of the sorceress, became in numerous instances the very springs of action that conducted men or women onward to the goal to which it was predicted that they should arrive.

The more gloomy became the face of political affairs, the more confidently did Mademoiselle Lenormand utter her prophecies concerning the coming revolution—the destruction of the existing organization of society—the ruin of altars, and the horrors of the guillotine. She knew that the day of popular supremacy would be that of retribution; and that the proud oligarchy which has so long trampled upon the most sacred rights and holy privileges of the people, would be at once the objects of vengeance and fury. She accordingly prophesied of streams of blood, and crowded prisons, and exiled nobles, and slaughtered priests, ruined thrones and dismantled churches, and the leveling of all ancient superstitions along with all ancient abuses. In a short time she was looked upon as a Pythonesse, on whose tongue truth alone might dwell; and wealth poured in upon her from all sides.

Such was the person whom Henri felt inclined to consult; and Pauline immediately assented to the proposition. It will be recollected that in her childhood, at the little cottage near Calais, she had not approved of the

freak of the volatile Josephine Tascher, who allowed her fortune to be told to her by an old gipsy; but she was now so far altered by the superstitious influence exercised upon her mind by the mysterious presentiment of a family danger, which she constantly entertained, that she felt something akin to her own feelings in the religious awe which accompanied the consultation of Mademoiselle Lenormand. The proposal was therefore no sooner made by her husband, than she conjured him to carry it into execution; and that same evening did they proceed to the dwelling of the sorceress.

They were admitted into an ante-room by an old woman, whose back was so bent with the weight of years, that they could scarcely obtain a glimpse of her countenance. She did not, however, fail to scrutinize the visitors from beneath her shaggy eye-brows; and to the features of Pauline her glances were praised for some moments. The ante-room was only dimly lighted; and upon shelves around were placed skulls, stuffed alligators, lizards, snakes, and glass jars containing reptiles of all kinds preserved in spirits of wine. The walls were hung with black, and a coffin stood upon a table in the middle. The faint luster of a silver lamp did little more than render this horrible spectacle just dimly visible to the eyes; and the old hag with her crooked back and her sable garments, seemed the presiding genius of one of the chambers of the Palace of Death. Pauline felt alarmed, and clung to her husband's arm for support; but he implored her in a whisper to take courage, and nerve herself to arrive at the issue of the adventure.

Meantime, the old hag left the visitors in the ante-chamber of horrors, and glided into an adjoining apartment, the door of which, also covered with black cloth, moved noiselessly upon its hinges. The very silence of that place seemed to be that of the tomb; and Pauline and Henri, apparently under the influence of some deep but undefinable awe, spoke to each other in the lowest whispers. At length the old woman returned with a message that Mademoiselle Lenormand was at present engaged with the Viscountess of Beaumarnais, but that she would receive the new visitors in a few minutes. This interval was passed in silence; and at length a silver bell tinkled behind the black drapery. The old hag now beckoned Henri and Pauline to follow her into the next apartment; and in another moment they found themselves in the presence of the sorceress.

This second chamber was hung around with sable drapery, like the first. At the further end stood a table, covered with a cloth of the same somber hue, and upon which, globes, old black-letter volumes, a small orrery, an hour-glass, a large sheet of parchment covered with hieroglyphics, a basin full of eggs, and a small coffee-pot boiling over a spirit-lamp, were placed. The room was as dimly lighted as the other; but there were no symbols of death piled around. Upon a stage behind the table stood Mademoiselle Lenormand, dressed in deep black, wearing a huge sable turban upon her head, and with her long, jetty, luxuriant hair flowing wildly over her naked shoulders. Her commanding figure was drawn up to its full height, and her large dark eyes beamed with

unnatural luster; in her right hand she waved a long black wand, and her left held a small volume open, to which she from time to time referred.

Two chairs were placed by the old hag, who served as attendant, near the table; and she then withdrew. Henri and Pauline seated themselves, upon a sign from the sorceress; and ten minutes then passed without a word being spoken—Mademoiselle Lenormand continuing to wave her hand and refer to her book upon the raised *dais*. At length, she looked earnestly toward the visitors, and exclaimed—"Henri Alvimar, what wouldst thou with me! Pauline, speak—fear not!"

The two visitors were rendered speechless by hearing themselves thus addressed by a person whom they had never seen before, and they made no reply.

"Wherefore are ye silent?" continued the sorceress. "Are ye surprised that I should name ye by your names? What faith would ye accord to my predictions, were I unable to penetrate into all your family secrets—to tell you all that has already happened to you—and thus the more appropriately connect the chain of the past with that of the future? And first let me speak of the pledges of friendship given to ratify vows never redeemed—a chain to the neck of Pauline Michel—a bracelet to the arm of Josephine Tascher—a ring on the finger of the lost Albert!"

"True—O God! It is all true!" murmured Pauline. "But Albert—oh! what of Albert? and my father—my dear father?"

"They are alive!" solemnly answered the sorceress.

"Alive! then heaven be thanked!" ejaculated Pauline. "But tell me more—say, shall I see them again?—will they ever be restored to me?—are they in health, in happiness?—and why, oh! why this long separation—this fearful and mysterious disappearance?"

"The hand of Providence will, by his wise means, restore you to each other," said Mademoiselle Lenormand. "Hark! hear you not that cry for vengeance! listen to those distant murmurs which are approaching nearer and more near every instant! They grow louder, more distinct—they change into intelligible sounds—they grow into loud voices—and now, now those dread shouts proclaim vengeance, and death, and liberty! Hark again! hear ye not the din of the artillery, and the sharp crack of the musket? falls not the roll of your drum on your ear? Is your soul unmoved by the braying of those war trumpets? Hark once more! the battering-ram is striking the wall; there—now again—there—there, with each stroke the huge stones shake and totter. And now the conflict begins—it is hard to hand, and foot to foot; on, on go the assailants like a whirlwind! 'Tis done. See you crowd of trembling and pallid beings—amongst them are faces that are familiar to you—there, there is your father, and there also is your brother!"

The sorceress had commenced this harangue in a low tone, which imitated the distant murmurs of a multitude; then, as she seemed to witness each progressive incident to which she alluded, her voice grew louder, and her utterance more rapid; her eyes rolled, and she waved her wand more and more rapidly, pac-

ing the *dais* at the same time with steps increasing in speed, in unison with the exaltation of her voice; until at length she strode backward and forward like a tigress in her den, while her manner grew wild, her eyes dilated with apparent frenzy, her bosom heaved convulsively, and her naked white arms waved over her head, brandishing the book and the wand, and giving her the air of an inspired Druidess, or of Cassandra raving.

Henri and Pauline gazed and listened with breathless attention; and when the sorceress concluded her remarkable address, accompanying each sentence with the belittling gesticulation, and pointing toward the further end of the room, as she exclaimed, "There is your father! and there also is your brother!"—the startled Pauline turned round to see if they were not really there. But the eyes of the sorceress appeared to be glaring upon vacancy; and Pauline, whose nerves were worked up to the highest pitch, experienced a sudden reaction, which threw her, fainting, into her husband's arms.

Mademoiselle Lenormand instantly flung aside her wand and her book, and hurried forward to administer aid to Madame Alvimar. Taking a bottle of some powerful essence from the table, she applied it to Pauline's nostrils, and immediate signs of life were the result. In a few moments Pauline was perfectly restored; and the sorceress then seated herself at the table covered with the implements of her art.

She took an egg and broke it into a wine glass; she then cut the yolk with a penknife, and watched the yellow commingling with the white for some minutes. She next filled a large cup with coffee from the silver urn over the spirit-lamp; and then she poured the reeking liquid into a flat silver dish. There she watched the motion of the bubbles, the course which the current took in turning round and round, and the shape of the white foam upon the surface.

"Pauline," she exclaimed, when these preparations were complete, "in what month were you born?"

The question was answered; and the sorceress then inquired—"What is your age? What color do you prefer in regard to dress? What is your favorite animal? To which animal have you the greatest antipathy? Which flower do you love best?"

To all these inquiries Pauline replied in a trembling tone, and when she had answered them, she said, "But, if you are about to tell me my future fate I would rather not listen to the narrative. If it be happy, I shall be restless until the period of felicity arrive; if miserable, I should be anxious to quit this world in time to avoid the inauspicious epoch."

Mademoiselle Lenormand seemed annoyed by this observation—for she pushed the glass containing the egg away from her with impatience.

"But," continued Pauline, after a moment's pause, and willing to efface any cause of displeasure, "should your art extend to the power of giving me some information more precise—"

"Concerning your father and brother!" hastily ejaculated the sorceress: "no, no! I have said enough! that inspiration has left me. Have you no other friend—none in whom you

feel the slightest interest—concerning whose fortunes you may be anxious to make inquiry?"

"Ah!" said Pauline, a sudden reminiscence flashing through her mind, "you spoke ere now of one who vowed eternal friendship to me, in our days of girlhood. I feel an interest in Mademoiselle Josephine Tascher; a curiosity—"

"That interest and that curiosity shall be satisfied," said Mademoiselle Lenormand. "You shall see the lady of whom you speak, and be thus convinced that she is happy and in health."

Mademoiselle Lenormand directed Pauline and her husband to withdraw to the further end of the apartment, so as to be as distant as possible from the extremity where the table and *dais* stood. They obeyed her commands, their breasts being the prey of the most lively suspense, and fraught with the most profound awe. Vainly did Henri struggle against the superstitious feeling which was gradually gaining a more complete ascendancy over him. Meantime the sorceress ascended the *dais*, waving her wand mysteriously, and muttering words whose import the anxious spectators could not understand. Suddenly a portion of the black drapery overhanging the stage gave way, and revealed what appeared to be a small chamber, about twelve feet square, and yet more nearly resembling a picture seen in a mirror. Upon the sofa in that mysterious boudoir, was seated a lady, elegantly attired, with a coronet upon her brow. She raised her head the moment the drapery fell; and Pauline immediately recognized the countenance of that same Josephine from whom she had received the chain in pledge of friendship. And upon that lady's wrist was the bracelet which had been given in exchange.

The vision—if such it were—lasted only for a moment; the drapery was as suddenly expanded again over that bright and luminous picture—or reality (whichever it might have been)—and Pauline, uttering a scream of terror! threw herself into her husband's arms.

"Depart—depart!" ejaculated Mademoiselle Lenormand; "my art can do no more!"

Henri threw his purse upon the seat which he had just abandoned, for he knew that the sorceress accepted payment for her services; and with his own mind a prey to the most conflicting opinions, he bore his wife from that abode of mystery and wonder.

When Alvimar and his wife sat down next day, coolly and quietly to discuss the events of the preceding evening, their marvel and bewilderment increased only with conjecture. Henri possessed a strong mind, and he was unwilling to admit the powers of the sorceress to their full extent, but still there was no room for placing faith in a part, and rejecting the remainder. She certainly was acquainted with them and their history; and she had declared that the venerable Pierre and Albert were still alive. This statement he was inclined to believe, because she was evidently well informed with regard to the past events of the Michel family; but how reconcile with all preconceived opinions the affair of the apparition? To convey information in respect to the life or death of persons was within the attributes of mortal power; but to summon to a certain spot the effigy—all animated, warm and smiling—of a being dwelling elsewhere, at the option

of any particular individual, was a proceeding calculated to disturb even those minds which were prepared, by previous education or experience, to place reliance upon any wonders, however superstitious, however unnatural.

As is usual in such cases, all the discussion and conjecture in the world led to no satisfactory result; at one moment both Henri and Pauline were inclined to believe in the association of the sorceress with invisible powers; while at another, they looked upon the whole proceeding as a well-combined fraud and imposture. Time, however, wore on, and the dangerous aspect of political affairs would have driven Alvimar and his wife away from Paris, back to their abode in the Basse-Ville of Calais, had not a secret and indestructible hope that Mademoiselle Lenormand's prophecy would be in some way or other fulfilled, retained them in a city which was about to be the scene of the most extraordinary popular ebullition which the world has ever yet beheld. The measure of regal iniquity had arrived at its full; the people could no longer tolerate the state of bondage in which they lived; and the Revolution commenced with the storming of the Bastille.

It was upon that eventful day when this terrible fortress was attacked by the Parisians, that Henri Alvimar was returning from the Faubourg Saint Antoine, whither he had been upon business of some importance. On that day the adamant bars of the most formidable prison in the world were rent by the popular will, as Samson mapped asunder the cords of the Philistines; the secrets of that dread castle were displayed; the dark dungeon of slavery was illuminated by the torch of popular vengeance! The words of the prophets were fulfilled to the letter; the drum beat—the trumpet brayed—and the cannon roared; the royal troops fought like demons against the incensed people; but the citizens prevailed then, as they have prevailed since in France, and as they will prevail ever, because they possess the true courage, inspired by the noblest feelings—feelings of honor, of patriotism, and of glory, which seem, alas! to be unknown elsewhere!

Yes, the words of Mademoiselle Lenormand were fulfilled. Alvimar, entangled amid the crowds pressing onward to aid in the attack upon the Bastille, and aware that all endeavors to extricate himself would be useless, became resigned to the necessity which forced him to witness, if not to take part in the glorious achievement; and he was hurried on toward the principal gate, just at the moment when the popular banner waved upon the wall—a symbol of Freedom's victory. The gate was forced; and in a short time the captives obtained their release. Some of them rushed into the streets with the looks of madmen, anxious once more to gaze upon the houses, the people, and the rebellious—and yet doubting whether they were not in a state of somnambulism and dream in their own dreary cells; others came forward timidly to the gate, and then drew back, alarmed at the appearance of a great crowd; here, one danced for joy—there, another seated himself upon a stone and wept: never was seen such a strange display of various feelings and emotions, all produced by a common cause.

Captives of twenty, thirty, forty years—aye, even of half a century—and prisoners of only a year, or a few days—came forth from their dread abode, scarcely daring to believe that they were really free. But suddenly amid the crowd of captives, two men have recognized each other—an old one, with a long white beard covering his breast, and a younger man, with a black beard curling about upon his chin; they have uttered cries of surprise and joy—the people have formed a circle around them—they exclaim, the one, "My father!" the other, "My son!"—and they have fallen into each other's arms. And then, almost at the same moment, another individual darts like lightning from the ranks of the spectators of this affecting scene, and claims a share in the old man's embrace, and in the younger one's joy. Thus was it that Henri Alvimar met Pierre Michel and Albert once more; thus was it that the father and son suddenly found that they had languished for years in the same prison-house, without knowing that one was near the other; and thus, in a word, was it that the prophecy of the sorceress was fulfilled!

Oh! who shall describe the joy and delight which prevailed in the dwelling where the entire family were soon united once more; Pauline ran from father to brother to embrace them again and again; and Henri was never wearied of demonstrating his affection toward the old man, and his sincere friendship for his brother-in-law. But at length the fervor of awakened and renewed passions became mellowed down to tranquil happiness and ineffable contentment; and then commenced questions and explanations on all sides.

It appeared that on the day when Albert was to have returned with Henri Alvimar to Calais, he made the necessary preparations for his departure, and finding that he had a leisure half-hour still to dispose of, walked out to take a parting stroll of the magnificent palace and the beautiful gardens of the Tuileries. While he was on his way thither, he was stopped by two men dressed in plain clothes, who inquired if his name were Albert Michel, and whether he had not accosted a lady on several occasions in her barouche. He immediately replied in the affirmative; they stated that the lady in question desired an interview with him, and that they were to conduct him to the spot where she was waiting for him. He suffered himself to be persuaded to step into a carriage, although he at the moment could not help entertaining a distant suspicion that some treachery was intended; and in this manner he was conveyed to the Bastille. There he had languished until the day of its destruction in the year 1789—unaware that his father shortly afterward became an inmate of the same horrible prison—ignorant of the crime for which he was incarcerated, unless, indeed, it were connected with the lady, whom he had known as Mademoiselle Josephine Tacher—and left in a most terrible state of incertitude with respect to his family and his own future fate.

CHAPTER III.

THE narrative of Father Michel recorded the preliminary circumstances which led to his own incarceration, and with which, it will be

remembered, that Alvimar and Pauline were hitherto unacquainted. The old man's history corroborated the idea that some motive connected with M. Tacher's daughter, Josephine, had led to the confinement of father and son, in the most horrible of prisons; but in what way they could have committed an offense calculated to draw down upon them such a dread penalty, they were at a loss to determine. The years of their captivity had been passed in privation and misery, mental and bodily; the vigor of Albert's mind was destroyed, the strength of his constitution undermined, and the generosity of his disposition perverted. His cheek wore the mark of disease, and his brows lowered with hatred upon mankind. To his family, it was true, he was affectionate and tender; but when he spoke of the world, his lips compressed, his hand was clenched, and his forehead darkened. His heart was, however, the same toward one being—unchanged in its love for her—unaltered in respect to that maddening passion which had devoured him in secret, and preyed upon his vitals! He breathed not a word relative to the existence of that undying flame; it was his secret—he conceived that he had suffered on account of it—and again he determined to recommence his search after the object of his love. He determined to throw himself at her feet and implore her hand, if she were still unwedded—or to seek an explanation of the past, and then take leave of her for ever, if her heart were no longer at her own disposal.

The old man had suffered much less by his long incarceration than even his son. The feelings of old men are not so acute nor so violent as those of the young, and produce less effect upon the physical constitution. He was now verging toward four score years; but he was still hale and hearty; and restoration to his family speedily wiped away from his mind the most poignant impressions created by his painful captivity. All were unanimously of opinion that the late misfortunes had arisen from some secret cause connected with those whom Albert rescued from the waves, at the risk of his life, and who had received the hospitality of the cottage in the Basse-Ville; and all, save Albert, expressed their conviction that the wisest and most prudent course was to return to that tranquil home—after from a metropolis which teemed with so many perils. Albert declared his intention of remaining in Paris to take part in the great struggle which he saw approaching; in vain did his father command, Henri remonstrate, and Pauline implore.—the young man was unmoved, and pertinaciously refused to sacrifice his own wishes to the will of his friends. It was therefore determined that the entire family should prolong its sojourn in Paris; and a convenient house was taken in the Boulevard du Temple.

Although many incidents be crowded into this narrative, it is necessarily hurried and condensed; and with the rapidity of the changes of the magic lantern, or the shifting of the scenes on the stage, do we skip from scene to scene, and from date to date. We must now again solicit our readers to suppose an interval of four years to have passed away; and in that time the contemplated changes had been all effected. The righteous wrath of the people, so long enslaved and trampled upon,



had commenced its sway and was still progressing; the awful retribution, so insanely provoked, was sweeping onward in its giant course. The house of the Bourbons had been plunged into mourning—a king and a queen had perished upon the scaffold—and the Reign of Terror had succeeded the *regime* of monarchy. Father Michel's family was still in Paris—Albert bent constantly on his vain and fruitless search after Josephine; and Henri and his wife living contented and happy in each other's society.

One morning Albert was wandering along that quay of the Seine which is overlooked by the terrace of the Tuilleries, when the condemned cart approached on its way to the guillotine in the Place du, la Concorde, close by. Urged by a natural feeling of curiosity, Albert stood aside to mark the fatal vehicle proceed on its melancholy journey; but his interest was speedily enlisted in the freight which the cart bore—for among the condemned ones he recognized, to his unfeigned wonder, the stern-looking gentleman who accompanied M. Tascher's daughter, Josephine, on former occasions, and who had uttered those memorable words, "Back, fellow—back!" He was also the same, be it remembered, who was with that lady on the day when Pierre Michel encountered her in the gardens of the palace, and when the restoration of Albert was promised but as the snare to entrap the old man into captivity.

Albert followed the cart, but could not catch the prisoner's look. The unhappy man never raised his eyes off the misal which he held in his hand; and when he suffered himself to be bound to the fatal plank, he glanced neither to the right nor to the left. In a few moments after that portion of the ceremony, he had ceased to exist.

Albert inquired the name of the individual who had just suffered.

"Alexander Viscount de Beauharnais," was the answer.

"Was he married?" asked Albert.

"Yes—and has left a widow and two children. The Viscountess is in the prison of the Magdelonnettes, and is most probably reserved for the same fate."

"Do you know the maiden name of his wife?" demanded Albert of his informant.

"Mademoiselle Tascher," was the reply.

"I thought as much—I thought as much!" murmured Albert to himself; and dashing through the crowd, he hurried onward as quickly as possible to the hospital or prison of the Magdelonnettes.

He inquired of the turnkey if the Viscountess de Beauharnais was confined there, and learnt that she was. He essayed to obtain access to her, but failed. Day after day, however, did he walk beneath the windows, and endeavor to obtain a glance of her countenance through the dark bars of iron which fenced them. But no—his hopes remained unsatisfied, though his perseverance continued the same. At length the constancy of his visits to the vicinity of the prison became noticed by the gaolers; and information was sent to the Committee on Public Safety. In those times the most trifling act was sufficient to create alarm; and Albert's pertinacity, in endeavoring to obtain a means of communication with the Royalists was sufficient to effect not only his own ruin, but that of all his family. One night the house in which they dwelt was surrounded and entered by the soldiers of the Republic; and all were arrested. Pauline was immediately despatched to the hospital of the Magdelonnettes, that being the receptacle for female prisoners in those times; while her father, husband and brother were con-

signed to the Luxembourg. Thus in one moment did misfortune again enter upon the domestic hearth of that unfortunate family, and sweep away all those hopes of peace and happiness in which the inmates had indulged.

Albert had informed his relatives that Viscount de Beauharnais had perished upon the scaffold—that his wife was the daughter of M. Tascher, and that she was a prisoner in the Magdelonnettes. Pauline was therefore prepared to meet her on her arrival at that place of detention; and the moment she entered the room to which female prisoners were consigned, she recognised the Viscountess among four or five ladies who were also captives there. Madame de Beauharnais threw herself into the arms of Madame Alvimar; and the two friends, thus so singularly united again, wept copiously upon each other's bosom. When the first effusion of feeling was somewhat passed, Pauline narrated all that had occurred since the day when they parted upward of fifteen or sixteen years previously, at the white cottage in the Basse-Ville; and tears of the kind-hearted Josephine fell fast, when she heard all that the family of the Michels had endured. "It is now my turn to give you certain explanations," said she, "which will fill up some of the gaps in your narrative, and account for much which as yet remains dark and mysterious to you. My name, as well you know, was Josephine Rose Tascher de la Pagerie; and I was born at St. Pierre, in the Island of Martinique. My mother died when I was young; and I accompanied my father to France in 1776, my hand having been previously betrothed to Viscount Alexander de Beauharnais. It was upon the occasion of my arrival in France that I had the pleasure to form your acquaintance, and should have been overjoyed to cultivate your friend-

ship, as promised, but for the reasons which I will now explain. I found my husband—for you must know that I had no time allowed to obtain an insight into his character during a period of courtship—a man of stern but honorable character, attached to all the prejudices of rank and birth, and so jealous of his fair fame that he considered every one he met inclined to slish him of it, or injure it in some shape or way. Thus he was the most miserable husband upon the face of the earth, and he would have rendered me the most wretched wife, had not the natural volatility of my character prevented me from taking his behavior on all occasions in a serious light. He was the most jealous man in existence—alas! he is now gone to a better world!—and God knows he had many virtues and brilliant talents to counterbalance his defects. His jealousy would not permit him to allow me out of his sight. He had heard of the circumstance of your brother Albert having so nobly saved my life at the risk of his own, and of the interchange of gifts which took place between us all, and he immediately conceived the idea that Albert was chivalrous enough to assert a claim to my heart. Pardon me mentioning this fact—it may argue vanity on my part, but it is necessary to my narrative. Indeed, it explains the motives of my silence—the reason that I was never enabled to write a line to you to renew my gratitude for the hospitality which I experienced at your hands. My father stayed not in Paris, and I was without a friend whom I could instruct to communicate with you. The Viscount insisted upon all correspondence being broken off in that quarter; and what could I do? I was compelled to submit to the decree, however unjust—especially as almost immediately after our marriage, he conceived certain fears prejudicial to his honor, but as false and unfounded as calumny could be. He appealed to the tribunals, and a reconciliation was effected between us. It was immediately after this circumstance that your brother met us in Paris; my husband's fears all returned with new strength; I will not insult you by even alluding to the accusations he made against your brother in regard to myself; suffice it to say, that he used his influence with the king to obtain a *lettre de cachet*, and your brother was confined to the Bastille. Of this I was unaware until some time afterward I met your father in Paris, and he mentioned the extraordinary disappearance of his son. The truth instantly flashed to my brain; and my suspicions were corroborated by the changing brow and quivering lip of my husband. I boldly desired him to restore the old man his son. He promised to do that act of justice; and as God is my judge I believed that he had fulfilled his word. Oh, Pauline! could I have supposed that he would have accomplished such a deed of black and horrible treachery! Alarmed that the hints already given to your father relative to the Viscount's knowledge of the place where Albert was confined would lead to an investigation that would set the youth of whom he was so absurdly jealous, once more at liberty, and thereby give occasion, if the tale got abroad, for his friends to laugh at him for his ridiculous fears, he preferred to condemn that

poor old man to an endless imprisonment rather than make him happy by the restoration of his son! Oh, Pauline, you must hate me for having been connected with such a man!"

"Hate you!" ejaculated Madame Alvimar; "oh, say not that word! Rather let me commiserate your unhappy position. But be of whom you speak is now no more—let his faults be buried with him. I freely forgive him for my part for all the anguish he has been the means of producing to myself and those who are dear to me."

"Amiable disposition!" exclaimed Josephine, pressing her friend's hand. But let me clear up the next mystery which occurs in your own narrative; I allude to that of Mademoiselle Lenormand."

"The apparition of yourself!" cried Pauline. "Can you explain that also?" she demanded in amazement.

"I can—and most satisfactorily, too," answered Josephine, with a smile. "You must know that I and Mademoiselle Lenormand have been excellent friends ever since she first appeared in the world as a soothsayer. You will probably remember that on the morning of my departure with my dear lamented father from your hospitable abode at Calais, a gipsy told my fortune over the garden railings!"

"Remember the incident well," said Pauline. She prophesied that you would be queen of France."

"And she prophesied truly," returned Josephine, with solemnity while she drew herself up to her full height, as if she were already invested with regal authority. "But to the point. Conceive my astonishment when I found that same gipsy in the service of Mademoiselle Lenormand, but with a stoop—real or affected, I know not which—that did not allow me immediately to recognise her."

"Oh, a light breaks in upon me," cried Pauline.

"The day you and her husband called to consult Mademoiselle Lenormand," proceeded Josephine, "the old hag whispered in her ear who you were, and she had already heard from me the whole tale of the rescue from shipwreck, and the interchange of presents. I was with her all the time when you and M. Alvimar called, yet it was not until after you were gone that I was aware you were the visitors to whom I allowed myself to be shown in the little magic boudoir which Mademoiselle Lenormand has had secretly built with a thick plate glass in front, in communication with her mystic apartment."

"Then it was no apparition!" exclaimed Pauline. "Oh, how foolish, how blind have not I and my husband been!"

"Not at all," said the Viscountess. "The delusion was excellent—and your own fears and the superstitious awe you experienced in such a place, helped to complete it. Doubtless, you fancied you saw my form reflected in some magical mirror, as Lord Surrey beheld that of his beauteous and absent Geraldine?"

"But what motive could have induced Mademoiselle Lenormand to practise such a deception?" inquired Pauline.

"Several motives," answered Josephine. "In the first place, she is fond of being deemed

skillful in the black art, and will always step out of her way to produce that impression; the opportunity on that occasion—the coincidence of you and me being there at the same moment—was too good to be lost. She, doubtless, thought that next day the news would have been all over Paris. Then, again, she is fond of money, and she expected that such a grand display of power would elicit a noble donation. Lastly, I was well dressed on that day, looked pretty, and was more than ever in her good graces; so I suppose she felt proud in displaying me. Then, as for her prophecy about your father and brother, which seems to have been fulfilled, she most probably guessed where they were—or, at all events, imagined that they were in captivity in some royal fortress. Nevertheless, she is a wonderful woman; and," added Josephine, sinking her voice to a solemn and mysterious whisper, "has confirmed the prophecy uttered by her old still attendant, that I shall be Queen of France."

Scarcely were these words uttered, when the gaoler entered the room, and proceeded to remove the stock bed and bedding allotted to Madame de Beaubarnais."

"What is the meaning of this?" demanded the Duchess d'Alguillon, who was one of the prisoners present.

"I am only going to give the bedding to an other captive," answered the gaoler, brutally.

"How to another?" asked the Duchess. "Is Madame de Beaubarnais to have a better?"

"Oh! ah—a better indeed!" said the gaoler, with a laugh. "No, no—she don't want a bed here any more; she is going to another place to-day, and to the guillotine to-morrow!"

"The guillotine!" ejaculated Pauline, throwing herself into her friend's arms. "Oh! no! impossible—impossible!"

The other ladies gathered around the Viscountess in deep and solemn silence; but the tears that trickled down their cheeks, and their hands clasped in prayer, showed how sincerely they felt for their companion.

"No—I shall not die to-morrow!" suddenly exclaimed Josephine; "I shall not die yet—it is impossible. The prediction must be fulfilled. I am to be queen of France!"

"Your ladyship had better then appoint your household at once," said the Duchess d'Alguillon, somewhat impatiently.

"True—I had forgotten to do so," returned Josephine, mildly, and without appearing to entertain the least apprehension that her fate was indeed already sealed, as her companions feared, nor yet in a tone of bravado or banter, she proceeded thus:—

"You, my lady of Alguillon, will take the situation of Miremont de the Robes; you, Madame Alvimar, will become First Lady of the Bed-chamber."

Thus did she continue to distribute situations among her fellow-prisoners, who all prayed the more earnestly and wept the more copiously, under the impression that fear had turned her brain. The gaoler tied up the bedding in a bundle, and was about to leave the apartment with it upon his shoulder, when the door was suddenly flung violently open, and Albert and Henri Alvimar made their appearance, "Robespierre has fallen—and you are saved."

"There!" exclaimed Josephine; "I shall yet be Queen of France!"

And Robespierre had fallen; for this was the 9th of Thermidor, and all the prisons of the capital were thrown open.

A week after this incident, Pierre Michel, Albert, Henri and Pauline dined with the Viscountess de Beauharnais, at her temporary residence in the Rue de Lille, Faubourg St. Honore. It was a happy party; and even upon Albert's countenance there was a smile of hope and contentment. In the course of that evening he contrived to have a few moments' conversation with Josephine alone; and to her profound astonishment he revealed his passion. He spoke of the fervor of that love which had alone sustained his mental courage during his long imprisonment, and which, nevertheless, had undermined his health simultaneously;—he pleaded his cause with an energy and an eloquence which at one time appeared to make a deep impression upon the lady; but at length he heard his doom pronounced—the fiat was declared—she did not love him—and where she loved not, she would not wed. She, however, expressed the most lively interest in all his prospects and proceedings, and the most sincere friendship for his sister. For the rest of the evening Albert remained gloomy and thoughtful; and when he took leave of Josephine in the evening, he pressed her hand with convulsive force, whispering in a hoarse and guttural tone, at the same time, "Farewell, Madame—you will never see me more."

Josephine had been too much accustomed to the dissipation, the gallantry, and the empty compliments of the infamous court of Louis XVI. to attach any very great deal of importance to this species of menace on the part of Albert; she considered it rather the 'words of course' which every polite and well-bred man uttered to a lady whose love he had not succeeded in gaining, or from whose lips no avowal had been wrested; and she only smiled—but sweetly as Josephine alone could smile—as she bade him farewell. Her parting words with Pauline upon that occasion were, "Remember my dear friend, in a short time I shall call upon you to enter on your functions of my chief Lady of the Bed-chamber."

"Father," said Albert to Pierre Michel, that evening, as they walked away from the hospitable mansion where they had been entertained, "I have no longer any inclination to remain in Paris; let us return home without delay. I long for my boat and sea exercise once more."

"It shall be as you say, my dear son," replied the old man; and accordingly on the following morning they all commenced their

journey back again to the Basse-Ville of Calais.

The remainder of this narrative may be summed up in a few words. The father and son returned to the cottage—and Henri Alvimar, with his amiable wife, to their own abode close by. But Albert never launched his boat from the shore of Calais again. Never more was it given to him to tempt the dangers of the deep—never more to push his frail bark over the curling waves. A deep, an insupportable melancholy took possession of his soul, and defied all the powers of man to eradicate it—because inaccessible to all sympathies; and in a few months it hurried its victim to the tomb. He died at the white Cottage, and on his death-bed he acknowledged that he was the victim of his attachment to her whom he had first seen within its walls. His remains were laid in the suburban cemetery; and his father was interred by his side a few weeks afterward. Pauline communicated the fatal news to her friend, the Viscountess de Beauharnais, who terminated her reply in the following manner:—"I admired your brother, Pauline, for his noble and generous heart—his truly manly nature, and I felt grateful to him as the savior of my life. But I knew that he was not destined to be King of France—and I am to be the Queen. Pardon this observation, and do not set it down

as levity on my part. I have shed tears at your brother's death—and am incapable of either ingratitude or indifference."

How accurately were all the prophecies and the presentments relative to the exaltation of Josephine fulfilled—or more than fulfilled—for she became not Queen, but Empress; not the wife of a King, but the wife of the Emperor Napoleon! In 1804, the imperial purple adorned the shoulders of herself and her heroic husband; and the principal lady in attendance upon Josephine was Pauline, the Countess of Alvimar.

RACHEL.

On the 24th day of March, 1820, this great artiste who has since brought tears to kingly eyes, and set throbbing kingly hearts, was born in a poor country inn, in Switzerland. Her parents bore the name of Felix, and belonged to the Israelitish persuasion; they endeavored by peddling through the country to eke out a precarious subsistence for themselves and their little ones.

The history of the early years of the tragic-dienne's life, is one of poverty and privation. For ten years, the Felix family wandered wearily through Germany and Switzerland; during this period, their life was one of unceasing toil and daily struggles with adversity. At last,



RACHEL.

they directed their steps toward Lyon, where they settled down, and remained until 1830, when they resolved to try their fortune in the French Metropolis.

During the first days of their sojourn in Paris, fortune did not smile very brightly upon them. By utilizing the talents or industry of every member of their little family, they managed to procure themselves a humble lodging, and to chase away the demon of hunger. Sarah, the elder sister of our heroine, sung in the cafés and public places, accompanying herself on the guitar and assisted by Rachel. It was, probably, during one of those singing excursions, that the two young girls had the good fortune to attract the attention of M. Etienne Choron, the founder of a musical institution in Paris. M. Choron, was struck by the extraordinary voice of the little Rachel, then only twelve years old. With the instinct of an artiste, he saw the rays of Genius, imperceptible to the vulgar, beaming from her large dark eyes. He immediately invited her to join his class, and his offer was thankfully accepted.

After she had remained a short time under his instructions, M. Choron, saw with regret, that the sonorous and thrilling voice of his young pupil was far better adapted for Declamation than for Song. He accordingly introduced her to M. Pagnon Saint Aulaire, a distinguished professor of declamation, and induced him to accept her as a pupil.

Up to this period, Rachel's education had been sorely neglected, owing to the great poverty of her parents, who were unable to afford their child those advantages, which, without wealth, it is so difficult to procure in Europe. Unceasing assiduity in her studies, however, soon made up for the want of instruction during the earlier years of her life. In the midst of the trials of poverty, she studied with an intense perseverance, wonderful in a young girl of her age. She was always seconded by her professor, who did all in his power to foster the nascent genius of the young Rachel.

M. Saint Aulaire, exercised his pupils in the histrionic art in a hall he had hired for the purpose in the Rue St. Martin. Her powerful voice and extraordinary scenic aptitude, soon caused Rachel to be remarked among her fellow students. Here it was that the director of the Comédie Française, saw her for the first time in the rôle of *Hermione*, in which she has since become so celebrated. M. Joulin, was electrified by the dramatic power, and the pure and elegant diction of this young tragedienne of fifteen. He immediately procured her admission to the Conservatoire. This was in October, 1836.

The manager of the Theatre du Gymnase, happening to assist at a performance in the Salle Chateaufort, saw Rachel in the part of *Eryphile*, in Racine's *Spérisme on Aulide*. His admiration of the juvenile wonder knew no bounds; he engaged her for his theater, at a salary of three thousand francs a year, with a promise of an annual increase if she were successful. A piece entitled, "La Vendéenne," was written expressly for her, but was indifferently received by the public. After a short period, the piece was withdrawn, and the young débutante fell back into a temporary oblivion,

from which she was soon to burst forth in all the effulgence of her genius.

Rachel was not daunted by the coldness with which her first efforts were received by the frequenters of the Gymnase. She sought the acquaintance of M. Samson, a comedian of high merit, and a witty and elegant writer. Samson at once recognized the dramatic intelligence, and rare natural gifts of the young actress. With the generosity of a true artiste, he gave her advice and encouragement, and was instrumental in procuring her an engagement at the Theatre Français. In June, 1838, the bills of that theater bore the name of Mademoiselle Rachel, and on the twelfth of that month, she made her first appearance on that stage, hailed by so many souvenirs, and rendered celebrated by the many bright geniuses who have trod its classic boards.

The play chosen for Rachel's début, was "Horne;" Rachel as *Camille*. The attendance was a poor one; literary and artistic Paris was out of town, enjoying a summer ramble through the fields, or lying lazily on the sand, looking at the waves by the sea-side. The well known Dr. Veron, in his *Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris*, says that there were only five persons in the orchestra boxes; the doctor being one of the five. In the other parts of the house, there were about two hundred inveterate play-goers, who would endure a temperature trebly tropical, rather than miss a first appearance, and for whom a revolution in art is a much more serious affair than a revolution in politics. Though an hour before, they had mourned the hard fate that imprisoned them in the heated city at such a season, the fortunate two hundred soon thanked heaven, that they were there to hail the dawn of the tragic luminary. After a few representations, notwithstanding the silence of the journalists, Rachel had achieved an unprecedented triumph; she had conquered Paris, and a golden rain began to flood the treasury of the Comédie Française.

The enthusiasm of the Parisians was carried still higher, by the manner in which Rachel rendered *Hermione*, *Eryphile*, *Monime*, etc., and her delineation of *Roxane*, in *Bajazet*, was a brilliant success, though a distinguished critic had sworn her failure in that part, and had piled his powerful pen to work her downfall. The terrible truthfulness with which she interpreted the consuming love, the frenzied passion, the deep despair of *Phedre*, sealed her reputation as the greatest tragedienne of the age.

Now it was that fortune began really to smile on the young actress. Artistic honors and golden loaves were showered upon her. She had remanicated and vivified Corneille and Racine, whose magnificent creations had lain in the dust of libraries for the want of an interpreter. She had created a new school of tragic declamation; high dignitaries had complimented her on having saved the French language from ruin, and the aristocratic mistresses of the most brilliant saloons in Paris, disputed each other the honor of entertaining the once poor little street singer, now become a great artiste.

In 1840, Rachel revisited Lyon, the scene of her early trials. Her success in that city was immense; when she was about to depart, the corporate authorities presented her a magnifi-

cent crown of massive gold, valued at six thousand francs. During the same year, she appeared in two new characters: *Fantine* and *Marie Stuart*. She visited the principal cities of France, and was everywhere received with the same enthusiasm. In May, 1841, she made her first appearance in London, where her reception was most flattering; her performances were nightly attended by the rank and wealth of the English metropolis.

But of all her triumphs, the most glorious was in 1848, when she worked the Parisians into a wild frenzy of patriotism, by her thrilling cry of,

"Aux armes, citoyens!"

In the stirring refrain of the national hymn of France—the Marseillaise. The effect of her singing the immortal song of Rouget de Lisle, is indescribable; she nearly set all Paris mad.

Mademoiselle Rachel's first appearance in modern drama, took place in 1849, in *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, a piece written for her, by Meunier, Scribe and Legouvé. Her success was wonderful; the Parisians besieged the doors of the theater, and fought like demons to obtain admission. Rachel's triumph, in this character was the more flattering, as certain individuals, incited by personal pique or professional jealousy had industriously spread the rumor, that her talent was confined to the interpretation of classic tragedy, and that conscious of her weakness, she dared not appear in modern drama.

We find in the "Contemporaine," the following interesting episode of Rachel's professional tour through the interior of France, during the autumn of this year. While traveling through Normandy, she made a few hours stay in a small village that lay on her route. While there, she happened to remark a little peasant boy busily engaged in the reading of a book, which seemed to have an all-absorbing interest for him. She went toward him, and asked the title of the book.

"The life of Arondino, Mademoiselle," replied the boy.

"What!" cried she, "Are those the works that are given you as premiums? What a shame! What will the reading of such trivial works bring you to? Read Corneille, my child, read Racine. Have you not got their works?"

"No, mademoiselle."

"I will send them to you. What is your name?"

"Armand Le Brua, mademoiselle."

"Very good; in the meantime, here is wherewith to buy books for the present." And the Actress insisted on the young peasant's acceptance of two louis. "As to Corneille and Racine," added she, "it shall be my business to see that they are sent to you."

Three months passed away, and no books had yet arrived. The little peasant no longer hoped for the fulfillment of the fine lady's promise. But amid all the fatigue of traveling, rehearsing and performing, Rachel did not forget her promised present to the little country boy, and the latter was agreeably surprised one morning, when he received two splendid volumes, elegantly bound and richly gilt. His name was in gilt letters on the cover, and on

the fly leaf, was written in the handwriting of the tragedienne:—

"To Armand Le Brin, with my earnest wishes for his future success in life."
RACHEL.

In 1850, Rachel visited Berlin, where she was loaded with honors by the King of Prussia. She played, in 1851, a second engagement in London, which was even more successful than the first. In 1852, she performed before the Emperor and Empress of Russia, the King and Queen of Prussia, from whom she received presents of extraordinary value. The Emperor of Russia, invited her to honor St. Petersburg with a visit, and she made her appearance in the Russian capital, in December, 1853. During her engagement, she was treated with the most distinguished favor by the Imperial family, and created an unwonted enthusiasm among the Russian nobility—an enthusiasm which was demonstrated by an almost fabulous pecuniary success. In Austria, Holland and Belgium, as elsewhere, the history of the great actress's various professional tours, is one of flowers, wreaths, pearls, diamonds, and universal applause.

Rachel has, of late, been rather unfavorably looked upon by certain circles in Paris. Some of the literary celebrities of the present day cannot forgive her for being insensible to their glory, and preferring, to their productions, the masterpieces of Corneille and Racine. They accuse her of being behind the age in which she lives, and of refusing to be the interpreter of the genius of the present century. Others, as we have before remarked, proclaim her incapacity for Comedy and Modern Drama, notwithstanding the many proofs she has given of the incorrectness of their assertions. They say that the worst passions of the human breast, such as hatred, jealousy, revenge, etc., are alone those which she can portray; that she can excite, say they, in her auditors, horror or fear, but she cannot touch their hearts with tender emotion, nor bring a tear of compassion to their eyes. Those who have seen Rachel in "*Adrienne Lecouvreur*," will be able to appreciate those calumnies at their true value. Mademoiselle Duchesne, the illustrious predecessor of Rachel, was already in her time a prey to such attacks. This great tragic actress was charged with inability to portray any other feelings than those of tenderness and sensibility, until she forever silenced injustice by the fearful energy with which she gave expression to the fiercer passions in the character of "*Phedre*." There is another fruitful source of envy and dislike, in the fact that Rachel is rich. As is usually the case with every great artist, her enemies have increased in proportion to her fame and wealth. Many of her fellow artists, not daring to impugn her talent as an actress, have had recourse to the pitiful revenge of maligning her character as a woman, representing her as selfish and avaricious. The presence of Madame Ristori, in Paris, was taken hold of as a means of wounding Mademoiselle Rachel's artistic pride by proclaiming her inferiority to the Italian actress. The injustice of such statements, is shown by the facts that the styles of acting of the two artists are so different, that no comparison between them is possible; and that the Italian press, which must be supposed to be a better judge of Italian theatricals than

the few Parisian feuilletonists who have undertaken to write up Ristori, jokes over the *favor* created by the fair Turinese, in particular circles of the Parisian world. Rachel's proposed visit to the United States, was also eagerly seized upon as an opportunity of giving vent to that jealousy, which is found in the lower, and sometimes penetrates to the higher strata of the artistic and literary world. The French government made the trans-Atlantic tour, an affair of state, and threatened Rachel with a heavy fine, and even with severer punishment if she persevered in her design; and it was not without difficulty, that a reluctant acquiescence was at last obtained from the Minister. A portion of the French Press denounced the American trip in no measured terms. Rachel was accused of being actuated by motives of cupidity, and not by a desire to contribute to the advancement of Art. She was charged with speculating, in foreign lands, on the reputation that had been made in France, and for France; as if a talent such as Rachel's should be the exclusive property of any single country. The great Talma himself, one of the brightest glories of the French stage, went to England, in 1817, and there gave a certain number of "*Dramatic Evenings*." Genius like that of Talma and of Rachel belongs to humanity; to the cause of Art in every clime.

It is unnecessary for us to recapitulate the incidents of Mademoiselle Rachel's representations in Paris, on the eve of her departure, or to mention the enthusiastic manner in which she was received in London, on her way to this country. The Daily Press has quite recently laid those details before our readers.

We have nothing to do with the petty scandal which circulates in the Parisian world of art and letters with regard to the great tragedienne. We might repeat anecdote after anecdote, which, no doubt, would be eagerly read at the present moment, when Mademoiselle Rachel occupies such a conspicuous place in the public mind; but her artistic career is all that concerns us, and we would not become the echoes of personal malignity, nor would we, though it were in our power to do so, sacrilegiously tear aside the curtain which hides the private life of an artist from the public gaze, to satisfy a morbid and ephemeral curiosity.

Mademoiselle Rachel has been singularly favored by nature. It is rare to find so many natural excellences united in the same person. Her face is eminently classical; every feature is chiselled with exquisite delicacy. Her eyes are large, dark, piercing and expressive; her voice resonant, powerful and sympathetic. She is above the middle height, and though slightly, is beautifully formed. Her port is full of grace and majesty, and she possesses a marvellous intuitiveness of gesture and intonation. She is in the prime of life, and notwithstanding the exceeding delicacy of her physical organization, and the exhaustion which ensues after some of her thrilling impersonations, we hope that she will be able to devote many years to the elevation of her art, and that many glorious triumphs are still reserved for her. Though she has, already, conquered two hemispheres, earned for herself immortality, and perhaps, become a millionaire, her fame is not yet arrived at its culminating point.

The Theater, however, is not the only scene of Rachel's triumphs; the perfect artist is also a most accomplished woman of the world. In a drawing-room, she is ever distinguished by the elegance and polish of her manners, and the refined tone of her conversation; at the promenade, she is recognized by the taste displayed in her toilette, which is ever remarkable for its chaste yet rich simplicity. Many an aristocratic and titled dame, for whose education thousands have been lavished, and whose forefathers date from the times of the Merovingians, would give half her ancestral roll to possess the intuitive grace and natural distinction with which this child of poverty and suffering has been gifted.

Mademoiselle Rachel has, also, proved herself a good daughter and a kind sister. Her family have shared in the fruits of her success. Her glory as an artist, has not deadened affection within her breast nor blinded her to her filial and fraternal duties. Her brother and sisters, whatever may be their merit, owe everything to her; for it was by the light her transcendent genius shed upon them, that their humbler talents were discovered. In all that has been said in her praise, there is no fact which redounds more to her credit, than that of her cherishing, in the day of her prosperity, the parent that sustained her in the cloudy days of her childhood.

We are happy to see that the confidence of Rachel, and of those who are entrusted with the management of her affairs, in the discrimination of our people and their alacrity to recognize and willingly recompense true talent has not been misplaced. Nowhere has her reception been more enthusiastic, or her triumph more complete than in the great Metropolis of the Western World. The plaudits which greeted her on her first appearance before an American audience, must have richly compensated her for the fatigues and anxieties she had undergone during her voyage. The audiences which nightly applauded her, composed as they are, of the beauty, talent, and fashion of the Empire City, prove to her that her genius is appreciated as it deserves to be.

The great actress's visit to the United States, is destined, we think, to have a most beneficial effect on the American stage. It will lay the germ of a correct taste in the minds of our people. The result of the enterprise will be a great blow to the lower literary cliques of Paris, who prophesied Rachel's failure in America. It was certainly a bold project, and one involving considerable risk, to cross the Atlantic, to play *Classic Tragedy* in a strange land, and in a language foreign to the mass of its people. By undertaking such an enterprise, Mademoiselle Rachel has merited our gratitude; she has inscribed her name on the brightest page of our theatrical annals, and made an era in the history of the Dramatic Art in the United States. Crowned by the Old Continent, as the tragic muse of the present century, she comes to add to the wreath that binds her classic brow, the fresh flowers of the New World.

A SIMILE.—A writer on swearing says that an oath from a woman's lips is unnatural and incredible; and he would as soon expect a bullet from a rose bud.



CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

As a worthy accompaniment to our portrait and biography of Rachel, we deemed it would not be out of place to present a sketch of one of our own gifted countrywomen, who, like the great French Tragedienne, has also obtained the most brilliant plaudits on both sides of the Atlantic. For although our present heroine has renounced the land of her birth, and avowed her determination of ending her days in a foreign clime; still, we think her nationality too firmly engrafted to admit of this consummation, and predict that she will yet return and linger among the scenes of her early vicissitudes and triumphs.

Charlotte Cushman was born in Boston, Massachusetts, on the 23d of July, 1816. She was the eldest of five children, left dependent on their mother, by the decease of their father, while Charlotte was yet a child. This task the mother performed with an unshrinking heart and a firm trust in "the widow's God." She gave her children an excellent education in all the solid branches of learning, and instructed them also in those accomplishments which were to fit them to appear in society on a footing with children who had more pretensions, from the wealth and education of their parents. Charlotte inherited from her mother an excellent voice and taste for music; this was taken advantage of, and her musical abilities cultivated, to the utmost extent of her means, as it was early determined that she should adopt the profession of a teacher of the divine art. Her first public performance was with the choir at the chapel where her mother's family worshipped, and where the extraordinary tone and quality of her voice immediately attracted marked attention. On visiting some wealthy relatives in New York City, about this time,

they were so much pleased with her accomplishments and personal attractions, that they wished to adopt and provide for her. This, however, being opposed by her mother, Charlotte returned to Boston. Soon after this, Mrs. Wood, the great English vocalist, hearing her sing, was captivated with her rich, contralto voice, and at once invited her to sing in concert. Mrs. Wood was so much pleased with her exertions, that she, as did also other eminent professors, advised the novice to go upon the stage, a proposition that met with a stout resistance, on account of the religious scruples of the remainder of Miss Cushman's family; but, having a natural inclination for the drama, she determined to overcome all obstacles, and after a rigid preparation, she made her "first appearance" at one of the theaters of her native city, on the 8th of April, 1835, as the *Chastus Almeria*, in the "Marriage of Figaro." Her reception was quite favorable. The play was repeated five or six nights in succession, all agreeing that practice alone was wanting to secure her a high position as a successful vocalist.

The following year, Miss Cushman accompanied Meader, the composer, to New Orleans, as prima donna in a series of concerts he was about to give there. Her friends predicted a brilliant and flourishing tour to the young debutante, and cherished hopes of future celebrity. These hopes, although afterward more than realized in another sphere, were doomed to disappointment at this time. The change of climate from Boston to New Orleans, and injudicious measures adopted in the management of her voice, was fatal to the latter, causing its loss altogether. This was a terrible blow, and to a person of less moral courage, would have been utterly overwhelming. But our heroine

was composed of better material; she had also inherited a portion of her mother's invincible energy and perseverance, and so far was Charlotte from despair, that her misfortune only stimulated her to increased exertions in another line of her profession.

As we have previously mentioned, her tastes were dramatically inclined, and she had frequently expressed an ambition to try her powers in the higher walks of tragedy. Alone, in a strange city, without friends or pecuniary means, she determined on immediate action. The first person she applied to was Barton, the tragedian, who was at that time acting as stage manager of one of the theaters in the Crescent City. "Fly to the stage," was his first response; "you have parts that will place you in the foremost rank." From this moment her destiny was fixed. Unbeknown even to her relatives, she at once commenced a severe course of readings, under the tuition of Barton, who was so well satisfied with her histrionic powers that he advised her announcement ere her first course of studies was completed. During the month of February, 1836, on the occurrence of his benefit, Barton had the pleasure of introducing her as *Lady Macbeth*. Poor Charlotte encountered innumerable difficulties in preparing for this trying position; and she will, even now, glow with excitement when she recounts the various straits she was put to in procuring a suitable wardrobe for the occasion; but finally all was accomplished, and with a determination to succeed, the fair debutante left the green room with a firm step at the call of the prompter's bell. Except Barton alone, none had confidence in her success; in fact, many had come purposely to witness "the failure." These latter were disappointed. Although not quite equal to her *entrées* in vocalism, her debut in tragedy was far from being a failure, and the most inveterate of the croskers readily admitted that she only needed study and experience to reach an exalted position in the temple of the tragic muse. Miss Cushman performed one or two other parts before the close of the season, and then left New Orleans, to return no more, until, crowned by fame and fortune, she appeared as the bright particular "star" upon whose success depended, in a great measure, the manager's hopes of an entire season.

On her way home, and while passing through New York, she was offered an engagement by the late Mr. Hamblin, at the Bowers Theater, where she appeared, first, in September, 1836, as *Lady Macbeth*; but, after a week or two, during which she was rapidly rising in public favor, she was taken ill of a fever, and before she was so far restored as to take her place once more on the boards, the theater was burned to the ground and her entire wardrobe destroyed in flames. Thus, on her recovery, she was forced to commence the world anew. She now joined Dinneford's company, and appeared in succession in Albany, Buffalo, Detroit, and other Western cities. Returning, in the fall of 1837, she was engaged by the late Edmund Simpson to perform divers parts, her contract binding her as "walking lady"—"general utility woman," etc. And most useful she appears to have been, as during the next two years she acted almost every night the theater opened, in comedy, tragedy, farce or vaudeville, per-

sonating old women, young men, chamber-maids, tragedy queens and high comedy ladies, with an occasional melo-drama, in which latter, as *Nancy Sykes*, in "Oliver Twist," she is said to have made one of the most happy hits of her early experience, and one that, in a great measure, laid the foundation of her future fame. Although her duties were arduous in the extreme during this long engagement, still the apprenticeship was in the very best school, and a most excellent and profitable one for her, as the company was formed of a galaxy of native and foreign actors, nearly all of whom were of marked ability in their respective lines. Her after career proves that she availed herself of the opportunities offered, and that she was most industrious in acquiring the details of "stage business" and other requisites for superiority in her profession. She had also become acquainted with many of the leading dramatic celebrities of that day, among which were the Kembles, the Keanes, the Woods, Power, Madame Vestris, Charles Mathews, and others, all of whom had expressed approbative remarks on the superiority of her exertions.

After the close of her engagement at the Park, she performed at Philadelphia, where she produced quite an excitement in the theatrical world, and added fresh laurels to her wreath of triumphs. Returning to New York, she played at the old National Theater, that formerly stood on the corner of Leonard and Church streets. On its destruction by fire, Miss Cushman being out of an engagement, accepted the overtures of Mr. Simpson, and in 1840, she reappeared at the Park Theater, but *this time*, as the "leading actress," having thus, after nearly six years of constant toil and study, reached the goal of her ambition, occupying the proud position of leading actress, of the first theater on this continent. From that time forward, her career has been a constant succession of triumphs—fame and fortune have constantly smiled on her. As soon as she became settled in New York, she sent for her mother and sisters, and has since been the head and principal support of the family. About this time, also, a married sister, whose worthless husband had deserted her, came to live with the family, and thus increased Charlotte's responsibility and anxiety. Sorrowing, yet not despairing, Charlotte assumed the task of fitting her sister (who had retaken her maiden name, Sarah Cushman), for the stage, and then of bringing her out, which she successfully did at Philadelphia. Since that period they have played together in numerous pieces with great success.

From 1840 to 1844, Miss Charlotte Cushman played "star" engagements in nearly all the principal cities of the Union, and was on all sides greeted as the leading *tragicienne*, so far as the New World was concerned. In the last mentioned year, she sailed for Europe. Her name and fame had preceded her; and almost immediately on her arrival in London, she received numerous offers of engagements. Her first appearance before a London audience was at the Princesses Theater, on the 15th of February, 1845. The character chosen for the occasion was *Bianca*, in Millman's tragedy of "Fazio." Her success on this occurrence was triumphant in the extreme. Her engagement which was for eight nights only, was at once

extended to *eighty nights*, during which the excitement continued, our heroine being called before the curtain to receive the compliments of the audiences at the end of each performance. Having concluded her engagement at the Princesses, and achieved for herself a victory which placed her on the proudest pinnacle of theatrical fame, she turned her attention to the interests of her sister, who was still performing in Philadelphia—she entered into an engagement with Mr. Webster, of the Haymarket Theater, to bring out her sister there as *Juliet*, herself to be the *Romeo*. The result was, the sisters appeared in this tragedy for thirty nights,—the curiosity of the public to witness them increasing with each performance—the critics pronouncing Charlotte's performance of the love-sick Romeo the only true representation of the character ever seen upon the English stage. From London, the two Misses Cushman made a tour of the Provinces, visiting the capitals of Ireland and Scotland; their reputation everywhere confirmed by public opinion, obtaining fortune as well as fame by their travels.

Miss Cushman remained in Great Britain, until 1849, winning golden opinions throughout the kingdom, and realizing by her exertions a handsome independence for life. During the fall of the last mentioned year, she returned to her native land, and early in 1850, she reappeared before an American audience, at the Broadway Theater, in New York city. Her reception was, of course, most brilliant, but no more than she had a right to expect from her countrymen, after having achieved such a splendid conquest in the Old World. She then commenced a professional trip to the principal cities of the Union, her course everywhere being marked as that of a great statesman or warrior on a triumphal tour.

After performing engagements in all the principal cities, and having reached the highest point of fame in her profession, she resolved to retire from the stage, and announced her intention of purchasing a villa on the banks of Lake Como, in Italy, where she purposed to end her days. She made her last appearance before an American audience at the Broadway Theater, on the evening of the 15th of May, 1852. The play selected for the occasion was "Guy Rannering," in which she performed her great character of *May Merrilva*. At the close of the performance, in obedience to the call of the audience, she was led forward by Mr. Barry, the stage-manager, where she made her adieu in the following words, highly characteristic of the independent and self-reliant spirit of the speaker:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—I will not indulge in the cant of saying that this call was unexpected, or that I have come entirely unprepared for it. The custom of actors addressing audiences is, I believe, 'more honored in the breach than the observance.' In olden times it was punished by forfeits or fines. I may seem to be antediluvian in my taste, but, for the sake of all concerned, I could wish the old fashion restored. For myself, I have but little to say; and if you find it not at all to the purpose, I must beg of you, in your kindness and courtesy, to think that it's pretty well for a woman, especially one 'unaccustomed to pub-

lic speaking.' On the 8th of April, 1835, then eighteen years of age, under the direction of the gentleman at my side (Mr. Barry), my first and last manager, I launched my tiny craft upon the sea of public opinion. In a course of alternato storms and calms, which has known no retrogression, but which has ever been onward—your approbation, among the earliest breezes that filled my sails—I have met many land rats and water rats (pirates I mean), cruizers under false colors, mermen and mermaids, rocks, shoals and quicksands. I had no compass but the examples of those gone before me—no pilot, save perseverance; but, with hope at the prow, a steadfast will at the helm, under the protection papers of an honest purpose, I have, after a seventeen years' voyage, come safe into the port of friends' esteem, with the colors of independence nailed to the mast head. My labor has been earnest, incessant. The world little knows the labor of such a life, for none but an actor can know an actor's toil. In the public I have ever found a generous master. I believe you will award me the credit of having proved myself a faithful servant. For all those now struggling as I once struggled I ask of you the same approbation which cheered and encouraged me to the attainment of that proud professional and social position which I now enjoy. Allow me, then, to bid you a respectful and thankful farewell."

In the following month she returned to Europe, and after a short respite, during which she resided with her sister, Mrs. Muspratt, in Liverpool, tempted by the liberal offers of managers and a love for her profession, she again took the stage and acted a series of engagements with her usual *eciel*. It was her good fortune, on her first visit to London, to form an extended and brilliant connection among the highest and most learned in the land. On her return those friends again flocked around her, and the associations were of so pleasant a character that she resolved to forego her intention of proceeding to Italy, and to make the great capital of the British Empire her future home. To consummate this determination, she leased an elegant house in one of the principal streets, where she has since resided, giving weekly *soirees*, which are attended by large numbers of the aristocracy and *litterati* from various parts of the Continent. Miss Cushman occasionally still continues to appear in public; during the last summer she has several times performed *May Merrilva*, and other favorite characters at the Haymarket Theater, in London. There have been of late several rumors of her return to this country, but we think these announcements are premature, as we understand from a relative that the illness of her sister would prevent it at present at all events. We confess, as Americans, we are justly proud of Miss Cushman, as we recognise in her a near approach to our ideal of the great purity of art, and in which she is undoubtedly one of the noblest representatives. There is a natural breadth and grandeur in her mind which enables her to adopt enlarged views and cope with them successfully; hence her impersonation of character is strongly drawn in clear and broad outline, with a fullness of finish that gives it that extraordinary completeness for which it is remarkable.

Editor's Table.

ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

SINCE the news of the safety of the steamer *Atlantic*, in 1851, perhaps no event has occurred that caused such general demonstrations of joyousness and satisfaction, as were experienced on Thursday, the 11th ultimo, by the arrival of the intrepid Dr. Kane, and most of his brave companions, who left us something over two years since, on the hopeless errand of finding some traces of the lamented Sir John Franklin and his unfortunate companions. Although this last expedition of Dr. Kane's has been of benefit in a scientific point of view, still we think we represent universal public sentiment, when we express the hope that it closes the catalogue of these forlorn journeys of privation and death.

Arctic expeditions have been numerous for over two centuries. Even on this side of the Atlantic, one was fitted out as early as the year 1750. But after all, what great practical results have been arrived at by them? Whom have they benefited? The long mooted problem of a northwest passage has been solved; and other important geographical facts have been ascertained and charted; vast sums of money have been expended, and hundreds of valuable lives sacrificed: still no man can point to a single issue that will aid one jot or tittle in the amelioration of the human family, unless, probably, these facts may lead to the future discontinuance of these useless projects. There are numerous fields to open and explore in every department of science and economy, and the most exalted ambition, for fame and fortune, can be gratified by persevering labor in occupations of much less danger, that also afford the happy consciousness of being of service to our fellow men.

The published accounts of the incidents of this last expedition are interesting in the extreme; and we have taken great pains to select the most important of them, to the extent of our space.

HISTORY OF THE KANE EXPEDITION.

The expedition left New York, May 31, 1853. The first port made was St. Johns, Newfoundland, where the expedition was shown every attention by the governor and inhabitants, who afforded them facilities for obtaining articles required for the expedition. They obtained there eight Labrador dogs for use in sledging in the snow, and were visited while there by the officers of the army and navy. They took aboard also all the beef they could obtain, and *mealed* it. After remaining two days they took their departure, and about the 4th of July arrived at Fiskenes, a settlement in a southern part of Greenland. Gov. Lassing, at this point, received them with great hospitality, and afforded them every facility in the purchase of furs and cider-down. At this point they took on board a male Esquimaux, who was to hunt for them. From Fiskenes they proceeded next to Sukkertoppen, so-called from the resemblance of a mountain in the vicinity to a sugar-loaf. This place presents many beauties of Arctic scenery. They found a few Danes there, and obtained from them an abundant supply of reindeer furs and sealskin coats. Proven, a place fifty miles south of Upernavik, was the

next stopping point. Here they obtained the aid of Christiansen, who is well known in the annals of the Arctic. They took on board twenty Esquimaux dogs, and after remaining two or three days, departed for Upernavik. On their way they were becalmed for some time within sight of Sanderson's Hoop, a prominent headland south of Upernavik. The cliff is about three thousand feet high, and can be seen at a distance of a hundred miles. This cliff is noted also for an extensive loonery which is on it. They arrived at Upernavik during the last of July, and obtained Mr. Petersen, who had been with Capt. Penny, as interpreter for the expedition, and for the purpose of managing the dog-sledging. From Upernavik they pushed on to the north, meeting with no ice until they had proceeded considerably north of the Devil's Thumb. They expected to encounter ice in Melville Bay, but had a very fortunate passage, being detained therein only about two weeks, when they made the open water, and had a good run thence until the 6th of August, when they entered Smith's sound with no prospect of ice, and sailed on until they reached Littleton Island. In latitude 78° 20', which is the highest point reached by Capt. Ingfield in 1832, though he did not land there. The expedition landed at the island and erected a cairn, in which were deposited letters, in hopes that Capt. Ingfield, on his return, would find them and convey them to England, to be forwarded thence to America. Their most important object, however, in landing at Littleton Island, was to deposit provisions and a large metallic life-boat, which, in case disaster should overtake their vessel, they might be able to reach, and by it make their return to Greenland.

Finding the ice to the north completely impenetrable, they were forced to attempt a temporary passage along the coast, where the rapid tides, running at the rate of four knots an hour, with a rise and fall of sixteen feet, had worn a temporary opening. In a few days, a chance presenting itself, they pressed on by means of warping, and made that day about fifteen miles, passing three small islands or rocks, none of which exceeded a hundred feet in diameter. The penetration of the pack-ice was attended with many obstacles. The vessel grounded with every tide, and but for her extreme strength, would not have been able to sustain the shocks of the ice. She was twice on her beam-ends, and once on fire from the upsetting of the stores. Some idea of her navigation may be formed from the fact of her losing her jib-boom, best bower anchor, bulwarks, beside about six hundred fathoms of warping-line. Afterward, being compelled to return to these three islands by reason of lying in an exposed position, they afforded them a sort of shelter. A gale came on subsequently, which parted the hawsers with which they were moored to the rocks, and they were driven to sea. The gale was blowing heavily, and they were placed in considerable danger, as they were running before the wind, amid icebergs and large pieces of ice, one of which struck the vessel's quarter and stove in her bulwarks. They escaped further danger, and again made for the north as fast as they could, by means of warping frequently close in shore. They were

subjected to a heavy nip south of a point which corresponds in description to Stafford Head, but fortunately escaped any damage. About the 10th of September, found the expedition with bay ice forming about them pretty thick, in latitude 78° 37'. Here they found a deep bay running between two headlands. In this bay they found a good harbor, and moored their ships. This formed their first winter harbor in the winter of '53 and '54.

On the southwest side of the bay were three islands, about a quarter of a mile from the shore. On the background was a terrace of sand. The cliffs at these headlands are from seven to eight hundred feet in height, though the land back is lower. The vessel was moored to some granite islands. The rocks in that region are composed of granite and limestone, with a small stratum of another formation between the two. The formations—called by the Danes the ice-foot—which are caused by the repeated contributions of ice winter after winter, occasioned by the rising and falling of the tide, were very common here. The ice-foot occasionally forms to the thickness of from twenty to thirty feet. After the vessel was moored, Dr. Kane started in a boat with a party to examine the ice north. They left their boat about ten miles north of the ship, and then proceeded on foot. The party returned in about a week, having made a good many forced marches, when they commenced making active preparations to go into winter quarters. A warm and comfortable house was built over the dock, extending from forward of the stern to the far end of the galley. Stores were put up, and communications were made between the steerage and cabin, and the men were transferred from the forecabin to the hold, where comfortable quarters were made for them. The galley was put below. A party went forward and established a cache about a hundred miles distant, and returned. Darkness gradually came upon them, and with the exception of a few short journeys within a scope of thirty miles, the operations for the season closed, and soon entire darkness came and prevented them from doing anything whatever. It will be perceived that the year in this latitude is divided into four portions, two of which are alternate day and night, each of two months' duration; one of four months, with the sun below the horizon during the entire twenty-four hours; and one of four months with the sun continually in view, revolving in one circle about the horizon—as Tennyson says,

The midnight sun
Here late researches.

On August 22d the party lost the sun altogether. It went at a dip below the horizon for the first time, and the nights began gradually to increase—grow longer—until October 22d, when—having the day previous just raised his face above the horizon—the sun vanished again, and did not honor them with his smiles for four months more. At 12 o'clock for two or three weeks there was considerable twilight, but this was soon lost, when for three months the twilight was very inconceivable. The moonlight days and nights were beautifully bright. The vast expanse of snow and ice with its millions of mirrors reflecting the silvery rays of the moon, produced a brilliancy, beauty, and grandeur wholly inconceivable to

those who never have made an excursion to these regions. These illuminated scenes were generally edged by black, scraggy, and barren rocks, which added to the mysterious sublimity of the whole.

The first winter which this expedition experienced, is remarkable for being one of the severest and the longest in darkness ever experienced by civilized man. When the cold began to increase it was 10° below zero early in September, and as the season advanced, although it proved to be a much milder winter than many described by the natives, 48°, 50°, and even 60° below zero was recorded. Early in November, if not on the last of October, at a temperature of 49° below zero, old Monongahela whisky was converted into ice. One of the officers slept out one night on an excursion party, when a bottle of whisky froze under his head. The mean annual temperature was 50° below zero. The scurvy was readily controlled, but the most fearful as well as most novel feature of this winter was a *tetanus* or lockjaw, which defied all treatment. It carried away fifty-seven of their best sledge dogs, and was altogether a frightful scourge. The operations of search commenced as early as March. The first parties under the personal charge of Dr. Kane, crossing the ice at a temperature of 57° below zero. The loss of their dogs obliged them, as an only alternative, to adopt this early travel; many of the party were frost-bitten, and underwent amputation of the toes. Dr. Kane and his party followed and charted Greenland toward the Arctic with a coast line pointing due north, until a stupendous glacier absolutely checked their progress. This mass of ice rose in a lofty precipice five hundred feet high, abutting into the sea. It undoubtedly is the only barrier between Greenland and the Atlantic, and an effectual barrier to all future exploration. This glacier, in spite of the difficulty of falling bergs, was followed out to sea by means of sledges; the party rafting themselves across open water spaces on masses of ice. In this way they succeeded in traveling eighty miles along its base, and traced it into a new northern land. This glacier is, we believe, the largest ever discovered by any navigator. This new land thus cemented to Greenland by protruding ice was named Washington. The large bay which intervenes between it and Greenland bears the name of Mr. Peabody, of Baltimore, one of the projectors of the expedition. The Newfoundland dogs which they had been exceedingly useful in carrying burdens; six of them would draw a burden varying from five to eight hundred pounds, at a dog trot of four miles an hour. They would travel thirty miles a-day for several days in succession. These dogs, however, were not adapted to this climate, and the first winter only two of them survived. Most of them died in convulsions, apparently suffering from lockjaw.

In the month of March, the party was visited by some Esquimaux, of whose existence in that region Dr. Kane was not before aware. They came in sledges drawn by fine large dogs, evidently of a very superior breed; these dogs would make a journey of sixty miles a day for several weeks, carrying a single man, and in some instances, two men behind them. The

sledges were curiously formed; some were made of hundreds of pieces of bone lashed together with strings made of the orsok, a large seal. A few of them were made of wood. There can scarcely be a people less dependent upon the assistance of civilized men than these Esquimaux. To be sure they have their pieces of iron in their harpoons, but even their lances are formed of the sharpened bones of walrus. In many respects these people present the lowest form of humanity. Their notions of religion are exceedingly crude, and resemble those described by Parry in his voyages as belonging to the Labrador Esquimaux. They are utterly regardless of all honor except in a very few instances, in which cases they appeared to be anxious to obtain articles of use and value. They are incorrigible thieves, and live as much on raw as on cooked flesh, which they eat voraciously and enormously. What chance they have of Heaven is a question for theologians. They have no yacks. Their principal support is the walrus, the bear, and the ank (a small bird which swarms in the Arctic regions); occasionally they catch seals, walrus, and sometimes even, though rarely, white whales. All their fishing has to be carried on in the cracks of the ice. They have a silky suspicion of a beard, which distinguishes them from the Labrador Esquimaux, and they are generally smaller, though there are among them some remarkably fine specimens of savages. The rumor seems to be decaying, that it is appearing; it is supposed that there are not more than a hundred of them from Cape York to Littleton Island, some five or six hundred miles. These Esquimaux visited Dr. Kane's party, and a trade was opened with them. They remained only for a day or two; nothing more was seen of them during the Spring.

The range of the sledge journey may be understood from the fact that the entire circuit of Smith's sound has been effected and its shores completely charted. But the real discovery of the expedition is the open Polar Sea. The channel leading to these waters was entirely free from ice; and this mysterious feature was rendered the more remarkable by the existence of a belt of solid ice extending one hundred and twenty-five miles to the southward. This sea verifies the views of Dr. Kane as expressed to the Geographical Society before his departure. The lashings of the surf against the frozen beach of ice was impressive beyond description. Several gentlemen with whom we have conversed speak of the matter as one of peculiar interest. An area of three thousand square miles has been seen entirely free from ice. This channel has been named after the Honorable J. P. Kennedy, late Secretary of the United States Navy, under whose auspices the expedition was undertaken. The land to the north and west of this channel has been charted as high as 82° 30'. This is the nearest land to the Pole yet known. It bears the name of Mr. Henry Griensell, the founder of the enterprise. The extreme severity of the previous season made it evident that the brig could not be liberated before the winter set in. She was fast imprisoned in a large field of ice; the provisions though abundant, were not calculated to resist scurvy; and the fuel, owing to the severity of the previous winter, was deficient in quantity. Under these circumstances Dr. Kane, with a party of volunteers, made an attempt to reach the mouth of Lancaster sound, in hopes of meeting the English expeditions, and thus giving relief to his associates. Plying in an open boat over the track of Baffin's travel, and riding out a heavy gale, they found an uninterrupted barrier of ice, extending in one great horseshoe from Jones's to Marchison's sounds, and were forced after various escapes to return to the brig.

During the winter which ensued they adopted the habits of the Esquimaux—living upon raw walrus meat and surrounding themselves by walls of moss. In spite of these precautions the scurvy advanced with steady progress, but by the aid of a single team of dogs Dr. Kane succeeded in effecting a communication with a settlement of Esquimaux seventy miles to the

southward, and by organizing a hunt relieved the party. At one time every man of the expedition except Dr. Kane and Mr. Bonnell was confined to his bunk with scurvy, but by a providential interposition the party escaped without a death. The great belt of ice made it clear that no relief expedition from the south could reach the party in time to prevent their imprisonment by a third winter, which, with their deficiency of fuel, would have proved most disastrous if not fatal. Under these circumstances Dr. Kane determined to abandon his brig and attempt to escape to the south by boats and sledges. In accordance with this view they left the brig on the 17th of May, the temperature at that time being five degrees below zero. They crossed a belt of ice eighty-one miles in diameter, dragging their boats behind them and carrying four of their sick comrades by means of a dog sledge. After traveling three hundred and sixteen miles, with thirty-one days of constant exposure, they reached Cape Alexander and embarked in open water. Their guns supplied them with animal food, no stores being carried in the ice except powder, breadstuffs and tallow. From Cape Alexander they traveled southward, sometimes over ice, sometimes over water, shooting either duck or seal, and collecting eggs enough to keep the party in good condition. At Cape York they broke up their spare boats and sledges for fuel, and left the coast, putting out into the open sea of Melville bay, and steered for the North Danish settlements of Greenland. Here they at last providentially landed on the 6th of August, in vigorous health, after a travel of one thousand three hundred miles, and eighty-one days of constant exposure. From Upernivik, the largest of these settlements, they took passage by a Danish sailing vessel for England. By great good fortune they touched at Disco, where they were met by Capt. Hartstein's expedition. The searching expedition had found the ice of Smith's sound still unbroken, but having communicated with the Esquimaux had heard of the departure of Dr. Kane, and had returned.

The expedition has to mourn the loss of three of its members, two of whom perished by lockjaw, and one from abscess following the amputation of a frozen extremity. These were Christian Ohlesen, acting carpenter; Jefferson Baker and Peter Schubert, all of whom were volunteers.

The following list comprises the names of the members of Dr. Kane's party:—

Dr. Kane, United States Navy; John W. Wilson, Amos Bonnell, Dr. J. J. Hayes, Augustus Sontag, Henry Goodfellow, George Stephenson, William Morton, Thomas Hickey, Henry Brooks, Boatwain U. S. N.; James McGarry, George Riley, William Godfrey, Charles Blake, and George Whittle.

OUR PANORAMIC VIEW OF SEVASTOPOL.—Of course, the most important question of discussion at the present day, is occasioned by the stirring events of the war in Europe, and from its being the seat of, perhaps, the greatest military transactions that ever occurred on our planet, the peninsula of the Crimea has been rendered classic ground; and we are all most anxious to get as perfect an idea as possible of its position, formation, etc., etc. The view on our cover (facing the title-page), was taken by an artist who, since the bombardment of Sevastopol, spent some eight months on the ground, and is by far the most perfect and understandable that has yet come under our observation; which fact will be readily admitted by those who examine it. It was engraved for Wells' new pictorial map of the seat of the European War, and was furnished by Mr. Parsons, the publisher.

THE SKIRMISHING OF RACES.

THE various nationalities that make up our population, are too closely intermixed to allow of the stirring good old-fashioned style of border warfare. The forays, incursions and guerrilla conflicts of clans and tribes are for us no more; nevertheless, the march of civilization and humanity has not left us wholly without resources. Religion and color yet remain with us as glorious fields for combat and quarrel. The Celt and German, with dogged obstinacy, insist on remaining Catholic. The negro, though a pattern Protestant conformist, with unaccountable persistency will continue to be black. The former we permit to keep our corner groceries, produce our cabbages, dig our canals, and manage our kitchens; but we endeavor to deny them the privilege of the ballot, under penalty of the bullet. The latter, we allow to black our boots, wait at our tables, hold our horses, razor our faces, and bring up the rear of our marching militia, with shouldered banners or wreathed and riddled targets. We like the negro well enough in the performance of these and similar functions, even though it brings him in tangible contact with our persons; but there are two or three things we won't stand from him an instant—we won't ride with him in our car coach—unless he drives; we won't sit with him in audiences, and especially, we won't worship with him in the same church—unless he kindles the fires, or occupies a back pew in the corner. We are not bound to the same heaven with him, and of course, he has no business to travel the same journeys with us on earth. These regulations, separating us from the negro, we have maintained for years with Medo-Persic severity; but when the exclusiveness of even China and Japan are giving way, how can we expect our own to be beyond encroachment.

The negro is growing restive under these social restrictions, and with reference to one of them in this city, he has resolved to see for himself whether "the great gulf fixed," is so very impassable. He is bound to ride in the same cars with us, and pay his "fip" just as "white folks" do; and in vindication of this determination, several skirmishes have taken place between him and the railway officials. Colored women have been knocked down in the cars and dragged out upon the street; and then complaints have been entered against the railway companies, and favorably entertained in our courts. Every week or two, the cars on our Sixth avenue are stopped, and crowds collected to eject a darker colored passenger than the Kentucky jackasses are willing to draw. Sometimes, however, owing to sympathizing passengers, the jackasses are compelled to give in, and the colored hero reaches his up-town home in good company. At other times a desperate struggle ensues, and the negro is obliged, per force, to "walk jaw bone"—no allusion now to the jackasses; they decline his company.

But seriously, this squeamishness on the part of white people is very silly, to say the least. Those white skins must be of the most gossamer thinness which are thus liable to damage by the mere presence of dark skins in church or car. Those white souls looking down on blacks must be woven of the slackest texture that can

be so fretted and disturbed at mere jogging and jacking over the rails together. People who expend so much critical judgment on tannery and hides ought to betake themselves to a hair-dress and done with it. Such nicety of discrimination ought not to be lost to the world; and, since they do not like the favor of the negro, the next best thing to carry would be the skins of beasts. In the settlement of this question, as of so many others, there is nothing like leather.

That all this, however, is mere whim and prejudice, unanctioned by nature, is evidenced by the fact that no such feeling exists at the South, where the colored race forms so large a proportion of the population. There, black and white children grow up together almost as equals; and, whatever other disabilities the blacks suffer under, their color is made no ground of reproach; and there is certainly no reason why it should be different here at the North. Even considering the negro to be a mere chattel, or something less than man, on the low ground of "cruelty to animals" the white race ought to abandon its exclusive pretensions, and, in the matter of transit from one end of this great city to the other, permit the weary negro who has honestly and faithfully served as porter, or waiter, or craftsman of some kind "down town," to reach his home at night in the distant suburbs of "up town," where the high rents of more central localities drive him. The way is long and wearisome, the pavements are peculiarly blistering to feet that have already tramped since daylight, the hour is late, supper is waiting, wife and children peep out expectantly, and the five pence fare is just as willingly forthcoming from his pocket as from that of the "true prince" of no color whatever, and it is sheer persecution and malignity to compel his toll-worn frame to protract his labor yet longer so needlessly.

In truth this self-righteousness is the scourge of the age—this saying to another, white or black, "I am better than thou; obey thou me"—"I am more intelligent; acknowledge my power"—"I am more moral; take my counsel for thy rule of conduct"—"I have the true religion; accept thou my faith and worship my God." All this is the last of the tyrannies, which also the march of progress and humanity will in due time drive to its own place.

FREE LOVE.—Since our last issue, this city has been in an excitement on the above subject only equalled by the fall of Sevastopol and the arrival from Arctic regions of Dr. Kane. It is charged by the daily press that a secret society of gentlemen and ladies, numbering a thousand or more, meet together in this city twice a week, with two or three hundred always in attendance, and that this society preach and practice the most abominable doctrines with reference to marriage and the relations of the sexes. It is confessed that the leaders of the society are gentlemen and ladies of high intellectual attainments, well-known authors, and able writers, and that most of the members are persons of culture, taste, and elegant and pleasing manners.

The "Daily Times," of this city was the first to make the disclosure. It published two long

articles on the subject, one devoted to the spread of the Free Love theory throughout the country at large, and the other to the history and developments of the society in this city. With reference to the latter, it says—

HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

It is hardly two years since the system found an effective organization in this city. A gentleman who is very well known as an acute and able writer, a linguist, and a man of much general information, was the pioneer. He opened a house—invited his friends of kindred sympathies—prepared refreshments for the intellectual whose "attractions" drew them toward him—his lady, a woman of elegant manners, presided at these *souces*, with grace and dignity—it was a select circle. In time it grew and strengthened—as all such affairs will grow and strengthen. New York was favorable to its development—philosophy found its expression in the Free Love Attraction. At first it was intended that the body should have a purely political bearing. Measures were taken to accomplish this end. Eminent clergymen were brought into it. We could name these gentlemen if it were necessary. They would probably not be greatly obliged to us for doing so. In time, however, both clergy and "flock" decided that to popularize was better than to revolutionize. Hence, all things having had due weight, it was finally resolved to enlarge the sphere of operations—to remove to larger quarters—to open the doors of a place by means of regulations, rather than to continue meetings in private residences, through the agency of simple, personal invitations. Being resolved upon, it was accomplished.

Regular times of meeting are set apart. At first, it was only one day in the week. Now, it is twice a week. Presently, it will be every evening—so they say. The beginning and the middle of every week, summer included, are the periods when the congregations go up, under the existing arrangements. The hour of opening is 8 P. M. The assembly disperses at 11. There is nothing during all this interval that will offend the sight. Those who may have conceived the most repulsive pictures of midnight orgies or licentious privilege, would find, if they entered the rooms of the Club, that there is nothing to repel the most delicate observer. Whatever there may be in the theory which binds these people together, there is, it must be said, nothing to the outward view which differs from the scenes of an ordinary family party.

Soon after the "Times" exposed, the "Tribune" came out one morning with ten columns of communications and editorial devoted to the subject. We can find room only for the following statement:—

HISTORY OF THE FREE-LOVE SOCIETY.

This society, or as it calls itself, the Progressive Union Club, has grown out of an organization derived by certain social theorists, including Messrs. Stephen Pearl Andrews, Albert Brisbane, and others, who gave it the appellation of The League. It was designed by them as a secret political order, which was to obtain power and place after the manner of the modern Hindoo, and then regulate the affairs of commerce and the price of corn on the basis of "Cost the limit of Price;" but, before getting their machinery in running order, they noticed the waning fortunes of the Know-Notings, and, being of the League, they wisely concluded that secret political parties were not quite the thing after all, and so abandoned it or laid it on the table; while, for the time being, some of them, led by Mr. Andrews, betook themselves to the consideration of Passional Attraction, or Free Love. The League which yet exists, and as far as possible endeavors to extend its organization and influence, is still much more of a secret society than the Club, and very little is known of its doings by those who are not members. Occasionally, the Chief issues a bulletin, of which we give a sample below, and which is so general and vague in its

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.



Democritus entered our sanctum the other day, took off a pair of immense worsted gloves, sent to him by his excellent mother, placed his "Rocky Mountain" on one desk, and lifted up his coat-tail, turned his back to the stove, and looked fixedly at us with the air of a man who wishes to enter into conversation. It was evident that he was bursting with impatience to give vent to what was brewing in his extraordinary brain.

"Well, Democritus," said we, in order to give him an opportunity of letting off the steam, "what's in the wind to-day?"

"Any amount of dust, sir," said he, "as is always the case in New York when it blows."

We explained to him that the expression was a figurative one, and was intended to elicit some of his original remarks on matters in general.

"Well, sir," said Democritus, "I have been taking a philosophical promenade in Broadway."

"A philosophical promenade in Broadway," cried we; "it is about the last place we should have thought of finding Philosophy strolling."

"Sir," rejoined Democritus, "I always find a fruitful subject for study in man. I find sermons in the tailor's sighs, and books in the Broadway gutters."

"Hem, Shak-speare—disguised," said we.

"I have been reflectin'," continued our philosopher, "on extremes into which man is driven by what is called Fashion, and the immense power of tailors at the present day. A philosophical tailor, sir, must often lay down his goose to shake his sides with laughter at

the wonderful changes he makes the other goose go through in the space of a year."

We ventured to doubt the philosophical tendencies of tailors in general, but without noticing our interruption, Democritus proceeded:—

"One day, sir," said he, "it is the fashion to have everything wide—wide pants, wide skirts, wide sleeves, wide-brimmed hats and wide-toed boots; bang! Snip lames his decree, and the fashions are immediately cut down by half; we have narrow pants, narrow skirts, narrow sleeves, narrow-brimmed hats and narrow-toed boots. Another change, and we have everything high; high-heeled boots, high shirt collars and high-crowned hats; then the fashion turns everything up! turned-up collars, turned-up sleeves, turned-up brims, turned-up toes, and everything except turned-up noses."

We could not help thinking that if ever turned-up noses came into favor, Democritus would be in the height of the fashion—but we didn't say so.

Our young friend seemed to notice the passing smile on our features, but he went on without making any remark.

"Then, sir, they turn everything down; then come short skirts and short sleeves, and again long skirts and long sleeves, and perhaps long noses, sir," said Democritus, looking fixedly and sarcastically at us.

We said nothing—but we felt that Democritus had hit us—on the nose.

"And the ladies," continued he, "are still

more the sport of their milliners. I am incapable, sir, of entering into all the intricacies of the load they carry on their delicate backs, and which they call *dress*. Just look at them at present; since the new oh-no-we-never-mention-'em-lo-eare-polite came into fashion, they seem like so many well-dressed demijohns taking an airing on the shillie side of Broadway."

Our disciple Verigreen, hinted that the shape of bonnets and the height and stiffness of collars were generally looked upon as more important than the Eastern question.

"Starch is not stiff enough for 'em," said Democritus. "A down-east inventor, seeing the difficulty, is about to take out a patent for a collar which for height and stiffness will be unsurpassed. The collar is of tin, painted white, will protect the wearer from the wind, hide him from the public gaze if he desire it, and end down considerably his washerwoman's bills. The inventor calculates that the savings made by our fashionable clerks on this item would in a few years be sufficient to purchase the Island of Cuba, and honorably end our Spanish difficulties."

Verigreen hinted that the sum might be applied to a more worthy end.

Democritus sensibly replied that it was time enough to talk about that when we had the money.

"However," he continued, "great care is necessary in the employment of the new invention, and it might be dangerous for our City Fathers, who are obliged to swallow immense doses of certain fortifying stuffs to enable them to fulfill the arduous duties of their office. Should one of them, on returning home at night, fall into an *Aldermanic weakness*, the new patent collar might act as a guillotine made easy, and leave as a corporate body, without a head, which would be a dismemberment most deeply to be deplored."



"But, Democritus," said we, "while you have been engaged in philosophical contemplation, we hope you have not forgotten the Muses."

"I guess not, sir," said Democritus, suddenly lowering his high-down language to the habitual simplicity of his conversational style. He brought forth from the depths of his capacious pocket a roll of manuscript, and throwing himself into the attitude of Webster's full-length portrait, solemnly handed it to us, saying, "There you are, sir."

We unrolled the MS., and found the following:—



CUPID OUT WEST.
A TRAGI-COMIC EFFUSION.

BY DEMOCRITUS, JR.

I.

THERE once lived two fond lovers,
'Way out west, as I've been told;
The lady, a fair Buckeye gal,
The gent, a Hoosier bold.
Unlike the generality
Of love-scrapes here below,
The streamlet of their passion
Did very smoothly flow.

II.

The lady had consented;
The swain was in great glee;
Dreamed of the joys of wedlock,
And of paternitee.



But joy is never perfect,
As soon our hero saw,
And Fortune's ever ready
To touch us on the "raw."

III.

Some days before the wedding
Was fixed to come about,
Unto his singly-blessed friends
He gave a great "blow out."
The fare was most invitin'—
Cold turkey, duck and goose,
Ham, chickens, sweet potatoes,
And clams fried in their juice.

IV.

With various other dishes
That I cannot specify,
But any bill of fare you take,
What's lackin' I'll supply.
'Twas midnight when our lover,
Toward his dwellin took his way,
Communnin with the moon and stars,
And with the Milky Way.

V.

The whiskey and the brandy,
The port and the champagne,
Strong coffee and Madeira,
Had rather turned his brain.
Strange sights up in the heavens
Now took him all aback;
He noticed that the Milky Way
Had got a double track;

VI.

The Great Bear and the Little
Round in a hop-waltz flew,
And Venus and the Dog-Star
Were dancin "forward two."

Absorbed in observation,
He'd have passed the night away,
Had not a friendly awnin-post
Stood just right in his way.

VII.

Thus brought down from the heavens
Un-cere-mo-ni-ous-ly,
He cast a look about him,
To see where he might be.
He stood before the mansion
Where his lady-love did dwell,
He looked up toward the chamber
Of her he loved so well.

VIII.

Her lamp was still a-burnin,
And now our hero said,
"Tis just the very minst
For a little serenade."
He squatted on the sidewalk,
His love-ditty he began;
Their beds the neighbors quilted,
And to the "winders" ran.

IX.

They wondered whence proceeded
Such a lamentable cry,
And thought some love lorn pussy
Was drawin her last sigh.
The dogs and cats, that hunger
Or love kept out all night,
Supposin 'twas some comrade
In an unlucky plight,

X.

Their extremities a-waggin,
Came a-trottin, all along,
And, lifting up their muzzles,
They all joined in the song.
Wearied, at last, with singin,
Not seein his Buckeye dear,
Our Hoosier pulled the door-bell,
And begged her to appear.

XI.

His voice, disguised in liquor,
She didn't seem to know,
And too politely told him
To a certain place to go.
The lover now grew furious,
And still his ire grew sore,
When she had barred, and bolted,
And doubly locked the door.



XII.

But Love, who laughs at locksmiths,
Can't be locked out or in,
And with a kick our hero sent
A panel flyin in.
But quick as is the lightning,
The leg within was "boned,"
He felt his "foot was in it,"
And piteously he groaned.

XIII.

But oh! his dismay,
When he heard his love say,
With a scendish "haw-haw!"

"Fetch the two-handed saw!
I'll see that this leg
Shall no more budge a peg!"
The saw was soon adjusted,
But being a little rusted,
Grated terrible,

While the maiden still "haw-hawed"
Laughin fiercely as she sawed
In demoniac glee!

She threw down the saw, and took up a hatchet,
As being the easiest way to dispatch it;
She cut right and left, determined to chop it,
And then toward his home desired him to hop.

XIV.

Some friends by chance a-passin,
Kindly bore him to his bed,
And there he lay next mornin
Tarnin over in his head
Some means of locomotion
To supply the leg he'd lost;
For 'twas a useful member,
And had a trifle cost.

XV.

A pair of gentle knuckles
Tapped softly at his door,
And his false one's waitin-maid
Laid a package on the floor.
It was a wedding present
From his love—a leg of cork,
Most fashionably molded
By an artist of New York!

XVI.

You think, no doubt, good reader,
If to you it had been sent,
Both the present and its bearer
Out the window would have went!
But I make no doubt whatever
That were you in his place,
You'd have acted just exactly
As he did in this case.

XVII.

He gladly took the "member,"
As any sane man should,
For the limb that had been sawed off
Was a vulgar LEG or WOOD!
The couple soon were married,
Were happy and grew stout,
And the next present our hero got
I leave you to—

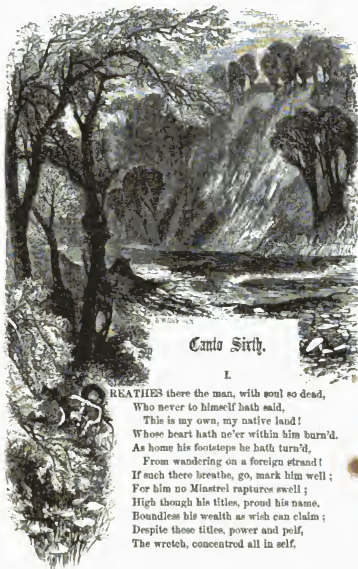




United States Magazine.

Vol. II.].....DECEMBER, 1855.....[No. 7.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.



Canto Sixth.

I.

REATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd.
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no Minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite these titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,

Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprang,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unang.

II.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's streams still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way;
Still feel the breeze down Estrick break,
Although it chill my wither'd cheek;
Still lay my head by Teviot Stone,¹
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The Bard may draw his parting groan.

III.

Not scorn'd like me! to Branksome Hall
The Minstrels came, at festive call;
Trooping they came, from near and far,
The jovial priests of mirth and war;
Alike for feast and fight prepared,
Battle and banquet both they shared.
Of late, before each martial clan,
They blew their death-note in the van,
But now, for every merry mate,
Rose the portcullis' iron grate;
They sound the pipe, they strike the string,
They dance, they revel, and they sing,
Till the rude turrets shake and ring.

IV.

Me liets not at this tide declare
The splendour of the spousal rite,
How muster'd in the chapel fair
Both maid and matron, squire and knight;

Me lists not tell of owches rare,
Of mantles green, and braided hair,
And kirtles furred with miniver;
What plumage waved the altar round,
How spurs and ringing chainlets sound;
And hard it were for hard to speak
The changeful hue of Margaret's cheek;
That lovely hue which comes and flies,
As awe and shame alternate rise!

V.

Some bards have sung, the Ladye high
Chapel or altar came not nigh;
Nor durst the rights of spousal grace,
So much she fear'd each holy place.
False slanders these:—I trust right well
She wrought not by forbidden spell;
For mighty words and signs have power
O'er sprites in planetary nour;
Yet scarce I praise their venturous part,
Who tamper with such dangerous art.

But this for faithful truth I say,
The Ladye by the altar stood,
Of sable velvet her array,
And on her head a crimson hood,
With pearls embroider'd and entwined,
Guarded with gold, with ermine lined;
A merlin sat upon her wrist,^s
Held by a leash of silken twist.

VI.

The spousal rites were ended soon;
'T was now the merry hour of noon,
And in the lofty arched hall
Was spread the gorgeous festival.
Steward and squire, with heedful haste,
Marshall'd the rank of every guest;
Pages, with ready blade, were there,
The mighty meal to carve and share:
O'er capon, heron-shew, and crane,
And princely peacock's gilded train,^s
And o'er the boar-head, garnish'd brave,^s
And cygnet from St. Mary's wave,^s
O'er ptarmigan and venison,
The priest had spoke his benison.
Then rose the riot and the din,
Above, beneath, without, within!
For, from the lofty balcony,
Rang trumpet, shalm, and psaltery:
Their clanging bowls old warriors quaff'd,
Loudly they spoke, and loudly laugh'd;
Whisper'd young knights, in tone more wild,
To ladies fair, and ladies smiled.
The hooded hawks, high perch'd on beam,
The clamour join'd with whistling scream,
And flapp'd their wings, and shook their bells,
In concert with the stag-hounds' yells.
Round go the the flasks of ruddy wine,^s
From Bordeaux, Orleans, or the Rhine;
Their tasks the busy sewers ply,
And all is mirth and revelry.

VII.

The Goblin Page, omitting still
No opportunity of ill,
Strove now, while blood ran hot and high,
To rouse debate and jealousy;
Till Conrad, Lord of Wolfenstein,
By nature fierce and warm with wine,
And now in humour highly cros'd,
About some steeds his hand had lost,
High words to words succeeding still,
Smote with his gauntlet stout Hunthill;^s
A hot and hardy Rutherford,



Whom men call Dickon Draw-the-sword,
He took it on the pages saye,
Hunthill had driven these steeds away.
Then Howard, Home, and Douglass rose,
The kindling discord to compose;
Stern Rutherford right little said,
But bit his glove,^s and shook his head—
A fortnight thence, in Ingleswood,
Stout Conrad, cold, and drench'd in blood,
His bosom, gores with many a wound,
Was by a woodman's lyme-dog found;
Unknown the manner of his death,
Gone was his brand, both sword and sheath;
But ever from that time 'twas said,
That Dickon wore a Cologne blade.

IX.

The wily page, with vengeful thought,
Remembered him of Tiallin's yew,



VIII.

The dwarf, who fear'd his master's eye
Might reveal treachery espie,
Now sought the Castle buttery,
Where many a yeoman, bold and free,
Revell'd as merrily and well
As those that sat in lordly selle.
Watt Tiallin, there did frankly raise
The pledge to Arthur Fire-the-Brace;^s

And swore it should be dearly bought
That ever he the arrow drew.
First, he the yeoman did molest
With bitter joke and taunting jest;
Told how he fled at Solway strife,
And how Hob Armstrong cheer'd his wife;
Then, shunning still his powerful arm,
At unawares he wrought him harm;
From treacher stole his choicest cheer,

Dash'd from his lips his can of beer ;
Then, to his knee sly creeping on,
With bodkin pierced him to the bone :
The venom'd wound, and festering joint,
Long after rued that bodkin's point.
The startled yeoman swore and spurn'd,
And board and flagons overturn'd.
Riot and clamour wild began ;
Back to the hall the Urchin ran ;
Took in a darkling nook his post,
And grin'd and mutter'd, " Lost ! lost ! lost ! "

X.

By this, the Dame, lest further fray
Should mar the concord of the day,
Had bid the minstrels tune their lay.
And first stepp'd forth old Albert Greame,
The minstrel of that ancient name :
Was none who struck the harp so well,
Within the land Debateable ;
Well friended, too, his hardy kin,
Whoever lost, was sure to win ;
They sought the beeches that made their broth,
In Scotland and in England both.
In homely guise, as nature bade,
His simple song the Borderer maid.

XI.

ALBERT GRACE.¹¹

It was an English ladye bright,
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,)
And she would marry a Scottish knight,
For Love will still be lord of all.
Eliethly they saw the rising sun,
When he shone fair on Carlisle wall ;
But they were sad ere day was done,
Though Love was still the lord of all.
Her sire gave brooch and jewel fine,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall ;
Her brother gave but a flask of wine,
For ire that Love was lord of all.
For she had lands, both meadow and lea,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
And he swore her death, ere he would see
A Scottish knight the lord of all !

XII.

That wine she had not tasted well,
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,)
When dead, in her true love's arms, she fell,
For Love was still the lord of all !
He pierced her brother to the heart,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall :—
So perish all who would true love part,
That Love may still be lord of all !
And then he took the cross divine,
(Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,)
And died for her sake in Palestine,
So Love was still the lord of all.
Now all ye lovers, that faithful prove,
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,)
Pray for their souls who died for love,
For Love shall still be lord of all !

XIII.

As ended Albert's simple lay,
Arose a bard of loftier port ;
For sonnet, rhyme, and roundelay,
Renown'd in haughty Henry's court :
There rung thy harp, unrival'd long,
Fitztraver of the silver song !



The gentle Surrey loved his lyre—
Who has not heard of Surrey's fame ?
His was the hero's soul of fire,
And his the bard's immortal name,
And his was love, exalted high
By all the glow of chivalry.

XIV.

They sought, together, climes afar,
And oft, within some olive grove,
When even came with twinkling star,
They sung of Surrey's absent love.
His step the Italian peasant stay'd,
And deem'd, that spirits from on high,
Round where some hermit saint was laid,
Were breathing heavenly melody ;
So sweet did harp and voice combine,
To praise the name of Geraldine.

When Surrey, of the deathless lay,
Ungrateful Tudor's sentence slew ?
Regardless of the tyrant's frown,
His harp call'd wrath and vengeance down,
He left, for Naworth's iron towers,
Windsor's green glades, and courtly bowers,
And faithful to his patron's name,
With Howard still Fitztraver came ;
And chief of all his minstrelsy.

XVI.

FITZTRAVER.¹²

'T was All-soul's eve, and Surrey's heart beat
high ;
He heard the midnight bell with anxious start,
Which told the mystic hour, approaching nigh,



XV.

Fitztraver ! O, what tongue may say
The pangs thy faithful bosom knew.

When wise Cornelius promised, by his art,
To show to him the ladye of his heart,
Albeit, betwix them roar'd the ocean grim ;

Yet so the sage had hight to play his part,
That he should see her form in life and limb,
And mark, if still she loved, and still she
thought of him.

XVII.

Dark was the vaulted room of gramarye,
To which the wizard led the gallant Knight,
Save that before a mirror, huge and high,
A hallow'd taper shed a glimmering light
On mystic implements of magic might;
On cross, and character and talisman,
And amethyst, and altar, nothing bright:
For fitful was the lustre, pale and wan,
As watchlight by the bed of some departing
man.

XVIII.

But soon, within that mirror, huge and high,
Was seen a self-emit light to gleam;
And forms upon its breast the Earl 'gan spy,
Cloudy and indistinct, as feverish dream;
Till, slow arranging, and defined, they seem
To form a lordly and a lofty room,
Part lighted by a lamp with silver beam,
Placed by a couch of Agra's silken loom,
And part by moonshine pale, and part was hid
in gloom.

XIX.

Fair all the pageant—but how passing fair
The slender form, which lay on couch of Ind!
O'er her white bosom stray'd her hazel hair,
Pale her dear cheek, as if for love she pined;
All in her night-robe loose she lay reclined,
And, pensive, read from tablet obarline,
Some strain that seem'd her inmost soul to find:
That favour'd strain was Surrey's raptur'd
line,
That fair and lovely form, the Lady Geraldine.

XX.

Slow roll'd the clouds upon the lovely form,
And swept the goodly vision all away—
So royal envy roll'd the murky storm
O'er my beloved Master's sunny day.
Thou jealous, ruthless tyrant! Heaven repay
On thee, and on thy children's latest line,
The wild caprice of thy despot sway,
The gory bridal bed, the plunder'd shrine,
The murder'd Surrey's blood, the tears of Ger-
aldine!

XXI.

Both Scots and Southern chiefs, prolong
Applauses of Fitztravener's song;
These hated Henry's name as death,
And those still held the ancient faith—
Then, from his seat, with lofty air,
Rose Harold, bard of brave St. Clair;
St. Clair, who, feasting high at Home,
Had with that lord to battle come,
Harold was born where restless seas
Howl round the storm-swept Orcaes;
Where erst St. Clair held princely sway
O'er ice and islet, strait and bay;
Still rode their palace to its fall,
Thy pride and sorrow, fair Kirkwall!
Thence oft he mark'd fierce Pentland rave,
As if grim Odin rode her wave;
And with grapple the whilst, with vinge pale,
And throbbing heart, the struggling mail;
For all of wonderful and wild
Had rapture for the lonely child.

XXII.

And much of wild and wonderful
In these rude isles might fancy cull;
For thither came, in times afar,
Stern Lochlin's sons of roving war.
The Norsemen, train'd to spoil and blood,
Skill'd to prepare the raven's food;
Kings of the main their leaders brave,
Their barks the dragons of the wave.
And there, in many a stormy vale,
The Scald had told his wondrous tale;
And many a Runic column high
Had witness'd grim idolatry.
And thus had Harold, in his youth,
Learn'd many a Saga's rhyme uncouth,
Of that Sea-Snake, tremendous curl'd,
Whose monstrous circle girds the world;
Of those dread Maids,¹⁸ whose hideous yell
Maddens the battle's bloody swell;
Of chiefs, who, guided through the gloom
By the pale death-lights of the tomb,
Ransack'd the graves of warrior's old,
Their falcions wench'd from corpses hold,¹⁹
Waked the deaf tomb with war's alarms,
And bade the dead arise to arms!
With war and wonder all on flame,
To Roslin's bowers young Harold came,
Where, by sweet glen and greenwood tree,
He learn'd a milder minstrelsy;
Yet something of the Northern spell
Mix'd with the softer numbers well.

XXIII.

HAROLD. (a)

O listen, listen, ladies gay!
No haughty feat of arms I tell;
Soft is the note, and also the lay,
That mourns the lovely Rombelle (b)
—'Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!
And, gentle ladye deign to stay!
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch, (c)
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.
"The blackening wave is edged with white;
To lichen (d) and rock the sea-mews fly;
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
Whose screams forbode that wreck is nigh.
"Last night the gifted Seer did view
A wet shroud swathed (e) round ladye gay;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch:
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?"
"Tis not because Lord Lindsey's heir
To night at Roslin leads the bail,

(a) The third song is intended to represent that wild style of composition which prevailed among the bards of the Northern Continent, somewhat softened and adorned by the Minstrel's residence in the South. We prefer it, upon the whole, to either of the two former, and shall give it entire to our readers, who will probably be struck with the poetical effect of the dramatic form into which it is thrown, and of the indirect description by which everything is most expressively told, without one word of distinct narrative.—J. W. M.

(b) This was a family name in the house of St. Clair, Henry St. Clair, the second of the line, married Rombelle, fourth daughter of the Earl of Forth.

(c) A large and strong castle, now ruins, situated between Kirkwall and Dyrol, on a steep crag, washed by the Firth of Forth. It was conferred on Sir William St. Clair, as a slight compensation for the earldom of Orkney, by a charter of King James III., dated in 1473, and was the property of Sir James St. Clair Erskine (now Earl of Roslyn), representative of the family. It was long a principal residence of the Bishops of Roslin.

(d) Lichen, lase.

(e) First Edition.—"A wet shroud roll'd."

But that my lady-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

"Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindsey at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide,
If 'tis not fill'd by Rombelle."—

O'er Roslin, all that dreary night,
A woodrous blaze was seen to gleam;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
And redder than the bright moon-beam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied (f) all the copse-wood glen;
'T was seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin's chiefs uncouth'd lie,
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire within, around,
Deep acierly (g) and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail. (h)

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St. Clair.

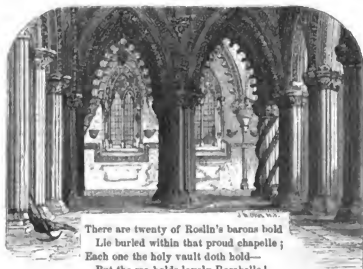
(f) First Edition.—"It ruddied," etc.

(g) First Edition.—"Both vaulted choir," etc.

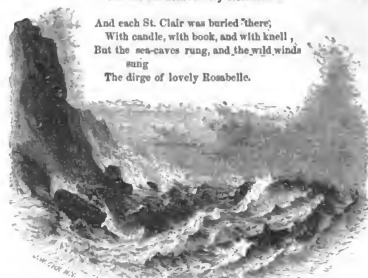
(h) The beautiful chapel of Roslin is still in tolerable preservation. It was founded in 1446, by William St. Clair, Prince of Orkney, Duke of Edinburgh, Earl of Caithness and Strathmore, Lord St. Clair, Lord Niddendale, Lord Admiral of the Scottish Seas, Lord Chief Justice of Scotland, Lord Warden of the three Marches, Baron of Roslin, Pentland, Pentland-moor, etc., Knight of the Cockle, and of the Garter (as is affirmed), High Chancellor, Chamberlain, and Lieutenant of Scotland. This lofty person, whose titles, says Goehrdt, might vary a Standard, built the castle of Roslin, where he resided in princely splendour, and founded the chapel, which is in the most rich and bold style of Gothic architecture. Among the profuse carving on the pillars and buttresses, the rose is frequently introduced, in allusion to the name, with which, however, the flower has no connexion; the etymology being Roslinian, the promontory of the line, or water-fall. The chapel is said to appear on fire previous to the death of any of his descendants. This superstition, noticed by Boer in his *Theatrum Scoticum*, and alluded to in the text, is probably of Norwegian derivation, and may have been imported by the Earls of Orkney into their Scottish dominions. The tomb-furn of the north are mentioned in most of the Sagas.

The burial of Roslin was buried in a vault beneath the chapel floor. The manner of their interment is thus described by Father Hay in the MS. history already quoted—

"Sir William Sinclair, the father, was a good man. He kept a miller's daughter, with whom, it is alleged, he went to Ireland; yet I think the cause of his retreat was rather occasioned by the Presbyterians, who want him early, because of his religion being Roman Catholic. His son, Sir William, died during the troubles, and was interred in the chapel of Roslin the very same day that the battle of Dunbar was fought. When my good father was buried, his (i. e. Sir William's) corpse seemed to be entire at the opening of the grave; but when they came to touch his body, it fell to pieces. He was lying in his arms, with a velvet cap on his head, on a flat stone; nothing was spoiled except a piece of the white furring that went round the cap, and answered to the higher part of the coat. All his predecessors were buried after the same manner, in their armour: I saw Roslin, my good father, was the first that was buried in a shroud, against the sentiment of King James the Seventh, who was then in Scotland, and several other persons well versed in antiquity, to whom my mother would not break, thinking it better to be buried after that manner. The great expenses she was at in burying her husband, occasioned the sumptuous acts which were made in the following parliament."



There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle;
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!



And each St. Clair was buried 'there;
With candle, with book, and with knell,
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds
sang
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

XXIV.

So sweet was Harold's piteous lay,
Scarce mark'd the guests the darken'd hall,
Though, long before the sinking day,
A wondrous shade involved them all:
It was not eddying mist or fog,
Drain'd by the sun from fen or bog;
Of no eclipse had sages told;
And yet, as it came on apace,
Each one could scarce his neighbor's face,
Could scarce his own stretch'd hand behold.
A secret horror check'd the feast,
And chill'd the soul of every guest;
Even the high Dame stood half aghast,
She knew some evil on the blast;
The elfish page fell to the ground,
And, shuddering, mutter'd, "Found! found!
found!"

XXV.

Then sudden, through the darken'd air
A flash of lightning came;
So broad, so bright, so red the glare,
The castle seem'd on flame.
Glanced every rafter of the hall,
Glanced every shield upon the wall;
Each trophied beam, each sculptured stone,
Were instant seen, and instant gone;
Fall through the guests' bedazzled band
Resistless flash'd the levin-brand,

And fill'd the hall with smouldering smoke,
As on the elfish page it broke.
It broke, with thunder long and loud
Dismay'd the brave, appall'd the proud,—
From sea to sea the larum rung;
On Berwick wall, and at Carlisle withal,
To arms the startled warders sprang.
When ended was the dreadful roar,
The elfish dwarf was seen no more!"

XXVI.

Some heard a voice in Branksome Hall,
Some saw a sight, not seen by all;
That dreadful voice was heard by some,
Cry, with loud summons, "GYLEIN, COME!"
And on the spot where burst the brand,
Just where the page had flung him down,
Some saw an arm, and some a hand,
And some the waving of a gown.
The guests in silence pray'd and shook.
And terror dimm'd each lofty look.
But none of all the astonish'd train
Was so dismay'd as Deloraine;
His blood did freeze, his brain did burn,
'Twas fear'd his mind would ne'er return;
For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,
Like him of whom the story ran,
Who spoke the spectre-hound in Man.
At length, by fits, he darkly told,
With broken hint, and shuddering cold,
That he had seen, right certainly,
A shape with amice wrapp'd around,
With a wrought Spanish baldrick bound,
Like pilgrim from beyond the sea;
And knew—but how it matter'd not—
It was the wizard, Michael Scott.

XXVII.

The anxious crowd, with horror pale,
All trembling heard the wondrous tale;
No sound was made, no word was spoke,
Till noble Angus silence broke;
And he a solemn sacred plight
Did to St. Bride of Douglas make,
That he a pilgrimage would take
To Melrose Abbey, for the sake
Of Michael's restless sprite.
Then each, to ease his troubled breast,
To some bless'd saint his prayers address'd;
Some to St. Modan made their vows,
Some to St. Mary of the Lowes,
Some to the Holy Rood of Lisle,
Some to our Lady of the Isle,
Each did his patron witness make,
That he such pilgrimage would take,
And Monks should sing, and bells should toll,
All for the weal of Michael's soul.
While vows were ta'en, and prayers were
pray'd,
'Tis said the noble dame, dismay'd,
Renounced, for aye, dark magic's aid.





XXVIII.

Nought of the bridal will I tell,
Which after in short space befell;
Nor how brave sons and daughters fair
Bless'd Tevlot's Flower, and Cranston's heir;
After such dreadful scene, 'twere vain
To wake the note of mirth again.

More meet it were to mark the day
Of penitence and prayer divine,
When pilgrim-chief, in sad array,
Sought Melrose' holy shrine.

Beneath the letter'd stones were laid
The ashes of their fathers dead;
From many a garnish'd niche around,
Stern saints and tortured martyrs frown'd.

XXX.

And slow up the dim aisle afar,
With sable cowl and scapular,
And snow-white stoles, in order due,
The holy Fathers, two and two,
In long procession came;
Taper, and host, and book they bare,



XXIX.

With naked foot, and sackcloth vest,
And arms enfolded on his breast,
Did every pilgrim go;
The standers by might hear unseam'd,
Footstep, or voice, or high-drawn breath,
Through all the lengthen'd row:
No lordly look, nor martial stride,
Gone was their glory, sunk their pride,
Forgotten their renown;
Silent and slow, like ghosts they glide
To the high altar's hallowed side,
And there they knelt them down:
Above the suppliant chieftains wave
The banners of departed brave;

And holy banner, flourish'd fair,
With the Redeemer's name.
Above the prostrate pilgrim band
The mitred Abbot stretch'd his hand,
And bless'd them as they kneel'd;
With holy cross he signed them all,
And pray'd they might be sage in hall,
And fortunate in field.
Then mass was sung, and prayers were said,
And solemn requiem for the dead;
And bells toll'd out their mighty peal,
For the departed spirit's weal;
And ever in the office close
The hymn of intercession rose;
And far the echoing aisles prolong

The awful burden of the song,—
DIES ILLE, DIES ILLE,
SOLVET SÆCLUM IN FAVILLA;
While the pealing organ rung;
Were it meet with sacred strain
To close my lay, so light and vain,
Thus the holy Fathers sung:—

HYMN FOR THE DEAD.

That day of wrath, that dreadful day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day!

When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!

Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

Heard's the harp—the Minstrel gone.
And did he wander forth alone?
Alone, in indigence and age,
To linger out his pilgrimage?
No;—close beneath proud Newark's tower,¹⁴
Arose the Minstrel's lowly bower;
A simple hut; but there was seen
The little garden hedged with green,
The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean.¹⁵
There shelter'd wanderers, by the blaze,
Of heard the tale of other days;
For much he loved to open his door,
And give the aid he begg'd before.
So pass'd the winter's day; but still,
When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill¹⁶
And July's eve, with balmy breath,
Waved the blue-bells on Newark heath;
When thro' the sung on Harehead-shaw,
And corn was green on Carterhugh,¹⁷
And flourish'd, broad, Blackandro's oak,
The aged Harper's soul awoke!
Then would he sing achievements high,
And circumstance of chivalry,
Till the rapt traveler would stay,
Forgetful of the closing day;
And noble youths, the strain to hear,
Forsook the hunting of the deer;
And Yarrow, as he roll'd along,
Bore burden to the Minstrel's song.¹⁸

(1) The line "Still lay my head," etc., was not in the First Edition.

(2) A merlin, or sparrow-hawk, was actually carried by ladies of rank, as a falcon was, in time of peace, the constant attendant of a knight or baron. See *Lives of the Palatines*, Goldsmith relates, that when Mary of Lorraine was regent, she pressed the Earl of Angus to admit a royal garrison into his Castle of Tantallon. To this he returned no direct answer; but, as if apostrophizing a game-hawk, which sat on his wrist, and which he was feeding during the Queen's speech, he exclaimed, "The hawk is in this green glade, she will never be full."—*Home's History of the House of Douglas*, 1745, vol. ii. p. 181. Barclay complains of the common and indecent practice of bringing hawks and hounds into churches.

(3) The peacock, it is well known, was considered, during the times of chivalry, not merely as an exquisite delicacy, but as a dish of peculiar solemnity. After being roasted, it was again decorated with its plumage, and a sponge, dipped in lighted spirits of wine, was placed in its bill. When it was introduced on days of grand festivals it was the signal for the adventurous knights to take upon them vows to do some deed of chivalry, "before the peacock and the ladies."

(4) The bear's head was also a usual dish of feudal splendor. In Scotland it was sometimes surrounded with little banners, displaying the colors and achievements of the baron at whose board it was served.—*Pinkerton's History*, vol. i. p. 422.

(6.) There are often flights of wild swans upon St. Mary's Lake, at the head of the river Yarrow. (See Wordsworth's *Yarrow Visited*.)

(c) The Rotherfords of Henthall were an ancient race of Border Lairds, whose names occur in history, sometimes as defending the frontier against the English, sometimes as disturbing the peace of their own country. Dickon Draw-the-Sword was son to the ancient warrior, called in tradition the Cock of Henthall, remarkable for leading into battle nine sons, gallant warriors, all sons of the ancient champion. Mr. Rotherford, late of New York, in a letter to the editor, some after these songs were first published, quoted, when upwards of eighty years old, a song apparently the same as the *Raid on the Red-square*, but which apparently is lost, except the following lines:

"Bauld Rutherford he was fu' stout,
With all his nine sons him about,
He brought the lads of Jedburgh out,
And bauldly fought that day."

(7.) To bite the thumb, of the glove, seems not to have been considered, upon the Border, as a gesture of contempt, though so used by Shakespeare, but as a pledge of mortal revenge. It is yet remembered, that a young gentleman of Twiteldale, on the morning after a hard drinking-bout, observed that he had bitten his glove. He instantly demanded of his companion, with whom he had quarrelled? and learning that he had had words with one of the party, insisted on satisfaction, and, on the following day, the two gentlemen encountered nothing of the dispute, unless he was sure he never would have bit his glove unless he had received some unpardonable insult. He fell in the duel, which was fought near Selkirk, in 1722.

(8. The person bearing this redoubtable *nom de guerre* was an Elliot, and resided at Thorlaxhope, in Liddesdale. He occurs in the list of Border riders, in 1597.

(C.) The appearance and dress of the company assembled in the chapel, and the description of the subsequent feast, in which the hounds and hawks are not the least prominent features, are described in a manner that recalls the statements of those authors, from whose rich but unpolished ear Mr. Scott has wrought much of his most exquisite imagery and description. A society, such as that assembled in the hall of the castle of Boreham, and which is depicted regaled with wine, seems to have contained in itself sufficient seeds of spontaneous disorder; but the golden pageant is well introduced, as applying a torch to the tinder of dissipation, and the description of Boreham, and its manners, both in their cause and the manner in which they are supported, cease, as well among the Crail gentlemen, as the company assembled in the buttery—*Crail, 1309.*

(10.) John Grahame, second son of Malice, Earl of Montrose, commonly surnamed *John with the Bright Sword*, upon some displeasure risen against him at court, retired with many of his clan and kindred into the English borders, where he and his followers lived in a manner of a banditti, and so harassed themselves; and many of their posterity have continued there ever since. Mr. Sandford, speaking of them, says (which indeed was applicable to most of the Border-chiefs) that they were a set of men, who were bold and ardent thieves; both to England and Scotland untold; yet sometimes consoled at, because they gave intelligence forth of Scotland, and would raise 400 horse at any time upon a sudden. To go farther, and to say that they were a set of men, who were a mother to her son which is now become proverbial, *Ride, Rought, hump's t' the pat*; that is, the last piece of beef was in the pot, and therefore it was high time for her to go and fetch more.—*Instauratio*

The residence of the Grumes being chiefly in the Debatable Land, so called because it was claimed by both kingdoms, their depredations extended both to England and Scotland, with impunity; as by both wardens accounted them the proper subjects of their own prince, and the king of Scotland was obliged for their crimes to sue for satisfaction from the opposite officers, which would have been an acknowledgment of his jurisdiction over them.—See a long correspondence on this subject betwixt Lord Innes and the English Privy Council, in introduction to *History of Cumberland*. The Debatable Land was finally divided betwixt England and Scotland, by the line proposed by both nations. (See several notes in the Appendix.)

(11.) It is the author's object, in these songs, to exemplify the different styles of ballad narrative which prevailed in this island at different periods, or in different conditions of society. The first (ALBERT'S) is conducted upon the rude and simple model of the old Border ditties, and produces its effect by the direct and concise narrative of a tragical occurrence.—JENNIE.

(12.) This burden is adopted, with some alteration, from an old Scottish song, beginning thus :—

"She lean'd her back against a thorn,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa';
And there she has her young babe born,
And the babe has the name of a wa'."

(18) The gallant and unfortunate Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, was unquestionably the most accomplished cavalier of the age. He was a nobleman of high position, who would do honor to a more polished age. He was beheaded on Tower-hill in 1546; a victim to the mean jealousy of Henry VIII, who could not bear so brilliant a character near his throne.

(14.) *First Edition.*—"So sweet their hary and voices
join."

(15.) The second song, that of Fitztraver, the bard of the accomplished Surrey, has more of the richness and

polish of the Italian poetry, and is very beautifully written in a stanza resembling that of Spenser.—J. SYMS.

(16.) The chiefs of the *Vikings*, or Scandinavian pirates, assumed the title of *Sækonungs*, or Sea-kings.—*Ships*, in the inflated language of the Scalds, are often termed the serpents of the ocean.

(17.) The *Jormungandr*, or Snake of the Ocean, whose folds surround the earth, is one of the wildest fictions of the Edda. It was very nearly caught by the god Thor, who went to fish for it with a hook baited with a bull's head. In the battle betwixt the evil demons and the divinities of Odia, which is to precede the *Nagmröck*, or Twilight of the Gods, this Snake is to act a conspicuous part.

(18.) These were the *Falkyrir*, or Selectors of the slain, despatched by Odin from Valhalla, to choose those who were to die, and to distribute the contest. They are well known to the English reader, as Gray's *Fatal Sisters*.

(19) The northern warriors were usually entombed with their arms and their other treasures. Thus Angantyr, before commencing the duel in which he was slain stipulated, that if he fell, his sword, Tyring, should be buried with him. His daughter, Hervor, afterwards took it from his tomb. The dialogue which passed betwixt her and Angantyr, a history of his deeds, has been preserved. The wife of Hjalmar, who was found in the Hvarar-Saga. Indeed, the ghosts of the northern warriors were not wont tamely to suffer their tombs to be plundered; and hence the mortal heroes had an additional temptation to attempt such adventures; for they held nothing more worthy of their valor than to encounter

(30.) "I observe a great poetic climax, designed, doubt-

[illegible]

(22.) The ancient castle of Peel-town in the Isle of Man, surrounded by four churches, now ruinous. Through one of these chapels there was formerly a passage from the guard-room of the garrison. This was closed, it is

[illegible]

"One night a fellow being drunk, and by the strength of his liquor rendered more daring than ordinarily, laughed at the simplicity of his companions; and, though it was not his turn to go with the keys, would needs take that office upon him to testify his courage. All the sol-

him endeavored to dissuade him; but the more they talked, the more resolute he seemed, and swore that he would do nothing more than that the *Mauthe* Dog would allow him as it had done others; for he would try it if he were dog or devil. After having talked in a very reproachful and scornful manner, he went out to the great out of the guard-room. In some time after his departure, a great noise was heard, but nobody had the audacity to see what occasioned it, till the adventurer returned, and told them that he had seen a man, a woman and a boy as he had been at leaving them; that he now became sober and silent enough; for he was never seen to speak more; and though all the time he lived, he never spoke more. One day, he was entreated by all who came near him, to tell them what he had seen; but he would make some signs, by which they might understand what had happened to him, yet not saying intelligible could he not tell him, only that by the distortion of his limbs and countenance, he was in a manner dead, and that death was common in a natural death.

"The Mammoth Dog was, however, never after seen in the castle, nor would any one attempt to go through that passage; for which reason it was closed up and another way made. This accident happened about three score years since; and I heard it attested by several, but especially by an old soldier, who assured me he had seen it often but he had then hairs on his head."—*Watson's Description of the Isle of Man*, p. 107.

(22.) This was the favourite maid of the house of Douglas, and of the Earl of Angus in particular; as we learn from the following passage:—“The Queen was supposed to raise a rival noble to the ducal dignity; and accusing of her purpose with Angus, he answered, ‘Why not, madam? we are happy that have such a princess, that can know and will acknowledge men’s services, and is willing to recompense it; but, by the might of God,’ (this was his oath when he was serious and in anger; at other times it was by St. Bryde of Douglas.) ‘If I be a Duke, I will be a Drake!’—So she desisted from prosecuting that purpose.”—*CONCURRENCE*, vol. ii. p. 131.

(24.) ————— the vale unfolds
High groves of lofty stature,
With Yarrow winding through the pomp
Of cultivated meads and
And, rising from those lofty groves,
Behold a ruin hoary;
The shattered front of Newark's towers,
Renowned in Border story.
Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in;
For manhood to enjoy his strength;
And age to wear away in, etc.

(25.) Bowhill is now, as has been mentioned already, a part of the Duke of Buccleuch. It stands immediately below Newark Hill, and above the junction of the Yarrow and the Etrick. For the other places named in the text the reader is referred to various notes on the Minstreys of the Scottish Border.

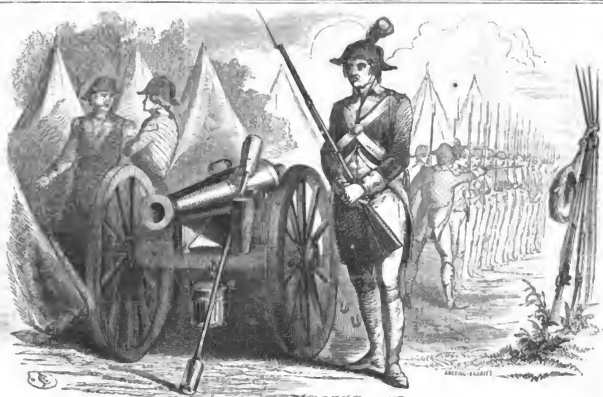
24.) *Orig.*—And grain sowed green on Carterhenge.

[illegible]

from the various extracts we have given, our readers will be enabled to form a tolerable correct judgment of the poem; and, if we have not been too far from the truth, we are not less enabled to exhibit, we may venture to assure them that they will find in this poem, a more perfect and more judicious imitation of this journey of *Don Quixote*—the opening of the Wizard's tomb, the description of the enchanted castle, the description of the ruins of the castle, are all executed with the same spirit and the same genius, which we think is conspicuous in the several parts of the poem. The description of the enchanted castle, and the opening of the Wizard's tomb, are all executed with the same spirit and the same genius, which we think is conspicuous in the several parts of the poem. The description of the enchanted castle, and the opening of the Wizard's tomb, are all executed with the same spirit and the same genius, which we think is conspicuous in the several parts of the poem.

"Bought the bees that made their broth,
To feed the bees that made their broth."

to a poem which has any pretensions to seriousness or dignity. The ancient metrical romance might have admitted these minor personalities; but the present age will not endure them; and Mr. Scott must either sacrifice his Border prophecies, or send all his readers in the other parts of the empire.—*See* next.



DEBORAH SAMPSON, THE WOMAN SOLDIER.

DEBORAH SAMPSON, THE WOMAN SOLDIER.

THE subject of the present sketch was born in the county of Plymouth, Massachusetts. Her parents were poor and vicious, and their children were taken from them by the hand of Charity, to be placed in different families, where there was a prospect of their being better cared for. Deborah found a home with a respectable farmer, where she was treated as one of the family, except in point of education. To overcome this deprivation, she used to borrow the books of school-children, which she perused and conned with avidity, until she learned to read tolerably well. As soon as the completion of her eighteenth year released her from her indentures, she hastened to place herself in a situation to improve her mind, and made arrangements with a family to work one-half her time for her board and lodging; and during the balance, she attended a district school. Her improvement was so rapid, that, in a comparatively short time she was thought competent to teach; and by doing so for one term she amassed the sum of twelve dollars. Meantime the war of the Revolution commenced at Lexington, and Deborah made up her mind to enlist. There is no other plausible reason for her motives in so doing than a wild love of adventure, not unmixed with a patriotic wish to aid her country in her need, and a restless desire for a stirring, active life. Be that as it may, she had formed the resolution, and having no one to consult but her own will, she pursued the bent of her inclination. With her somewhat limited means, she purchased the material, and whenever opportunity offered, she made herself a complete suit of men's clothes, which she hid in a stack of hay until such time as she could adopt them without being discovered. Having completed her arrangements, she announced her determination

to seek higher wages, and took her departure. Stealthily donning her male attire, she started for the recruiting station, where she offered herself as a young man desirous of entering the army, was accepted, and enrolled as the first recruit in Captain Thayer's company. The name under which she was enrolled was Robert Shirtliffe, and the period of her enlistment was for the war. While the company was recruiting she was an inmate of the captain's family, and by her exemplary conduct won the esteem of all. A young girl, who was visiting in the family, was much in the company of Robert, and being of a coquetish disposition, and priding herself, perhaps, in the conquest of the young soldier, she suffered her partiality to be noticed, and Robert, having no objection to see how easily a maiden's heart might be won, encouraged the feeling, until the captain's wife, becoming alarmed, took occasion to remonstrate with the youth upon the subject. Robert took the matter in good part, and the affair ended in the interchange of some few tokens of remembrance at parting.

At the end of six or seven weeks, the company, being full, was ordered to join the main army, and Robert's military life commenced in earnest. The record does not give the details of her career, although the reminiscences of a life in camp and in the field, under such circumstances, would prove intensely interesting. She herself has said, that volumes might be filled with them. She performed her duties to the entire satisfaction of her officers; was a volunteer on several expeditions of a hazardous nature, and was wounded severely, first by a sword cut on the side of her head, and afterward by a bullet through her shoulder. This latter wound caused her great uneasiness, for fear her sex would be discovered when it was examined; but to her satisfaction she escaped, strange as it may seem; and stranger still, dur-

ing the *three years* she served, no suspicion was awakened among her comrades. They had noticed her lack of a beard, and in playful allusion to the deficiency, had called her "Molly," but little did they dream that their gallant comrade was indeed a woman.

Circumstances at last, however, revealed her secret, greatly to her mortification, and the no less astonishment of her officers and fellow soldiers. She was taken with a brain fever, a disease prevalent in camp, and was sent to the hospital, where her case was deemed hopeless. On one occasion the doctor, while visiting her, attempting to put his hand upon her heart to see if life still remained, found a bandage fastened tightly across her breast, upon removing which, he discovered that his patient was a woman. Without communicating the fact to any one, he continued to attend her until she was sufficiently recovered to be removed to his own house, where every attention and kindness was shown her until her recovery. While an inmate of the doctor's house, another romantic episode in her life occurred. A niece of the doctor's, a young and wealthy lady, who had nursed her during her illness, felt a strong attachment for the object of her care, and with the frankness of youth, thinking, doubtless, that the poor and friendless soldier would never dare to aspire to one so gifted by fortune, made known her feelings, and offered to educate their object before marriage. The doctor was highly censured for allowing them to be so much together, but laughed in anticipation at the discomfiture of his advisers when the truth should be known. The feelings of Robert on this occasion were of the most acute and painful nature, and she was sadly tempted to reveal the true state of the case; but modesty and the fear of ridicule, or some other motives, deterred her. She told the generous girl, however, that although she earnestly desired to possess an education, yet she



THE WOMEN DEFENDING THE WAGON.

could not avail herself of the brilliant and tempting offer, but that they should meet again. The young lady urged upon her acceptance before parting several articles of wearing apparel and other gifts, as tokens of remembrance.

The denouement rapidly followed her recovery. The doctor held an interview with her commandant, and it was decided to refer the matter to Washington. Accordingly, on her return to duty, she was directed to carry a note to the Commander-in-Chief. She now became, for the first time, aware that her secret was discovered, and that detection was no longer avoidable. With fear and trembling, therefore, she presented herself before the General, who directed her to retire for refreshment, while he perused the note. After the lapse of a little time, he called her to him, and, without saying a word, placed in her hand a discharge from the service.

After the war she married, and while Washington was President she paid a visit to the seat of Government on his invitation, and was received with every attention. Congress was then in session, and passed a bill granting her a pension for life. She lived in comfortable circumstances, and it is but a few years since she died. The "Dedham Register" of December, 1830, noticed the appearance in court of Mrs. Gannett, or Robert Shirliffe, to renew her claims for services as a *Revolutionary soldier*.

THE WOMEN DEFENDING THE WAGON.

BETWEEN the Blue Ridge and the western range of the Alleghany Mountains, in the northern part of the State of Virginia, is located Shenandoah county, which derives its name from the beautiful river, one branch of which flows through its entire length from south to north. Its county seat is Woodstock, a thriving town, with a population of between

one and two thousand inhabitants. This place was settled previous to the French and Indian war, by hardy German yeomanry from Pennsylvania, who were tempted to leave the rugged hills of the Keystone State and change their quarters, by the glowing reports which had reached their ears of the surprising fertility and surpassing beauty of the valley of the Shenandoah. Gathering up their household goods, they turned their back, with a feeling akin to reluctance, upon the homes of their first choice, and took their way through pathless forests to "the promised land." Arrived at their new home, they selected the site of the present flourishing town as the nucleus of the settlement, and commenced with a will the laborious task of felling the forest and the erection of their homes. A stockade fort was erected as a protection against the incursions of predatory bands of Indians, and a short time sufficed to place them in circumstances which, if not actually flourishing, were comparatively thrifty, and so far promising as to the future, that they were led to look forward with hope and bright anticipations to a long-continued prosperity. They were a plain, frugal and industrious people, unacquainted with the luxuries, and only desiring the substantial requisites of an humble mode of life, which were furnished in abundance by the fertile soil of the valley in which they had taken up their abode. A traveler among them during the French and Indian war, thus speaks of their happy condition:—

"I could not but reflect with pleasure upon the situation of these people; and think, if there is such a thing as true happiness in this life, they enjoy it. Far from the bustle of the world, they live in the most delightful climate and richest soil imaginable. They are everywhere surrounded by beautiful prospects and sylvan scenes—lofty mountains, transparent streams,

falls of water, rich valleys and majestic woods; the whole interspersed with an infinite variety of flowering shrubs, constitute the landscape surrounding them. They are subject to few diseases, are generally robust, and live in perfect liberty. They are ignorant of want, and are acquainted with few vices. Their inexperience of the elegancies of life precludes any regret that they have not the means of enjoying them; but they possess what many princes would give half their dominions for—health, content and tranquillity of mind."

With such attractions to allure those whose lot had been less fortunately cast, it will not be wondered at that emigration to their lovely valley set in as a flowing tide. Their own countrymen and neighbors from Pennsylvania constituted a principal portion of the newcomers, yet there were many, who, having been driven from their own homes in the more western portions of the State by the barbarity of the savages—were glad to find an asylum like that offered by this comparatively secluded settlement. Even here, however, they were not entirely free from the dangers which had surrounded them in their former and more exposed locations. Occasional interruptions to the peaceful life of this isolated people occurred, to mar the otherwise tranquil tide of their existence; and although their precautions served to guard them from attack upon their immediate settlement, yet many atrocities were committed in their neighborhood upon the unguarded settler and emigrant.

Among others who had been attracted to their beautiful valley by the glowing accounts of its fertility and comparative security, were two heads of families, by the names of Sheltz and Taylor. The former was of German parentage, the latter of English birth; but having both married American women, and being drawn together by that invisible bond of sym-

pathy which, in a new country, where danger is a common heritage, unites with a stronger tie than that of blood, they were more like one family than two separate households.

Being driven from their homes by the massacre of two of their neighbors and their families, they hastily collected a few necessities; placed them with their wives and children in a wagon, to which was attached their respective horses, and started in search of a new home. Woodstock was the nearest town or station where there was a fort, and toward that place they directed their steps.

The family of Taylor embraced himself, wife and three children, while that of Sheltz numbered but three—himself, wife and one child. The few articles which the limited room in the wagon and the hurried nature of their departure allowed them to remove, were a chest of drawers, which was a gift from the parents of Mrs. T.—a feather bed, also a parental gift to Mrs. S.—a brass kettle or two, some few culinary articles, and the axes and rifles of the men. These and their horses and a stout farm wagon were all they had saved, yet they were well content to come off with their lives, and trudged along mistified if they could but reach a haven of safety from the barbarities which had been inflicted upon their less fortunate neighbors and friends.

The greater portion of their way lay through the forest, where every sound to their frightened ears gave token of an enemy lurking in their path; and the rustling of a leaf, or the sighing wind awoke their fears and called up their latent courage. This had been passed, however, in safety, and they had reached the brow of the hill from whence they had a view of the beautiful valley below, where they hoped to find a haven of rest. Pausing for a moment to admire the scene which opened before them, they gave vent to their feelings in eulogies upon the lovely landscape, and words of encouragement to their wives and children. Alas! as they spoke, the deadly rifle of a concealed foe was levelled full at their breasts, and the savage red-skin was thirsting for their blood within a few feet of them. Hidden by the thick underbrush which grew up by the side of the road, five tawny warriors, painted and bedecked with their war feathers, lay crouching like wild beasts ready to spring upon their prey. Just as they started to resume their way, and descended the hill toward the settlement, the crack of two rifles, the whizzing of two leaden messengers, and the fall of their husbands, alarmed the women and widowed them at the same instant. The aim had been sure, and both the men fell without a groan, pierced through the heart with the fatal bullet from an unerring rifle. Quick as the flash from a summer cloud were all their fondly cherished hopes of safety and future happiness blasted, and stricken to earth with the fall of their husbands. No cry escaped the now bereaved women. Their feelings were too deep for utterance, nor was there any time for grief or repining. Left in an instant self-dependent, they looked around for the foe and for means of defense. Nothing was within reach but the axes of their husbands; and those they seized, and awaited the onset of the savages. They had not long to wait. Pushing aside the foliage, five stalwart warriors sprang, with a grunt of satisfaction, from the

thicket into the road, and made for the wagon to secure their prisoners. The first who came up seized the son of Mrs. Taylor, and endeavored to drag him from the wagon; but the little fellow resisted manfully, looking meanwhile up into his mother's face, as if to implore protection at her hands. The appeal was not lost upon her. Seizing with both hands the ax of her husband, and swinging it around her head, she brought it down with all the vengeful force of her arm upon the shoulder of the Indian, inflicting a wound which sent him off howling with pain. Turning to another, she sent him off in like manner, while Mrs. Sheltz has sent a third back to his lair with a severe blow across the hand, which severed all his fingers. The other two were wise enough to keep without the reach of their blows, but endeavored to intimidate them by their terrific yells and brandished tomahawks. Nothing daunted, however, the brave and heroic women maintained their threatening attitude of defense; until wearied of their endeavors, and fearing the approach of relief from the garrison of the fort, the two unwounded Indians rushed into the thicket again for their rifles to end the conflict. Taking advantage of this opportunity, the women started the horses, and the red-skins, not daring to pursue them, they were permitted to reach the fort in safety, from whence a party set out to bring in the dead and scalped bodies of their husbands.

THE CAVE OF EGG: A LEGEND OF THE HEBRIDES.

EGG, forming one of the Hebrides on the western coast of Scotland, presents a rocky, precipitous shore, seeming in some places to be inaccessible, except to the clanging sea-fowl, screaming and clamoring around the almost perpendicular sheets of naked rock, against which the sea rushes and roars with terrific grandeur.

This island, in feudal times, was the scene of a most fearful tragedy—of a vengeance almost too horrible to be accredited to human agency. The precise date of this event has not come down to us, although it is supposed to have occurred as early as the thirteenth century, when these islands were under the dominion of the kings of Scotland, and governed each by their own petty chieftains.

The inhabitants of Egg were a wild, lawless race, consorting with hordes of pirates infesting the neighboring countries; and although the narrow sounds which separate these rocky isles abounded with the finest salmon, and some sections in the interior presented rich tracts for cultivation, yet these rude men, preferring rapine to peaceful industry, subsisted by petty depredations upon their neighbors of the adjacent isles. True, many of these neighbors were no less rapacious than the men of Egg, and fully indemnified themselves for any grievances suffered at their hands. But there were others whose chiefs, themselves of a more noble race, maintained a higher standard of government; and however barbarous and rude their highest attainments might appear to us of the nineteenth century, they were certainly far superior to their savage neighbors of Egg, Mull, Rum, etc.

The Isle of Skye, one of the richest and most

romantic of the Hebrides, was ruled at that time by the proud chieftain Allister McLeod, who, in his sea-girt castle of Dunvegan, towering from the topmost crag of a precipitous mass of rocks which overhung the boiling sea, bid defiance alike to the power of his foes and the fury of the elements.

Between McLeod and Donald McDonald, the chieftain of Egg, the most inveterate hatred existed. With McDonald, this hatred raged with all the fury of the ocean tempest, and was as immovable and deep-seated as the rocks which girdled his dominions. Many times had the vengeance of the chief of Skye worked dreadful havoc upon the followers of McDonald for their aggressions; but so far from subduing, it only roused a new spirit of malice, venting itself in various wicked deeds upon the inhabitants of Skye, though sure of a direful return from the outraged chieftain.

The chief of Egg had one daughter. Fair and beautiful was Ulla as the flower we sometimes see lifting its timid head within the deep fissures of the rocks, exciting our wonder how so frail a thing could there unfold its delicate petals. In an evil hour this fair maiden of Egg won the love of Edwin, the only son of the haughty chieftain McLeod.

Cradled like a young eagle in his rocky eyrie, the ceaseless dirge of the ocean his lullaby, and his sweetest music the wild clamor of the sea-gulls sweeping around the towers upon the wings of the tempest, Edwin sprang from his nurse's arms a hero. Danger was to him a pastime. Among all the daring sons of the isle, none could equal Edwin. He loved to scale the giddy crag, wreathed in the spray of the wind-tossed billows, in search of the sea-mew's nest; to steer his fearless barque through perilous straits, with the foam of the breakers gurgling around him; and to launch within the dark cavern's mouth upon the blackening waves, on whose surface perhaps no other hand had dared to bend the pliant oar.

The Isle of Egg presented a bolder scope for his adventurous spirit than almost any other of these western islands; and heedless of the feud existing between his father and its chief, and as reckless of danger from pirates or revengeful islanders, Edwin, manning his light craft with a few of his faithful clansmen, would boldly steer along the inhospitable coast. Sometimes anchoring beneath a frowning precipice, he would spring upon some jutting crag, and, leaping from rock to rock, and over deep chasms, plant his foot at length upon the stunted heather.

It was upon one of these hazardous expeditions that Edwin, steering his boat within a narrow inlet or loch, which suddenly presented itself, found he had unawares approached that part of Egg which might be considered the only habitable section of the island on the eastern slope of the Scur-Egg, a remarkable ridge of high rocks, like a camel's back, running through the center of the island. The rocks here became less precipitous, shelving gradually down to a beach of fine white glittering sand, and down their craggy sides beautiful cascades came leaping and tumbling in snowy foam, to lose themselves in the waters of the loch. A few of the rude boats of the islanders were moored at a little distance along



THE CAVE OF EIGG.

the shore, and, further in, their miserable dwellings were seen scattered over the bright green holms, while propped, as it were, upon the camel's shoulder stood a rude stone structure called the castle of Duntulm, the residence of the chief Donald McDonald. No living soul was to be seen; the boats were idly rocking in the surf, and, but for the thin blue smoke curling from these cabins, one might have deemed the island deserted.

Edwin now resolved to land, and view the strength of an enemy who, however inferior to the proud chieftain of Skye, still had the power to annoy him, as a gnat may harass the lordly lion. Springing to the shore, therefore, and clearing with little difficulty the loose fragments of rocks scattered upon the beach, he soon found himself within a little glen of surpassing beauty. Suddenly his ear caught the sound of music, mingled with the cheerful and happy laughter of female voices. Here, then, was something to arouse the curiosity of our young adventurer—music and the voice of woman!

Pursuing the sound, he soon came in view of a party of young girls dancing on the soft heather to the music of a small harp, lightly touched by another of these mirthful maidens. Edwin was not one to turn away without reaping some advantage from a scene at once so charming and so unexpected; therefore, lifting his bonnet from his dark clustering locks, the young chieftain, with a smile in his eye, and a merry but courteous salutation on his lip, gracefully advanced toward the mirthful circle. The music ceased as the song of a frightened bird. Like startled fawns, the timid ladies

gazed for a moment upon the youthful stranger, and then, turning, would have swiftly fled the spot. But the gallant Edwin was not to be so defeated. What arguments he made use of to detain them it matters not, since they were irresistible. The maidens paused, blushed, laughed, and then suffered themselves to be seated upon the soft heather, where, at the feet of Ulla McDonald, and gazing up into her deep blue eyes, Edwin related how, landing from his little galley, he had wandered from the shore, and, guided by the ravishing melody of their voices, bent his fortunate steps thither.

The chief of Eigg, with his followers, probably less than a hundred men, as the entire population of the island did not that time exceed two hundred souls, left that morning on one of their predatory or piratical expeditions, which were often extended along the coast of England and Wales, leaving, meanwhile, upon the island a few old men, the women and children, as its sole inhabitants.

McDonald was a hard, stern man, one who delighted not in innocent sports or pastimes.

One feeling alone humanized the soul of the chieftain. It was his love for his daughter. He knew she was very fair to look upon, and he feared that, in some unlucky hour, she might attract the eye of that lawless piratical horde who had not only landed fearlessly upon his shores, but whom he also feasted in his halls. Ulla was therefore seldom allowed to leave the seclusion of her own apartment, which was situated in one of the highest towers of the castle, overlooking a scene of wild sublimity, and which the chief had contrived to adorn

with many rare articles from foreign lands, obtained from the spoils of pirates.

Here, then, in her lonely turret, pursuing such occupations and amusements as her limited opportunities afforded her, did the life of the beauteous Ulla glide peacefully on until that luckless hour when, released from the strict surveillance of her father, she had stolen from the gloomy walls of Duntulm to breathe the pure air of heaven, and, with a few of her chosen companions, wandered at will through the romantic purlieus of the island—that luckless hour when the eyes of young Edwin first rested upon her beauty!

And now, rocking upon the waters of the loch, was the light boat of Edwin daily seen, while the young chieftain roamed with Ulla over the green holms, or, seated upon some tall cliff overlooking the wild scene of ocean and of rock, of high barren mountains and fertile vales resting between, would point to the distant towers of Dunvegan, and, with a lover's eloquence, dwell upon the time when he might hail her as their beauteous mistress.

But one day, afar off against the blue sky, a few dark specks were seen upon the heaving ocean. Ulla turned pale as she pointed them out to her lover. Her heart, for the first time, owned a presentiment of evil.

Nearer and nearer over the foam-crested billows came the boats, and rounding the rocky point of Rinn, stood direct for Eigg, the banner of its chief floating from the foremost galleys, while, echoing from cliff to cliff, and across the quiet waters of the little loch, sounded the wild strain of the 'McDonald's Gathering.'

Ulla held out her hand to Edwin, saying, "Fly, fly; in his wrath my father is terrible! Should he find thee here—there, the son of his enemy, though alone and defenceless—no mercy would stir his bosom, or change thy doom of death. Fly, then, ere it be too late."

"But for thee, sweet Ulla," cried Edwin, his eye kindling as he spoke, "I would dare the chief of Elgg to mortal combat—but for thee, defy alike his power and malice; for Edwin never yet turned his back upon a foe. Yet for thy sake, dear one, I go, soon I trust to proffer that alliance which thy father dare not spurn. Meanwhile, dearest Ulla, let me not be denied the sight of thy beauty, fair as the sunbeam; let me hear sometimes thy voice, sweet as the morning wind among the branches. Every night my little bark shall lie at the foot of your high cliff, which even the boldest of thy father's vassals deem inaccessible. If from thy chamber thou canst safely steal away, place a light within the window of thy turret, and I will meet thee here—here, dearest Ulla, in this spot where first we met."

The maiden gave a hurried assent, for the boats came on with the speed of race-horses. Then, for the first time folding her to his heart, and imprinting a kiss upon her snow-white brow, Edwin was gone. Fleet as the wind were the footsteps of Ulla, as she fled toward her gloomy prison of Duntulm. She crossed its rude portals, and ascending to her tarred chamber, with throbbing bosom and tearful eye, sought to desecrate the boat of her lover.

It is there; yes, she sees it skimming lightly as the wing of the sea-fowl across the waters of the sound, to where arose the glittering cliffs of Skye like vast columns, their summits resting in the clouds. Edwin is safe; but the heart of Ulla is heavy with grief.

She sees her father's galleys swiftly approach; they reach the shore. The women and children with glad shouts receive the returning islanders, and the shrill bagpipe proclaims their welcome. The chief, amid the shouts of his people, now springs to the shore, and Ulla trembles and turns still paler as she sees him approach the castle. Then, bidding one of her maidens bear on her harp, she too hastens to meet her father, so stern even in his kindest moods.

True to their tryst did the lovers meet within that little glen, heaven's canopy radiant with burning stars above them, and their sighs mingling with the midnight moan of the surging billows.

And when were those stolen interviews of mingled joy and sorrow to have an end? When might Edwin boldly claim the hand of the lovely Ulla?

Alas! this might never be; for his father, that proud chieftain, listened scornfully and in anger to the petition of his son. What, the noble race of McLeod seeking alliance with castles and robbers both by sea and land! No; rather would he see his son struck down at his feet by the battle-axe of Elgg's savage chieftain than to bail Ulla, though the fairest daughter of the isles, as the bride of Edwin, the future mistress of Dunvegan's lordly towers!

The meetings of the lovers, therefore, now became less frequent; for the young chieftain

was closely watched, and spies set over his footsteps that he might no more approach the dangerous presence of the maiden of Elgg. Yet still, night after night, the signal light gleamed from the turret of Duntulm, and the timid Ulla, shrinking from her own light footsteps, would steal from the castle, and seek, in doubt and hope, the place of meeting. There, wrapped in her mantle, seated upon the dark grey stone, her eyes anxiously turned to the spot where the form of her lover was wont first to meet her straining gaze, and the night wind lifting her tresses from her cold cheek, would she await his coming; and if, alas, he came not, she would still linger, still hoping, until the first rays of light played over the mountain summits, then sad and weary regain her chamber to weep over her disappointment. And oh, how the heart of Edwin loathed the bondage which restrained him from her beloved presence, so faithfully, as his own heart assured him, keeping her tryst in that lonely glen!

In the meantime, Donald McDonald had committed some flagrant outrage upon the rights of one of the earls of the Orkney Isles, and, to indemnify himself against the threatened vengeance, had boldly offered him the hand of his daughter in marriage—a proposition which was at first met with scorn and derision by the earl. That McDonald, the petty chieftain of a small insignificant island, a ruler over a mere handful of savages, should presume upon such a treaty! Why, the affront was deemed even beneath his anger by the proud Earl Rannald, of Kirkwall!

Yet so loud was the chief of Elgg in extolling the exceeding loveliness of his daughter, which his followers, with many oaths, also confirmed, that, curious to behold one calling forth such extravagant praise, and somewhat sated, maybe, with the tame beauty of the Kirkwall ladies, the Earl agreed to suspend all hostilities until he should visit the castle of Duntulm, and view for himself those landed charms.

Upon an appointed day, accordingly, the numerous galleys of Earl Rannald, their banners flying, and the shrill music of the pipes sweeping over the water, were seen standing across the sound of Rum, and anchoring within the little loch of Elgg, the only accessible harbor the island afforded. Here the earl was received with rude hospitality by the chief of Elgg, and conducted with his kinsmen and followers to the castle.

Unsuspecting of her father's motives, Ulla arrayed herself at his bidding in her most becoming garments, and, with a sad heart, was led forth by the exulting chief as a lamb to the sacrifice, to grace the feast prepared in honor of his guest.

Never, perhaps, had she looked more lovely, and the earl could not suppress an exclamation of wonder and pleasure, as his eyes first rested on the fair young creature nestling like a dove so timidly by the side of her father, the gigantic McDonald. He found the praises, to which he had listened disbelieving, but faint in comparison with the actual charms of the island maid. His heart exulted, and his eyes turned passionately upon the blushing girl, whom his rude gaze affronted, when he reflected she was his by her father's vow—his by his own superior power to make her so.

And McDonald, keenly eyeing the earl as he presented his daughter, saw at once that the victory was his, and that the charms of poor Ulla had not only secured him safety from his late aggressions, but gained, perhaps, the future cooperation of the most powerful earl of the Orkneys in various schemes he had in prospect.

Glady would Earl Rannald have made Ulla his bride that very hour, so captivated was he by her beauty. Summoning the chief to a private conference, he attested his readiness to accept the proffered hand of his daughter; and, suspicious of treachery on the part of his host, he vowed he would not weigh anchor from Elgg without bearing away the beautiful Ulla as his bride.

Nothing loath, the chief assented, and the morrow was accordingly appointed for the nuptials.

It was in vain for the victim, the wretched Ulla, to weep or implore! It was in vain she bathed her father's feet with tears; vain she besought him to have mercy upon her, and not give her to one whom she could never love! But no mercy had that stern chieftain. What to him was love!—a bubble in the mouths of silly maidens! What were her tears!—any glittering bauble would turn them to smiles! What to him was her happiness?—what even her life when weighed against his plans—his ambitious schemes?

With an oath, he pushed his kneeling child away, and sternly bade her prepare to wed Rannald of Kirkwall on the morrow. There was no alternative; she must be the bride of the earl or of death!

"Of death rather!" thought the unfortunate maiden, as she left the presence of her cruel parent.

Once more the signal light, like a star, beamed from poor Ulla's turret. What must have been the feelings of the maiden when, with a trembling hand, for the last time she placed it there—that beacon of love and joy! for should Edwin that night fail in his attempt to reach the island, then her fate, like that twinkling taper, whose rays had so often sent happiness to the heart of her lover, must be forever lost in the silence and darkness of the grave. Waiting until the last sound of the mad revel below had ceased, and the inmates of the castle sunk in the stupor of inebriety, Ulla, pale and trembling, once more sought that little glen hallowed by the vows of pure and faithful love.

The night was gloomy. The clouds heavy with the threatened tempest, rolled their black shadows across the heavens, through which the moon vainly struggled to emit her light. No sound was heard save the chaffing of the waves over their rocky bed, or, perhaps, the dismal clang of the sea-fowl heralding the coming storm. The footsteps of Ulla faltered, and scarce could her trembling limbs sustain her as she drew near the spot, so great were her apprehensions lest Edwin should not appear.

Yet happiness, almost despaired of—joy, now that is certain—more than her fainting heart can bear. He is already there; and as he catches the gleam of her white garments through the surrounding gloom, flies to meet her, and once more Ulla is pressed to the faithful heart of Edwin.

Stern and silent in his despair, Edwin listens while she reveals her sad fate, tells him in language broken by grief, that by the stern will of her father, she will to-morrow be forced into the arms of Ranaid, Earl of Kirkwall! Then almost fearful was the storm of passion in the soul of the young chieftain. What! Ulla—his own, his beautiful Ulla—the bride of another? No! sooner would he plunge with her from the summit of yon dizzy crag into the boiling sea below, and end at once their sorrows with their lives. Together they could welcome death, but not live to endure the agony of separation.

But there was yet an escape from a fate so dreadful—there was yet a way to secure their happiness; and that was in flight. True, the attempt would be hazardous in the extreme; but what will not true love dare for the possession of its object.

In a short time Edwin had revolved and matured a scheme, of the success of which his sanguine nature permitted no doubt.

Cold and cheerless dawned the marriage day. The sky was overcast with gloomy clouds, and the wild winds roared and shrieked dismally around the walls of Duntulm; but Earl Ranaid aroused to himself betimes and hurried on board his galley to prepare it for the reception of its beautiful freight.

The hour of noon was that appointed for the nuptials, as the priest who was sent for to perform the ceremony from Iona (one of the neighboring isles), could not be expected to arrive sooner.

In the meantime, a scene of reckless hilarity was presented both within and without the castle. In the open area in front, large fires were kindled, around which the Eiggmen and the merry Orkney sailors danced and shouted with noisy merriment; while in the rude stone hall were assembled the kinsmen and friends of the chief in their holiday garb, together with those of Earl Ranaid, who had accompanied him from Kirkwall.

The board was spread—the entertainment intended to comprise both the morning meal and dinner.

According to the custom of the times at a marriage feast, Earl Ranaid himself ascended the turret stair and craved admittance at the fair hands of his bride. Radiant in her beauty, Ulla herself opened the door. There was an unusual brilliancy in her eyes, and a brighter glow on her cheeks than was wont to rest on her complexion, so dazzlingly fair; and as she stood there in her pure white garments, the earl almost expected she would vanish like some beautiful spirit from his sight. Taking the hand she passively extended to him, the happy, exulting bridegroom conducted her to the hall, where her presence was greeted by a loud murmur of applause.

As she entered, Ulla cast one quick, eager glance around, and then suffered the earl to seat her by his side, although she trembled violently, and the rich bloom on her cheek was fast yielding to a mortal paleness. Had Edwin's plan then failed? Was she, indeed, doomed to become the bride of Earl Ranaid? Was there, alas! no hope? Such were the dreadful thoughts which agitated her bosom.

At this moment, a little band of strangers craved shelter at the castle from the approach-

ing storm, stating themselves to be voyagers from the main land of Scotland upon an expedition through the islands, and, having heard much of the famed caverns of Eigg, had come thither for the purpose of exploring them.

In unvoiced good humor, the chief bade them welcome, and told them to sit down and make merry with the rest; for that his daughter, the fairest maiden of the isles, was that day to wed with the noble Earl of Kirkwall. At this announcement, one of the strangers, whose dress and bearing seemed somewhat superior to those of his companions, gracefully saluted Ulla, and lifting a flagon from the well spread board, first quaffed to the health of the fair bride, and then courteously bowed around to the assembly.

It was well that the attention not only of the earl, but of the chief, was so much drawn to these unexpected guests for the moment, or the agitation of Ulla would certainly have led to suspicion, if not to betrayal; and when at length Earl Ranaid, in right of his situation, ventured somewhat familiarly to address the now blushing maiden, the hand of Edwin (whom we must recognize in the gallant stranger) involuntarily sought the hilt of his dagger, and but for a well-timed *rue* on the part of his companions, would assuredly have rendered a discovery unavoidable.

A shout without now announced the arrival of the priest. A quick glance was interchanged between the lovers; and then Ulla, in a low voice, addressing the earl, urged some necessary preparations as an apology for a short absence. The earl seemed greatly disposed to accompany her; but earnestly entreating him not to do so, she softly glided from the hall. In a few moments Edwin also disappeared, his exit unobserved in the general confusion, or if noticed, not considered at all singular.

And now the noise and merriment increased, and none were louder in the revels than the stranger guests. Stories were told, jests were passed, the music sounded its merriest notes, and laugh and song mingled in one wild scene of gaiety. Even the earl was unconsciously of the rapid flight of time. Nearly an hour had passed since Ulla left the hall, yet he could have sworn she had not been gone fifteen minutes, when suddenly a kinsman of the chieftain rushed in, breathless with speed, exclaiming:—"Haste, haste, Earl Ranaid, your bride is stolen away! The bark of the ravisher is already passing the *Sherry-rohr*! Haste!" "Is! there is treachery here, then! Vile dog, I expected this!" exclaimed Earl Ranaid, drawing his sword, and rushing upon the chief of Eigg.

With a blow from his heavy broadsword, the enraged chieftain struck the weapon of the Earl from his hand.

"Would you stop to bandy words with me, instead of pursuing your bride! Ho! men of Eigg, haste, man the boats, pursue, lose not a moment!"

All was now confusion. While the men flew hither and thither, in obedience to the orders of M'Donald, the women tossed their arms wildly, uttering loud wails for the stolen bride, some hastened to cast off the boats in pursuit of the fugitives, while foremost the galley of Earl Ranaid, bounding to the sweeping blast, the

black reas rushing over her deck, dashed like a mad thing before the gale, which was now every moment increasing.

In the *males*, the companions of Edwin thought to secure their escape to their boat, rocking among the dangerous shoals of sunken rocks shelving down from the *Scur-Eigg*. Already had they scaled the precipitous bridge, and were rapidly making their dangerous descent, now hanging from some jutting crag, now leaping over deep chasms, the spray of the billows almost blinding them, and the roar of the maddened waves thundering in their ears. The last descent was accomplished, and, breasting the boiling surf, they had nearly reached the boat, when their escape was suddenly cut off by a band of Eiggmen, who rushed upon them.

They fought like lions; but at length overpowered by numbers, stunned by brutal blows, the blood streaming from many wounds, they were bound hand and foot, and conveyed to the castle, where they were thrown down into a corner of the courtyard, like brute beasts packed for the butcher's shambles, to await the return of the chief.

Far out upon the raging sea, like a thing instinct with life, bearing the fate of two devoted beings, the little bark of Edwin bore bravely on, now riding the top of the mountain waves, now plunging adown the huge black gulfs, as it were, into the very depths of the ocean. On, on, trembling, reeling, dashes the little boat. Once around yonder rocky headland, and they are safe, for there rides a stranger ship from England, waiting to bear the lovers to her own beautiful land.

Alas! that headland they were not destined to reach.

For now the boats of the pursuers are fast gaining upon them; and first the galley of Earl Ranaid plunges past them, half buried in the foaming waves, then quickly changing her course, bears down, like some huge bird of prey, upon the little bark; while the boats of the Eiggmen, with their chief standing bare-headed at the prow of the foremost, his gray locks sweeping to the wind, follow close behind. A wild shout, which echoes even above the roaring of the blast, proclaims the fate of the unhappy fugitives.

They are taken, and, loaded with curses and bitter taunts, borne back to the castle.

No language can do justice to the fury of M'Donald, when in the abductor of his daughter he discovered the son of his bitterest foe, M'Leod of Skye. Even his kinsmen and followers shrunk, appalled, as they listened to such terrible oaths, and witnessed the storm of passion.

No ray of pity shed its softening light o'er his savage soul, as seizing the wretched Ulla, the paleness of death upon her marble brow, her garments wet with the spray of the ocean clinging to her delicate limbs, and her mournful gaze still fastened upon her lover, he dragged her to the side of Earl Ranaid, and bade the priest perform his office. It was indeed a reinforcement of cruelty, even in the presence of Edwin, thus to make his Ulla the bride of another. Fate could have naught in store to equal the bitter anguish of that moment; neither torture nor death itself could now appeal his soul.

No sooner was this unhallowed rite consummated than, bearing off his insensible bride, Earl Ransd immediately set sail for the Orkneys. Then M'Donald, bidding his myrmidons seize the young chieftain, they bore him with savage yells to immediate death. In a few moments, all that remained of that brave and noble youth was a lifeless, mutilated corpse.

This done, the chief of Eigg hastened to complete his vengeance upon the unfortunate kinsman of Edwin, who, young and ardent like himself, had so generously volunteered to share in an adventure fraught with so much danger, and which was destined to terminate so fatally. First, stripping them of their clothing, and shockingly maltreating their persons, their tongues were slit with red hot knives, and then, chained to the dead body of the young chief, they were cast into a worthless boat, and set adrift upon the stormy ocean.

"Go now," cried the chief—"go find your master, and bid him see how Skyemen are entertained by the chief of Eigg."

As if guided by an unseen hand, the boat with its appalling freight kept steadily and safely on over the storm-tossed billows toward the coast of Skye. Some fishermen, overtaken by the storm, were just nearing the shore, when their attention was attracted by the drifting boat, and steering for it, they were struck with horror at the spectacle it presented. They recognized at once the body of their beloved young chieftain, and although so cruelly mutilated, they also discovered in those other bleeding helpless beings who still breathed, the near kinsmen of M'Leod.

The dreadful tidings soon spread; and a long procession of the islanders, men, women, and children, with shrieks of woe and loud lamentations, bore the remains of their young chief to Dunvegan.

The grief of the aged M'Leod at first stunned even the desire for vengeance on the murderers of his son. But the more terrible was the revelation from this overwhelming sorrow. His own, his brave, his noble boy, the hope of his aged years, thus foully slain! With deep and bitter oaths he vowed he would exterminate the race of M'Donald, sparing neither sex nor age; and with numerous force did the chief of Skye now bear down upon Eigg.

But M'Donald had already anticipated the approach of the foe; and knowing it was vain to compete with numbers more than double the whole population of the island, had recourse to stratagem.

Among the numerous caverns with which Eigg abounds, there was one which was known only to the chief himself, and this cavern he had long determined upon as a means of escape in an emergency like the present. It was situated about midway in the island, its mouth or entrance being hidden by an impetuous fall of water plunging down the overhanging mass of rocks. This entrance was so very narrow that but one person could pass at one time through; and this effected, it soon opened into an area of some two hundred feet.

To the cave, then, did the chief of Eigg, with every living soul upon the island, hastily betake himself.

The boats of the enemy swiftly approached; and, like bloodhounds scenting their prey, did

the Skyemen spring upon the shore, headed by M'Leod.

But they find no one. Not a human being met their infuriated search. Again and again did they explore every part of the island; but in vain. It was evident that, fearing the vengeance of M'Leod, the inhabitants, with their chief, had left the island. Setting fire to the castle, therefore, and the surrounding dwellings, M'Leod and his followers retreated to their boats. But it was now near night, and in the meantime, so dense a fog had arisen that it was impossible to steer with any safety from the shore, through the dangerous rocks and shoals with which they were surrounded. They therefore concluded to remain where they were until morning.

During the night, there was a fall of snow, and, with the dawn of day, the island appeared shrouded as with a winding sheet, while the smoke of the smoldering ruins hung like a funeral pall above it.

The chief of Skye, unwilling to lose his prey, resolved upon making another search through the island, and landed accordingly with his men. They had not proceeded far when, upon the surface of the pure white snow, they found the fresh track of a man's foot! This discovery was hailed with a shout; for it proved the foe were yet upon the island. Eagerly now did they pursue the track until it was lost in the foam of the torrent.

The entrance to the cave was soon discovered, while the shouts of the invaders were answered by a yell of defiance from within.

To make good through the narrow opening would be certain death, as but one person could at the same time pass through. M'Leod therefore called upon the chief of Eigg to surrender himself and followers into his hands. This demand was met with shouts of derision. He then dared M'Donald to an equal combat; this was also received with defiance.

Then did M'Leod determine upon a horrible vengeance; although to effect it would require a labor herculean. To turn that powerful stream from its natural channel was the first thing to be accomplished; and the chief himself, with his men, began eagerly the stupendous undertaking with such rude implements as they could procure, either from their boats or amid the ruins of the castle. Strengthened by revenge and hatred, in less time than could be deemed possible the work was accomplished, and the stream which for ages on ages had leaped over that cavern's mouth, now spread itself out into a small lake, overflowing the pleasant green holm through which it had wound its way to the rock precipice.

Once more did M'Leod call upon M'Donald to surrender. It was answered by the same bursts of defiance, and such bitter, insulting taunts as well nigh maddened the chief of Skye. Then, bidding his men bring thither everything of a combustible nature which could be procured, he set fire to them at the mouth of the cavern.

Unmoved by the shrieks of the females, or the cries of helpless infancy, the greedy flames were fast fed, until the deep silence of the cave assured M'Leod the deed was done and his revenge completed.

Thus did the whole population of Eigg meet

their dreadful fate within that dark cavern, which is still visited by the traveler.

No further record seems to have been made of the fate of the unfortunate Uila.

HEROIC ENTERPRISE OF A WOMAN.

"True ability is exempt from fear; More can I bear, than you dare execute."—SHAKESPEARE.

In the early part of the history of Rome, the inhabitants of that city having concluded a peace with Porwenna, king of Etruria, in order to render their treaty more lasting, sent their daughters to that monarch as hostages.

Upon their arrival at the camp of the Etrurians, one of these virgins, named Clodia, considering that their chastity was not secure among so many warriors, exhorted her companions to deliver themselves from this just apprehension, telling them that it would be better to expose their lives than their honor. Having succeeded in bringing her companions to entertain the same opinion, they unanimously adopted the courageous resolution of escaping from their enemies by swimming across the Tiber to Rome. This extraordinary feat they actually performed in safety, and under the guidance of Clodia arrived at their native city; but although their parents could not fail to applaud their adventurous enterprise, they would not thus suffer the public faith to be violated, and, with true Roman severity, they sent them back to the king, that he might punish them if he thought proper.

Brought into the presence of Porwenna, the monarch inquired who first proposed so dangerous an enterprise? The Roman virgins, imagining that this question was put with a view of punishing the author of the project, remained silent; but they were spared the pain of betraying their leader by the candid avowal of Clodia, who informed Porwenna that she alone had been the author of their offence; and that, in consequence, no one but herself deserved punishment. Porwenna was so charmed with this frank acknowledgment, that he could not refrain from bestowing on the courage of the captive maiden the admiration it so justly merited: he immediately granted her her own liberty and that of her companions, presenting her at the same time with a cataphractary horse, which was the recompense of a brave man who had signaled himself in battle; as much as to say, that her action equalled that of the most brave. He also permitted Clodia to choose among the other hostages those whom she would most like to set at liberty; she immediately selected all the young children, as she considered their situation most exposed to fatigue and danger.

Accompanied by the Roman virgins and the children whose freedom she had obtained, Clodia returned to Rome with all the magnificence of a triumph, where she was received with a joy equal to her own by its citizens, who were justly proud of their alliance with so illustrious a female. A statue on horseback was afterward erected in a public market-place to commemorate the virtue and boldness of Clodia and the generosity of Porwenna.

A DAREY TOAST.—De President—He come in wid berry little opposition: he go out wid none at all.



BUTTER.

ACCORDING to the United States census of 1850, the value of the whole product of this universally used and important compound, was \$50,135,248. We also find by a late volume of the "Patent Office Reports," that during the last thirteen years, the annual average exports of butter, have been over 3,500,000 lbs. Owing to the heavy shipments to California, and our other possessions on the Pacific coast, the amount exported has materially decreased since 1851. But the inhabitants of the sections last referred to, have now become large producers; and as they will no longer need a supply from the older States, and also owing to the present increased foreign demand for provisions of all kinds, it will be safe to set the exports of butter for the year 1855, at 5,000,000 lbs. Again, there are no people on earth, that consume such large quantities of butter as the Americans; no matter how humble the cot, or what other necessities or luxuries a family is deprived of; if anything can be produced to satisfy the cravings of hunger, in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, bread and butter will be found on the bill of fare. In short, the production and consumption of butter in the United States are immense, and even when we look on it in a commercial point of view, we find it far from being the least valuable of our domestic products. To give some idea of the consumption of butter in this vicinity, we will suppose the population of our city, and its immediate suburbs to be 950,000. Allowing each individual one-half pound per week, which would be twenty-six pounds a year; the aggregate will amount to 24,700,000 lbs., or 12,350 tons;

which at the average wholesale price of twenty cents per lb., will amount to \$4,940,000. It has been estimated, that the average produce per cow, of the butter dairies, is 148 lbs. a year, so that supposing we are about right in the above figures, it takes a herd of over 166,000 cows, to produce butter enough for the consumption of New York city alone, independent of the large quantities that are constantly being shipped to other places.

Milk, a fluid secreted by female mammals, for the nourishment of their young, is the most natural, as well as the commonest food of man; it is a mixture of three component parts, whey, butter and cheese. The caseous part is viscous; the butter is the fat, oily, and inflammable part, and, properly speaking, is not perfectly dissolved in the serum of whey, but rather only diffused through it like an emulsion, so that it may be separated by rest alone, without an artificial preparation. When milk is in a state of rest, the oily part rises to the surface and forms what is called cream. When the milk has curdled, which will soon be the case, the caseous parts separate themselves from the whey; and this separation may be effected also, by the addition of some mixture, through means of which the produce is liable to many variations. The caseous part when squeezed and mixed with salt, and sometimes herbs, and when it has been molded into a certain form and dried, is used under the name of cheese, which will always be better, the greater the butyrous part is that has been left in it. The cream skimmed, and by proper agitation in a churn or other vessel, separated from the whey and caseous parts, becomes our usual butter.

The abundant supply of milk in most countries—indeed in all countries where domestic animals of certain kinds are kept, the extensive use of milk as food, and the nutritious qualities which it possesses, render it such an important article of domestic economy, that a few details respecting its chemical nature will not be destitute of interest. It is one of the most beautiful provisions of nature, that organized beings adapt as articles of food substances lower in the scale of organization than themselves; or which, if not originally lower, become so in some measure by certain spontaneous changes which they undergo. From the vegetable kingdom up to man, who occupies the highest rank in the animal kingdom, we may trace the operation of this law; subject, it is true, to certain exceptions, or as we should rather call them—accidents; for although a man may afford a meal to a wild beast, yet the usual prey of the wild beast is found among animals of inferior size or organization. Carbonic acid and water, both inorganic compounds, constitute to a great extent the food of plants; plants become the aliment, and by assimilation, a part of the substance of many animals; and these animals again supply food to other animals; and so on in an ascending series. Organic matter is for the most part, composed of three or four simple substances, or ultimate elements, which, having a strong tendency to unite in two's, from certain proximate principles, which (as far as the article food is concerned) are to a considerable extent identical with those composing the bodies of the animals themselves. Thus many animals have not to form these proximate principles from their elements, but simply to take them as they are already formed by inferior animals or plants. By this provision, the assimilating organs become less extensive and complicated; as may be seen by comparing the structure of carnivorous and graminivorous animals, *i. e.*, those which feed respectively on flesh and on grain; while at the same time, many animals have the power in a minor degree, of assimilating substances below, as well as above themselves in the scale of organic being. The close relation which exists between many apparently very different substances, has led to several extensive generalizations. Thus sugar, or the saccharine principle, may be considered characteristic of the vegetable kingdom: the oleaginous, or oily principle, exists both in vegetables and animals; and although different in appearance and form, yet the peculiar properties of oleaginous bodies are strongly marked, and are quite distinct from the saccharine. Another principle is the albuminous, which, under the name of albumen, forms the white of an egg, and exists extensively in most animal substances. Now these three principles—the saccharine, the oleaginous, and the albuminous—are capable of assuming an infinite variety of forms, without altering their essential composition. They can also pass readily into each other, and combine with each other, or at least these changes can be effected by organic agents. The conclusion to which these facts lead is, that as organized beings derive their food from other organized beings, such food must necessarily consist of one or more of the three great principles we have named; and such is indeed

the case in every alimentary compound which has been proved to be well adapted to the wants of the animal.

These remarks are well illustrated and supported by the composition of milk—the only specimen of food prepared by nature expressly as such. All other articles of food exist, as it were, for themselves, or in order to administer to the organic body of which they form a part. They are appropriated by animals, it is true, but they have a separate existence of their own, and certain offices to perform in the economy of nature, apart from their more important one of supplying food. Milk, on the contrary, except as an article of food, seems to perform no office in the animal economy; and we shall probably not err if we suppose milk to stand as the great and perfect model to which all nutritious substances must be referred. In every description of milk is found a mixture of the three principles mentioned above. The saccharine principle manifests itself in what is familiarly termed "sugar of milk;" the oleaginous principle leads to the production of "butter;" and the albuminous to that of "cheese."

Milk, by being fermented and frequently agitated, yields a kind of spirit, in consequence of the albumen converting a portion of the milk-sugar into lactic acid, and another portion into grape-sugar, which becomes transformed into alcohol. Some of the Tartar tribes prepare such a spirit from mare's milk. Fresh milk is feebly alkaline; but it soon becomes acid from the formation of lactic acid. The alkaline property is due to the presence of soda, which holds the albumen in solution, and in this soluble form, albumen has the property of taking up and retaining in solution a considerable quantity of phosphate of lime. Milk varies greatly in density. That of the cow is generally about 1.030, but it varies in different animals from 1.0203 to 1.0409. According to Berzelius, the specific gravity of skimmed milk is 1.033, and of cream 1.024. The following analysis of fresh cow milk is from Mr. Haidlen:—

Water	873.90
Butter	29.00
Casine (or albumen)	45.20
Milk-sugar	43.90
Phosphate of lime	2.31
" magnesia	0.42
" iron	0.07
Chloride of potassium	1.44
" sodium	0.28
Soda in combination with casine	0.42

1000.00

The conversion of milk into butter being, under certain circumstances, a spontaneous act, was, as might be supposed, a very early discovery; and the use of this substance as food was no doubt very common in the patriarchal and pastoral times. Thus we find Abraham entertaining his supernatural visitors with butter (*ghee*) when on their way to war Lot of the impending destruction of the cities of the plain. Frequent mention is made, in other parts of the Bible, both of butter and cheese; from which it may be inferred that these were as common articles of manufacture and consumption in those early times as they are at present—the principal difference being, that they were generally made from the milk of the camel, sheep, or goat, instead of from that of the cow. It is very certain, however, that the quality of both butter and cheese was very

inferior then to what it is now, arising from the nature of the milk employed, and the unskillful mode of treating it. The mode of making butter among the Arabs and Syrians of the present day—whose customs are considered to differ little from those of the ancient Hebrews—is to put the milk into a copper pan, placed over a slow fire, adding a small quantity of sour milk, or the dried entrails of a lamb. After the milk is warmed through, and begins to curdle, it is poured into a goat-skin bag, which is then tied to one of the tent poles, and kept constantly in motion for two hours. The butter then separates from the fluid part, and is placed by itself in another skin. In two days after, it is again put into a pan and subjected to the action of a slow fire, with the addition of *bourgoul* (wheat boiled with leaven, and dried in the sun) and allowed to boil for some time, during which it is carefully skimmed. The *bourgoul* precipitates all the cheesy matter, and the butter remains quite clear above. This butter * is of a white color, and possesses a flavor not at all relished by American or English travelers, or, indeed, by any accustomed to the use of butter made from cow's milk, churned in the usual way.

The introduction and use of butter in antiquity is ably discussed by Beckman; his conclusions do not exactly coincide with the above, but are as follows:—"That butter was not used either by the Greeks or Romans in cooking, as is everywhere customary at present. We never find it mentioned by Galen or any other ancient medical writer, as food, though they have spoken of it as applicable to other purposes. No notice is taken of it by the Roman Epicure, Apicius, who wrote on cookery, nor is there anything said of it in that respect by the authors who treat of agriculture, though they have given us very particular information with respect to milk, cheese and oil. This, as has been remarked by others, may be easily accounted for, by the ancients having accustomed themselves to the use of good oil; and in like manner butter is very little employed at present in Italy, Spain, Portugal, and the southern parts of France."

The olive groves of the warm regions supersede the use of butter; while in our own colder climates butter and animal food are important for the supply of carbon to the system, whereby warmth is created and comfort increased. But this rule does not always hold. The Arabs are among the greatest consumers of butter in the world. Burckhardt tells us, that it is a common practice among all classes, to drink, every morning, a cup-full of melted butter, or *ghee*; and they use it in an infinite variety of ways. The taste for it is universal, and even the poorest individuals will spend half their daily income that they may have butter for dinner, and butter in the morning. Large quantities are annually shipped from Cosneir, Sonakia and Massoua, on the west coast of the Red Sea, for Djidda and other Arabian ports.

* *Ghee*, or clarified butter, is much used in India, for cooking purposes; and is considered, and no doubt is, far superior to the rancid butter and ill-prepared lard that is often introduced into our kitchens. It is an abundant article of commerce in India; and is carefully packed in huge dholies, or kegs of hardened leather, and thus conveyed to market for sale. In India, *ghee* is principally prepared from the milk of buffaloes.

Luxury, comfort and habit have combined to class butter among the necessities of life, and as such it is deserving of care and close attention; especially by the farmer, whose income is greatly increased by this product, and at a moderate investment of capital. Of late years much attention has been given by stock-raisers and others, to improving the breeds of cattle; this, together with the impetus given through the influence of the numerous State and county fairs, that have now become permanent establishments in all directions of the country, has been of vast benefit, both in the quantity and quality of the products of the dairy. The preparation of butter from milk has been much studied by scientific men, and the results of their researches are of practical interest. Below we have endeavored to embody the most important facts arrived at by them; we commend their careful perusal.

The theory of the formation of butter is very simple; the little globules are broken by agitation, and the butter coheres together in a mass; but it is well known that, in the practical carrying out of this process, considerable difficulty arises, which modifies the results of the operation. The variations in the result depend upon chemical transformations, suffered by the other constituents of the milk during the process, and these changes must be fully understood before the dairy farmer can have an intelligent knowledge of the important and delicate operations entrusted to him. The first point to be considered is, the changes which milk experiences by exposure to the air at different temperatures. Caseine, or the cheesy part of milk, being a soluble nitrogenous body, is apt to run into putrefaction. All nitrogenous substances have this tendency in a greater or less degree, and rapidly suffer the change when under the influence of other bodies in the act of decay. For example, if a fresh piece of flesh be placed in a perfectly new vessel, which has never contained flesh previously, it will often keep for weeks in hot weather, if there be no decaying emanations in the air; but a piece of the same flesh kept in a vessel which has contained bad meat, will in a few days enter into a putrid state. The existing cause of change may be almost infinitely small, but it still acts just as yeast does on sugar, and produces effects on the whole mass: this kind of chemical action frequently occurs in the dairy. Any decaying emanation, which may either proceed from a drop of split milk, or from external sources, communicates to fresh milk a tendency to pass into the same state, and when the condition of change has once begun, it is extremely difficult to arrest its progress. The effect may not at first be perceived; butter may be made from milk, with this putrefactive taint in all apparent goodness, but it soon acquires a bitter taste, and loses its original quality. The first practical lesson then to be attended to in the dairy, is the preservation of absolute cleanliness. The vessels containing the milk must not be porous; even the walls and shelves should be non-absorbent; cleanliness even to afection, should be insisted upon. The dairy should be away from the farm-yard, distant from open drains or sewers, and should be cleansed with water quite free from organic matter. When



milk is spilled, it should be immediately removed, and the place on which it fell should be washed with fresh portions of spring-water. The neglect of these seemingly excessive precautions is the principal reason of the inferiority of the butter of many districts. There are, however, two kinds of change to which milk is liable, either under the influence of decaying matter, or by being kept for some time. One of them is known as putrefaction, the other is decay. Putridity in milk ensues when the caseine enters into the state of change to which all nitrogenous bodies are subject in limited access of air. As the result of this transformation, ammonia, butyric, capric, caproic, and caprylic acids, and various badly smelling gases are produced. This state often results in winter, when a diminished temperature prevents the coagulation of the caseine by the lactic acid, and the consequent removal of the former from the immediate action of the air. In summer, the temperature induces the speedy formation of an acid, which, uniting with the alkali that holds the caseine in solution, precipitates it in an insoluble state, and therefore withdraws it from the influence of the air. The primary action, both in this state of decay and putrefaction, is in the absorption of oxygen by the caseine, which, being once put into action, is sufficient not only to continue a state of change in itself, but also to effect transformations in the other ingredients of milk. When the caseine has been rendered insoluble by the acid formed in the way described, it enters with difficulty into the former state of putrefaction, and is therefore less liable to act upon the butter with which it may be mixed. These general remarks will suffice to explain the precautions used in preserving milk for the purpose of making butter.

The theory of making butter either from cream or from milk is the same, with only the slight difference due to their state. Cream consists of oily globules which, from their lightness, have risen to the surface, but still covered to a great extent with their cheesy skins, and still swimming in a solution of sugar of milk. It is the presence of these ingredients that enables cream to become sour. The explanation of churning is, therefore, the same, whether cream or milk is used, the only difference being in the labor required to effect the separation of the butter. During the process of churning, the skins of caseine surrounding the globules of butter are broken by the

mechanical agitation, and the butter itself, being brought into contact, coheres together into a mass. The air introduced during this operation exerts a primary action on the caseine, causing it to form lactic acid from the sugar of the milk, and as a result of these affinities, the temperature arises several degrees. The acid thus formed, aided by the increased temperature, produces a coagulation of the caseine, and thus renders easier the coherence of the butter, by aiding in the withdrawal of the coverings of the globules, and by altering the character of the liquid, which had suspended them in the form of an emulsion. The fatty matter thus obtained (butter) is not pure, but still contains foreign matter, especially caseine, which is the ingredient that produces its rancidity. Pure butter from the cow was found by Bromels to consist of—

Margarine.....	68
Oleine.....	30
Butyric, capric and caproic acids, with glycerin.....	2
	100

But ordinary butter, besides varying in the proportion of margarine, and oleine, according to the nature of the food and the period of the year, always contains, in addition to these ingredients, cheese, water, and sugar of milk, together amounting to from ten to sixteen per cent. It is very difficult to get rid of all the cheesy matter, as it is now in an insoluble state, but it may be removed, to a very great extent, by washing the butter in repeated portions of water, and decanting off the particles of caseine which suspend themselves in it. In the best kind of butter, the cheesy matter rarely amounts to more than one per cent.; in the inferior varieties there is often several per cent. present. As a general rule, the more caseine that is left in butter the more it is apt to become rancid. To render this intelligible, attention must be given to the normal ingredients of pure butter. Margarine and oleine consist of margarie and oleic acids united to an organic base, called oxide of lypile. Margarie acid consists of 34 equivalents of carbon, 33 equivalents of hydrogen, and 3 equivalents of oxygen; while oleic acid is consisted of 36 equivalents of carbon, 33 equivalents of hydrogen, and 3 equivalents of oxygen. Now it is known that the latter acid absorbs oxygen from the air with great avidity, producing peculiar compounds, among which, however, margarie acid has not yet been recognized. Still, the abstraction of two equivalents of carbon, in the form of carbonic acid, would be sufficient for its conversion, and this forma-

tion is so simple and common an occurrence in the organism of animals, that oleic acid may be transformed into margarie acid during the formation of the milk, thus producing more of the solid fat at one time than at another, and causing the variations in the firmness of the butter made from it. It is, however, quite gratuitous to suppose, with some authors, that this transformation takes place during the churning. When oleic acid absorbs oxygen from the air, it acquires a very rancid smell, which is one of the causes of rancidity in butter. But the main cause is the production of butyric, capric, caproic and caprylic acids. These acids are probably not present in any quantity in perfectly fresh butter, but they are quickly formed, by the cheese left in it acting on the sugar of milk. Butyric acid has an odor of human excrement; caproic acid, of meat; capric acid has a rank smell, resembling that of a goat, while caprylic acid is the only one that is not obnoxious to the senses. The acids are volatile and soluble in water; and as rancidity of butter depends, in a great degree, upon these being present, in appreciable quantity, a knowledge of this fact may be employed in depriving butter of its rancidity. For this purpose it should be melted in twice its weight of boiling water, and well shaken with it. By this means the acids are dissolved and partially volatilized; the rancidity being thus removed. At all times butter may be purified by repeated melting with fresh portions of water, the pure oil rising to the surface and leaving the impurities in the water. The butter loses its consistency by this operation, but that may be restored to it, at least to a great extent, by pouring it, when melted, into a large quantity of ice-cold water. As the formation of the badly smelling volatile acids depends upon the presence of caseine, this mode of purification removes the injurious ingredients. At the same time, the butter becomes less pleasant to the taste, the water having taken up the small quantity of foreign substances, which give to fresh butter its agreeable fragrance and taste. These, some chemists are inclined to believe, are the caprine, caproic, and caprylic; but the properties of the two former bodies do not countenance this supposition. Some of the compounds of caprylic acid have a fragrant odor like that of the pine-apple, but the smell of caprylic itself is little known.

It is scarcely necessary to offer any explanations of the manner in which salting butter aids in its preservation. A saturated solution of salt is found incapable of permeating many animal substances, such as cheese, and is found to draw water from them, so as actually to dry them, although surrounded by a liquid. Organic matter thus dried cannot pass into putrefaction, and the caseine in this condition cannot exert those changes which are necessary to the transformation of the other ingredients of the butter. Salted butter should, however, be packed tightly in jars, not only to preserve it from the action of oxygen, but to prevent the solution of salt gratifying its affinity for moisture, by withdrawing it from the air, instead of from the caseine. Fresh butter, when laid in a syrup of sugar, keeps even better than salted butter. The practical application of all the explanations of the making of butter resolve themselves into the advice of keeping an absolute purity in the dairy, and the removal of all the caecous particles from the butter when made.

THE MANDARIN:

A PHILOSOPHICAL FANTASY.

Translated from the French for the U. S. Magazine.

BY EDMOND RABELAIS.

It was Saturday night; a thick hoar frost covered the pavement with brilliant crystallizations. The neighborhood of the Opera was full of noisy mirth, and dazzling with light. The Carnival was ringing its merry bells; joyous sounds issued from the various vehicles that rolled rapidly toward the Rue Lepelletier; the shops were only half closed, for Paris cannot sleep on those enchanted nights.

Nevertheless, George d'Anbremel, usually a prominent actor in those scenes of reckless gaiety, did not seem in humor to respond to those joyous appeals; seated in a large arm-chair, his feet on the andirons, and his arms folded, he was absorbed in gloomy meditation. An open book was placed near him, and a letter, which seemed to have been violently thrown there in a moment of anger, lay upon the floor.

An orphan at the age of twelve, George stood by the death-bed of his mother, whom ten years of suffering had at last prostrated. The Marquis Gracien d'Aubremel, having ruined himself by a mad extravagance, had married rather from necessity than love, Miss Margaret O'Grady, an Irish heiress, whom he shamefully abandoned after having squandered her entire fortune. He set out for India with the intention of trying his fortune in that country, but died of yellow fever shortly after his arrival.

George had thus learned, in his own family, many a sad lesson; the bitter experience of his early life had served to develop, to an excessive degree, his innate misanthropical propensities—*if one can so term an invincible tendency to believe in the semblance of Evil, and, at the same time, to doubt the reality of Good.* He defended his disheartening logic with sufficient resolution to avoid the error into which the inventors of physiological paradoxes generally fall; he admitted no exception, and did he allow of any, it would be less in his own favor than in that of others. George really believed himself incapable of committing a disonorable action, but he would not have sworn it; for, according to his theory, any man would fall where he placed in certain circumstances in which his personal interest should be deeply engaged, and should the risk which he incurred be relatively insignificant.

This turn of mind, heightened by a certain amount of talent and no small share of self-sufficiency, caused George to be dreaded by his acquaintances; but, as can be easily imagined, it gained him very few friends; the world generally founds its judgment rather on words than on actions, and George suffered the just punishment of his sceptical doctrines. On the whole, they never repaid him for the sacrifices they had cost; he had just received the sad proof of this fact when we presented him to our readers.

George had a chance introduction to M. Montmorot, a rich woolen manufacturer, whose delight it was to gather round him three or four times every winter, a certain number of agreeable persons, artists, fashionable loungers, etc., remarkable for their taste or their affability. Mlle. Ernestine Montmorot did not appear in-

sensible to the attentions of so attractive a personage as our hero, who, united to the vivacious grace of the French character, the severity of manners and the somewhat haughty elegance of the O'Grady's. George really loved Mlle. Montmorot, and he made, rather prematurely, perhaps, a proposal which was rejected. M. Montmorot was inflexible; he would never bestow his daughter's hand on a man without fortune and without expectations.

Though he might easily have anticipated such an answer, George was thunderstruck. His hopes were destroyed at a single blow, and at what a moment! A half unfolded legal-looking paper insinuated itself between the sofa and the wall, and was full of horrid menace. The officers of the law had been there.

George flew into a violent rage with himself. "Ah!" said he, "the devil take all scruples! Had I been less deeply in love, I would now be the husband of Ernestine. I would have a charming wife, whom I love, after all. I would also have wealth, a position, that luxurious elegance without which I cannot accustom myself to live; while, to-morrow, I shall not know where to lay my head. To-morrow, at ten o'clock, the bailiffs will take everything from me—everything,—from this sketch of Troyon to that little porcelain figure which keeps nodding its crafty-looking head, and seems to defy me; they will take this little chest which belonged to my father, and this locket which contains a tress of hair given to me by —; what was her name? Poor girl! she loved me dearly, too, and now nothing remains to me of her—not even her name!"

"Is there no hope, then, no resource! The struggle commences seriously to-day, and I am weak and discouraged. I no longer feel even the impulse of that folly which has often driven me from my bed, when every one else slept, and made me wander through the city, seeking—with a profound conviction of finding it—a well-filled purse that some unknown deity had deposited, expressly for me, at the foot of some post, or the angle of a footpath! If, in one of those moments, some troublesome person had detained me on my way, I would have seriously accused him of having caused my ruin; I still believed in something—even in strayed bank notes!—and now—now, I would not be guilty of such folly, but I believe I would be guilty of worse, were not crime, mean, vulgar, despicable, shameful crime forbidden to the son of the Marquis d'Aubremel and Margaret O'Grady.

"O great man," continued he, taking up the open volume which lay near him. "Oh! great philosopher that the ignorant call a sophist, what a profound truth you gave expression to when you wrote those lines, which I never read without a feeling of terror:—

"I imagine to yourself a mandarin of China, a man who lives three thousand leagues away from you—a man you never saw, and whom you never will see; suppose that the death of this mandarin, of this almost chimerical man, would make you rich even to millions, and that you, at home, in your own room, could cause his death by merely raising a finger, without ever being troubled on the subject by any one—say—what would you do?"

"This terrible passage must have set many men a-dreaming, and does not Blanchon, that

great materialist, so admirably drawn by Balzac, confess, in a moment of effusion, ~~that~~ he has arrived at his thirty-third mandarin? Heavens! what experiments must have been made! And if the hypothesis of my philosopher could be realized, what a Saint Bartholomew of mandarins!"

George interrupted his soliloquy for some moments, and bent his head in silence to let the tempest that the Atheist philosopher had unchained in his soul, pass away. His evil instincts, newly awakened, spoke at that moment, louder than reason, than reality.

Meanwhile the maskers kept up their noisy revels in the street, and drinking songs, and wild choruses shook the windows of the apartment.

"They are calling me," said George; they ask why I do not cooily rush into extravagances which, instead of amusing, disgust every thinking creature. Well! my good friends, my debts and follies are at an end; I have no more money, no more credit, and no more false gaiety. No! your eager voices may prevent me from sleeping, but they will not have the power to make me leave my room to-night."

He looked toward the mantle-piece whence a porcelain figure, the grotesque masterpiece of some great Chinese artist, directed toward him its everlasting grimace. He could not help smiling.

"This," said he, "is, perhaps, the likeness of a mandarin: flat nose, flabby cheeks, long mustaches hanging like a double plume of feathers, head receding to a point, and crooked paws. Were the ugliness of this imbecile person taken into due consideration, many attenuating circumstances would be admitted in favor of mandarin-killers."

An obstinate idea was evidently pursuing George. He repulsed it, yet it always returned.

"Well," cried he, after a short but final struggle, "I am alone; I am almost bored to death; why should I not perform a carnival folly, a folly altogether philosophical and theoretical! I have committed many much more blamable. It's a quarter to twelve; I shall take a quarter of an hour to prepare my incantation. Let me see—what mandarin shall I kill? I have n't the honor of being acquainted with any, nor have I a directory of the Celestial Empire."

A newspaper was lying near; George looked rapidly through it. The quarrel between China and England was then at its height, and in the seventh column he found a proclamation signed by the Imperial Commissioners, Lin, Lun, and Li.

"Here goes for Li!" said he, "he's probably the youngest."

The clock growled forth the hour.

George placed himself before the mirror, in a solemn attitude, and said in a loud voice:—

"If the death of the Mandarin Li should make me rich and powerful, whatever may be the consequence, I vote the death of the said Li!"

And he raised his finger! The porcelain figure immediately fell in a thousand pieces at the feet of the astonished George!

A momentary feeling of superstitious dread seized him, but he reflected that he had touched the fragile figure with his finger, and having

thus explained the accident, he undressed, went to bed, and slept as soundly as is possible for a debtor whose property has just been seized.

Still the dominoes and perreries came and went unceasingly, under George's window, singing merry and well-known airs. The Opera Ball was exceedingly gay—according to competent judges—and the worthy citizens of Paris were totally unaware that on the night of the 12th of January, 1840, George d'Aubremet condemned to death the Mandarin Li, son of Mung, the son of Tseu, mandarin of the one hundred and forty-fourth class.

II.

NINE months after the occurrence above related, George d'Aubremet occupied an apartment in a furnished hotel, in the Rue Saint-Pierre-Montmartre; he lived on what he could borrow from his friends and acquaintances. The sceptical gentleman owed his landlady a considerable sum; his clothes, which had long passed a green old age, were no longer wearable, and his tailor had cut off all relations with him the day that the elegant furniture of the Rue Lafitte was sorrowfully displayed at the Auction Mart, that charnel house of the Penates of single gentlemen.

Worn out by privation, and by the inward tortures of humiliated pride, George had arrived at such a point of distress that he had more than once taken refuge in some dark alley, to avoid being seen by Ernestine when she passed by him, leaning on her father's arm. The Marquis d'Aubremet was on the brink of that total moral annihilation which ends in lunacy or its offspring: suicide.

He was sitting one morning in the little apartment usually situated at the foot of the staircase in furnished hotels, awaiting his landlady, from whom he was going to beg a further indulgence. A newspaper happened to lie near him; he glanced through it, and the following article attracted his attention:—

"*Chinawag*, 12 January, 1840.—Hostilities have commenced between the English and the Chinese. The sudden and inexplicable death of the Mandarin Li, whose influence in the Council could alone counterbalance that of Lin, a violent partisan of the war, has been productive of the most deplorable consequences.

"The Chinese fled, panic-stricken, at the very first attack; but in their retreat they massacred several English merchants who had established factories at the very gates of Canton. Among the victims was an old gentleman named Richard O'Grady, who has left a fortune of half a million sterling. The Editors of the '*Times*' request the heirs of the deceased to call at the office of Mr. William Harrison, solicitor, Soho square."

"My Uncle!" cried George, "Heavens! I've killed my uncle and the Mandarin, Li!"

George had not the first penny of the sum necessary for a voyage to London; but on producing the certificate of his birth and the article in the "*Times*," his landlady introduced him to a gentleman of irreproachable probity who, in consideration of a promissory note for eighteen hundred francs at six weeks date, and a formal assignment, advanced, without interest, one thousand francs to enable him to arrange his affairs.

About a week after his arrival in London, George was seated in a private parlor of a fashionable hotel in Piccadilly, and appeared a prey to the greatest anxiety. He awaited the first instalment of a million of francs, the proceeds of the sale by his agent, Mr. Harrison, of a cargo of tea.

The feeling that agitated George was a feverish impatience to take possession of his property, to have a palpable proof of his wealth, and, as it were, to verify his dream. Yet the fact was indubitable; Richard O'Grady's death had been certified, attested and legalized; the *ob intestat* was as clearly established as the relationship of the heir. George d'Aubremet inherited a property to which he had a legitimate right; he had no scruples on that point.

A waiter interrupted the course of his reflections by announcing Mr. Harrison's head clerk.

"Why not Mr. Harrison himself?" George was going to ask, but he was so astonished by the appearance of the head clerk that he did not finish his question.

That functionary was a meager, weak, bony, misshapen, hideous little man, with an immense bald head, and small round eyes, a flat nose, a month from ear to ear, and a procumbent paunch which looked like a wallet.

"I bring my lord Marquis d'Aubremet the sum he has been expecting."

And his voice, which had the metallic clearness of the striking of a clock, or the sound of a musical box, made a painful impression upon George. It was a voice which grated on the nerves with indescribable harshness.

"I have drawn up a receipt in due form," said George, stretching forth his hand.

But the solicitor's clerk leant against the door, and did not stir.

"Well, sir," cried George, with a convulsive motion.

The man came slowly forward, almost without moving his feet, as if he were sliding along the floor. His right hand was buried in his coat pocket; his head was bent upon his breast, and his lips seemed to murmur incomprehensible words.

At length he took from his pocket a large bundle of bank notes, bills of exchange, and other commercial paper; he went to the window, and commenced counting them over carefully.

George was now struck by a singular phenomenon, well calculated to inspire him with a feeling of terror: although Mr. Harrison's clerk stood exactly before the window, he threw no shadow whatever! The sun's rays played freely through that human body as transparent as rock crystal! George distinctly saw the houses at the other side of the street!

It now seemed to him as if a film had fallen from his eyes; the clerk's black coat became tinged with blue, green and scarlet; it took the shape of a long morning gown, and bore the shining image of the fiery dragon, the son of Boedha. A tuft of grayish hair standing on end like a plume, grew forth from the bare and saffron-colored crown of the little man; his round, yellow eyes turned in their orbits with singular rapidity.

George recognized Li, son of Mung, the son of Tseu, mandarin of the one hundred and forty-fourth class. The murderer had never

seen his victim, but could not doubt that he stood before him, so wonderful was the resemblance between the lawyer's clerk and the porcelain figure which was broken on the night of the 12th January, 1840.

In the meantime, the clerk had finished counting his roll of notes; he presented it to George d'Aubremet, saying, in his ringing, silvery voice:—

"My lord Marquis d'Aubremet, here are forty thousand pounds; please to give me a receipt."

But George heard him say, in tones still more piercing:—

"George, here is a million of francs, in part payment of the price of thy crime. George, my murderer, receive this money from my hands!"

"From my hands," repeated a thousand little echoes from every corner of the room.

"No, never!" cried George, turning the lawyer's clerk from him; "never! that money would burn me. Begone!"

And completely overcome, he sank into a chair. He could scarcely breathe, and the perspiration fell in large drops from his swollen temples.

The clerk bowed to the very ground, and retired backward toward the door. As the distance between them grew greater, he seemed to recover his natural form. The rays of the autumnal sun had ceased to animate that incomprehensible apparition, and the only being George now saw before him was his agent's very obsequious clerk.

In obedience to an impulse stronger than his will, George rushed after the old man who had already disappeared. He overtook him on the stairs.

"My money!" cried he in an imperious voice. "Here it is," said the old man quietly.

Having regained his room, George bolted the door, and counted in a sort of ecstasy, approaching delirium, the immense sum he had received. He then bathed his feverish temples in cold water, and anxiously examined the objects which surrounded him.

"I have had a violent attack of fever," said he; "when mandarins are gone to the other world, they don't come back again, and one can't kill a man by the raising of a finger. However, my philosopher reasons like a man devoid of moral experience; if the mere idea of an imaginary crime has almost driven me mad, what must be the remorse of a real criminal!"

On the same evening George set out for France.

III.

SOMEWHERE after those events, M. Montmorot, Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, gave a splendid entertainment in celebration of the betrothal of his daughter to the Marquis d'Aubremet—one of the most honorable names of France, said the worthy chevalier.

The marriage contract, by which the Marquis made over a portion of his wealth to Madeleine Ernestine Montmorot, was signed at nine o'clock in the evening. The celebration of the marriage was fixed for the following Monday. On that day, George, freed from all troublesome preoccupation, wholly wrapped up in the happiness of possessing Ernestine.

received the congratulations of his friends with a countenance radiant with delight.

Shortly afterward, the wedding party drove to the parish church, which was brilliantly illuminated in honor of the occasion.

Still under the influence of that strange hallucination which continually pursued him, George discovered a wonderful resemblance between the clergyman who was to perform the ceremony, and the Chinese, figure that on a certain night he had unintentionally broken. His brow darkened, his eye grew bloodshot. He saw behind the clergyman's green spectacles, the yellow, rolling eyes of Mr. Harrison's clerk, of Li, son of Mung, the son of Tseu.

At length, when the clergyman asked him the usual question:—

"George Etienne d'Aubremel, will you take Ernestine Juliette Montmorot, to be your wedded wife?"

George heard a clear voice, which vibrated through his very soul, say:—

"George, my murderer, receive thy wife from my hand—from my hand!"

And all the echoes of the church repeated:—

"From my hand! From my hand!"

The clergyman again said, in a louder voice:—

"George Etienne d'Aubremel, will you take Ernestine Juliette Montmorot, to be your wedded wife?"

"From my hand! From my hand!" murmured a thousand invisible little sprites.

"No!" shouted George, in a terrible voice, and he rushed forth like a madman.

IV.

On returning home, George gave orders that no person should be admitted. He threw himself on his bed, and fell into a kind of lethargy which lasted until evening. It was a sort of mental paralysis, accompanied by a total prostration of physical energy: he had no longer the power of thought, yet he suffered acutely.

Toward evening, he was roused from this angular state, by an ever-recurring thought.

"I'm a cowardly assassin," said he, "I have desired the death of my fellow-man—God wills my punishment; I will execute his decree." He stretched out his hand to grasp a poignard which hung against the wall.

At this moment, a subdued light illuminated the room, and George distinctly perceived, within a few paces of him, the strange figure of the Mandarin Li. His countenance was saddened by the shades of death, and though his lips did not appear to move, George heard the following words pronounced in that clear and silvery voice which had caused him so much pain, but which now seemed as melodious as celestial music:—

"George d'Aubremel, God does not desire thy death, and I, his servant, am come to announce to thee His will. George, thou hast been cruel, thou hast been avaricious, thou hast desired the death of an innocent man, the consequence of which has been that many others have fallen victims to the savage passions of a great Kingdom of the West. Human life, George, should be sacred for man; God alone can take away what he has given. Live, then, if to a grievous fault thou wouldst not add a terrible crime. And if the pardon of one who



RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

is no more, can give thee strength and courage, George, I forgive thee."

The vision disappeared.

George scrupulously followed the instructions of Li, son of Mung, the son of Tseu, and he made a vow to devote the rest of his life to succoring the unfortunate. He employed the immense wealth of Richard O'Grady, in the foundation of charitable institutions. He is now an active member of the benevolent society of his district; an Inspector of prisons, a member of the Board of Control of Hospitals, patron of the various Houses of Refuge, and of a host of philanthropic associations.

Ernestine Montmorot would never consent to see him again.

About two years ago, George d'Aubremel, influenced by a feeling that our readers will appreciate, requested the English consul at Chinsang, to make inquiries with regard to the position of the Li family, who were, perhaps, expiating in indigence the death of their unfortunate chief. All he could learn was; that the gracious sovereign of the Central Empire, had confiscated the property of Li's family. Mrs. Li died of sorrow and privation, and Li, Jun., having taken the liberty of censuring the severity of his glorious Emperor, was immediately strangled, as should be the case in every well governed state.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU one day said to M. de Lort, a celebrated physician, "I am grey-headed, yet my beard is black. Your head is black, and your beard grey. Can you account for these appearances, doctor?"—"Easily," replied De Lort:—"they proceed from exercise—from labor of the parts. Your eminence's brains have labored hard, and so have my jaws."

The subject of this brief memoir was born at Boston, Massachusetts, in 1803. His early life was passed in the midst of the gentlest and purest influences. His father was a clergyman of more than common abilities, and his mother one of those pattern and beloved women, of which each generation produces but few: his culture, therefore, was of the happiest kind. The education of his childhood and early youth was such as the best schools and most faithful parental effort could furnish; and at the age of fourteen he was matriculated at Harvard University, from which he was graduated with distinguished honors in 1821. Consecrated by his parents to the profession of his father, the choice coinciding with his own wishes, he studied divinity at the school of the prophets at Cambridge. Having passed his examination, and received approbation from one of the neighboring associations, he commenced preaching, and shortly afterward received an invitation to become colleague with the Reverend Henry Ware, junior, pastor to a Unitarian church and society in Boston. His career in this field was rather brief, on account of the views which he adopted of religious truth, and which, in the fearless spirit of a conscientious reformer, he hesitated not to promulgate. In consequence, a schism was produced between himself and his flock, and he resigned his charge, and retired from the ministry altogether. Removing to the quiet and beautiful village of Concord, Massachusetts, the birth-place of his ancestors, he devoted himself to the examination of the grounds of his faith, giving to the world from time to time the results of his study and thought. Here he still

resides, one of the most laborious thinkers and writers in this metaphysical age.

The world has few originators, whether in letters, philosophy or mechanics. The mass never invent or create, even among scholars and writers. They only work into new forms, and put to new uses the ideas or creations of genius, whose army of pioneers is always small though select. These discoveries in the hitherto unexplored regions of truth are rarely appreciated, or even understood, by the generation to which they belong. And if, in his researches after truth, a genius chance to discover a principle somewhat new, and especially if it conflict with the familiar and conventional prevalence of the times, then does he forthwith become the laughingstock of all the wisacres who rule the mob, and who, with owl-like solemnity, pronounce everything wild, chimerical, or ridiculous, that has not the seal of the public sanction. From his erratic and capricious manner, and the quaint and awkward style of his writings—which affect the celebrated English metaphysician, Thomas Carlyle, although it is affirmed that the pupil is a greater and a better man than the teacher—it was the misfortune of our present hero, for a brief period, to be compelled to submit to the humiliations that always follow the first outbreaks of a crowning intellect. Even Shakspeare was laughed at for his primary efforts; and to approach masters of greatness in other walks of life, the immortal Washington was maligned and slandered in his early career: and all will now readily sympathize in the vicissitudes and disparagement encountered by Robert Fulton, while perfecting the important invention that has given him a never-dying fame. The career of the subject of this sketch aptly reminds us of the history of many of those who have reached the highest pinnacle of fame, and he has already lived long enough to be appreciated by immense concourses of his fellow-men; and the time will come when the memory of his greatness will rank with that of those most noted for brilliant genius.

Ralph Waldo Emerson is emphatically a man of the times, his ideas being fully up to the great progress of the day, worthy of the age of steam locomotion, electric telegraphs, and steam printing presses. He is a democrat of the world, in the fullest meaning of the term, and believes that what Plato thought another man may think, what Paul felt another man may feel, what Shakspeare sang others may know to be true. As for popes, emperors, kings, queens, princes and presidents, he looks upon them as grown-up children in masquerade; uncrown them, disrobe them, and bring them on a fair level with their fellow-beings, and their superiors may be found among their subjects. In his essay on self-reliance he says:—

“Our reading is mendicant and syrephantic in history—our imagination makes fools of us—plays us false. Kingdom and lordship, power and estate, are a gaudier vocabulary than private John or Edward, in a small house and common day's work; but the things of life are the same to both. Why all this deference to Alfred, and Scanderburgh, and Gustavus. Suppose they were virtuous, did they wear out virtue?”

He has no patience with the chicken-hearted, who have to refer to moldy records and old

almanacs to ascertain if they may say their souls are their own. We overlook present good in our insane attempts to pry into the mysteries of the dark past. We put the past in front of our faces, instead of keeping it behind our backs, where it legitimately belongs. Hear him: “He dare not say I think I am, but quotes some saint or sage. He is ashamed before the blade of grass or blowing rose. These roses under my window make no reference to former roses, or to better ones; they are for what they are; they exist with God to-day.” “But man postpones or remembers; he does not live in the present, but, with reverted eye, laments the past, or, heedless of the riches that surround him, stands on tip-toe to foresee the future.”

The literary liliptians, who have endeavored to pin Emerson to the earth, find that he is in good standing with the gods; of course, their labors, not of love but of jealousy, are lost. He loves his brother man, whether he belongs to the green jacket tribe or the royal family. He looks upon the flowers as his friends—

‘The spendthrift crows, bursting from the mold,
Naked and shivering with its cup of gold,’

has honey and fragrance for him. The birds are his companions, and he interprets their warblings. He reads the lessons that are stereotyped on the rocks—in a word, to him the world is a book and the sky its blue cover; deserts and oceans are its fly-leaves, and the busy nations the illustrations of the volume.

Kosuth probably never listened to a more eloquent speech than the following:—

SPEECH OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

“Sir—The fatigues of your many public visits, in such unbroken succession, as may compare with the toils of a campaign, forbid us to detain you long. The people of this town share with their countrymen the admiration of valor and perseverance; they, like their compatriots, have been hungry to see the man whose extraordinary eloquence is seconded by the splendor and the solidity of his actions. But, as it is the privilege of the people of this town to keep a hallowed mound which has a place in the story of the country—as Concord is one of the monuments of freedom—we knew beforehand that you could not go by us; you could not take all your steps in the pilgrimage of American liberty, until you had seen with your eye the ruins of the little bridge, where a handful of brave farmers opened our Revolution. Therefore, we sat and waited for you.

“And now, Sir, we are heartily glad to see you at last in these fields. We set no more value than you do, on omceers and buzzas. But we think that the graves of our heroes around us thro’ to-day to a footstep that sounded like their own—

‘The mighty tread
Brings from the dust the sound of liberty.’

“Sir, we have watched with attention your progress through the land, and the varying feeling with which you have been received, and the unvarying tone and countenance which you have maintained. We wish to discriminate in our regard. We wish to reserve our honor for actions of the noblest strain. We please ourselves that in you we meet one whose temper was long since tried in the fire, and made equal to all

events; a man so truly in love with the greatest future, that he cannot be diverted to any less.

“It is our republican doctrine, too, that the wide variety of opinions is an advantage; I believe, I may say of the people of this country at large, that their sympathy is more worth, because it stands the test of party. It is not a blind wave: it is the living soul, contending with living souls. It is, in every expression, antagonized. No opinion will pass, but must stand the tag of war. As you see, the love you win is worth something; for it has been argued through; its foundation searched; it has proved sound and whole; it may be avowed; it will last; and it will draw all opinion to itself.

“We have seen, with great pleasure, that there is nothing accidental in your attitude. We have seen that you are organically in the cause you plead. The man of freedom, you are also the man of fate. You do not elect, but you are elected by God and your genius to your task. We do not, therefore, affect to thank you. We only see you, the angel of freedom, crossing sea and land; crossing parties, nationalities, private interests, and self-esteem; dividing populations where you go, and drawing to your part only the good. We are afraid you are growing popular, Sir; you may be called to the dangers of prosperity. But hitherto, you have had, in all countries and in all parties, only the men of heart. I do not know but you will have the million yet. Then, may your strength be equal to your day! But remember, Sir, that everything great and excellent in the world is in minorities.

“Far be from us, Sir, any tone of patronage; we ought rather to ask yours. We know the austere condition of liberty—that it must be reconquered over and over again, yes, day by day; that it is a state of war; that it is always slipping from those who boast it, to those who fight for it; and you, the foremost soldier of freedom in this age—it is for us to crave your judgment—who are we that we should dictate to you?

“You have won your own. We only affirm it. This country of working-men greets in you a workman. This republic greets in you a republican. We only say, ‘Well done, good and faithful.’ You have earned your own nobility at home. We admit you *ad vandum* (as they say at college). We admit you to the same degree without new trial. We suspend all rules before so paramount a merit. You may well sit a doctor in the college of liberty. You have achieved your right to interpret our Washington. And I speak the sense, not only of every generous American, but the law of mind, when I say, that it is not those who live idly in the city called after his name, but those who, all over the world, think and act like him, who can claim to explain the sentiment of Washington.

“Sir, whatever obstruction from selfishness, indifference, or from property (which always sympathizes with possession) you may encounter, we congratulate you that you have known how to convert calamities into powers, exile into a campaign, present defeat into lasting victory. For this new crusade which you preach to willing and to unwilling ears in America, is a seed of armed men. You have

got your story told in every palace, and log-hut, and prairie camp throughout this continent. And as the shores of Europe and America approach every month, and their politics will one day mingle, when the crisis arrives it will find us all instructed beforehand in the rights and wrongs of Hungary, and parties already to her freedom."

Among the earliest published efforts of Mr. Emerson was an oration, called "Man-Thinking," which he delivered before the Phi-Beta-Kappa, in 1837; and an address to the senior class of the Divinity College, Cambridge, in the following year. In these he did not pretend to reason, but to discover; he announced, not argued. In 1838, Mr. Emerson published "Literary Ethics, an oration," and, in the following year, "Nature, an Essay." In 1840, he commenced "The Dial," a magazine of literature, philosophy and history, which was continued four years. In 1841, he published "The Method of Nature," and "Man, the Reformer;" three lectures on the times, and the first series of his essays. In 1844, he gave to the public the second series of his Essays. In 1846, he published a volume of poems. In 1849, he visited England, and delivered the lectures which now form the volume called "Representative Men." In 1852, in connection with Mr. W. H. Channing, he published the "Memoirs of Margaret Fuller, Marchioness d'Ossoli." As Mr. Emerson has just reached his full and ripe maturity, should his life be spared we may expect large and felicitous additions to metaphysical literature from his affluent pen.

ENTERTAINING THE ELDER ON THANKSGIVING DAY.

[From advance sheets of an amusing volume of humorous sketches, about to be published by J. G. Derby, entitled the "Widow Bedott Papers."]

"Say, sister Maguire, can't you spend time just to come here a minit and look at my caps? I want to ax you which I'd better wear to-day. I don't want to wear it to meetin', 'cause my bunnit would jam it all down—but I want to make up my mind aforehand about it, so's not to lose no time when I git ham. Come quick, dew—the bell 'll ring in a minnit. O, here ye be; well, now tell, which o' these caps is the becomin'."

"Why, you've got a regiment on 'em, seems to me."

"Yes; I'm well on 'er for caps—but the half on 'em was giv' tew me. Here's one, though, 't I made myself. I wore it to Kier's weddin'. How does it look?" (She puts it on.)

"Somehow, I don't like that much—it sticks up tew high on top; and then them yaller bows looks so kind o' darin'; and then them red artifebels is rather extensive. I reckon you look better without artifebels."

"Well, lemme try on this ere; Mellisy gin it tew me. I always thought 't was quite becomin'."

"Well, I don't agree with 't, Sissy. I think there's tew much ribbin on 't—pink ribbin, tew; don't you think pink ribbin's a most tew young fur you?"

"O, dretful sss, Mellisy! what foolish idee you've got!—you're always a takin' me to dew about dressin' tew young. What's the use o' makin' an old woman o' myself afore I be one?"



* Desist! Mrs. Maguire, desist, I entreat you! I invariably set my face like a flint against the use of all interesting liquors as a beverage."

But come to think, this would be rather dretsy for to-day, seein' the minister's a comin'. See 't ye like this ere any better—'t was a present from Sam Pendergras's wife, not long afore I come away. I never wore it but once."

"Well, I reckon that looks worse than the pink one—blue makes you look kind o' squaw; you're rather dark complected; and blue's a tryin' color for dark skins."

"Well, I never thought I was so wonderful dark complected, I'm sure. I wonder if this one 'll suit ye any better. Kier's wife gin it tew me. I hain't never wore it at all; thought I shoudn't, 'cause it's so old-womanish and quakery. I fetcht it along, 'cause I thought mabby Selly 'd be mad if I dident—but I don't see what on arth she meant by givin' me such a lookin' thing."

"Now, Silly, I don't see how you can talk so—for my part, I like that better'n ary one you've tried on. That ar white satin trimmin' looks so kind o' neat and plain. It's a purty shape, tew—comes down furdin' the others onto yer face—and that's an improvement, bein' as you're rather long-favored. I'd wear that by all means, Silly."

"You would!—well now I am beat—why, ther ain't a color about it but white."

"All the better for that; it's enough gine-teeler'n them flambergated blue and yaller things; and then the elder's a comin', ye know."

"Jest so; well, I guess I will wear it, considerin'."

"And yer black silk gownd and muslin underhandkercher—you look best in them of anything you've got."

"Well, I don't know but what I will—murder! there's the bell, and I hain't begun to be ready; never mind, I won't dress till I git ham; this ere allpacker looks well enough to wear to meetin'. I'll jest throw on my mannikler and bunnit—I won't take me long; wish you could go Mellisy—but I know ye can't and git dinner tew; the elder's a grine to preach in your meetin'-house, hey?—well, that looks

brotherly; Baptists preach 'n your meetin'-house one year—and your minister preach in theirs the next—I like the idee. Is my bunnit on strait! This glass makes me look kind o' skew-jawed—never know whether my things is in decent order and regular rotation or not, when I git 'em on. How does this ere scarf go? Where's brother Maguire and Jeff, I wonder! How thoughtful 't was in Jeff to ax the elder here to dinner—he 'd a ben so lonesome to hum all alone. Mellisy, I begin to have considerable hopes o' Jeff—shoudn't wonder if he should turn out quite a stiddy man, after all. Here they come."

"Elder Sniffles, lem me give you another piece o' the turkey."

"I'm obliged to you, Mr. Maguire; you probably recollect that I remarked in my discourse this morning, that individuals were too prone to indulge in an excessive indulgence in creature comforts on thanksgiving occasions. In view of the lamentable fact that the sin of gourmandizing is carried to a sinful excess on this day, I, as a preacher of the gospel, deem it my duty to be unusually abstemious on such occasions; nevertheless, considering the peculiar circumstances under which I am placed this day, I think I will waive objections and take another small portion of the turkey."

"That's right, Elder; what part will you take now?"

"Well, I'm not particular; a small quantity of the breast, with a part of a leg and some of the stuffing, will be quite sufficient."

"Pass the cranberries to Elder Sniffles, Jeff—elder, help yourself; wife, give the elder some more of the turnip sam and potater."

"Thank you, Mrs. Maguire. I am an advocate for a vegetable diet—and have always maintained that it is more congenial to individuals of sedentary habits and intellectual pursuits than animal food."

"Jeff, my son, pass the bread. Sister Bedott, send your plate for some more o' the turkey."

"No, I'm obliged to you—I've had sufficient."

"Jeff, cut the chicken pie."

"Sure enough—I almost forgot that I was to carve the pie—Aunt Silly, you'll take a piece of it, won't you?"

"Well, I don't care if I dew take a leetle mite on't. I'm a great favorite o' chicken pie—always thought 'twas a delightful beverage—don't you, Elder Sniffles?"

"A very just remark, Mrs. Bedott—very, indeed; chicken pie is truly a very desirable article of food."

"Allow me to help you to some of it, elder."

"Thank you, my young friend; as I before remarked, I am entirely opposed to an immoderate indulgence of the appetite at all times, but particularly on thanksgiving occasions—and am myself always somewhat abstemious. However, I consider it my duty at the present time, to depart, to some extent, from the usual simplicity of my diet. I will, therefore, comply with your request, and partake of the chicken pie."

"Take some more o' the cranberry sauce, elder: cranberries is hulsome."

"A very just remark, Mrs. Maguire—they are so; nevertheless, I maintain that we should not indulge too freely in even the most wholesome of creature comforts; however, since you desire it, I will take a small portion more of the cranberries."

"Husband, dew pass that pickled tongue—it hain't been touched—take some on't Elder Sniffles."

"I'm obliged to you, Mrs. Maguire—but I confess I am somewhat fearful of taking articles of that description upon my stomach, as they create a degree of acidity which is incompatible with digestion. Is it not so, my young friend? You are undoubtedly prepared to decide, as you are, I believe, pursuing the study of the medical science."

"I think you are altogether mistaken, Elder Sniffles. We should always take a due proportion of acid with our food, in order to preserve the equilibrium of the internal economy, and produce that degree of effervescence which is necessary to a healthy secretion."

"Exactly. Your view of the subject is one which never struck me before; it seems a very just one. I will partake of the pickled tongue, in consideration of your remarks."

"Take a slice on't, Sister Bedott. You seem to need some tongue, to-day—you're uncommon still."

"What a musical man you be, brother Maguire! but it strikes me when an individual has an opportunity o' hearin' intellectual conversation, they'd better keep still and improve it. Ain't it so Elder Sniffles?"

"A very just remark, Mrs. Bedott; and one which has often occurred to my own mind."

"Take some more of the chicken pie, Elder Sniffles."

"Excuse me, my young friend; I will take nothing more."

"What! you don't mean to give it up yet, I hope, elder?"

"Indeed, Mr. Maguire, I assure you I would rather not take anything more, for, as I before remarked, I am decidedly opposed to excessive eating upon this day."

"Well, then, we'll have the pies and puddins. Jeff, my son, fy round and help your

mar change the plates. I'll take the puddin', Melissy—you may tend to the pies. Jeff, set on the cider. So here's a plum puddin'—it looks nice—I guess you've had good luck to-day, wife. Sister Bedott, you'll have some on't?"

"No; I'm obliged to ye. I've got ruther of a head-ache to-day, and plum puddin' is rich. I guess I'll take a small piece o' the punkin pie."

"Elder Sniffles, you'll be helped to some on't, of course?"

"Indeed, Mr. Maguire, the practice of indulging in articles of this description after eating meat is esteemed highly pernicious, and I inwardly protest against it; furthermore, as Mrs. Bedott has very justly remarked, plum pudding is rich—however, considering the peculiar circumstances of the occasion, I will for once overstep the boundaries which I have prescribed for myself."

"Am I to understand that you'll have some, or not?"

"I will partake, in consideration of time and place."

"Jimmie! wife, this is good puddin' as I ever eat."

"Elder Sniffles, will you take some o' the pie—here is a mince pie and punkin pie."

"I will take a small portion of the pumpkin pie, if you please, Mrs. Maguire, as I consider it highly nutritious; but, as regards the mince pie, it is an article of food which I deem excessively deleterious to the constitution, inasmuch as it is composed of so great a variety of ingredients. I esteem it exceedingly difficult of digestion. Is it not so, my young friend?"

"By no means, elder; quite the contrary—and the reason is obvious. Observe, elder—it is cut into the most minute particles; hence it naturally follows, that being, as it were, completely calcined before it enters the system—it leaves, so to speak, no labor to be performed by the digestive organs, and it is disposed of without the slightest difficulty."

"Ah, indeed! your reasoning is quite new to me—yet I confess it to be most satisfactory and lucid. In consideration of its facility of digestion, I will partake also of the mince pie."

"Wife, fill the elder a glass o' cider."

"Desist! Mrs. Maguire, desist, I entreat you! I invariably set my face like a flint against the use of all intoxicating liquors as a beverage."

"Jimmie! you don't mean to call new cider an intoxicatin' liquor, I hope. Why, man alive, it's just made—hain't begun to work."

"Nevertheless, I believe it to be exceedingly insalubrious and detrimental to the system. Is not that its nature, my young friend?"

"Far from it, elder—far from it. Reflect a moment and you will readily perceive, that being the pure juice of the apple—wholly free from all alcoholic mixture—it possesses all the nutritive properties of the fruit, with the advantage of being in a more condensed form, which at once renders it much more agreeable, and facilitates assimilation."

"Very reasonable—very reasonable, indeed. Mrs. Maguire you may fill my glass."

"Take another slice o' the puddin', Elder Sniffles."

"No more, I'm obliged to you, Mr. Maguire."

"Well, won't you be helped to some more o' the pie?"

"No more, I thank you, Mr. Maguire."

"But you'll take another glass o' cider, won't you?"

"In consideration of the nutritious properties of new cider, which your son has abundantly shown to exist, I will permit you to replenish my glass."

"So you won't take nothin' more, Elder?"

"Nothing more, my friends—nothing more whatsoever—for as I have several times remarked during the repast, I am an individual of exceedingly abstemious habits—endeavoring to enforce by example that which I so strenuously enjoin by precept from the pulpit, to wit—temperance in all things."

"Walk into the sitting room, elder. Mother 'll have to excuse us for a while. Aunt Bedott, you'll give us your company, won't you?"

"Certainly."

"Father, are you not coming?"

"Not now, Jeff. I've got to go out for a spell. I'll try to be in soon."

"Take this arm-choer by the store, Elder Sniffles—the room's got ruther cool; Jefferson, can't you accumulate the fire a little?"

"It strikes me very forcibly, Mrs. Bedott, that the weather is somewhat cool for the season of the year."

"So it strikes me tew; but I think this is quite a cool climat—apparently considerably cooler 'n Wiggletown."

"Why no, aunty—there can't be any difference in the climate—the latitude's just the same."

"I guess not, Jeff—what is the latitude o' Scrabble Hill?"

"Oh, it's about forty-two."

"Lawful sakes! our'n in Wiggletown's as much as fifty, and sometimes in the summer time it gits up as high as sixty or seventy."

"Ah! indeed! I surprise me, Mrs. Bedott. Speaking of Wiggletown—is that your place of residence?"

"It is so—the place where the heft o' my life has been spent."

"In what section of the country is it located?"

"It's sitwated between Gaaderfield and Tackertown: Slammerkin' crick runs along the south side on't."

"Ah, yes, I comprehend; I think I have an indelicate recollection of the place. If I am not mistaken I journeyed through it some two years since, in company with my companion (now deceased), on a visit to her relatives in that section."

"H-o-o-o! how you talk! that journey must be a mellencool subject o' reflection now—how little you thought then that in ten year you'd be called to mourn her departer! how onsertin' the futur is!"

"True—a very just remark, Mrs. Bedott, very, indeed—we are sojourners in a world of fluctuation!"

"O, Elder Sniffles—how true that is!"

"One moment tossed on the billows of prosperity and joy, and the next plunged into the abysses of desolation and despair."

"O, Elder Sniffles, what a strikin' remark; every word you say goes to the bottom o' my heart. I, tew, mourn the loss of a pardner, and bein' as we're similarly sitwated, I feel as if we could sympathize with one another. You hain't no children—I've got tew, but they're married and settled, and I'm as good as alone in the world. It's a tryin' situation—very tryin'."

"It is so, Mrs. Bedott—your remark is a very just one—very, indeed—your situation is no-doubtied a trying one—but you are in easy circumstances, I believe?"

"Why, yes, generally speakin' I be purty easy, though sometimes I'm ruther away when I think o' the futur—I was wonderfully struck with a remark in your sermon this mornin'—It described my feelins so egzactly."

"Allow me to inquire what that remark was, Mrs. Bedott?"

[The conversation is here interrupted by the entrance of Mr. and Mrs. Maguire.]

"Well, elder, how do you come on—time pass agreeably?"

"Most agreeably, Mr. Maguire, most agreeably, in conversation with Mrs. Bedott."

"Glad on 't—Jeff, here's the last 'Luminary'; want it? I've read it purty much all, exceptin' the poetry."

"Does it contain a poem by 'Hugelinea'?" If so, permit me to request you to favor us with it, my young friend. She is indeed a most extraordinary writer."

"She is, that's a fact—Jeff, lend her it."

(Jeff reads:—) Those of our readers who are in any degree imbued with a love of the poetic with an appreciation of the sublime and beautiful—will find a rich treat in the following exquisite lines from the pen of our highly gifted correspondent "Hugelinea." Aside from the high degree of finish which her effusions always possess, the ensuing lines breathe a spirit of world-weariness and self-abandonment exceedingly touching:—

BONNET.

Oblivion! stretch thine everlasting wings,
And hide from human gaze my mournful lyre—
For while my earth-born, weary spirit slings,
I frequently feel desirous to expire.
It is no vain and vanishing desire,
But a compulsory wish that seems
To mingle nightly in my visioned dream—
A wish to leave this uncongenial sphere,
With souls like mine are I to find no dear,
O for a residence in yonder orb
Which doth the affections of my soul absorb!
My spirit soars in vain for sympathy here;
I feel as I have never felt before—
The one wild, withering wish—to die and be no more!

HUGELINEA.

"A splendid production, truly—but does it not strike you, Mrs. Maguire, that there is a slight degree of obscurity in the poem?"

"O don't ax me—I can't make head nor tail on 't—what's your opinion, Jefferson?"

"Well, I think that the obscurity of which Elder Sniffles complains constitutes the greatest beauty of the poem. Don't you know, elder, we are never deeply interested in anything that we can comprehend at the first glance. There must be some mystery, some hidden meaning to excite at once our curiosity and admiration—Shakespeare himself often writes obscurely, you know."

"Shakespeare! that is an author that I am not conversant with. What does he principally treat of?"

"O, theology, and metaphysics, and so forth."

"Ah, yes, I recollect now—I think I have seen some of his sermons. On consideration, your reasoning in relation to the poem strikes me as quite conclusive. There should be—as you very justly remark—a hidden meaning to create an interest in anything of that description."

"Well, then, that poetry, must be awful interestin', for all the meanin' there is in 't is hid, and no mistake—don't you say so, husband?"

"O, I ain't no judge o' poetry—ax sister Bedott, she knows all about poetry, writes bags on 't."

"Ah, indeed! Is it true, Mrs. Bedott, that you cultivate the poetic art?"

"Well, 't ain't for me to say."

SEQUEL.

DEAR MELLIST:—I now take my pen in hand to tell you that I rather guess you'll be considerably astonished when you read what I set down to rite. I've got some news to tell, that you can't guess if you try till next never, so you may as well give it up first as last afore you begin. And you aint to let on a word about it only to Jubiter and Kier and Sellyn. Come to think, I don't care if you tell Sam Pendergrasses wife, bein' as how she's a particular friend o' mine.

But don't you open your head about it to no other indvididual—for I want to surprise the Wiggleton folks, and make 'em open their eyes a little. Come to consider, I guess you'd better not tell Miss Pendergrass, for I'm afraid she can't keep it to herself. She might let it out to the Kenpels, and they'd tell the Crosbys, and the Crosbys they'd carry it strait to Major Coon's wife, and she'd be sure to tell old Dawson's wife (the widdler Jenkins that was—she 't was Poll Bingham), and she's the very undutiful person I want to keep it from till it bursts upon her all of a sudden, like a thunder clap. I guess I'll let her know 'I can hold my head as high as harn in fur, for who did she get but a decrippid old bunched, that she wouldn't a had if he could a got anybody else. I guess on the hull you hadn't better say nothin' about it to Kier's wife, for fear she'll tell her folks, and they'll sartainly devaluate it all round. If you dew tell her, you make her promise she won't hint a syllable about it to her stepmother—she 't was Kessier Winkle—nor to nobody else. You must all keep it a profound secret till I come. If nothin' happens to prevent, we shall be in Wiggleton next week, a Saturday, on our bridal tewe. A Sunday mornin' we calkilate to go to meetin' along a you and Jupiter, and in the afternoon we shall tend the Baptist meetin'. I tell ye won't ther be some starin' in Wiggleton that day. I guess they'll find out that I'm as good as enny on 'em, if not a little better. I shan't hev on none o' the things they've ever seen me wear. My rigger's to be latirely new. Yer Uncle Magwire has made me a present of a handsome green merino dress, and yer Aunt Magwire has gi'n me a new brown velvet bunnit, and yer Cousin Jefferson has presented me an ele-

gant plaid shawl, and I calkilate to come out in them all in Wiggleton.

Speakin' o' my new wardrobe, reminds me to tell you that if Jabe Clark comes your way a peddlin', not to trade a cent's woth with him. You remember how he come it over me about the shoes, don't ye? Well it's amazin' I should ever be such a fool as to be took in by him agin—but so 'twas. He come along here a spell ago, and sarned me the awfulest trick that ever you heard on 't I was alone in the house—yer aunt had went to a sick nabor's, and the way he cheated me was perfectly dretful. My blud biles now a thinkin' on 't. He pretended he'd experienced religion, and lamented over the way he used to cheat and lie; and as true as I live and breathe, actilly got round me so 't be persuaded me to swop away an elegant stun colored silk, that cost me a dollar a yard, for a miserable slazy striped consarn, that he said was all the fashion now—called it "grody slewry"—and what makes it more aggravatin' made me pay tew dollars to boot. But that wa'n't the worst on 't, for come to enroll it, we found that three or four yards away at t'other end on 't was all dammaged and stained up—'t wa'n't fit for nothin'. Yer aunt was mad at me for bein' so took in, and yer uncle be lafft and bectored me and went on about it—you know what a critter he is to bother a boddie. At last I busted out a cryin', and went off and shot myself up in my room, and stayed there till tee time—and when I come down, lo and behold, yer uncle stept up and handed me a new green merino dress—he'd been off to the store and bought it a purpose for me, fringe, and buttons and everything to trim it with, and I've got it made up, and it sets like a dandy—and I'm gwine to be married in it. But I can't help feelin' awfully ganted about the silk. I took it to Parker and Pettibone's and swopt it for some things I wanted. They wouldn't allow me but eighteen pence a yard, and 't was all 't was woth. Jabe made me take a couple o' bankershere tew, for a dollar a piece—said he 'd stake his reputation on 't they wa'n't half cotton—and no more they wa'n't, for come to dew 'em up, they showed out plain enuff that they was all cotton—did you ever? He got round the elder too—made him pay five dollars for a buzzum pin—said 't was topiz sot in gold, and it turned out to be yaller glass with a pinch-back rim round it. I was clear out o' pashence with the elder for bein' so green—but sittivated as I was I couldn't say nothin' ye know. If ever I come across Jabe Clark agin, if he don't ketch it, no matter. But I'm wonderful bizz about these days—and so no more at present from your affectionate mother,

FRANCESILLA P. BEDOTT.

P. S. Give my love to Jubiter. I'm gratified to hear that the baby is so forrad. What do you calkilate to call him? I hope it won't be Jubiter—for somehow I don't egactly like the name, tho' it sounds well for a man. But don't in all favor name him arter yer par. Herekier's an awful name. How do ye like Shadrack? That's the name o' his grandfader that's to be. Yer uncle and aunt and Jeff sends love.

P. P. E.

P. S. Yer cousin Jeff axed permission to read this letter, and he says I hain't told you

who I'm gwine to be married tew, nor when the weddin' 's to be, nor nothin'. But 't tain't to be wondered at that I forgot, for I've got such a numerous number o' things to think on now. My future companion is the Baptist minister o' this place—by the name o' Elder Sniffles. The way we come acquainted was quite singular. Yon see I took to attendin' his meetin' because the Presbyterian minister here is such small potatoes that 't wa'n't eddifyin' for me to set under his preachin', and understandin' that Elder Sniffles was a very gifted man, I thought I'd go to hear him. Well, I liked him wonderful well; he's a powerful speaker and his prayers is highly interestin'. So I goes to hear him a number o' times. He observed me and was evidently pleased with me—but during all the time I was creatin' such a sensation in his feelins, I never knowd but what he had a wife. How I *did* feel when I found out he was a widdier. I was dretfully frustrated, and kep myself as scarce as possible. But he follered me up and parsevered, till at last I consented to accept o' him. It's mellancolly to be alone in the world, and then ministers don't grow on every bush. The weddin' is to take place next week a Weensday evenin' at yer uncle's. Elder Yawpers, from Slabtown, is to reform the ceremony and preach in Elder Sniffles place the next Sabbath when we're gone.

The elder lives in a gamble raft yallar house. I mean to make him put wings to 't and make it look rather more fashionable. It stans on a descendin' elevation that slants down to the canawl on the one side, and not far behind it is a morastic grove. He hain't no family but a little highty tighty gal that they brought up. I tell ye if I don't make her stan' round when I get there I'm mistaken. We shall start for Wiggletown a Thursday, in the stage—and git there, I s'pose, Saturday evenin'. Now Melimsy Smith remember you're to keep it a profound secret. I don't want nobody in Wiggletown to know a word about it till they see us come a walkin' into meetin'. If you asner this afore we come, direct to the Reverend Mrs. Sniffles.

Your affectionate dear,
P. P. BERRY,
(will next week).

P. S. I've writ an elegy on my marriage that Jeff thinks is one o' my best poems. He's gwine to send it to be printed in the "Scrabble Hill Luminary," right under the marriage notice. He's a keepin' it from his par and mar, cause they had'n't no sense o' poetry—yer sant especially has always disencouraged my writin' for the papers. But she can't help herself.
P. P. B.

(From the Scrabble Hill Luminary.)

MARRIED.—In this village on Wednesday, the 20th inst., by the Rev. Elder Yawpers, of Slabtown, the Rev. O. Shadrack Sniffles, of Scrabble Hill, to Mrs. Priscilla P. Bedott, relict of the late Deacon Ezekiah Bedott, Esq., of Wiggletown.

The fair bride has sent us the following *sonnet*—which our readers will unite with us in pronouncing equal to a former effusion from the same gifted pen. We wish the happy pair



LONGFELLOW.

all the felicity which their distinguished abilities so richly merit.—*ESS. LXX.*

TO SHADRACK.

Priscilla the fair and Shadrack the wise,
Have united their fortunes in the tenderest of ties;
And being mutually joined in the matrimonial connection,
Have bid adieu to their previous affliction.

No more will they mourn their widowed situation,
And continue to sigh without mitigation;
But partakers, for life to be parted no more,
Their sorrows are ended, their troubles are o'er.

O Shadrack, my Shadrack! Priscilla did speak,
While the rosy red blushes crimsoned her cheek,
And continer to sigh without mitigation;
O Shadrack, my Shadrack! I'm yours. All I die!

The heart that was sorrowful and cold as a stone,
Has surrendered at last to the fortune one;
Farewell to the miseries and griefs I have had,
I'll never desert thee, O Shadrack, my Shadrack!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

This justly celebrated American poet is the son of Hon. Stephen Longfellow, of Portland, Maine, and was born in that city, February 27, 1807. Under the eye of his father, his preparatory studies were pursued in the schools of Portland, and he entered Bowdoin College, in Maine, when he was only fourteen years of age. A decided talent at poetry manifested itself at a very early age, and previous to his matriculation he had written several fugitive pieces, which indicated the growing genius of the embryo poet. While in college he contributed some spirited poems to the "United States Literary Gazette." After the usual course of study, he was graduated with the highest honors of his class, in 1825.

On finishing his collegiate course, Mr. Longfellow entered the law office of his father, where

for a year or two he divided his time between the musty tomes of the law and the green bowers of the muses. The professorship of modern languages in his alma mater becoming vacant, he was called to occupy its chair, although he had but recently passed his majority. Accordingly he bade a cheerful adieu to the uncongenial study of Coke and Littleton, and sailed for Europe, where he spent three years, dividing his time between England, France, Spain, Holland, Italy, and Germany, gathering such stores of knowledge as might fit him for the acceptable discharge of the duties of his professorship.

In 1829, he returned home, and entered at once upon his labors. He remained an incumbent of the chair of modern languages in Bowdoin for the space of six years, during which he discharged the duties of his office with great acceptance. Amidst his numerous official duties he found time for the general study of literature, and contributed several valuable articles to the "North American Review." During the last year of his residence at Brunswick, he published an English translation of the celebrated Spanish poem written by Don Jorge Manrique on the death of his father, to which was added an essay, full of critical beauty, on Spanish poetry.

In 1835, the professorship of modern languages and belles lettres, in Harvard University, became vacant by the retirement of George Ticknor, Esq., and Mr. Longfellow was called to supply the vacancy. This was a high compliment, for he was not yet thirty, and the

college at Cambridge was not accustomed to call youth to fill its posts of honor and instruction. Resigning his chair at Brunswick, he accepted the trust reposed in him by the government of Harvard, and immediately sailed once more for Europe, where he spent one year in acquiring a more thorough acquaintance with the languages of Northern Europe. He visited Denmark, Sweden, Switzerland, and the Germanic States, availing himself of the aid of the most eminent men in these places, and collecting a valuable library, with which he returned to Cambridge in the following year, and at once assumed the duties of the vacant professorship, to the labors and responsibilities, the honors and emoluments, of which he was inaugurated in 1836.

On the return of Mr. Longfellow from Europe, he published his "Ottu Mer," a production on which the critics have heaped both anathemas and eulogy in no stated measure. Since entering upon the duties of his professorship at Cambridge, he has been a vigilant traveler in the fields of literature and poetry, from which he has culled many a choice bouquet for the admiration of his countrymen and the world at large. He has given many volumes to the world, several of which have been translated into the various living languages of Europe, and which have contributed not a little to the reputation of their author and American literature.

In 1842, ill health requiring relaxation from the severity of his duties, Mr. Longfellow made a brief voyage to Europe, where, after spending a few months, he returned with a renovated constitution to Cambridge, where he has since resided. He is still in the full strength of manhood, and we have reason to hope that something of a more substantial character may be given to the world as the fruit of his mental efforts. Early in the present year, wishing a relaxation from his pressing duties, Mr. Longfellow resigned his professorship, which has since been filled by James Russell Lowell, Esq. A short time since, Mr. L. issued a new poem based on the traditions of the Aborigines of this country, and entitled "The Song of Hiawatha."

In the composition of this poem, Mr. Longfellow has ventured upon a dangerous experiment, attempting to throw the charms of curious verification and romantic imagery around the wild and superstitious legends of savage life. Hiawatha is the name of a celebrated personage in Indian tradition. Possessing miraculous endowments, he was sent to instruct the forest tribes in the arts of peace. His simple history presents several incidents that appeal to the imagination, and have already suggested favorite themes for poetic embellishment. Mr. Longfellow has aimed to embody these traditions in a connected narrative, interweaving with them various other remains of legendary lore, and adorning the story with numerous descriptions of the sylvan landscape. The scene is placed among the Ojibwas on the southern shore of Lake Superior, between the Pictured Rocks and the Grand Sable.

How far he has succeeded in his attempt, each individual should form his own judgment from actual experience. We will add, however, that it is the opinion of many of the most competent critics, that this last is by far his most brilliant production.

Mr. Longfellow's poems, in general, have together, with great picturesque and dramatic beauty, a simplicity and truth to nature which commend them alike to the rudest and most cultivated. The tenderness and melancholy pleasure with which, in many of his works he dwells upon a poetical association or on historic incident, have however, proved a stumbling block to many of his countrymen, who demanded more freshness and an onward direction of the poet's eye.

The following is a list of his published works, besides those already mentioned: "Hyperion," a romance; "Voices of the Night," a collection of poems, both published in 1839; a second collection of poems, entitled "Ballads, and other Poems," in 1841; "Poems on Slavery," in 1842; "The Spanish Student," a play, in 1843; "The Poets and Poetry of Europe," and "The Belfry of Bruges," in 1845; "Evangeline," in 1847; "Kavanaugh, a Tale," in 1848; "The Sea-side and Fire-side," in 1849; and "The Golden Legend," in 1851.

Editor's Table.

OUR RELATIONS WITH GREAT BRITAIN.

ALTHOUGH the act of the British cabinet in ordering a large increase in their naval armament on the West India station has created considerable discussion in all sections of the country, still there are no expressions of squeamishness, and from general indications, perhaps no greater satisfaction could be afforded the disciples of Young America than would be furnished by a third collision with the mother country. Even the more staid and reflective portion of the community, are not backward in signifying their disapprobation to this direct interference of Lord Palmerston, and his explanations as to the causes that commended the movement, are regarded as quite superfluous; most parties believing our government abundantly able not only to look after and chastise filibusters and all other law breakers, but also to protect our soil from invasion, let the danger threaten from what cause it may. In reference to invasion, the fact is, notwithstanding its great extent of sea-coast, there is no country on earth that can be more readily and effectually defended than our own. Of course, on the Pacific side, some temporary damage might be effected, and our commercial marine would, for a time, suffer considerably; but as regards landing an effective antagonistic force on our Atlantic seaboard, it is utterly out of the question. At the present moment, we have sufficient permanent fortifications at all important points; our grand system of internal improvements, the independent character of our people, with their perseverance and ingenuity, "caps the climax." The facilities which we now possess for concentrating large bodies of men, are quite astounding; with its present capacity of rolling stock, the Erie Railroad alone could transport over its entire length an army of over one hundred thousand men per diem; and we make bold to hazard the statement that, should a hostile fleet appear off Sandy Hook, in two hours after, at least twenty thousand able-bodied men would be under arms and ready

for active service. This force would be augmented, by the aid of the telegraph, railroads, etc., at least ten thousand per hour for the next three days; and thus, without doubt, an army of vast extent could be rapidly formed. At the first flash of the electric current, at least one of every hundred of the inhabitants of any district would be ready to start by the first conveyance for the scene of action; others would rapidly follow; temporary fortifications, more indestructible than Sevastopol itself, could be thrown up in a single night; in short, it would be hard to catch us napping. What is true in regard to New York, is also true to a greater or less extent of every available point on our sea-coast. Indeed, when we seriously reflect, and by unbiased data compute our actual resources—remembering that in such a case there would be no North, no South, that the whole band of American freemen would rally under the broad banner, whose inscribed motto is, "Our Common Country"—we would almost rejoice to see a British, or even the Allied fleet approach with hostile intent, if for no other permanent feature, just to "show all the world and the rest of mankind" what would be the inevitable result of such a course.

These speculations, however, are futile. John Bull was always celebrated for his blustering propensities; and, like his canine namesake, bites the least during the greatest amount of barking. The "London Times" can throw off its weak thunder, Mr. Buchanan may demand his passports, and even come home. A great deal of diplomatic and newspaper sparring will undoubtedly take place. The whole British navy may be ordered on the West India station. A collision may take place at Nicaragua—though not if Commodore Pakenham acts with his usual prudence and sagacity. Many unforeseen and unfortunate, as well as ridiculous events, may take place. But we will have no war of invasion. Experience has proved to Brother Bull that in his collisions with this country, he has always been unfortunate enough to "get hold of the wrong end of the poker," and the serious burnings he has received are, as doubt, well marked in his memory.

The important difficulties in the East, will probably give ample employment to our trans-Atlantic brethren for many months—perhaps years—to come. And no doubt Palmerston and the remainder of his cabinet would be much pleased to get that small job off their hands; for although the blood and muscle is furnished mostly by their allies, the British have to foot the bill, and the day might come when that grand bubble the national debt, could not bear the tremendous pressure of expansion, and if it should collapse, perhaps royalty and titled aristocracy would receive their death blow in England. Of one fact we feel quite confident: we shall have no war with England; her statesmen are too shrewd, her masses quite too intelligent. In fact, the most important concessions would be made on both sides to prevent such a fearful catastrophe.

There is no greater obstacle to success in life than waiting for something to turn up.

And no greater assurance of success than going to work to turn up something.

DETENTION—ADULTERATION OF FOOD.—Somebody has said that "not what goeth into the mouth defileth a man, but what cometh out." That "somebody" must have lived in a land of goodies, and before commerce had discovered the profitable art of adulteration; for in these latter days, there never was a greater mistake. Indeed, so far is it from the truth, that any close observer, knowing what goeth into the mouth of a man, may predict, almost with certainty, that what cometh out must be defilement. We have seen impurities taken into the mouth of a man, which must make it preposterous to expect figs from so defiled a thistle. What else but defilement can come out of a mouth that takes in lager beer, tobacco, pork, distillery milk, canine sausages, chickory coffee, copper-colored "green tea," suspiciously ancient poultry, and juvenile veal. Falsification, sanitation and adulteration are the sins of the age. They ought to be, and we hope are, the unpardonable sins. Indeed, we don't believe, if the illustrious Man of Nazareth had caught a man—aye, or a woman, either—in the act of adulteration, he would have let him off so easy, and told him to "go and sin no more."

We wish it were true now-a-days, as it was in those good old times, that "not what goeth into the mouth defileth a man;" we would then, for ourselves, willingly accept the pains and penalties of all the defilement that should come out of our mouth. Now, however, after all the lime we have drunk in our "sack," and the Jersey Cider in our Heidelberg, we cannot vouch for our purity. For aught we know, there may be a touch of pitch in every line we are now writing; but we wash our hands off all responsibility for it—the turpentine in the oil with which we seasoned our last salad most likely did the business for us, and to that we lay all the blame.

It is, perhaps, a harmless enough deception to disguise the tricks in our buildings, and mark them off and color them like quarried stone, and stain our wood-work in imitation of fine marble; but really to have water, chalk and oyster-shell lime so disguised, that one can't tell the mixture from the milk, and to have sand got up in undistinguishable imitation of sugar, is carrying the joke considerably too far. We are prompt always—we feel sure we are—to give a welcome to every improvement in the arts; but unless milk is so cheated of itself will make just as good bone and muscle, just as pure blood, and just as undeluded thought and words for nterance, why, we object to the innovation; and if it will intrude its shams into our very stomachs, we must look about us for the next best thing to be done. In our despair of getting the old foods in a pure state, we have made some investigations and endeavored to ascertain what are the purest and best yet remaining to us unadulterated by the enpidity of commerce.

We find that all the common unground grains, such as wheat, corn, oats, etc., are difficult to be adulterated. The best roots, such as potatoes and parsnips, and all the fruits, it is impossible to imitate. Ordinarily honest hens, also, will not abuse a generous confidence in their eggs. Articles too, of such universal use and necessity as milk and sugar can be had, with great research and care, even in a city

like this, in a state of tolerable purity. Now out of these alone, feasts of the most exquisite richness and delicacy, and in the greatest variety, can be prepared. Of some of the wheat we would make flour for bread, and some of it we would have cracked or ground coarsely for "grits." Farina, too, as put up by some millers in this city, is a most excellent preparation of wheat. Of the corn, we would make meal, sump and hominy. Of the oats, we would make "oatmeal." If we couldn't find a miller who would grind these grains to suit us, we would get a hand-mill and do our own grinding.

We have not space to give recipes, describing how to get up the various dishes this inventory of good things affords; they can be found in most cook books; but we do wish to teach the public how to eat them after they are served upon the table. Thousands of persons are repelled from what is called a "vegetarian diet" by the lack of trimming, and the unsavoryness with which most of its advocates insist it shall be eaten. There is no necessity for this; the demand of the gustatory organs for luxury in taste, may and ought to be gratified.

We will suppose ourselves invited by one of the most sensible of our readers, to a table loaded with these "delicacies of the season." We will omit any mention of soup, vegetables, and preliminaries of that sort, and pitch immediately into a plate of wheaten grits. We will take, may about four ounces, or enough to fairly cover the bottom of our plate. Then we will shake a liberal sprinkling of pure white sugar over the grits. Next we will spread a layer of juicy stewed apple over the sugar and grits. Then we will nearly cover the whole with the best milk to be had; and, if you are in the country, dear reader, we won't question its purity. It is only cities like this, with their high refinement and civilization that can afford the luxury of such poisoned abominations.

The delicious preparation is now ready to be run down—by people who don't know what is good; but we shall proceed in the operation very much as if we were eating old-fashioned, time-honored "pudd'n and milk." The milk, doubtless, will disappear faster than the main staple of the dish, and we shall politely intimate our willingness to help ourselves—we shall insist on that; we always like to help ourselves—to some more; and perhaps also to a little more stewed apples, and very likely to a "leddy" more sugar; and then we shall make a rapid finish of it. Along with it all we shall munch an occasional crumb of bread.

Now we will take a plate of farina, similar in quantity, and will dress it, and proceed in all respects as we did with the grits, excepting, perhaps, instead of apple sauce, we will take some peaches—can-preserved or dried, in winter; or fresh, ripe and uncooked, in summer. Next, we will help ourselves to a similar plate of oatmeal pudding; and, if our jolly should happen to take place in June, for the fruit-dressing, we would take strawberries; or, if in January, a baked apple. In all other respects, we should manage the oatmeal as we did the grits and farina. Hominy we should treat in the same manner as the other dishes. In short, the way to eat these four most excellent grain preparations, is with a dressing of sugar, milk and fruit, or some kind of fruit sauce. Any

kind of pudding sauce, or even molasses might suit some palates instead of fruit; but it is well in a diet, into which little or no flesh enters, to have a due mingling of fruits and grains. Any kind of mineral pie or pudding for dessert, would be supererogation at the end of a feast of this character.

We wish here specially to commend oatmeal as an article of ordinary diet. It was first recommended to us by a lady who had been a patient in a water-cure establishment, but we scoffed at the idea. We might as well take board in a stable, we said, or "go to grass," and done with it. On thinking of it afterward, however, and observing the fat and sleek condition of oat-fed horses, we concluded at least to experiment as to its effect on man. Oats, too, were an unadulterated article, which spoke largely in their favor. We heard once of shavings being given to a horse, and green goggles put over his eyes to hambug him into the belief that he was eating good honest grass, but oats, we remembered, had escaped all the dealers' adulterating arts. Still we doubted as to the humanity of eating oats; and yet we didn't know but that by the use of intellectual goggles, or some such aid to a naturally weak imagination, we might fancy oats to be good, undefiled grain, and fit for human food. The first breakfast we took of this horse provender we were not pleased with, but we soon found it was a matter of cooking, and of trimming or seasoning, as described above. This corrected, we found we had made a highly delicious discovery, and now we enjoy our oats as well as the horse does; only we like ours cooked and seasoned, and he isn't particular about it. To cook it, stir some oatmeal very slowly into water while boiling, until it arrives at the consistency of a rather thin pudding. By the time it attains that thickness it is sufficiently cooked. Then trim and eat, as described above. Oatmeal needs to be fresh ground, otherwise it is apt to be bitter. A little milk may be added to the water in which it is cooked, or milk may take the place of water entirely, which would give it a finer and richer delicacy. A little salt may be added, though it is better without it to tastes that have not themselves become adulterated. We may add that farina and grits should be prepared in the same way except that grits should be cooked from five to thirty minutes longer. Hominy needs a great deal of cooking—twelve hours are none too long.

This question of food, and especially of new and better kinds of food, we consider a very important one—in this spirit we have written this article. There has been, there is now, there will be much suffering for food in this city, notwithstanding our receipts of tens of thousands weekly of butchers' animals and our millions of bushels of corn and wheat, and rye, and oats, and barley, and buckwheat, and beans, and peas, and rice, for breadstuffs, and daily shiploads of potatoes of both kinds, and untold piles of other edible roots and vegetables, and great store-houses full of flour, butter, cheese, fish, fruit, eggs, poultry, and milled meats, and a thousand unnamed articles of food, yet the mass are not full-fed; and why? Because they do not know how to eat. Not that they lack the animal function of consuming, but in pro-

viding, both in the purchase of kind and quality, and in the preparation, there is a lamentable want of judgment and utter want of economy. The want of food among the poor is a great evil. It breeds discontent, dissipation, crime and ruin to any civilized society. There is a remedy. It would be greater charity to teach that remedy than to establish soup-houses.

The first step would be to change our fashion of food; to abandon such articles as are excessively dear in the raw state, for others equally good and more nutritious, and to adopt a different and more rational plan of cooking. This would not only promote economy, but health; both of which would add vastly to our stock of enjoyment.

Without exception, both rich and poor in America eat extravagantly of animal food, cooked in the most extravagant and wasteful manner; by frying, baking, roasting or boiling, and throwing away half of the nutritious matter in burnt gravy, or gelatine dissolved in the pot liquor.

Again, we consume vast quantities of the meanest and most insatiable vegetables, costly at first, and cooked in the most foolishly wasteful manner. The fashion of extravagance in living is set by the rich, and they are aped in their folly by the poor. The consequence is, that there are want and suffering whenever work and wages fail.

Since writing the above, we find the following estimate of oatmeal, in the "Tribune," of this city, and we pounce on it gladly as an important reinforcement of our views, as hereinafter set forth:—

"Perhaps of all the articles named, taking into account the price and nutritious qualities, oat meal will give the greatest amount of nutriment for the least money. But where will you find it in use? Not one family in a thousand ever saw the article; not one in a hundred ever heard of it, and many who have heard of it have a vague impression that none but starving Scotch or Irish ever use it; and, in short, that oats in America are only fit for pigs and horses.

"It is a great mistake. Oatmeal is excellent in porridge, and all cooking of that sort, and oatmeal cakes are sweet, nutritious, and an antidote for dyspepsia. Just now, we believe oats are the cheapest of any grain in market, and it is a settled fact that oats give the greatest amount of power of any grain consumed by man or beast.

"This cheap food only needs to be fashionable, to be extremely popular among all laborers, all of whom, to say nothing of other classes, eat too much fine flour bread."

LINE S:

Suggested by reading the Account of the Return of Dr. Kane and his Party from the Arctic Expedition.

BY KENNETH.

WELCOME from the dreary North-land,
From the sealed-up northern main,
From the white-robed Ice King's empire,
Brave hearts, welcome back again!
Ryes that o'er the solemn billow
Long have watched to see you come,
Rein with tears of grateful transport
As ye thus regain your home.

To have trod with dauntless spirit
Pathways never trod before,
Bred old Dorcas in his caverns,
Fearless of his cruel roar.—

Ye have reached and boldly entered
Winter's fortress, drear and cold,
And his palace doors all dazling,
Walked with dauntless hearts and bold.

Then the hoary Frost King tow'ring
Far above the wrathful main,
Gazed with solemn ire upon you,
Muttering, in his cold disdain—
"Wherefore, creatures of the sunshine
Will ye thus my wrath defy?
Should I only breathe upon you
In my fury, ye must die!"

Still you calmly heard his threat'ning,
Smiled to scorn his haughty pride,
And your good ship firmly anchored
Close his frozen towers beside;
Though from out his rayless chambers
Sable-vested night came down,
And the pallid sun retiring
Fled before his awful frown.

Yet the holy stars in pity
Hung their steady lamps on high,
And the dancing northern meteors
Lit their watchfires on the sky—
Till the wintry scene unfolding
All its features wildly grand,
Lay outspread in solemn vastness,
Beautiful as fairy land.

But at length with dawning glories
Morn's sweet herald smiling came,
And the sun through heaven's portals
Wheeled once more his car of flame—
And with spirits strong and fearless,
On your mission went ye forth
To explore the boundless deserts
Of the unknown frozen North.

Ye have seen new realms outstretching
Far into untraveled space,
Saved by foods whose distant limits
Man may vainly seek to trace;
Watched the wild tumultuous billow
As it lashed its icy shores,
Felt to burst in flaming grandeur
Winter's awful barriers o'er.

But from those far distant regions,
Peril haunted, wild, and lone,
Where the Storm-God reigneth ever
Proudly on his wintry throne—
Fearless hearts! ye bid you welcome,
All your toils and perils o'er,
Welcome to your homes and kindred,
And your native land once more!

POLITICAL.—Two great state events give interest to November—election and Thanksgiving. The one ushers in that uproarious month with clatter, contention and noise; the other ushers it out with feasting, jubilation and joy. One is a kind of national "day's shooting," when any number of political geese are set up to be baited, bulleted, and ruffled for; the other is a day of national neck-wringing, when myriads of the real article are plucked, roasted, and eaten—in both there is notoriously any amount of foul play. The bivalves of the deep also enter into the bills of fare of both; only, like the celebrated contestants in the fable, the feasters get the oyster and the candidates the shells.

In this city the great target day was honored with due consideration and deference. By order of Mayor Wood no small fry shooting excursions were permitted within five days of the election to distract peaceable citizens in the arduous duty of making up their minds how to discharge their franchise (a peculiar kind of fowling piece with which candidates are brought down). The day opened cloudily but pleasant, and the constituency generally anti-

cipated a fine time. Four parties were discovered to be in the field; Soft, Hard, Know-Nothing, and Fusion. Each party backed and bet on about a thousand candidates making the game afoot, in this State alone, the respectable little army of 4,000 candidates—about one for every hundred voters, all running for office, and the skill of the marksman was to be exhibited in bringing them down on the run. In actions like these the ballot operates quite like the bullet—both are an unerring and resistless force, and wo to the luckless coon, or candidate, that comes within the range of either.

Four parties we said were in the field; but owing to the slackness of dividing lines, it was difficult for the orderly citizen to tell in which host he had been enrolled, or under whose banner he would enlist. Only one of the parties had the advantage of any high degree of organization, and in the confusion there was much cross-firing. Numerous shot and shells intended for enemies were pitched into the camps of friends. The battle raged often like that unfortunate shock of regiments on the Danube, whom returning daylight showed to be both Russian and friends.

In such a chaos it was impossible to say that victory would perch upon the banner of either host. John, however, Prince of Softs, in a reckless spirit of prophecy demanded 50,000 majority for the ranks in which he fought—and bled. Aye bled! We say it adventurously; and that, too, to the tune of \$500 shelled out to cancel one wager alone. Rather a hard shell we should have felt it to be if we had been the victim; but as the sacred proverb says:—"The soft and his money are soon parted" (a free translation of our own, better adapted to the wisdom of these latter days when the fools are all dead). Poor prophetic John! though "a brother and companion in tribulation" he could not have been "in the spirit on the Lord's day" or he would not have prophesied so wide of future realization. His 50,000 were as literally "men in buckram" as those against whom the valiant Falstaff fought—they never came to his support.

The Harbs had no expectations of success, and so were not disappointed. They fought for nothing, and won it decidedly. The liquor folks and "Straight Whigs," while denouncing fusion in others, very generally fanned themselves with the one or the other of the Shells, or with the Know-Nothings.

The genuine Fusionists, or the Republicans, could hardly be said to be a party at all. They had two or three generals of a very elevated grade, it is true; but no captains, no corporals, no leaders of medium rank, who came right down to the people and mingled with the masses. In short, they had no commissariat—no organization. Most of their fighting was done by unregimented soldiers, each individual on his own hook, without any leading or marshaling to arms. Such battle must necessarily be very desultory and ineffectual; still, in the election of legislators and local officers, they achieved a very fair success.

The Know-Nothings, however, by the sheer force of drill, compactness and organization, won the day, and came in for the largest slice of governmental spoils. They alone brought out all the forces they had, while the other

parties had a large reserve of voters who never appeared at the polls at all. They alone appealed to their followers—"On this day Sam expects every man to do his duty"—and found their appeal answered with a hearty response.

The most notable feature of this election is, that nearly all the elect go into office by a minority of all the votes—a result of the regulation that, no matter how many parties there are, the one who has the most votes elects its candidates. This easy success of a party largely in the minority, might teach politicians a new trick in their trade. On the springing up of a new party, it ought to be its policy not so much to gain adherents to its own ranks, as to increase the number of parties; so, between the general contention, it can slip easily into peccation and power. It is thought that the great importance of the next presidential election, when it is expected that there will be, as usual, but two candidates before the people, will draw taut lines between parties, and make voters of all stripes declare themselves for one side or the other; but the lesson of this election teaches no such necessity. Let the leading "Straight Whigs," and all the smaller parties, who sympathized with Sam in the late state contest, keep up their respective organizations, and vote their respective electoral tickets; then the Know-Nothings, with their 100,000 voters will distance the whole of the other split up and divided 400,000, and come in any number of lengths ahead in the approaching national race. If Sam could play this game in all the states, the thing would be done; but we suspect he isn't big enough yet. He is a crafty boy, but we fear his tricks won't serve him twice, so he will probably fail at last.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MIDWINTER.—We this month present *Canto Sixth*, and the last of this superior production, which for some time has occupied a prominent position on our pages. Although attempted on several occasions, this is the first complete republication of the illustrated edition on this side of the Atlantic. The subscribers of the UNITED STATES MAGAZINE have thus been furnished with a complete daguerreotype of the English edition which costs five dollars, beside the vast amount of other matter contained in the last six numbers, for the astonishing low price of \$1/2 cents.

In connection with this subject we will state the fact that the publishers of this magazine are having prepared a series of original illustrated papers, that are fully equal to any similar efforts yet attempted in this country; some of them are of a national character, and will present data of great value to every individual. It is their intention, if possible, to present one of the first of the specified series in the January number.

NEWSPAPERS AND ADVERTISING.—In the September number of the UNITED STATES MAGAZINE, we presented a paper entitled "Newspapers and Periodicals," which gives something of an idea of the extent of this vast moral engine of civilization. The whole number of publications of periodical issue in the United States, in 1850, was 2,528; and at the present date, the number is undoubtedly over 3,000. It is said that the statistical account of 1850

fell short, rather than exceeded, the reality. During the taking of the census in that year, an effort was made to obtain at least one copy of every journal then in the course of publication. The assistant marshals, to whom the matter was intrusted, were only in a measure successful, and the copies obtained fell very far short of the actual number returned by name. This is much to be regretted, as such a file, complete in every respect, properly bound and placed away in the library of Congress, would be a great national curiosity, and have great interest with the future antiquarian. But as far as the papers were received, proper interest has been taken in their preservation. In the whole list, between forty and fifty are published in German, about a dozen in French; several in Spanish, Italian, and other languages. Of the acknowledged party papers, 855 were Whig and 742 Democratic in their professions.

When we look at our newspaper press in a business point of view—which is the only true point to estimate from, as were it not for the advertising patronage the history and success of the newspaper press of this country would be meagre in the extreme—we are astounded at the immense amounts invested, at the fortunes made and lost in a single season. In a late Boston paper, a New York correspondent endeavors to give the value of some of the leading journals of this city. The "Herald" he puts down at \$500,000; the "Tribune," \$400,000; the "Journal of Commerce," \$250,000; the "Courier and Enquirer," \$200,000; the "Times," \$150,000; the "Post," \$90,000; the "Express," \$45,000; the "Mirror," \$30,000; the "News," \$12,000; the "Day-Book," \$6,000. The profits of the "Herald" last year are stated to have been \$80,000. We cannot vouch for the authenticity of this statement, although we think a portion of the figuring about right. Of one fact we feel quite confident, "The Tribune" is not over-estimated.

As the backbone of the business of newspaper establishments is the advertising patronage, we have of late paid some attention to its philosophy and history. Those who look upon the advertisements of a newspaper merely in the light of business announcements, whose missions and whose interests are at an end, once they have appeared, will be surprised to learn that there is a further use reserved for them. A late article on this subject in the "London Quarterly Review," upon which the writer has displayed a great deal of research and nice discrimination, says: "If we follow up its source any public institution, fashion or amusement, which has flourished during a long period of time, we can gain some idea of our national progress and development; but it strikes us that in no manner can we so well obtain at a rapid glance, a view of the salient points of generations that have passed, as by consulting those small voices that have cried, from age to age, from the pages of the press, declaring the wants, losses, amusements, and the money-making eagerness of the people. As we read in the olden missives of papers those naive announcements, the very hum of bygone generations seem to rise to the ear. The chapman exhibits his quaint wares, the mountebank capers again upon his stage, we have the living portrait of the highwayman flying from inju-

tice, we have china auctions thronged with ladies of quality, with their attendant negro boys, or these 'by inch of candle light,' forming many a Schalken-like picture of light and shade; or, later still, we have Hogarthian sketches of the young bloods who swelled of old along the Pall Mall. We trace the moving panorama of men and manners up to our own less demonstrative, but more earnest times; and all these cabinet fixtures are the very daguerreotypes cast by the age which they exhibit—not done for effect, but faithful reflections of those insignificant items of life and things, too small it would seem, for the generalizing idea of the historian, however necessary to clothe and fill in the dry bones of his history."

The origin of newspapers may be traced to Italy, in the sixteenth century. It has been claimed that the first newspaper in Great Britain, was the "English Mercury," imprinted in London, in 1588, during those momentous days when the Spanish Armada was hovering over the southern shores. Mr. Watt, of the British Museum, however, has proven that the several numbers of this journal, at present found in the public libraries, are base forgeries, and at most not more than one-half as old as their dates would profess to make them. Newspapers in the strict sense of the word—that is, publications of news appearing at stated intervals and regularly paged on—did not make their appearance until the latter end of the reign of James I. "The Weekly News," published in London, in 1622, was the first publication which answered to this description; it contained, however, only a few scraps of foreign intelligence, and was quite destitute of advertisements. The pioneer of the American newspaper press—which is now by far the most extensive of any country extant—was "The Boston News Letter," whose first issue appeared April 24, 1704.

Over a quarter of a century elapsed, before the people discovered the use of the press as a means of making known their wants, and of giving publicity to their wares. The booksellers appear to have been the first to avail themselves of the advantage. The oldest advertisement met with, after a most active search among the earliest newspapers, relates to a book, which is entitled—

THEODORA GRATULATORIA, an Heroic Poem; being I. a congratulatory panegyric for my Lord George's late return, summing up his successes in an exquisite manner.

To be sold by John Holden, in the New Exchange, London. Printed by The Newcourts, 1662.

This appeared in the January number of the Parliamentary paper, "Mercurius Politicus." In the number for September, 1659, is the following:—

CONSIDERATIONS touching the libellous means to remove Hirelings out of the Church; wherein is also Discoursed of Tithes, Church Fees, Church Revenues, and whether any maintenance of Ministers can be settled by Law. The author, J. M. Held by Liversal Chapman, at the Crown, in Pope's Head Alley.

In juxtaposition to these can be found advertisements, representatives of a class that prevailed at this early time, the hue and cry after runaway servants, etc. Here is a full-length portrait of apparently a runaway apprentice, as drawn in the "Mercurius Politicus," of July 1, 1658:—

In any case give notice of one Edward Perry, being about the age of eighteen, nineteen years, low stature, black hair, full of pebbles in his face; he wears a new gray suit trimmed with green and other ribbons; a light cinnamon-colored coat, and black hat, who ran away lately from his Master; they are desired to bring or send word to Thos. Pirby, Stationer, at Gray's Inn gate, who will thankfully reward them.

The modern one CENT REWARD, would put a decided finish on the above. Females as well as males, were posted, as the following from the same sheet and date as above gives evidence:—

ONE Eleanor Parker (by birth Haddock), of a Tawny reddish complexion, a pretty long nose, tall of stature, servant to Mr. Frederic Howper, Kentish Town, upon Saturday last, the 26th of June, ran away and stole two Silver Spoons; a sweet Teat-cup, with gold and silver Lace about it, and lined with satin; a bugle watch; Cushion, very curiously wrought in all manners of slips and flowers; a Shell cup, with a Lyon's head and a Ring of silver in its mouth; besides many other things of considerable value, which she took out of my Mistress Cabnet, which she broke open; as also some small silver Linen of all sorts, to the value of Ten pounds and upward. If any one do meet with her and please to secure her, and give notice to the said Frederic Howper, or else to Mr. Matpan, Leather-sticker, at the Green Dragon, at the upper end of Lawrence Lane, he shall be thankfully rewarded for his pains.

The first advertisement in reference to negro slavery, appears in the same paper of August 11, 1659. In explanation, the "Quarterly" says: "These early negroes must have been imported from the Portuguese territories, as we did not deal in the article ourselves till the year 1680." Slavery existed in Great Britain, from the last mentioned date, until 1786, when the trade was finally abolished. The amusing point in the annexed advertisement, however, is that the Puritans "polled" their negroes as well as themselves:—

A NEGRO boy, about nine years of age, in a gray Serge suit, his hair cut close to his head, was lost on Tuesday last, August 9, at night in St. Nicholas Lane, London. If any one can give notice of him to Mr. Barker at the Sugar-loaf in that Lane, they shall be well rewarded for their pains.

The traffic appears to have increased immediately after 1680. And at first, African blacks seems to have only formed a portion of those in bondage; many natives of the East were pressed into the service of the nobility and gentry, but afterward were displaced, for the word blackamoor, black boy, or negro, is invariably used. In the "Tatler," of 1709, one is offered to the public in the following terms:—

A BLACK boy, twelve years of age, fit to walk on a gentleman, to be disposed of at Dennis's Coffee-house, in Finch-lane, near the Royal Exchange.

Again in the "Daily Journal," of September 28, 1728, another reads:—

TO be sold, a negro boy, aged eleven years. Enquire of A. the Virginia Coffee-house in Thread-needle street, behind the Royal Exchange.

But these advertisements are tame and unmeaning, in comparison with those of our own date and country; but to rather ease off gradually to the young America state, we first give the following from the "Political Barometer," published at Poughkeepsie, in this State, early in the present century:—

TEN DOLLAR REWARD.—Ungratefully left my service yesterday, a negro man, about 19 years old, named Sam, nearly six feet high, of a yellowish complexion, thin lips; took with him a dark brown mixed coat and waistcoat, blue mackeen trousers, a brown jean cap and overall; a white gourd Jean waistcoat with pink stripes, divided cotton stockings, old white hat, besides other articles. This desertion of service is base, because he was purchased by me at his own collection, at \$25 dollars price, on an express contract to work out his freedom, as he knew I was principled against slavery; and had manumitted several. The above reward and all reasonable charges will be paid to any person who will return said servant, secure him in any good and save me notice by mail or otherwise.

GILBERT LIVINGSTON.

Poughkeepsie, July 9, 1804.

The next two are in the regular go-ahead,

off-hand style of our Southern States. The first is from the "South Carolinian" of December 4, 1852, and the other from the "Chattanooga (Tenn.) Gazette," of October 5, 1852:—

VALUABLE Negroes at Auction. By J. K. L. T. Levin. Will be sold, on Monday, the 6th day of December, the following valuable negroes:— Andrew, 24 years of age, a bricklayer and plasterer, and thorough workman.

Georgey, 22 years of age, one of the best barbers in the State.

James, 19 years of age, an excellent painter. These boys were reared in Columbia, and are exceptions to most of boys, and are sold for no fault whatever.

The terms of sale are one-half cash, the balance on a credit of six months, with interest for notes payable at bank, with two or more approved endorser.

Purchasers to pay for necessary papers.

WILLIAM DOUGLASS.

\$500 REWARD.—Run away from the subscriber, on the 26th of May, a very bright mulatto boy, about 21 or 22 years old, named Wash, bald boy, without close observation might pass himself for a white man, as he is very bright, has sandy hair, blue eyes, and a fine set of teeth. He is an excellent bricklayer; but I have no idea that he will pursue his trade, for fear of detection. Although he is like a white man in appearance, he has the disposition of a negro, and delights in comic songs and witty expressions. He is an excellent house servant, very handy about a hotel—tall, slender, and has rather a weak head, especially when spoken to, and is sometimes inclined to be saucy. I have no doubt but he has been deceived off by some second-rate, and I will give the above reward for the apprehension of the boy and child, if delivered at Chattanooga. Or I will give \$200 for the boy alone; or \$100 if confined in any jail in the United States so that I can get him.

GEORGE G. RAGLAND.

Chattanooga, June 15, 1852.

We would much like to extend our selections, as we have a large collection of quaint, interesting, tragic, comic, and even melo-dramatic material to cull from; but space forbids, and we must postpone them for another article. Among the whole, perhaps, none is more amusing than the "Personal Notices," of some of our dailies; but more of them anon.

One of the peculiar characteristics of this country is the adaptation of most any event to the purposes of the advertiser. During the advent of Jenny Lind in this country, the newspapers abounded with notices of hats, caps, cloaks, pants, vests, trunks, boots, shoes, cravats, canes, stocks, gloves, horses, cows, bulls, swine, turkeys, geese, ducks, chickens, in short, everything to wear, to eat, to drink, or to look at, was the "Jenny Lind Style," or the "Jenny Lind" *par excellence*. Within the last few weeks the "Fall of Serastopol" has been worked in in the same way; and while the twenty-five-cent daguerreotype man speaks his praise under its portentous caption, the corner-store hatter "Knox" it up over his Rocky Mountain beavers, and at the top of the bill of fare at Windust's you can choose "Sevastopol Chowder" for the first course. Indeed, in New York, our shrewd tradesmen leave no stone unturned that will aid in disseminating a knowledge of their wares and ebettels. Before the Mayor's proclamation prohibiting the custom, Broadway was thronged with men and boys of all ages, hues and colors, who, with immense banners, paraded up and down to inform the dear public where the cheapest and best of everything can be procured. One party carried this species of perambulating announcement so far, that he procured a band of music, and organized his company of "standard-bearers," to the amount of forty, and thus marched about to attract attention. Another procured some dozen or two Chinamen, with their grotesque costume, and found the speculation paid well. Some adopt large advertising vans, many of which are built in peculiar shapes, better to represent

the special purpose assigned. Still another party has taken advantage of all the plain surfaces of the rocks in the excavations made on the different railroad lines leading to the city, and the public are informed of the infallibility of the article while gliding along at the rate of forty miles per hour. In truth the whole business community seemed to have arrived at the sage conclusion, that to conduct any enterprise successfully a *pro rata* portion of its receipts must be expended for advertising, and each individual racks his brain for the most perfect system. But another time we have more to say on Newspapers and Advertising.

THE STORMING OF SEVASTOPOL.—The plate facing the title page, presents a superior sketch of the arrangements of the belligerent forces on the 8th of September last. Taken together with the view of Serastopol and environs, given in our November number—which was drawn by the same artist and received by us from the same source—it gives an enlarged and elaborate idea of the gigantic operations that occurred there within a few hours, during which, occurrences most momentous to the whole civilized world were transacted, and at least twenty-five thousand human beings madly hurled forward to that "bourne from whence no traveler returns."

OUR SERIES OF PORTRAITS AND BIOGRAPHIES.—In the February number, and each succeeding issue, up to the date of the approaching presidential election, we shall devote this series exclusively to the prominent candidates for the presidency. As we take no part in politics, all parties will be fairly represented; our object being to advance the individuals and their antecedents fairly before the whole American people. The sketches of Messrs. Wise and Seward being in the most forward state, we shall head off with them; the others will follow in proper succession.

THACKERAY.—This gentleman, who has obtained a kind of reputation among a certain portion of the New York public, is now on his second visit to his admirers. They opened their purses so freely on his first visit, that he has been tempted to take another dip into them.

We must honestly confess, however, that we do not at all share the admiration of those worthy folks for Mr. William Makepeace Thackeray; and his spectacles, so feelingly described by a daily contemporary, have not produced the slightest impression on us. We never could find anything genial either in his writings, or in his lectures. We tried to read "Pendennis," but could not finish it, and we are not alone in that regard. We cannot find a single character in the "Newcomes" which elicits our sympathies; they seem to us like masks and not like men and women. This-lookness is visible in all Mr. Thackeray's creations; they are cold, artificial beings, when they are not impossible, which is only too frequently the case. You will rarely find a generous sentiment, an honest outburst of feeling, or a natural nobility among them. They are solely distinguished by a cockney-genteel villainy, or a cockney-genteel rapidity. As to the moral of the gentleman's works, we never

could find any other than this:—that a fashionable rogue who despised all laws, save those of etiquette, is preferable to an honest man who picks his teeth at the dinner-table. But, in general, the Thackeray books are, as Edgar Poe said of the editor of a certain New York magazine, "remarkable for nothing, except being remarkable for nothing."

Mr. Thackeray's lectures are not much more remarkable than his works. You meet, sometimes, a pleasantly turned phrase, an agreeable assemblage of words, but an original thought—never. Any man of ordinary taste and knowledge, and of a certain mechanical facility of writing, could "get up" his "four Georges." We never could understand why people would pay seventy-five cents admission to a single lecture on the "Wits of Queen Anne's Reign," when, at any old bookstand, they might have the "Spectator" for twelve and a half cents!

But we must give to Cæsar what is Cæsar's due. We had almost forgotten Mr. Thackeray's unique excellence: his unrivalled delinquency of Snobs. As it takes a thief to catch a thief, so it takes a snob to describe a snob. The genius not being exclusively *eis-atlantæ*, we congratulate its New York specimens on the opportunity afforded them of studying the perfection of snobism, under the very spectacles of the great Model Snob himself.

RAPHAEL FELIX AND THE ATHENIANS.—Our friend, the director of the Rachel troupe, during his late campaign in the Modern Athens, has excited the ire of our confrères of that intellectual city. The Boston journalists, it seems, will not suffer in silence any attempt to deprive them of the traditional rights of the Press. They are not such easy-going, good-natured folks (though we say it, who should not say it) as their New York brethren. Criticism in Boston cannot be thrust into the back-ground with impunity.

The verdict of the critics of the Empire city, with regard to the genius of M^{lle} Rachel, having been ratified by the Bostonians, and the theater being filled every evening, M. Félix, imagining that he had no longer any need of the "gentlemen of the Press," unwisely conceived the idea of economizing a certain number of two-dollar back seats, by showing those worthies the wrong side of the door. The morning after this *coup d'état* he was assailed by a thousand shafts from a thousand literary quivers. On the next evening of performance the theater was half empty, and M^{lle} Rachel was seized with an indisposition which lasted two days. It was only on the farewell representation that the genius of the sister overcame the bad feeling excited by the impolitic measure of the brother.

Though the members of the New York Press have not been exiled from the theater by a sumptuary decree of M. Félix, they have been subject to many annoyances, which, with a delicacy that does them honor, they have borne in silence, through respect for the talent of M^{lle} Rachel. We hope M. Félix may profit by the unpleasant lesson he has received in Boston: and that he may be like the rat in the fable, who became all the wiser for having lost his caudal appendage in the wars.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

The Laughing Philosopher is far from being in a laughing mood at present; he has met with a sudden check in his flight to fame. We think it will rather do him good than harm; for since a page of the U. S. M. has been devoted to his "po'thry," he has had such an overwhelming opinion of himself, that it was rather ticklish work to get along with him. He has had the fate of all those who, through vanishing ambition, overleap themselves and fall—on a side that should be nameless.

The late Target Excursion of the EMERSON GEARS seemed to offer Democritus, Jr. a glorious opportunity of obtaining that notoriety which is the ruling passion of all geniuses, serious as well as comical. Previous to the election for captain of that rising corps, he was busily occupied in pulling all sorts of wires to secure a nomination. He left no means untried to induce the members of the Guard to favor his views, and even endeavored to procure the suffrage of the unsophisticated "Jim" by the promise of a bran new eighteen-penny "skinner" at New Years. Jim, however, with a high sense of morality not often to be found even in men of maturer years, secretly sought the worthy gentleman to whom the company is indebted for a local habitation and a name, and informed him of this unblushing attempt to tamper with the purity of the ballot-box.

It is needless to say, that Democritus' only qualification for the office of captain was an unlimited amount of what is vulgarly called "cheek;" for he has never read a line of "Scott's Tactics" in his life. The only squadrons he ever set in the field were pumpkins, and history does not say that even those ever became "some." The Guards wanted a man at their head who knew what he was about, and on the day of election the Philosopher had not a "livin' sight." Jim was rewarded for his honorable conduct by being appointed to bear the "Stripes and Stars," and Democritus thus disappointed, threw into the store the speech he had "corked up" for the occasion. He abandoned the military career altogether, and turned his attention to politics. We regret to say that he has not been more successful in the science of government than in that of war. He has been attending meetings of all varieties of "shells," but unfortunately, the last he honored with his presence was a "hard" one to him.

A few evenings before the 4th of November, as he was sauntering about in the neighborhood of the UNITED STATES MAGAZINE office, Democritus' attention was attracted by an immense sheet of canvas which almost covered the mortal remains of an edifice which, if we believe what some folks tell us, used to give laws to the Union in the good old time—and a very good time that must have been. The impression made upon our Philosopher was heightened by the performance of a "Yankee Doodle" by a brass band of at least twenty trombone power. He squeezed his way to the temporary platform which was erected before the "time-honored" Hall, where many a well-known patriot swallowed many a well-stiffed whiskey punch. By dint of shoving and nudging and poking, he got upon the stand; music having ceased, a plump and p.

gentleman was in the act of addressing the meeting—

"Follow-citizens!" said he, "we must preserve our liberties. Freedom is the birthright of every American. Our fathers fit and bled to secure it for us. The United, Independent, Democratic, Republican, Mutual Compensation and Spoilation Union alone can save the country. Let us then be united, fellow-citizens, and we'll disappoint those misguided individuals who would squeeze the wind out of Liberty, knock Fraternity into a cocked hat, and play the very devil with Equality. (Tremendous applause.)

Democritus would have had no objection to "angrily" the point, but seeing the manner in which an unlucky citizen, who dared to avail himself of that freedom of speech which is his birthright, was "persuaded" by the "roughs," he determined to content himself with freedom of thought for the moment.

Another speaker now stood up, and in most pathetic language apostrophized the Spirits of the Past. They made no reply, however, either by rapping or otherwise, but the "Spirits" of the Present unmistakably manifested themselves to the nostrils of those who were not fortunate enough to have a severe cold in the head.

A pause now took place in consequence of a dearth of speakers. The great untirred and unwarmed, began to get impatient and unpleasant noises proceeded from various portions of the crowd. Luckily, an incident occurred at this moment which afforded a quarter of an hour's amusement. This was a grand "set-to" between a pair of delegates, who, having too plentifully indulged in "slings," mutually accused each other of being the greatest rogue out of Sing Sing, and seemed determined to wind up the labors of the day by a regular "smash."



The temporary distraction afforded by this incident having been ended by a reconciliation of the combatants, who, with the peace-makers, had gone to make up the matter by a general drink, the crowd began to grow troublesome. In this predicament, the chairman, seeing our young friend, Democritus, on the stand, gave orders to have him brought forward, and another gentleman in the White Hat, in honor of addressing the meet-

ing. The announcement was received with three cheers for the "man with the White Hat."

Democritus felt that now was his time to "go in" at all events, and trust to chance for not coming out "squeezed."

"Fellow citizens!" said he.

"Hooray!" shouted an excited citizen in shirt sleeves for whose portrait we are indebted to our friend Phidias.



"Ahem! ahem!" coughed Democritus, trying to collect his ideas.

"Hear, hear!" cried the excited citizen.

"Coming as I do, altogether unprepared, I am altogether at a loss for something to say."

"Never mind! go ahead! we ain't over particular."

"However, fellow-citizens, when my country calls upon me I hope I shall never be found wanting."

"Hooray! Hooray!"

"You're a brick! throw the 'bones' there," said the excited citizen, taking Democritus' hand, and squeezing it almost into a jelly.

"Fellow-citizens!" said Democritus, "it grieves me to see the divisions and dissensions that are daily growing up amongst us. Instead of forming one solid front against the enemies of liberty, we split up into a thousand factions, each one of which is ruled by some crafty politician whose only end is to get a good fat office! [Applause among the crowd: symptoms of disapprobation on the platform]. I have no particular prejudice against Jamaica Rum. [Great applause]. I go in for its use and not for its abuse; and there my friends is the rub: when its abuse begins and when its use ends. I don't agree with my friend who has just addressed you that a man should be allowed to poison himself if he likes; we have just as good a right to prevent a man from killing himself with bad brandy as we have to stop him from cutting his throat with a razor. [Evident dissatisfaction]."

Democritus was interrupted by cries from all sides: some requested him to "shut up" and "bust," while a few indignant citizens invited the folks on the stand to toss him over.

Still undaunted, Democritus went on:—"Where are your candidates nominated? In grog-shops. Where are the head-quarters of your military companies? In bar-rooms. Who are the captains of more than one-half of them? Bar-keepers. Who—"

The orator's further progress was stopped by his beaver being driven down to his very shoulders. This proceeding most effectually stopped his month. He was struggling with all his might to get from under the "Rocky-mountain," when he felt his heels going up in the air and his head in a downward direction—he was pitched clean over the platform! The crowd received him with open arms, but not with open hands. Half-suffocated, our unfortunate philosopher was tossed about, receiving polite attention, in the shape of applications of muddy boots applied to all portions of his unlucky corpus. At this moment a procession, formed of the very hardest of the hard, emanating from a portion of the city celebrated for its pugnacious propensities, made its appearance on the ground. One word borrows another, and with those excitable folks two words generally borrow a blow, which is usually repaid with interest and again renewed *ad infinitum*. The "acrimidge" soon became general. Aldermen and torch-boys—candidates for congress, and soap-fat men—judges and pickpockets—council-men and rag-pickers—Jews and gentiles—all "went in" in the strongest possible manner. Poor Democritus, not belonging to any party, had to bear the kicks and cuffs of all. There was not the slightest respect for the rights of neutrals.

"What sort of a shell have you got?" said one, seizing Democritus.

"I ain't got no shell," muttered Democritus, from under the "Rocky Mountain."

"Those that ain't with us is against us," said his questioner, applying the hardest part of his boot to the softest portion of Democritus' "shell."

A six-footer of most terrible consistency now got hold of our half-smothered poet.

"Hard shell or soft?" said he.

"Hard shell," replied Democritus, who thought it the wiser plan to take some side.

"Hard shell, eh!" said the other. "Let's see how you can stand a 'bombshell'; and his immense fist came down with terrible force on the poor philosopher's devoted head."

When he got over the dizziness which follows such forcible appeals to the understanding, Democritus recognized the truth of the proverb, that the worst wind blows a certain quantity of good. The "stunner" he had received had knocked the crown out of his beaver, and he at last breathed freely, the remains of his unlucky tile hanging around his neck like a dog-collar. The repeated punctions he had received got his dander completely up, and he determined to take it out on somebody or something. He noticed an individual of diminutive stature, dressed in a red shirt and with a cigar in his mouth, lying on the ground. He threw himself on that personage, and commenced pummeling him with all his might; but after a few rounds he perceived that he had to do with a hard customer, and that his own knuckles were likely to get the worst of it. He now discovered that he had been pitching into a tobacco-seller's sign, which had been knocked from its pedestal, in the row. He kicked "Mose" into the gutter, rushed at a small boy who was carrying a banner, and revenged his insulted feelings on the unlucky juvenile. The combatants

now began to grow weary, and blows became fewer and further between. Some of the belligerents went into friendly bar-rooms to refresh the inward man; others repaired to the druggist's, to patch up the outer; while those who had still strength enough to walk, moved—



AN ADJOURNMENT.

Democritus, bearing the captured banner as a trophy, adjourned to his bed, where we found him next morning in a most damaged state of body and mind. His nose, which was remarkable for its elevated tendencies, was as flat as that of the Chinese who sells segarettes on Broadway. Both his eyes were, in pugilistic phrase, awfully "banged up." His hair was frightfully singed; and in fact all his features were so completely knocked out of place, that he was scarcely recognizable. Previous to this unlucky affair we had his portrait engraved with the intention of publishing it at the head of his next poem; but we are forced to give up the idea, fearing that he may never look like himself again.

The "Rocky Mountain," of which he was so proud, is no more. The family watch, which had the respectable proportions of a moderate-sized warming-pan, and which he delighted in consulting every quarter of an hour, has disappeared. The worsted mittens have gone the way of all wool; and the "long-tailed blue" has been metamorphosed into a "round-about."

His ideas have been so disturbed, that any poetical attempt on his part, at this moment, is impossible. Our readers will be happy to learn, however, that, as his eyes grow less black, things don't seem to look so blue. He cites Mr. Beecher's remark, that "when a man wishes to become a reformer, he must roll himself up in a ball, and let every body have a kick at him." He has at last made a good beginning, he says, for he has got a most infernal kicking.

"Democritus is under a cloud sir," said he to us the other day; "but that ain't nothing; the sun himself gets his hide from us now and then; but he cuts up a greater shine than ever when the eclipse is over."



United States Magazine.

Vol. II.].....JANUARY, 1856.....[No. 8.

INDIAN CORN.

(*Zea Mays* of LINNÆUS.) The discovery of America gave three important staples to the civilized world; *Indian corn, potatoes and tobacco*, all of which have been proven to be indigenous to the New World. Although among the scores of European adventurers, who at its discovery flocked to this country in search of the precious metals, thousands were disappointed, and left their bones to whiten in climes far distant from the land of their birth; still, the incalculable value of the two first-mentioned products have since—even as preventives of starvation in cases of national famine—like their own prolific yields—saved at least one thousand for every life sacrificed as above, and in their manifold blessings to the great human family, are of more import than all the gold and silver mines extant. As evidence of this last fact, it would be well to state, that the whole yield of the gold regions west of the Rocky Mountains cannot be estimated at over \$50,000,000 per annum. As early as 1839, the Indian corn crop of the United States, at the lowest valuation, was worth \$170,000,000. In 1840, according to the census returns, the crop was 377,531,875 bushels; of 1850, 592,071,104 bushels; showing an increase of 214,539,229 bushels; the whole

crop, at the average valuation of fifty cents per bushel, amounts to \$296,035,532. Competent authorities estimate the yield of this cereal in this Republic, in 1855, at 750,000,000 bushels; which, as above, represents \$325,000,000—over six times the value of the gold mines in the product of this grain alone.

Of the whole value of the cereals cultivated in the United States, Indian corn unquestionably takes precedence in the scale of crops, as it is best adapted to the soil and climate, and furnishes the largest amount of nutritive food. When due regard is paid to the selection of varieties, and cultivated in proper soil, it may be accounted as a sure crop in almost every portion of the habitable globe, between the 44th parallels of latitude north and south. Thus in every region where the hand of civilization has broken the turf, this beautiful grain generally receives a large share of attention. On this continent it is raised from ocean to ocean—from Canada to Patagonia, and the adjacent islands, through almost every variety of climate and people, and over an extent from north to south of more than six thousand miles. It was introduced into Africa by the Portuguese, early in the sixteenth century; and is known to have been sown in Spain in the time of Philip II., (1555-1598). The Turks, Italians and French became acquainted with it about the same time; from the former it became known among the people inhabiting the banks of the Danube, Hungary's alluvial soil seemed to be particularly well suited to it; from there it made its way into Styria, under the name of Turkey wheat; from Lombardy it was taken to Karinthia, Tyrol, and from thence it was carried over the mountains into Germany, where it was raised in gardens up to the seventeenth century as a curious plant. The repeated loss of the potato crop by rot, has given a wonderful impetus to the growing of Indian corn in many parts of the eastern continent, and it is now cultivated more or less from the Mediterranean Sea and the Libyan Desert to the Cape of Good Hope. In Java and the Asiatic Isles, it forms an important product. In Central Asia, it is known and valued, as well as in Australia and the islands of the Indian Ocean. Considerable is produced, and vast quantities consumed in

Great Britain; and in Hungary, in Lombardy, in France, in Spain, and we might almost say, from the Ural chain to the Atlantic, it is cultivated. No grain could secure such favor from all parts of the world, except from its intrinsic value, and with the single exception of rice, is the most extensively produced. As it flourishes in warm climates, on high and dry land, where rice will not grow, it will enable Hindostan and all the countries of northern Asia, including Turkey and the Isles of the ocean, to maintain at some future period, a population twice as numerous as they could without it; and as it is a very certain and safe crop, it will permanently relieve these countries from the severe famines, with which they have so often been afflicted, and thus contribute immensely to the comforts, and welfare of our race. American farmers regard Indian corn as one of the most important crops. Indeed, for general usefulness, it must be admitted as inferior to none. Although, in the present state of society, it is not used for bread so much as wheat, still there are so many modes of preparing and cooking it, by which such varieties of delicacies and substantials are formed, and dishes improved, that, as an article of food, it is almost indispensable. For domestic animals, it is far more important than wheat. Its oil, and other elements, places it among the most fattening of the cereals; thus its parts, as the leaves and stalks, furnish a fodder superior to straw. In short, there is nothing in the crop which may not be turned to account; even the cob should not be thrown away—it is meal, meadow, and manure for our agriculturists, and, like oats in Scotland, food for man and horse. Were the sugar cane to become extinct, the stalks of Indian corn would become a substitute, and sugar would be one of the essential products of the corn crop.

We take it for granted that there is no further dispute in regard to the nativity of Indian corn. The learned thesis of Baron Humboldt, and hosts of other undeniable evidences, among which are the following, places the point beyond cavil. It did not grow in that part of Asia, watered by the Indus, at the time of Alexander the Great's expedition, as it is not, among the products of that country, mentioned



by Nearchus, the commander of the fleet. Neither is it noticed by Arrian, Diodorus, Columella, nor any other ancient author; and even as late as 1491, the year before Columbus discovered America, Joan di Cuba, in his "Ortis Sanctitatis," makes no mention of it. It has never been found in ancient tumulus, macrophagus or pyramid; nor has it ever been represented in any ancient painting, except in America. But on this continent, according to Garcilaso de la Vega, one of the earliest Peruvian historians, the palace gardens of the Incas were ornamented with maize in gold and silver, with all the grains, spikes, stalks and leaves; and, in one instance, in the "Garden of Gold and Silver," there was an entire corn-field, of considerable size, representing the maize in its exact and natural shape—a proof no less of the wealth of the Incas, than of their veneration of this important grain. As further evidence of the American origin of this plant, it may be stated that it is found growing in a wild state, from the Rocky Mountains, in North America, to the humid forests of Paraguay; where, instead of having each grain naked, as is always the case after long cultivation, it is completely covered with glumes, or husks, as denoted by the engraving on page 243. It is, moreover, a well authenticated fact, that maize was found in a state of cultivation, by the aborigines, on the island of Cuba, at the time of its discovery by Columbus, as well as in most other places in America first explored by Europeans. Several Peruvian mummies, were unwrapped in Philadelphia some years since; inside the envelope were found several small bags of Indian corn meal, and one ear of Indian corn entire.

Most probably, the long-continued controversy in regard to the nativity of this plant, was occasioned by the various applications of the noun *corn*—Saxon *corn*; Dutch *koorn*; German, Danish and Swedish *korn*—which, abroad, is used to distinguish all the cereals, viz., wheat, rye, maize, oats, barley, rice, millet, and buckwheat, where that term is generally added to the above, as wheat-corn, rye-corn, maize-corn, barley-corn, etc.: whereas, in this country, we say as above, wheat, rye, corn, etc.; and in each case, mean the plant as well as the shelled grain, as a field of corn, a sheaf of wheat, a stalk of rye, a head of barley.

Some time since, in one of the counties of Pennsylvania, a man having been indicted for stealing so many bushels of corn, exception was taken by his counsel, that this was not a perfect description of Indian corn; the exception was, however, overruled by the court, who thus decided that, in American jurisprudence, "*corn*" was the established name for Indian corn.

Zea, the name of the family to which maize belongs was derived from the Greek *ζωω*, to live, from the grain possessing those nutritious qualities, which are capable of sustaining life. The word *maize*, in the Gaelic or Irish, is food. In the Lettish and Levonic languages, in the north of Europe, *mayse* is bread. The French name *Ble d'Inde*; the Spanish, *Trigo de India*; the Italian *Grano da India*; and the Portuguese, *Milho da India*, are so called from the grain having been first introduced from America, which, at the time of its discovery was called the Indies; and the French, *Ble de Turquie*; the Italian, *Grano Turco*; the German, *Turkischer*

Korn; the Dutch or Holland, *Turksch Koorn*; the Swedish and Danish, *Turkish Hvede*; and the Russian, *Turenkoichleb*, probably had their origin, from the circumstance that maize was early brought to the notice of these countries from Turkey. The French, *Ble d'Espagne*, and the Italian *Grano Siciliano*, had, no doubt, their origin from a similar source.

Among many extracts in regard to the cultivation of Indian corn by the native Americans, we select the following by Captain John Smith, from his account of the Indians of Virginia. "The greatest labor they take is in planting their corn, for the country naturally is overgrown with wood. To prepare the ground, they bruise the bark of the trees near the root, then do they scorch the roots with fire, that they grow no more. The next year, with a crooked piece of wood, they beat up the weeds by the roots, and in that mould they plant their corn. Their manner is this: they make a hole in the earth with a stick, and into it they put four grains of wheate (maize), and two of beanes. These holes they make foure foote one from another. Their women and children doe continually keep it with weeding, and when it is growne middle high, they hill it about like a hop-yard. In Aprill they begin to plant, but their chiefe plantations is in May, and so they continue till the midst of June. What they plant in Aprill, they reape in August; for May, in September; for June, in October. Every stalks of their corne commonly beareth two ears, some three, seldom any, foure, many but one, and some none. Every ear, ordinarily, hath betwixt 200 and 500 graines. The stalks being greene, hath a sweete juice in it, somewhat like sugar cane, which is the cause that when they gather their greene corne, they make the stalkes; for, as we gather greene pease, so doe they their corne, which exelleth their old. Their corne they roast in the ear greene, and bruising it in a mortar of wood with a plot, lap it in rowles in the leaves of their corne, and so boyle it for a dantie. They also receive that corne late planted, that will not ripe by roasting in hot ashes, the heat thereof drying it. In winter, they esteeme it being boyled with beanes for a rare dish they call *Panacotomona*. Their old wheate (maize) they first steepe a night in hot water, in the morning pounding it in a mortar. They use a small basket for their termes (seive), then pound again the great, and so separating by dashing their hand into the basket, receive the flour in a platter made of wood, scraped to that forme with burning and shels. Tempering this flower with water, they make it either in cakes, covering them with ashes till they are baked, and then washing them in faire water, they drie presently with their owne heat; or else boyle them in water, eating the broth with the bread, which they call *Powep*. The grontes and pieces of the cornes remaining, by fanning in a platter or in the wind, away, the branne they boyle three or foure houres, with water, which is an ordinary food they call *Vatashamen*. But some more thrifte than cleanly doe burn the core (cob) of the ear to powder, which they call *Pungumoth*, mingling that in their meale, but it never tasted well in bread nor broth." Some tribes cultivated the plant in fields of sufficient size to entitle them to the name of agriculturists. It was



W.D.A., or Rocky Mountain Corn.

undoubtedly highly prized by them as an essential article of support, and it has been stated that the warriors of the six nations were in the habit of undertaking journeys of thousands of miles in extent, carrying no other food than a little meal from parched and pounded corn, relying on the forest for meat. One table spoonful of this meal, mixed with a little sugar and water, will sustain a warrior for twenty-four hours, without other food.

The corn plant, or its grain, frequently entered into the forms, the ceremonies, and the mythologies of many of the Indian tribes, both in North and in South America. From accounts handed down by the celebrated Incas, it appears that the Peruvians cultivated *maize* at an early period. Their traditions say, that about 730 years ago, they consisted of a great number of wandering tribes, who were cruel and barbarous in their habits and customs. About 400 years before they were conquered by the Spaniards an Indian by the name of Inca Manco Capac, of more than ordinary refinement and magic, succeeded in persuading his fellows that he and his wife, Mama Oello Hauco, originated from the Sun, and he had descended from heaven to instruct and bestow benefits upon them, agreeable to the wishes of their father, whom he called *Pachacamac*, (the soul of the universe, and sustainer of all things). By his wisdom he succeeded in bringing these tribes together, and making them believe in his celestial origin. He taught them that his *Father*, the Sun, traveled every day around the world, to discover the wants and necessities of all things, that he might apply himself to their succor and redress. He also taught them to build houses, to cultivate the soil, raise *maize* and other grains; and his wife instructed the women in spinning and weaving cotton and wool, to make garments for the men, the children and themselves. From this, Inca Manco Capac is supposed to have been the founder of the celebrated line of Incas, who reigned in

direct lineage from his time till they were conquered by the Spaniards, some 400 years afterward. During this period the Peruvians made rapid advancement in wealth, agriculture, and the arts. This race of kings made their subjects believe, that after the universal deluge, the sun's rays fell on the island in Lake Titicaca, before they looked upon any other part of the world; thus showing that from that spot should first emanate the doctrines of light and knowledge: that this was the place where Manco Capac and his wife first landed, when they proceeded from the Sun. The Incas and all their subjects venerated this spot as a sacred and holy piece of ground, and accordingly erected upon it a magnificent temple, all plated with gold, which was dedicated to their father the Sun, to which the Indians from all the provinces brought yearly, gold and precious stones. The sterile land of the island was brought to a high state of cultivation. They grew upon it *maize*, flax, and other seeds. The produce was thrown into the public granaries, and into those of the Sun and the king, believing that some divine virtue was contained in it, and that it would bless and increase the corn with which it was mixed, preserve it from decay, and make it better adapted to sustain life; and that the Indian who was so fortunate as to be able to get but one grain of this *maize* to throw into his heap, was persuaded to believe that he should never be in want for bread. During the high feast, *Cayacayasi* held in the first month *Raymi*, agreeing with our December, no stranger was suffered to lodge in Cuzco, to which they again all assembled as soon as the festival was over, to receive cakes made of *maize*, and the warm blood of a white Alpaca, by *Mammacunas* (select virgins), and distributed by certain priests, who, in carrying them about in dishes of gold, gave each of the Indians one, saying, as they delivered it—"If you do not reverence the Sun and Inca, this food will bear witness against you to your ruin; but if you worship them, then their bodies, by this pledge, will be united to yours." After which, those who had eaten of the cakes promised obedience, and thanked the Sun and Inca for their food. In the beginning of the month *Hatunacuy*, which corresponds to our May, the Peruvians gathered their *maize*, and kept the feast *Aysayari*. They returned home singing from the fields, carrying with them a large heap of *maize*, which they call *Perus*, wrapping it up in rich garments. They continue their ceremonies for three nights, imploring the *Perus* to preserve their harvest of *maize* from any damage that might chance to befall it, and also to cause that to grow prosperously, which they should next plant. Last, their sorcerers consulted their god whether the *Perus* could last till the next year; and if they did not answer in the affirmative, they carried it into the fields, and burned or parched it, with the view of making a new *Perus*, which they bore to their granaries in great triumph, and mingled it with other corn.

Our western Indians have a tradition, that the seeds of the plants they cultivate were presented by the Great Spirit—that on a certain occasion the Great Spirit had descended to this earth in the form of a beautiful agaw; that where she first touched the ground with her feet, there sprung up the Indian corn;

where she placed her right hand grew up the bean; and where she put her left hand, pumpkins and squashes; and where she seated herself on the ground, grew tobacco. Another tradition respecting the origin of *maize* was obtained from the Ojibwas, by Mr. Schoolcraft. A young man went out in the woods to fast, at that period of life when youth is exchanged for manhood. He built a lodge of boughs in a secluded place, and painted his face of a sombre hue. By day he amused himself in walking about, looking at the various shrubs and wild plants; and at night he lay down in his bower, which, being open, he could look up to the sky. He sought a gift from the Master of Life, and he hoped it would be something to benefit his race. On the third day he became too weak to leave the lodge, and as he lay gazing upward, he saw a spirit come down in the shape of a beautiful young man, dressed in green, and having green plumes on his head, who told him to arise and wrestle with him, as this was the only way in which he could obtain his wishes. He did so, and found his strength renewed by the effort. This visit and the trial of wrestling was renewed for four days, the youth feeling at each trial that although his bodily strength declined, a moral and supernatural energy was imparted, which promised him the final victory. On the sixth day his celestial visitor spoke to him. "To-morrow," said he, "will be the seventh day of your fast, and the last time I shall wrestle with you. You will triumph over me, and gain your wishes. As soon as you have thrown me down, strip off my clothes, and bury me on the spot, in soft, fresh earth. When you have done this, leave me, but come occasionally, to visit the place and keep the weeds from growing. Once or twice cover me with fresh earth. He then departed, but returned the next day, and as he had predicted, was thrown down. The young man punctually obeyed his instructions in every particular, and soon had the pleasure of seeing the green plumes of his sky visitor shooting up through the ground. He carefully weeded the earth, and kept it fresh and soft, and in due time was gratified by beholding the matured plant, bending with its yellow fruit, and gracefully waving its green leaves and yellow tassels in the wind. He then invited his parents to the spot, to behold the new plant. "It is Mondamin," replied his father, "it is the spirit's grain." They immediately prepared a feast, and invited their friends to partake of it; and this is the origin of Indian corn.

One of the grand features in the history of Indian corn, was its introduction into Ireland to supply the place of the potatoe during the famine of 1847. Of course, its original introduction into Europe, probably dates back to the days of Columbus; but in Great Britain, until within a few years, little attention has been paid to its use or culture. A most amusing, and in many respects instructive, work was published some years since by William Cobbet, upon the merits of Indian corn, whose sanguine wishes upon the subject of its introduction as a field crop into England, led him further than most people have been inclined to accompany him. It was remarked that Cobbet was corn-mad at one time. He saw too soon by twenty years, and depended on cultivation rather than

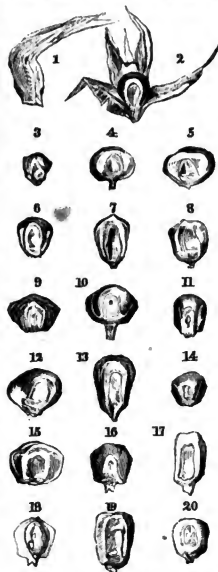
importation. He wrote about Indian corn—planted Indian corn—ate Indian corn—raised Indian corn—made paper of Indian corn husks, and printed a book from the Indian corn paper." This work presents a very minute and interesting account of various manipulations which must be attended to by the corn grower, before the grain is ready for market, as well as very particular directions for turning the produce to the best and most profitable account in domestic economy. At the Great Exhibition in London, in 1851, among the many specimens of maize, from various parts of the world, there were exhibited varieties cultivated on that island, which gave evidence that the British nation are rapidly becoming convinced of the great value of this cereal. During the last two or three years, the Royal Consort, Prince Albert, has devoted much attention to the subject, in which he has been ably assisted by Mr. Cauldwell, of Wisconsin, who was called to Europe expressly for the purpose.

The first successful attempt of Europeans in North America to cultivate this grain, was made by the English at James river, in Virginia, in 1608. The colonists sent over by the London company adopted the mode then practiced by the Indians, which, with some modifications, has been pursued ever since. The year following, thirty or forty acres were broken up and planted by the colonists near Jamestown. The yield at that time is represented to have been from two hundred to more than a thousand fold. In 1621, the Indians, Samoset and Squanto, visited the Pilgrims at Plymouth, and instructed them how corn should be planted, and the manner in which the ground should be manured with alewives. The colonists planted twenty acres with corn, and six with barley and peas. The corn produced well, but the other two failed. The same year Edward Winslow and Stephen Hopkins visited the Indians at Namsasket, in Middleborough, who received them with great joy, and regaled them with bread, called *masamum*, made of Indian corn. In 1629, the yield at Massachusetts Bay, was from two hundred to five hundred to one. Thirteen gallons of seed gave fifty-two bushels of corn, of seven bushels each. The returns in many of our Western States, during their first settlement, have been most prolific: in Illinois, is one or two other States, the first yields of Indian corn, have in many instances been a thousand-fold.

The wide and wonderful climatic range of Indian corn is due, in part, to a peculiar elasticity of the plant, different from that controlling in adaptation in almost every other, and which admits its compression within a very brief period of growth. It seems to be restricted to but one condition, rigidity, which is the temperature of the period in which it ripens; and this is less than that required for every other plant, for the growth of which the same temperature is necessary. The three summer months are the extent of this requirement of time (two months often suffices), and the thermal distribution on this continent is such, that every portion of it, almost to the limit of cultivation in the north, gives the necessary summer heat. The most important exception is a narrow line on the Pacific coast, and to this there is a general addition of some of the more considerably elevated localities in mountainous

portions. Even in the valley of the Red river of the North, at the 51st parallel of latitude, a small variety may be successfully grown; and in the St. Lawrence valley the same cultivation may be carried to the 47th parallel.

Although undoubtedly all derived by cultivation from the same parentage—the Wild, or Rocky mountain corn—there is an almost incredible number of varieties at present produced on various parts of this continent, exhibiting many grades of size, color and conformation. Annexed we present outline sketches of about twenty varieties, embracing from the original to the most improved qualities. Mr.



1 and 2. Original Wild or Rocky Mountain Corn.

3. Rice Corn.
4. Jersey White Flint.
5. Tuscarora.
6. Ohio White Flint.
7. Kentucky White.
8. Virginia Golden.
9. King Philip.
10. Middle-sized eight-rowed Yellow.
11. Samoset.
12. Improved Dutton.
13. Ohio Dent.
14. Small eight-rowed Yellow.
15. Blood Red.
16. New Mexican Black.
17. Oregon Shoe Peg.
18. Canada Pop Corn.
19. White Dent seed.
20. Golden Sucker.

P. A. Brown, in his interesting thesis on this subject, presents a large classification, embracing over fifty varieties. It is an interesting fact, that the rows of grains on a cob, however

numerous or limited, always present even numbers. The varieties best adapted for the middle and southern States are the large white and yellow Gourd seeds; the yellow Shoe-peg or Oregon, and the New Mexican and North Carolina White-flints. In the more northerly and eastern States, the Improved King Philip, or Eight-rowed yellow; Twelve-rowed Dutton; the large Golden and White-flints; the Tuscarora; the Mammoth sweet, and the Stowell late green, are particularly deserving of culture. We have lately observed most glowing accounts of the Wiantot, a white-flint variety, said to be most prolific in its yield—producing half-a-dozen stalks from each grain, and several ears upon each stalk. Indeed, it has been stated that twenty-eight sound full ears were gathered from one plant. A new dwarf variety, called *Forty Days' Maize*, from the south of Spain, reputed once to have ripened high up in the Alps in forty days after planting, was distributed by the Agricultural department of the Patent Office during the last year. The object of introducing this variety among us, was on account of its quick growth, early maturity, and sweet flavor in the green state, as well as the delicacy of the flavor of the bread made from its meal. Beside, it appears to be well adapted to the high latitudes and elevated valleys in many parts of the country, where other kinds of corn will not thrive, and with a chance of coming it with the larger sorts, to which it might impart in a degree its qualities of early ripening, if not of taste.

Mr. John Loran, in his "Practice of Husbandry," says:—"There are five original corns in use for field planting in the middle and southern States, to wit, the big white and yellow, the little white and yellow, and the white Virginia gourdseed. The cobs of the two first-mentioned are thick and long, the grains are much wider than deep, and where the rows of grains meet and unite with each other, their sides fall off almost to nothing. This gives the outside of the grain a circular form; and communicates to the ear an appearance something like a fluted column. This formation greatly diminishes the size of the ends and sides of the grains, and is the cause of the hard flinty corns being less productive, in proportion to the length and thickness of their cobs, than the gourdseed corn. As the little white and yellow are formed much in the same way, and the cobs are considerably smaller, they are still less productive than the big white and yellow, but ripen earlier. The grain of those four flinty kinds are very firm, and without indurancy in the outside ends. The two smaller kinds seem to be still more hard and solid than the larger; and the color of the little yellow, deeper than that of the big. The ears of the Virginia gourdseed are not very long, neither is the cob so thick as that of the big white and yellow; but the formation of the grain makes the ear very thick. They frequently produce from thirty to thirty-two, and sometimes thirty-six rows of very long narrow grains, of a soft, open texture. These grains are almost flat at the outside end, are also compactly united from the cob to the surface of the ear, without any of that fluted appearance, between the rows of grain, which causes the flinty corn to be much less productive in proportion to the size of the ears. The

gourdseed ripens later than any other, but is by far the most productive. It is invariably white, unless it has been mixed with the yellow flinty corn: then it is called the yellow gourdseed, and too many farmers consider it and most other mixtures original corn. I have often heard of original yellow gourdseed corn; but after taking much trouble to investigate the fact, could never find anything more than a mixture. So frequent are mixtures of this kind, that I have never examined a field of corn (where great care had been taken to select the seed), which did not exhibit evident traces of all the corns in use for general field planting, with many others that are not used for this purpose. None can be longer or more readily traced than the gourdseed. If the smallest perfectly natural indurated appears in the grain of the hardest corn, these grains, with their descendants, may be grown, until a perfectly white gourdseed is obtained, be their color what they may. In the northerly division of the United States they frequently plant the small Canada corns. These are solid and very early, but have been generally thought too small to be very productive, and are seldom planted in fields where the larger corns ripen. These corns, and others, which are still much smaller and earlier, are grown by many for earlier boiling, or roasting while green. The Canadian corn plant is considerably smaller than the corn plants generally in use for field planting. It is also productive in ears. Therefore, the intervals, as well as the clusters in the row, might be closer together. If the soil were as well manured for this kind of corn as is done for the larger corns (when the farmer is well informed and able to do it), very valuable crops may be obtained from it: particularly if it were only slightly mixed with the gourdseed corn. There are also red, blue and purple corns, but none of these are used for field planting; still, having been introduced, they, too, often appear in our fields, either in their native colors, or in variegated or enameled grains. The leaves of the plant are also variegated from the same cause. It is said that a good purple die is formed by using the purple corns for the purpose; and the stalks and leaves of this plant are purple, or a shade between that color and green. I have also seen corn with red stalks and leaves, but mixed with more or less green. As novelty and other causes have introduced such a great variety into our fields, they will continue to appear in them until farmers generally give more attention to the economy of maize, and see the necessity of growing out inferior kinds, so far as it may be practicable. Although they may be divided almost at *infinitum*, they cannot be entirely eradicated; they may, however, be readily reduced and kept under, so as not to do any material injury to the crops, provided the cultivator very carefully and annually selects his seed. It may be from the latest remains of these mixed varieties that nature, from combining causes, sometimes produces plants and animals more perfect than the classes from which they sprang!

To produce cheap corn on poor land, one needs a clear understanding of what elements of the crop air and water will furnish, and what they cannot supply. It should be

remembered, that the atmosphere is precisely the same over ground which yields one hundred bushels corn per acre, that it is over that which produces only five bushels per acre. Now, the whole matter which forms the stems, roots, leaves, cobs, and seeds of corn, where the crop is one hundred bushels per acre, is not part and parcel of the soil. A harvest equal to fifty bushels per acre, can be obtained without consuming over ten per cent. of earth as compared with the weight of the crop. No plant can imbibe more of the substance of the soil than is dissolved in water, or rendered gaseous by the decomposition of mold. The quantity of matter dissolved, whether organic or inorganic, during the few weeks in which corn plants organize the bulk of their solids, is small. From ninety-three to ninety-seven parts of the dry matter in a mature, perfect plant, including its seeds, cobs, stems, leaves and roots, are carbon and the elements of water. It is not only an important, but an exceedingly instructive fact, that the most effective fertilizers known in agriculture, are those that least abound in the elements of water and carbon. The unleached dry excrements of dung-hill fowls and pigeons, have five times the fertilizing power, on all cereal plants, that the dry dung of a grass fed cow has, although the latter has five times more carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen per 100lbs., than the former. Although it is desirable to apply to the soil in which corn is to grow, as much of the organized carbon and water as one conveniently can, yet, where fertilizers have to be transported many miles, it is important to know that so much of the manure as would form coal if carefully burnt, can best be spared. The same is true of those elements in manure, which form vapor or water, when the fertilizer decomposes in the ground. Carbonic acid and nascent hydrogen, evolved in rotting stable manure, are truly valuable food for plants, and perform important chemical offices in the soil; but they are, nevertheless, not so indispensable to the economical production of crops, as available nitrogen, potash, silica, magnesia, sulphur, and phosphorus. These elements of plants being less abundant in plants, and quite indispensable in forming corn, cotton, and every other product of the soil, their artificial supply in guano, poudrette, and other highly concentrated fertilizers, adds immensely to the harvest, through the aid of a small weight of matter. If a moiety of the elements of bread and meat, fruit and garden vegetables, annually consumed by the twenty-eight millions of people in the United States, and then thrown away, were judiciously applied to the produce of the grain crops, the yearly profits accruing would be many millions of dollars. In all sections where corn is worth thirty cents, and over, a bushel, great benefits may be realized by the skillful manufacturer and use of poudrette. This article is an inodorous compound of the most valuable constituents of human food and clothing. It is the raw material of the crops. Although it is unnecessary to restore to cornfields all the matter removed in the crops, yet to maintain its fertility, at least a small portion of each seed should be carried back to the soil, to make good its loss by the harvest. In every barrel of flour or meal sent to market (196

pounds), there are not far from 186 pounds of carbon, and the elements of water. When a bird eats wheat or corn, there is reason to believe from actual experiment, that over eighty per cent. of the food escapes into the atmosphere through its capacious lungs, in the progress of respiration; and yet the twenty per cent. of guano left, will reproduce as much wheat or corn as was consumed. Imported guano, which has been exposed to the weather for ages, often gives an increase in the crop of wheat equal to three pounds of seed to one of fertilizer; while it has given a gain of seven to one of corn, and fifty to one of green turnips. Chemists have ascertained, that the air expelled from the lungs of man, and his domestic animals, in breathing, contains one hundred times more carbonic acid, than it possessed when it entered the organs of respiration. While carbon in bread, meat, potatoes, grass, hay, and straw, consumed by warm-blooded animals, constantly passing out of the system as carbonic acid gas, the elements of water (oxygen and hydrogen) are also escaping from the lungs in the form of vapor, which in cold weather is often visible. Over fifty per cent. of the solids consumed by man and beast, is then thrown into the atmosphere by a slow, continuous combustion, which generates animal heat. These elements of the farmer's crops fall upon his cultivated fields, in the form of rain and dew. Hence, a pig or other animal, eats one hundred pounds of corn, and voids by the bowels and kidneys forty pounds of the matter consumed; these forty pounds will reproduce one hundred pounds of corn again. Even this, forty per cent. of the elements of corn may be reduced one-half by skillful fermentation, by which carbon and the elements of water are still further removed; then reproduce an amount of grain equal to the original.

Many scientific agriculturists contend, that they have never met a satisfactory analysis of Indian corn, and it must be admitted that, in this particular, an extensive field of operations remains unexplored. The following is one of respectable authority:—

Silica.....	28.45
Potash.....	19.21
Phosphate of Lime.....	17.17
Phosphate of Magnesia.....	13.53
Phosphate of Potash.....	2.54
Carbonate of Lime.....	2.50
Carbonate of Magnesia.....	2.18
Sulphate of Lime and Magnesia.....	0.79
Silica, unabsorbably fixed.....	1.70
Alumina and Loss.....	1.66-100

making one hundred parts in all. In other words, we may say on the authority of Doctor Dana, of Lowell, there are in it, of—

Pat forming principles, gums, etc.....	55.45
Flesh forming principles, gluten, etc.....	1.95
Water.....	0.00
Salt.....	1.81-100

A glance will show how greatly the fat-forming principles predominate, showing there is hardly any substance which yields so much for the support of human life.

Perhaps the most valuable scientific treatise on the chemical composition of corn, is the production of Dr. J. H. Salisbury, and for which he was awarded by the New York State Agricultural Society, a premium of \$300. From it we select the following:—A corn-plant, fifteen days after the seed was planted, cut on the 2d of June, close to the ground, gave of—

Water.....	90.926
Dry matter.....	10.774
Ash.....	13.564
Ash calculated dry.....	13.063

By the above figures, it will be seen that nearly ninety per cent. of the young plant is water; and that in proportion to the dry matter, the amount of earthy minerals which remains as ash, when the plant is burned, is large. This excess of water continues for many weeks. Thus, on the 6th of July, thirty-three days after planting, their relations stood thus:—

Water.....	90.518
Dry matter.....	9.482
Ash.....	13.101
Ash calculated dry.....	14.105
(Ash very saline.)	

Before green, succulent food of this character is fit to give to cows, oxen, mules or horses, it should be partly dried. Plants that contain from seventy to seventy-five per cent. of water, need no curing before eating. The young stalk, cut July 12th, gave over eighty-four per cent. of water. Such food given for soiling, without drying, will be likely to accout an animal, and give it the colic. The root at this time (July 12) gave off—

Water.....	81.028
Dry matter.....	18.974
Ash.....	2.222
Ash calculated dry.....	11.711
(Ash tastes of meagre potash.)	

Ash of the whole plant above the ground, 6.77 grains; amount of ash in all below the ground, 2.93 grains. So late as July 26th, the proportion of water in the stalk was ninety-four per cent., and the ash calculated dry was 17.66 per cent. The plant gained 2136.98 grains in weight, in a week, preceding the 6th of September. This was equal to a gain of 12.70 grains per hour. The rapid growth of corn-plants, when the heat, light and moisture, as well as the soil, are favorable, is truly wonderful. A deep, rich, mellow soil, in which the roots can freely extend a great distance, in depth and laterally, is what the corn-grower should provide for his crop. The perviousness of river bottoms contributes largely to the productiveness of this cereal. A compact clay, which excludes alike air, water and roots, forbidding all chemical changes, is not the soil for corn. When farmers sell corn soon after it is ripe, there is considerable gain in not keeping it long or dry and shrink in weight. Corn grown by Mr. Salisbury, which was ripe by the 18th of October, then contained thirty-seven per cent. of water, which is twenty-five per cent. more than old corn from the crib will yield. The means of many experiments tried by the writer, has been a loss of twenty per cent. in moisture between new and old corn.

The batts of corn-stalks contain the most water, and the husk or sheath the least, when fully matured and not dried. The latter have about thirty per cent. of dry matter, when chemically desiccated. Dr. Salisbury gives the following as the composition of the ash of the leaves at different stages:—

	July 10.	Aug. 2.	Aug. 23.	Aug. 30.	Oct. 18.
Carbonic Acid.....	5.40	2.550	0.66	8.60	4.080
Silicon.....	13.50	1.966	4.90	26.7	84.060
Sulphuric acid.....	2.16	1.944	0.82	5.7	4.881
Phosphoric acid.....	21.50	16.250	17.00	10.0	8.850
Lime.....	0.09	4.018	2.00	2.38	4.810
Magnesia.....	0.27	2.980	1.80	3.20	0.805
Potash.....	9.56	11.475	10.85	9.15	7.258
Soda.....	34.30	20.500	21.38	22.18	5.920
Chlorine.....	4.55	6.020	3.06	1.63	2.064
Organic Acids.....	5.80	2.960	2.38	2.06	2.900
	98.14	97.750	99.85	99.75	99.858

The above figures disclose some interesting facts. It will be seen that the increase of silica, or flint, in the leaf, is steadily progressive from 13½ per cent., July 19th, to 58.65 per cent., October 18th. Flint is substantially the bone-matter of all grasses. If one were to analyze the bones of a calf when a day old, again when thirty days of age, and when a year old, the increase of phosphate of lime in its skeleton would be similar to that witnessed in the leaves and stems of corn. In the early stages of the growth of maize, its leaves abound in phosphates; but after the seeds begin to form, the phosphates leave the tissues of the plant in other parts, and concentrate in and around the germs or chits of the seeds. On the 23d August, the ash of the whole stalk contained 19½ per cent. of phosphates, and on the 18th October, only 15.15 per cent. In forming the cobs of this plant, considerable potash is drawn from the stalk; as it decreases from 35.54 per cent., August 16th, to 24.69 per cent., October 18th. When the plant is growing fast, its roots yield an ash which contains less than one per cent. of lime; but after this development is nearly completed the roots retain, or perhaps regain from the plant above, over 4½ per cent. of this mineral. Soda figures as high as from twenty to thirty-one per cent. in the ash obtained from the corn roots. Ripe seed gave the following results in their ash:—

Carbonic acid.....	trace
Silica.....	0.800
Phosphoric acid.....	49.710
Lime.....	0.675
Magnesia.....	17.000
Potash.....	22.175
Soda.....	3.805
Sulphuric acid.....	6.160
Chlorine.....	0.295
Calcareous acid.....	0.815
Organic acids.....	5.700

99.375

The above shows a smaller quantity of lime than is usually found in the ash of this grain. It is, however, never so abundant as magnesia; and Professor Emmons has demonstrated that the best corn lands in the State of New York contain a considerable quantity of magnesia. All experience, as well as all chemical researches, go to prove that potash and phosphoric acid are important elements in the organization of maize.

By a very ingenious method, first discovered by Mr. A. A. Hayes, of Roxbury, and Dr. Charles T. Jackson, of Boston, Massachusetts, it will be found that if a watery solution of blue vitriol (sulphate of copper) be applied to a kernel of corn, longitudinally split, the germ or "chit" only, becomes colored green, thereby beautifully defining the limits of the phosphates, by the formation of phosphate of copper. The same method may be applied to all seed, tubers, roots, and stems of recent vegetables, except those producing oily seeds, and thus define the parts containing phosphoric acid. If a grain of corn be split open, as above described, and thrown into a solution of sulphate of ammonia, the chit will soon be changed to a dark olive color, which arises from the change of the salts of iron into a sulphate of that metal; a dark-colored matter forming with the ammonia, turns the vegetable coloring matter yellow, and the two colors combined produced an olive. By preparing specimens of corn, or other grain, as above, and soaking them in the tincture of iodine, the

limits of the starch and dextrose will be distinctly defined—the iodine striking an intense blue with the starch, and a deep port wine red with the dextrose; so that from this test a rich violet will indicate the presence of both the starch and dextrose in the grain. If the oil be extracted from the transparent, horny part of the corn, by means of alcohol or ether, the tincture of iodine will show the presence of starch in that part of the grain associated with the gluten. By these means we may easily cause any of our cereal grains to represent the extent and precise limits of its phosphates, iron, dextrose, starch, and oil, and form by the eye an approximate estimate of their relative proportion of these ingredients. Among other curious results of these experiments, by Dr. Jackson, is the proof that the relative proportions of phosphates in grain depend on the appropriating power of each species or variety; for an ear of corn being selected which had on it two different kinds, namely, the Tuscarora and a variety of sweet corn, and these seeds being silt into and immersed in the same solution, soon gave evidence of more than double the amount of phosphates in the sweet than in the other variety. Now, since the kernels came from the same ear, and grew side by side, they obtained unequal quantities of phosphates from the same sap, derived from the same soil. A crop of sweet corn will take twice as much of the phosphates as the other variety, and, consequently, will soon exhaust the soil of them; and also, if the soil is deficient, will require more phosphates. Some interesting facts will also be noticed in the variable proportions of phosphates in different varieties of the same species of grain, and the great preponderance of them in Indian corn, beyond what is contained in the smaller grains, like barley, oats, and wheat—a fact that seems to explain their peculiar properties as food for animals; the more highly phosphatic grains being more likely to surcharge the system of adult animals with bony matter, producing concretions of phosphate of lime, like those resulting from gout. Perhaps that stiffness of the joints, and lameness of the feet, common in horses fed too freely with corn, may be accounted for by this preponderance of the phosphates. Young animals cannot fail to derive more osseous matter from corn than other food. With regard to the relative proportions of starch in the different varieties of corn, it has been observed that the Tuscarora contains the most, but does not contain either gluten or oil. The same may be said of the New Mexican black. Rice corn and pop corn contain the least starch and the most oil. There is a great difference in the mode of distribution of the oily and glutinous parts of corn; many of the southern varieties having it on the sides of their elongated seeds, while the starch projects quite through the grain to its summit, and by its contraction and drying, produces the peculiar pits, or depressions in those varieties known under the name of "dents." The horny or flinty portions of corn, when viewed in their sections under a good microscope, will be found to consist of a great number of six-sided cells, filled with a fixed oil, which has been successfully employed for the purpose of illumination. On this oil depends the "popping" qualities of corn; for when the

kernels are heated to a temperature sufficiently high to decompose the oil, a sudden explosion takes place, and every cell is ruptured by the expansion of gaseous matter arising from the decomposition of the oil and the formation of carburetted hydrogen gas, such as is sometimes used in lighting large cities, the grain being completely evolved and folded back, or turned inside out. This property is remarkably strong in the pop-corn, and is common, in a greater or less degree, in all kinds of corn that abound in oil; but these varieties, destitute of a horny covering, as the Tuscacora, will not pop under any circumstances whatever. This change in corn is one of considerable importance, so far as regards facility of digestion; for, after the decomposition or extraction of this oil, it is more readily digested by man, though less fattening to animals. One important use of the oil in corn is undoubtedly to prevent the rapid decomposition of the kernels when sown in the soil, and to retain a portion of pabulum, or food, until needed by the young plant, and is always the last portion of the grain taken up. It also serves to keep meal from souring, as it has been observed that a flint-corn meal will keep sweet for years, even when put up in large quantities, without being kiln-dried, while the meal of the Tuscacora will become sour in a very short time. The colors of Indian corn usually depend on that of the upper dermis, or hull, and sometimes on that of the oil. If the upper dermis be transparent, the color may depend either on the oil or the combined particles of which the corn is composed; but if the whole is opaque, the grain will present the same color. For instance, the yellow color of the Golden Sioux is derived from the yellow color of the oil; and the Rhode Island yellow-flint corn, from the colorless particles of its starch and oil, which are distinctly seen through its transparent hull; but red, black and blue corn, owe their lively hues to the colors of their upper dermis, and not the oil. The proportion of oil in corn, as far as it has been examined, varies from an entire absence to 11 per cent, according to the varieties employed. In the manufacture of whiskey the oil is saved during the fermentation, as it separates and rises to the surface. One hundred bushels of corn yields from fifteen to sixteen gallons of oil. When corn is hulled by means of potash ley, a portion of the oil is converted into soap and the upper dermis becomes detached. The caustic alkali also liberates ammonia from the mucilage around the germ. Oily corn makes a dry kind of bread, and is not sufficiently adhesive to raise well without an admixture of rye or other flour. The oil is easily convertible into animal fat by a slight change of composition, and as we have previously observed, serves an excellent purpose for fattening poultry, cattle, and swine. Starch also is changed into fat, as well as the carbonaceous substances of animals, and during its slow combustion in the circulation, gives out a portion of the heat of animal bodies; while, in its altered state, it goes to form a part of the living frame. Dextrose and sugar act in a similar manner, as a compound of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen. From the phosphate of grain, the substance of bones, and the saline matters of the brain, nerves, and other

solid and fluid parts of the body, are in a great measure, derived. The mits of iron go to the blood—and these constitute an essential portion of it, whereby it is enabled by successive alterations of its degrees of oxidation during the circulation through the lungs, arteries, extreme vessels and veins, to convey oxygen to every part of the body.

Indian corn, like all the cereals, is subject to disease and various insect destroyers. In an article on WHEAT, published in the June number of the present volume, we gave some information in regard to parasitic fungi, and also in reference to the weevil, moth and other insects, which cause great destruction to grain, in all its stages, from and in the seed, to, and in the seed again. A portion of our statement (more particularly that regarding the insects) will readily apply to Indian corn. Still we have thought proper to here make more especial reference to those most destructive to maize.

All the species of brand, more or less, cause decisive injury to the plants which they infest; but the maize brand, among all kinds of munt found in our cultivated grasses, produces the greatest and most extensive local transformations. It attacks all the parenchymatous organs of the corn-plant, and in many cases completely destroys them. The stalk, however, and the female and male blossoms, are the parts which it most especially affects. The leaves no longer furnish the great parenchymatous masses necessary for their development, and usually it seizes on their lowest parts, or in the husk-bearer, but its developments here are imperfect, and it forms on the leaf-organ only brand-bladders of the size of a poppy seed to a pea. In all the parenchymatous organs, however, it develops itself in the form of masses; and in good soil, and in actual cultivation of corn, it has been observed forming bladders of the size of a child's head. Its development is a peculiar one, as it forces out great masses of cellular tissue, formed from the tissue of the mother plant, and similar in formation to the latter. Some parts of the organs affected by the brand, swell and become white. The green color and compact formation of the outer skin gradually passes into a soft watery tissue of a silky luster, the skin of which allows the large cellular formation to be seen through it by the naked eye. If we more closely examine this pathological product, we find that it consists of tolerably large tender-walled substances, the cells of which, like that of the normal vegetable tissue, contain sap and possess a large, slimy, cellular kernel striking on the side. In each of these cells, at a later period, is secreted a shiny, granulous substance, which is yellowish and afterward brownish, in which, still later, the brand is developed. Professor Meyen, who examined this brand most carefully, says:—"At first is seen in the large and juicy cells of the maize plant, or especially in the pathological cellular substance, the above-mentioned little deposits of slime, which are produced on the inner surface of the cellular walls. From these, at first, wholly irregular-formed, almost transparent deposits, proceed fibrous, dismembered

and branching structures, which already exhibit a plant-like form, and which by their later changes more clearly evidence the same. These truly parasitic formations are in the beginning colorless, almost entirely transparent, and only under strong magnifying power exhibit a fine-grained, organized structure in their tender, slimy substance; but soon it is observed that particular boughs of this little plant are branched out; and in individual cases, yet more developed, branches and twigs stand closely crowded together. At the same time with this branching, the fibers are already partially separated into small globular bodies, sometimes at the base and sometimes at the

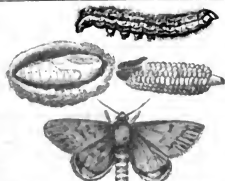


Bunt or Brand-Blasted Ear.

point of the fibers; but, for the most part, their little side branches first separate off themselves. Many fibers are wholly changed into little branches in a wreathed form, which still hang together. They are originally ellipsoidal, and then become more or less globular; are at first of a yellowish and afterward of a brownish color, and at last, brown. But they likewise separate themselves from the branches producing them, and often before they have reached the normal size, which follows after their separation, as it were, by a sort of after-ripening. By and by, all the fibers fall away into such spores or grains of brand; by and by, too, the cells of the diseased vegetable substance is destroyed; and if we carefully out through lengthwise the brand-bladders not yet opened or sprung apart, we find that the white cellular substance appears to be interwoven with irregular masses of brand, partially isolated and in the form of cells; the cellular substance, which still remains standing, form white sheath-walls and cells, or, better described, deficiencies, the hollow space of which is filled with the dark brown brand. By and by, this remains of the cellular tissue, constituting sheath-walls, becomes absorbed, and only the outer skin of the brand-bladder continues standing; but it begins likewise to be colored red-

dish or smutty, to become wrinkled or in folds, to dry up, and finally to tear open, by which the substance of the brand-spores is emptied, and, as it were, sown out. This species of brand causes manifold degenerations of particular parts and organs of the mother plants. On the stalk it forms irregular rounded brand-bladders very greatly differing in size. On the female blossoms, it never attacks all the blossoms of an ear; the blossoms of the top of the ear are, for the most part, more exposed to the brand than those at the base. Often those fruit buds that stand at the very tip, and frequently only the basilar ones, are diseased. Here the brand attacks only the fruit-knot, and changes it directly into a brand-bladder; so that indeed a person may find on the latter still the remains of a wasted pistil. But the rachis itself I have never found entirely gone. More frequently it seizes on the husk-leaves, and then changes the whole ear or the fruit-bearing branch into an organ not unlike a pine-apple; it thickens all the leaves, and forms them similar to the scales of a fir cone. But in the male blossoms the brand seizes on the receptacle and on the anthers, more rarely the petals, and changes all these organs into white, curling-up, easily bent brand-bladders, one to three lines thick, and often two or three inches long, which are likewise white, and of a beautifully silky luster, slightly tinged with red at the tip, and on the side springing up to let open the spores: which, in spores, in their normal state, are globular, but are very frequently likewise ellipsoidal; in a ripe state they are brown. The spore-skins are covered with little warts, and on many spores may be observed a dark point in the middle, the little openings by which they are fastened to the fibrous bearer. Their diameter varies from 0.000320 to 0.000340 Paris inch. This species always impairs some blossoms as soon as it is seated in the ear, while the other blossoms standing near bear good ripe kernels. The brand-bladders can be very easily removed from the living plants, by cutting them out; only this must be done as timely as possible, in order that in cutting them out, the bladders may not scatter their powder, and thus a future crop of bran not be prevented."

As before remarked, many of the insects injurious to wheat, are, in like manner, destructive to corn. From a late article by Mr. Townsend Glover, who, a short time since, visited various sections of the southern states, to learn of the ravages, habits, and means of extirpating the insects that prey upon certain crops, we extract a portion of the following:—"The corn-worm (*Heliothis*) is produced from an egg deposited as early as June by a yellowish-colored moth, either in the silk or upon the apex of the ear of corn when in the milky state; and as it appears to be incapable of feeding upon the grain when once hardened, it is mostly from among such as are termed "roasting ears." The worm, or caterpillar, at first almost imperceptible, increases in size with great rapidity. It scarcely shelters itself by the husk from the sun and rain, and feeds with great voracity upon the milky and tender grains at the end of the cob. The destruction caused by this insect is much greater than has generally been supposed, especially in South Carolina and Georgia,



Corn Worm: showing the moth, caterpillar, cocoon, and manner of attack.

where, out of several fields examined, scarcely one was found in which every third or fourth plant was not more or less injured. The worms, when fully grown, are an inch in length, and vary much in color and markings—some being brown, others green, striped with brown, and all of the intermediate shades. The body is sparingly clothed with short hairs, which arise from numerous black spots, or warts, on each segment; and on each side is a yellow, or lighter-colored, longitudinal stripe. The younger caterpillars are of a reddish color, and similarly striped, and marked with numerous black spots; and it must here be remarked that there is a striking resemblance between the "boll-worms" and these caterpillars, which leads to the supposition that they ultimately will prove to be the same insect, altered in color by the food on which they feed. Experiments strengthen this supposition: several worms taken from the bolls of a cotton plant, in confinement with fresh bolls and an ear of corn in the milky state, simultaneously deserted the bolls, and eagerly commenced to feed upon the corn, as a nutriment more adapted to their taste. After casting and renewing their skin several times, when they have attained their largest size, they cease feeding, desert the ear, and descend by the plant into the earth, where, by constantly twisting their bodies back and forth, they work out a cavity, adapted to their size, of an oval shape. By gluing together the particles of earth with a viscid gum, or silk, which issues from the mouth, they form a rough cocoon, in which the caterpillar sheds its last skin, and changes into a shining brown chrysalis. This, in the early brood, changes again into the moth, or "miller," in the course of a few weeks. The moth measures about an inch and a half across the expanded wings, which are of a tawny yellow color; the upper pair are banded with two or more bars, or rows of spots, and have a crescent-shaped dark mark near the center. The under wings are somewhat lighter in color and are distinguished by a broad band of dark brown, or black, extending along the outer margin, which also incloses an irregular shaped spot of yellow, the same as the rest of the wing. There is, likewise, a dark spot in the center; and the nerves are black, or dark colored. The ends of ears of corn, when partially devoured and left by this worm, afford a secure retreat for hundreds of small insects, which under cover of the husk, finish the work of destruction commenced by the worm eating holes in the grain, or loosening them from the cob. A species of greenish-brown mold, or fungus, grows likewise in such places, as the dampness

from the exuded sap favors such a growth. Thus, decay and destruction rapidly progress, hidden from the eye of the unsuspecting planter. It has been stated, that the corn-worm does much more damage in dry seasons, owing to the tassel, or silk, making its appearance at irregular intervals. The young worm devours the ends of this, near the crown of the ear, and consequently leaves many spaces vacant, where the communication between the silk and the unimpregnated germ, is thus cut off from the supply of pollen necessary to perfect the seed.



Bill Bug: 1. Head (magnifying the corn root). 2. Leg (magnifying the corn root). 3. Manner of attacking the corn root.

The "bill-bug," or "corn-borer," (*epimachus*) is from four to six tenths of an inch in length, and of a reddish-brown, or reddish-black color. The head is furnished with a long trunk or bill, hence its common name. It is very destructive to corn, in many parts of the south and south-west, and is thus spoken of by Senator Evans, whose crops on his plantation, on the Pedee river, was greatly injured by it:—"The perfect insect eats into the stalk of the corn, either below, or just at the surface of the ground, where it deposits its egg. After changing into a grub, the insect remains in the stalk devouring the substance, until it transforms into the pupa state, which occurs in the same cavity in the stalk occupied by the grub. It makes its appearance the following spring in a perfect state, again to deposit its egg at the foot of the young corn plants. These insects destroy the main stem, or shoots, thus causing suckers to spring up, which usually produce no grain, or if any, of very inferior quality to that of the general yield. Swamp lands, or low grounds, are the places most generally attacked." These bill-bugs, are also common in Alabama, and Arkansas, but their numbers have been greatly decreased, by pulling up the roots of the corn, after the crops have been housed, piling them up in heaps, and burning the whole mass. Perhaps quick lime, applied in layers to the corn-stalks and roots, would destroy them as the heaps heat and decompose, which would be particularly useful where lime is required, as a manure for the soil. By these, the hatched pupa in the corn would be consumed. A very perceptible decrease of the bill-bug has been observed where the practice of burning the roots has been followed, and if persevered in, might nearly eradicate them in the course of a few years. At the same time, the wild plants they infest should be discovered, and also destroyed by burning.

After making a compilation in regard to the "bill-bug" and "cut worm" from Mr. Glover's article, it appeared so inexplicit and inaccurate, that we addressed a letter to Professor Asa Fitch, the entomologist of the State of New York, to endeavor to obtain some positive data in regard to their species, habits, etc. The fol-

lowing is an extract from Dr. Fitch's reply:—All that can be made out from the Patent Office Report, respecting the so-called "bill-bug," is, that it is a weevil. If the figure is at all correct, it cannot be of the genus *Sphegophorus*, the insects of which taper from the middle backward, much the same that they do forward. The writer has evidently taken this name at hap hazard from my account of the *Sphegophorus venata* Say, or the Hunter weevil which destroys young corn here in New York. You will find my article in the "Country Gentleman" of June 14, 1855. I regret I have not a copy of it to send you.

No insect like that named the "corn-worm" occurs so far north as this. But some years ago I met with it, the last of September, in the suburbs of your city, in the soft sweet corn growing in the garden of Rev. Bradley Sellick, at Yorkville—about one-third of the ears having been spoiled, for bolting, by it; and I presume the market gardeners around New York, some years, suffer to no trifling amount from this worm. My memoranda, at that time, state as follows:—the worms, when small, appear to eat only the sides of the kernels. Commencing near the base of the ear, they mine their way toward the apex, eating a channel between two rows of kernels, which channel is partly filled with their castings. On reaching the apex, they gnaw around the ear, entirely consuming the kernels here, thus forming a broad shallow cavity between the husks and the cob. When full grown, they gnaw a circular hole through the husks, out of which they crawl and bury themselves in the ground to change to pupæ. The full grown worm is about an inch long by 15-100ths of an inch in diameter, cylindrical, 16-footed, of a dull yellowish-brown color, striped longitudinally on the back with slender white lines, and along each side is a dull, pale, yellow stripe, which is margined on each side with a white line. Each segment has a few elevated shining black dots, symmetrically arranged, each dot bearing a hair. The head is polished, dull yellowish, mottled with confluent black dots. The neck or second segment has a large polished black spot above, which is freckled with white dots and crossed by two white lines. Younger worms are much darker colored, but are otherwise similar to the mature ones." I wrapped four affected ears in newspapers, and brought them home in my trunk. Out of two of these the worms had escaped when I reached home, gnawing through the paper envelopes as well as the husks.—The other two ears became mouldy, and the worms perished, so I was disappointed in obtaining the perfect insect. They evidently cannot pertain to the genus *Heliothis*, as intimated in the Patent Office Report, as the worms of that genus, feed openly exposed on plants, and have small heads which they withdraw into the second segment, when alarmed. I have some of the European species of *Heliothis*, sent me by Dr. Sichel, President of the Entom. Soc. of France, and they are too unlike the figure and description in the Patent Office Report to be suspected of being co-generic.

I add a list of the principal insect enemies of the maize known to me.

1. Destroying the planted seed. Wire-worms, which are larvae of the snapping-beetle, *Agriotes*

obesus, Say, and probably other species of the Family *Elateridae*. Order *Coleoptera*.

2. Wounding the young plants to suck their sweet juices. The little yellow ant, *Myrmica molesta*, Say. Family *Formicidae*. Order *Hymenoptera* [See my Report on Noxious Insects of New York, page 129.]

3. Cutting of the little plants. Cut-worms which are larvae of several different species of *Agrotis*. Family *Noctuidæ*. Order *Lepidoptera*. [An article on these will soon appear in the "Country Gentleman."]

4. Devouring the young plants. The hunter-weevil *Sphegophorus venata*, Say. Family *Curculionidae*. Order *Coleoptera*.

Also, caterpillars, the larvæ of *Arctia Virginica*, A. ADOLE, etc. Family *Arctiidae*. Order *Lepidoptera*. [See Dr. Harris's Treatise.]

5. Devouring the silks and the mature leaves. Grasshoppers, *Aceridium fennæ-rubrum*, DE GEE, and other species. Family *Locustidae*. Order *Orthoptera*. Also, the larvæ of *Saturnia Io*, FABR., Family *Bombycidae*. Order *Lepidoptera*. [See Harris's Treatise.]

6. Mining holes in the stalks. The spindle-worm, or larvæ, of *Gortynia*, Zett., HARRIS Family *Noctuidæ*. Order, *Lepidoptera*. Also, an undescribed spindle-worm, co-generic with the preceding.

7. Puncturing the stalks and sucking their juices. The chinch-bug, *Micropus leucopærus*, SAY. Family *Lygidae*. Order *Hemiptera*. [This little bug in Illinois gathers on particular stalks in such numbers that in two or three days they begin to wilt and shrivel, and speedily die. It is much more destructive to wheat. I shall give the history of this insect soon in the "Country Gentleman."]

8. Puncturing the stems which bear the ears, and sucking their juices. The maize plant-lice *Aphis Zæa* of BONAPARTE, in France; and in this country a different species, named *Aphis Madiæ* in my MSS. and cabinet. Family *Aphidæ*. Order *Hemiptera*.

9. Consuming the young soft kernels on the cob. The corn-eat-worm, above described. Family *Noctuidæ* (probably). Order *Lepidoptera*.

10. Devouring the stored grain. The rice-weevil, *Calandra Oryzae* LIN. Family (*Curculionidae*). Order *Coleoptera*.

Also, in Mexico, the larvæ of a moth. (Family *Tyrometridæ*?) which spins a cob-web like covering over the surface of the stored grain in which it feeds.

The already extended length of this paper, precludes our giving even a brief synopsis of the numerous plans adopted in the successful culture of corn. However, there is abundant material of that kind within the reach of all who chose to grasp for it. Agricultural serial publications are issued in immense numbers in all sections of the country, in which the experiments and experiences of all parties, in every district, are discussed and laid open to the inspection of the people. Would that all the tillers of the soil would look upon these momentous facts, in regard to their most important calling. The agricultural interest employs more capital and labor in the United States, than all other pursuits combined; and its progress marks, in a peculiar manner, the advancements of the republic in wealth, civilization and power. By the aid of better farm imple-

ments, greater experience, and more skillful operatives, cotton, corn, wheat, and tobacco are grown very cheaply on rich lands; and if all the so-called improved farms were really fertile and exempt from the loss of the essential constituent of crops, American agriculture would soon approximate to perfection. As an art, it has made wonderful progress in the last thirty years; but as a science, the seed has yet to be planted, and, what is worse, the ground has to be grubbed, plowed, and manured, before the germs of rural science can thrive on our soil. From their great perseverance and industry, American farmers have no superiors, whether in the forest or on the prairie, in subduing wild lands, but in keeping up the soil they are sadly deficient. We have such a large extent of new country, that instead of our cultivators endeavoring to return a portion of what they take from their fields, in many cases it would appear that their aim is to make it produce as much as possible until worn out, and then change their location and subdue a new section. Of course this plan is all wrong, and in time must rectify itself. Those farmers who have nobly gone forward, and set the example of a proper system of rotation in crops; properly draining and preparing the fields; carefully analyzing the soil to learn the most suitable materials for fertilization; paid proper attention to the selection of the best varieties of seed, etc., etc., are deserving, not only the just reward they receive, in a bountiful return of crops, but are also entitled to the thanks of the whole community. I remember, "He that causes two acres of grain to grow where only one grew before, is greater than he who conquers a city." Also remember, that the best course of procedure is not to solely depend either on theory or practice. Combine them, using both to the best possible advantage—of course in all cases giving preference to the latter. The evidence of authority, on which the book farmer has to depend, can never equal the experimental evidence with which practice would furnish him; the former cannot inspire the confidence which one needs in directing the operations of his workmen; and though useful to illustrate the many subjects involved in farm management, it is so in such the greatest degree to the man who is already practically acquainted with the details it professes to explain. The fact is, Agriculture is not merely a manufacture of agricultural products; it is as a field for the profitable employment of capital that its professors must regard it; and market transactions, expenses, prices, wages—matters of which no science or cognizance—are precisely those from which its results, in the most of it, must, for the most part, be expected. Experience is absolutely necessary here. The circumstance that men of other professions, have succeeded as farmers, and benefitted the art, by no means disproves this assertion. The retired merchant or manufacturer will often make the best of farmers, and many cases that claim are held up to admiration to the disparagement of all others. It must be admitted, that among other advantages, they are unlettered by the prejudices of a merely routine agricultural education. At all events, they bring to bear in their new calling all the tact and business ability they have acquired in their life time of activity in their former professions; and as they usually possess sufficient capital, energetic industry, and sound common sense—the latter the thing of all others in farming as well as in other trades and professions most necessary—with what practical experience they have, they are usually good farmers. Thus, while our readers ought to appreciate the importance of personal experience as a necessary part of their agricultural education, they must also feel it of special importance to adopt the assistance which the man of science can offer them, and so reach the acme of success by the combination of the two principles.

point me—and send the dress home by an experienced hand, that I may have any alteration made at the last moment, if required.”

So saying, Miss Norton entered her carriage, and drove to the jeweller's shop to select a new set of ornaments for the occasion.

Mrs. Bennett took the gauze left in her hand, and, selecting from her well-filled shelves a satin corresponding in hue, and trimmings to match, went into a back room. Some twenty young girls were busily plying their needles. The room was close and warm, and many of its occupants looked jaded and worn with their labors. From six to seven, with a short interval of half-an-hour for dinner, were the regular hours required for their attendance at the shop; but when there was a press of work, they were often obliged to remain and work extra hours, and ten, eleven, and even twelve o'clock often arrived before they were released from their health-consuming toil. The table and chairs of the room were littered with shreds of delicate gauzes, rich silks and satins. Can we wonder, when we hear the often-told tale of the seduction and ruin of one of this delicate class of girls, surrounded by temptation, their hands employed upon material which would so well set off the beauty of the worker, and the voice of the tempter ever at hand to offer the lure! And if remaining true to themselves, stunted in their food, poorly paid, they work from Monday morning until Saturday night, week in and week out, until a premature decline but too often closes their career. Such is the not exaggerated history of too many of these poor girls. Could one of the beauties, whose gay costume has cost so many hours of harassing toil, bear but one hour of the suffering so inflicted, she would hesitate ere she ordered a new dress on a short notice. But to our tale.

“Here is a new dress,” said Mrs. Bennett, addressing her forewoman, “and it must be finished before nine o'clock to-night. Take half-a-dozen of the girls, and see that it is done in time.”

“They will have to remain extra time, madam, in order to do so,” said the forewoman.

“Well, let them stay, then; I am not going to lose one of my best customers to suit their laziness. If any one grumbles,” she said, on leaving the room, “let me know; I do not want grumblers to work for me—they may seek employment elsewhere.”

A young girl seated near the forewoman, cast a deprecating glance toward her.

“I cannot help it, Fanny,” was the reply to the mute appeal; “I would like to have you go home early to poor Ellen, who, I know, needs you so much; but what can I do? You are one of our fastest workwomen, and to finish this dress, with all its trimmings, will require all the exertion our best workers can bestow.”

The tears rose in Fanny's eyes, and a sensation of choking came in her throat. But it was all in vain; and making a violent effort to subdue her agitation, Fanny commenced with trembling fingers and aching heart, the task allotted to her. Her needle flew, as she thought that by perhaps straining every effort, she might go early to her sister; and her companions, who felt much for her, used their utmost efforts to assist her. The weary hours

passed on; we leave them to their task, and return to our fashionable beauty.

Extended on a sofa in a richly-furnished bedroom, reclined the lady. At a short distance from her sat her mother, mending some fine lace. “What do you intend wearing this evening, Rose?” she said, addressing her daughter.

“I have ordered a new dress for the occasion.”

“A new dress, Rose! Why, you extravagant girl, your closet is full of beautiful dresses.”

“Yes, I know that, but I've worn them all, and am tired of them all. And then, there was such a beauty of a gauze at Stewart's, that I believe I should have bought it, even if I did not want it for to-night.”

“And when did you give the dress to be made up, you naughty girl!” said the mother, gazing admiringly on the beautiful face of her daughter.

“I went to Mrs. Bennett this morning. She grumbled, to be sure; but then I never listen to that class of people. What are they fit for, if they cannot make a dress at the time one most wants it? I am sure they charge enough to have one ready on shorter notice than I gave Mrs. Bennett this morning.”

“Is it to be a large party, Rose?”

“No, but very select. That French girl, Mademoiselle de Montmorency, is to be there, of whom I have heard so much. The men are all crazy about her. I am determined she shall not outvie me in dress, and as for beauty—”

The young lady added no more, but cast a complaisant glance at a large mirror opposite her.

“Well, Rose, I hope you may enjoy yourself. But one thing my daughter—I must insist upon your not flirting so much with young Barton. He is poor—a mere merchant's clerk—has a family of pretty sisters who are unprovided for, and is in every respect a decided *dégradé*.”

“Papa, mother!” said Rose, contemptuously, “do you think there is any danger of my falling in love with Barton?”

“No, my dear, no danger of your falling in love; but it will prove a heart-breaking business for him, poor fellow. And then, young Mercer, the millionaire, is Barton's particular friend, and I would not have you offend him on any account.”

“Well, well, I promise, said Rose, impatiently; but she felt a slight twinge of conscience, as she reflected how much she had encouraged the ardent, agreeable young man. But Rose never troubled herself long with any disagreeable reflections; and rising from her sofa, she commenced humming an opera tune, as she took out various trifles from her bureau for her evening costume.

Wearily and painfully passed the hours with poor Ellen. The water in the pichet grew so warm that she could not drink it, and her hand trembled so that she could not drop her medicine. She grew hourly more feverish; and, oh! how she longed for some of the tempting peaches she knew were exposed at the shop window of the very building in which she lay. She turned restlessly from side to side. “Will the

sun never set?” she said, looking toward the window.

At last, wearied out, the sufferer slept. She dreamed that she wandered in a beautiful garden, where flowers and fruits grew in profusion. She inhaled the perfumed air, and gathered eagerly the grateful fruits, and a thrill of ecstasy shot through her frame. She walked on erect and strong, and the sorrows of her lot were forgotten. The birds were pouring forth their song, and all nature rejoiced. She woke with a sudden start. The sun had gone down. She must have slept for some hours. She felt very weak and languid; but she knew, from the gray aspect of the room, that the hour for Fanny's return was soon at hand. She waited patiently, but a sensation of sinking gradually stole over her. A clammy dew stood on her brow; she was too feeble to wipe it off, and an icy chill crept over her.

“Oh, my God, is it even so? Am I to die alone—all alone? Fanny, dearest Fanny, why do you not come to me?” she murmured wildly.

A slight spasm convulsed her features, and when the moon rose and shed its beams on the couch, its pale light fell on the features of a corpse. The trials and sufferings of the young tailors were at an end.

“There, Fanny, the dress is now done, and Mrs. Bennett says that you must carry it home.”

“Oh, dear Miss Jones, pray let some one else go. Indeed, indeed, I must go now to Ellen. She has been expecting me these three hours, and she is so ill.”

“I told Mrs. Bennett so, Fanny, but she said you alone were expert enough to alter the dress, if required; so you must go.”

Looks of indignation were exchanged among the girls, as poor Fanny meekly put on her hat and shawl, and, with tears fast running down her face, took the handbox in her hand. It was within a quarter of nine, and the lady's residence was full three miles from the shop. Wearied and agitated, Fanny moved through the gaily-lighted streets; and as some dashing equipage would arrest her steps in crossing a street, the thought would occur—“Do the rich know what we suffer?” She arrived at Mrs. Norton's, and was immediately shown up to the young lady's room. A hair-dresser was just putting the finishing touches to the beautiful hair of the fair one, and some flowers were placed amid the curls.

“Oh! I am glad you have come at last,” said the lady. “How came you to be so late? But never mind; take out my dress.” Fanny, ready to drop from her long walk, obeyed at once, and the beautiful dress was displayed. “Oh, how elegant!” exclaimed Rose. The hair-dresser left the room, and the dress was tried on, Rose surveyed herself in silence for a few minutes, and then exclaimed—“Why does Mrs. Bennett always make my dresses so high in the neck?” “I am not an old woman yet, that I want to be covered up to my throat. Here, Nancy,” turning to her maid, “you and this girl must alter this. It is too provoking. Now, I shall be detained at least half an hour. How could you be so stupid?” she said, addressing the trembling Fanny.

The dress was taken off, and Fanny and the maid proceeded to alter it. The delicate trimmings were nipped off, and an hour passed away before the dress was finished, the young lady grumbling and scolding all the time. At last she was dressed; and, as Fanny closed the street door, the church clock struck ten. Her home was two miles distant, and dark clouds now obscured the sky. She hurried on; large drops of rain fell, and soon a heavy rain soaked her thin garments. But she felt it not so anxious was she about her sister. At last she arrived home, and paused at the shop to buy Ellen some of the fruits she had so longed for. She placed her hand on the balustrade to ascend the long staircase, but stopped and leaned her head on her hand. An indefinable sensation of dread stole over her. She wiped the perspiration from her brow. "It must be that I am so tired," she said; "I do not know what ails me. I am afraid to go up." She waited another moment, and then slowly crept up stairs. Her hand rested on the door-handle, but again the chill of fear made her shiver. She opened the door, cast a hasty glance at the couch, and then, with one wild scream, sprang forward, and fell insensible beside the bed.

"Well, Rose, have you had a pleasant evening?" said Mrs. Norton to her daughter, on her return home late at night.

Rose made no answer for some moments, and then said fretfully, "No, I have not. I wish I had not gone,"—and her eyes filled with tears, which she endeavored to conceal from her mother.

"Why, my dear child," said her mother, in surprise, "what is the matter?"

"That little French girl was the belle of the evening. She had all the best beaux, and as for your friend young Mercier, he had no eyes for any one else."

"Is she so very beautiful, then, or so elegantly dressed, or what is her peculiar attraction?"

"She is not beautiful at all, mother; that is to say, not regularly beautiful. She has large dark eyes, and brilliantly white teeth, and possesses what the men call great fascination. I do not know what they mean; but she had a crowd round her all the evening, and every one was full of her bon mots and intelligence."

"Well, well, love," said her mother, soothingly, "it is not worth your fretting about."

"Fretting! I am not fretting," said the proud beauty, as she dashed the tears from her eyes.

But for all her assertion, she burst into a fit of weeping as soon as she closed her bedroom door. She tore off her beautiful dress, and threw it on the floor, and wrapping herself in a loose gown, threw herself on the sofa. There, neglected on the ground, lay the costly dress—the dress that had delayed poor Fanny—the dress that caused a human heart to experience the bitterest of pangs—that of dying alone, without one kind hand to close our eyes, and drop a tear over our remains.

"Have you any vacant rooms in this building to let, sir?" asked a pale-looking young countryman of the proprietor of the shop on

the first floor of the building in which the sisters lived. "I want a room, and was told that you were the agent for this building."

"I am so, sir. What kind of a room do you wish for? I have several rooms to let at different prices."

"Well, let me see them all. I have some money saved up, and a good trade. I am promised steady employment, but I wish to be as economical as possible."

"Very fair, sir. Come this way if you please."

They went from room to room, until they had mounted to the attic.

"There is a room," said the agent, "that for the present is occupied, but I do not know whether it will not soon be vacant. Two sisters live there, and one of them, I take it, is not long for this world. Her sister, poor thing, takes the whole charge of her. They have not paid up their last month's rent, but I am loth to trouble them. They appear to be honest, industrious girls, but they must pay up. The owner of this building is a stiff man about money matters. He makes no allowance for sickness, or any other trouble, but must have his money when it is due. By the by, I have not seen the well sister go out this morning. Let us knock and see what is the matter."

They knocked, but no answer was returned. Again rapped, but no sound issued from the room. "I am afraid there is more trouble here," said the agent, looking at the young man. "Let us go in."

They opened the door. Fanny was on her knees by the bed, her face covered with her long hair, and one of her sister's hands pressed to her lips. She moved not, nor spoke, but moaned heavily.

The agent raised her. "What can I do?" said the young man, anxiously.

"Run across the street and bring the apothecary here," said the agent.

The young man disappeared, and returned quickly with the apothecary, who brought a bottle of ammonia in his hand. He dropped some of it in water, and forced Fanny to swallow it; and then, rubbing her temples with some more of the same preparation, the poor girl was gradually roused. She looked wildly at them for a moment, and then glanced toward the bed. She broke away from the agent.

"Oh, Ellen, my dear, dear sister!" she exclaimed, throwing herself on the bed; "speak to me, Ellen; speak to your poor, broken-hearted Fanny. She will never speak again," said she, suddenly raising herself from the bed? "And I: where was I when you were dying, poor suffering one! Finishing that dress for that hard-hearted girl, and you, no doubt, calling for me. Oh, why did I mind them? What did it matter if I should offend them all? But I was a coward, and now I am punished!" she added bitterly, and once again she dropped her head on the bed, and sobbed convulsively.

All were affected by her distress. The apothecary and the agent were accustomed to scenes of distress; but the young man, fresh from the country, was almost as much agitated as Fanny herself.

"Has she no relatives or friends?" he inquired anxiously of the agent.

The man shook his head. "They are orphan girls, and have not long lived in this city. I

have never known them have any company on Sunday or other holidays, and they never went anywhere except to church."

"Poor thing!" said the young man, compassionately. He paused for a moment, and then said: "I'll go to my good cousin, Brown. She is a baker's wife, and lives not far off. She is a right good soul, and will do all she can for this unhappy creature."

He left the room, and when he returned with his cousin, found Fanny alone. Mrs. Brown went up to the poor girl, and, taking one of her hands, said, "Be comforted, my dear child. Your sister has, I trust, gone to a better world. Her sorrows are over, and she is an angel rejoicing now while we are weeping for her."

Fanny raised her eyes, and seeing the sympathetic tears that rolled down the good woman's cheeks, threw herself into her arms, and buried her face in her bosom.

"There! sob away, my poor child. It will relieve your broken heart," said Mrs. Brown.

Fanny raised her head after a few minutes, and wiped her eyes. "You are very good to me, ma'am," she said.

"Never mind my being good, my dear, but just tell us, my cousin, the carpenter John Grey here and myself, what we can do for you."

Fanny tried to speak, but her quivering lips uttered no sound.

"Well, sit down, my dear; I see your head is too distracted to tell what you do want."

She went to the door, and held a whispered conversation with the carpenter, who then disappeared. She then put the room in order, and performed the last sad rites for poor Ellen. When all was done, observing that the glaring sun struck full on Fanny's aching eyes, she took off her dark apron, and hung it up before the window. Fanny silently took her seat by the bed. Mrs. Brown left the room, and returned, after a short interval, with a bowl of hot tea, and a roll of bread.

"There, my dear, try and swallow a little of this," she said. Poor Fanny tried to obey her, but she could not swallow. The kind woman placed it beside her, and said: "Well, perhaps, you will taste this by and by. And now, good bye, my child; I must go home, for I have a family to attend to. I will see you again to-night."

A coffin was procured the next day; and poor Ellen, followed by Fanny, Mrs. Brown and the carpenter, was consigned to the grave. The good woman now urged Fanny to return home with her; but the broken-hearted girl clung to the room in which her sister had breathed her last.

Five years have rolled away, and once again behold our friend Fanny. She is seated in a rocking-chair in a small but neat and comfortable room. A beautiful infant is crowing and laughing in his cradle, the tea-table is set, and the tea-kettle gives forth its cheerful hum. Fanny is knitting, but now and then glances toward the window.

"I wonder what makes your father so late?" she said, addressing the infant.

The boy tossed its little chubby arms, as if in answer to her question. She bent over him and kissed him. At that moment the front door opened, and our carpenter, John Grey,



THE LAST BLAST OF ANTHONY THE TRUMPETER.

walked into the room. He caught the child from its cradle, and tossed him up in the air until the boy screamed with delight. He then threw him back in his cradle, and turned to his wife. A grave expression stole over his face, as he said: "Fanny, there is a poor woman and her daughter in great distress not far off. The old woman is dying, and the daughter, a sickly, miserable-looking creature, seems half distracted. An accident caused me to become acquainted with their situation, and as it was a case where I could not do any good alone, I hastened home for you."

"Let us have our supper at once, John, and I will go along with you; we can leave our child with our kind neighbor next door."

Supper over, our worthy carpenter and his wife hastened to the relief of the miserable pair, John carrying a basket containing some articles for their relief. Wretched indeed was the scene that presented itself to their eyes. On a low, dirty straw bed, lay the body of the mother, and beside her, with her hair hanging in matted masses about her face, was the daughter. The good couple raised her, and gave her a cordial from their basket. She looked at them sullenly, but said nothing. When her hair was thrown back, Fanny thought that the countenance was familiar to her, but could not recollect where she had seen it. The face had been beautiful, and the outline of the figure was still graceful. After a few moments the unhappy girl muttered, "How shameful that we should be left in this way! I have not deserved such infamous treatment."

The tone of voice confirmed Fanny's half-formed suspicions. "Good heavens! Miss Norton, can this be you?"

"You may well ask the question," said the girl. "Yes, I am Miss Norton; but who are you who recognize me in this degraded state?"

"One who will do her utmost to serve you,

young lady," said Fanny; "but how have you been thus reduced?"

"Whoever you are, you appear to know that I have been reduced. My father failed, and not being able to face the world, cut his throat. My mother and myself were left unprovided for. We could not work, and we lived for some time upon the sale of such articles of jewelry as we were able to secrete from our creditors; but we sold the last ring two months ago, and my mother has begged from door to door since. She caught cold one rainy night, took a fever, and is now dead."

"But had you no relatives or friends, my dear lady?"

"None," said the girl, haughtily.

The truth was, that Mr. Norton had laid the foundation of his fortune by a lucky speculation; he was originally of low origin, but as he acquired wealth, he and his wife cut and shook off all their humble relatives. The beauty of his daughter, whom he educated at a fashionable seminary, backed by his own wealth, introduced them into fashionable society; and when he failed, those who would otherwise have come to the aid of his family, rejoiced in the idea "that pride must have a fall."

Two days after saw Rose established at Fanny's home. Fanny had set her house in order and was now busy looking over a large basket of needle-work. She drew forth a pair of woolen stockings, and commenced darning them.

"Dear me what shocking coarse work!" said Rose, contemptuously; "what beautiful things I used to make," she said with a sigh.

"What kind of things?" said Fanny, mildly.

"Oh, card-racks and purses."

"Well, perhaps you could make some now, and we could sell them for you."

Rose assented coldly to this proposition, and Fanny procured her some materials for her

work that evening. But Rose's natural indolence was now increased by real ill health, and she would not try to exert herself. She spent the last few months of her life in peevish repinings over her lost luxuries. The good carpenter and his wife pined, although they could not respect her. She died, unregretted by any one save the kind couple who made allowance for the faults and follies of a fashionably-educated beauty. They placed her by the side of her mother, and one stone recorded their names; and as Fanny stood by the grave with her boy in her arms, she thanked God that her youth had been chastened by misfortune, and that, under his Providence, the toll of her own hands had given her the glorious privilege "of being independent."

THE LAST BLAST OF ANTHONY THE TRUMPETER; OR, THE ORIGIN OF THE NAME OF "BUTTER TYPE CASE."

We presume it is unnecessary for us to enter the lists in favor of the reliability of Knickerbocker's unparalleled "History of New York;" we would not so far insult the discretion of our readers; albeit, there have been found individuals possessed of sufficient hardihood and audacity to call in question the veracity of that unequalled historian; but such calumniators would doubt the truthfulness of Gulliver, of Don Quixote, or even Robinson Crusoe: we leave such to their infidelity, and pass them by as unworthy the trouble of convincing. If any argument were necessary to prove the authenticity of the venerable and quaint Diederich Knickerbocker, we would point to the high estimation in which he is held by the people, the history of whose ancestors he chronicles, and who, to this day, are proud to adopt his name as a cognomen by which to distinguish themselves as descendants from those ancestors. Do we not live at Knickerbocker hotels—eat at

Knickerbocker restaurants—drink at Knickerbocker saloons—ride in Knickerbocker omnibuses—and deposit our savings in Knickerbocker banks? Was ever historian so highly honored before? And is not the respect shown to his memory the best evidence of his veracity? Verily, to doubt it is the height of presumption, and Quixotic in the extreme. Have not the personages whose mighty deeds he narrates left their names indelibly stamped upon the scenes of these exploits? Hath not that redoubtable champion and sonder of brass—that valiant commandant of windmills and garrison of Nieuw Amsterdam, Anthony Van Corlaer—banded his name down to posterity in connection with one of the holdest pronouncements of the Hudson highlands, and immortalized himself in giving a cognomen to the crooked strait which separates the beautiful island of Manhattan from the main land? Truly, the Vandals of modern days have not shown a proper evidence of respect for the tradition, in calling it "Harlem River."

Anthony Van Corlaer was a man of parts, and his melancholy end deserved to be commemorated in the name of the strait whose waters enclosed his mortal remains within their treacherous bosom.

Anthony was the "son of his mother,"—so the sage historian informs us through the mouth of that individual himself—and was the confidential envoy and trusty squire of "Peter the Headstrong," to which elevated position he had raised himself—as many others have raised themselves—by simply "blowing his own trumpet." He had rendered his master such good service in various ways, and more particularly by his bravery at the storming of Fort Christina, on the Delaware, that he had invested him with "the right, title, and interest in and to a certain estate," on the island of Manhattan, which is called "Corlaer's Hook" to this day.

Toward the close of the reign of "Hard-koppig Peter," when the British and Yankees were thundering at his doors for admittance, and all was confusion and uproar within his camp, he dispatched his faithful envoy to arouse the brave fighting men of the country round about, and bring them to his assistance. The doleful dimeter which followed is related in Book VII., Chap. x. of the Chronicles, and is as follows:—

"Resolutely bent, however, upon defending his beloved city, in despite even of itself, he called unto him his trusty Van Corlaer, who was right-hand man in all times of emergency. Him did he adjure to take his war-denouncing trumpet, and mounting his horse, to beat up the country night and day—sounding the alarm along the pastoral borders of the Bronx—startling the wild solitudes of Croton—arousing the rugged yeomanry of Weckaw and Hoboken—the mighty men of battle of Tappan Bay, and the brave boys of Tarrytown, Petticoat Lane, and Sleepy Hollow—charging them, one and all, to sling their powder-horns, shoulder their fowling-pieces, and march merrily down to the Manhattans.

"Now, there was nothing in all the world, the divine sex excepted, that Anthon Van Corlaer loved better than errands of this kind. So just stopping to take a lusty dinner, and

bracing to his side his junk bottle, well charged with heart-inspiring Hollands, he issued jollily from the city gate, which looked out upon what is at present called Broadway; sending a farewell strain that rung in sprightly echoes through the streets of Nieuw Amsterdam. Alas! never more were they to be gladdened by the melody of their favorite trumpeter!

"It was a dark and stormy night when the good Anthony arrived at the Creek, (nagely denominated Harlem river), which separates the island of Manna-hata from the main land. The wind was high, the elements were in an uproar, and no Charon could be found to ferry the adventurous sounder of brass across the water. For a short time he vaporized like an impatient ghost upon the brink, and then bethinking himself of the urgency of his errand, took a hearty embrace of his stone bottle, swore most valourously that he would swim across, *Spyet den Duyvel*, (in spite of the Devil), and daringly plunged into the stream. It seems that his Stateline Majesty had overheard the oath, and coming up from his vasty deep, discovered, in the person of a little fat trumpeter, the daring individual who had braved his power; and determined to exert it to the utmost to destroy the presumptuous mortal. Waiting until the luckless wight had reached about the middle of the stream, he stirred the waters into such a commotion that the poor fellow was obliged to yield the contest. Struggling fiercely for the victory, until he found that struggling was in vain, he yielded to inevitable fate, and lay like a huge bladder upon the surface, until a huge wave, towering above all its lesser companions, came rolling toward him to overwhelm him in its mighty volume. With the 'ruling passion strong in death,' he put his instrument to his lips, and as he eyed the incoming swell with eye avarance, gave one long, last, and vehement blast, and sank forever to the bottom.

"The clangor of his trumpet, like that of the ivory horn of the renowned Paladin Orlando, when expiring in the glorious field of Roncesvalles, rang far and wide through the country, alarming the neighbors round, who hurried in amazement to the spot. Here an old Dutch burgher, famed for his veracity, and who had been a witness of the fact, related to them the melancholy affair; with the fearful addition (to which I am slow of giving belief) that he saw the Duyvel, in the shape of a huge moose-banker, seize the sturdy Anthony by the leg, and drag him beneath the waves. Certain it is the place, by the adjoining promontory which projects into the Hudson, has been called *Spyet den Duyvel* ever since; the ghost of the unfortunate Anthony still haunts the surrounding solitudes, and his trumpet has often been heard by the neighbors, of a stormy night, mingling with the howling of the blast. Nobody ever attempts to swim across the creek after dark: on the contrary, a bridge has been built to guard against such melancholy accidents in future; and as to moose-bankers, they are held in such abhorrence, that no true Dutchman will admit them to his table, who loves good fish and hates the devil." Such was the end of Anthony Van Corlaer—a man deserving a better fate; and such was the origin of the name by which the creek is known among the descendants of the Knickerbockers, even to the

present day. His loss was sadly deplored by Peter Stuyvesant and the Nieuw Amsterdammers; but new scenes and incidents attracted their attention and occupied their thoughts, until the unfortunate trumpeter was almost forgotten.

LEWIS CASE.

THIS courteous, accomplished statesman and ripe scholar—worthy colleague of Webster, Calhoun, Clay, Benton, McDuffie, and others of like grade in profound knowledge, brilliant eloquence, and sagacious wit—each of whom were fit associates in that assemblage, for which, by their dignified bearing and manly decorum, they earned the title of "the most exemplary body politic extant,"—is now the acknowledged father of the United States Senate, and has long been one of the most conspicuous, consistent leaders of the great Democratic party. And although we thus bring him forward as one of the most prominent candidates for the coming presidential contest, still, we fear, like some others of the brilliant personages above mentioned, he is too great and too good a man to become the chief magistrate of this Union, in these days of degeneracy. The spirit of faction is always unjust, and often cruel. A spotless character, and a life of self-sacrifice and devotion to others, cannot allay its resentment, or shame it into honor: it certainly appears to be one of the most contemptible phases in human nature, and is probably as extensively indulged in in this country as any other under the sun. The moment an individual comes before his fellow citizens for a position of honor or emolument, no matter how exemplary may have been his antecedents, that moment he becomes a target for virulence and malignity, thus giving the people of other countries the idea, that instead of the exalted and efficient, the most vile and obsolete, are selected for our highest and most responsible positions of honor and trust. We feel gratified at being among the conservative few, who are pleased to venerate the illustrious statesmen of all parties; and we are also proud of the consciousness, that each of the great men mentioned at the head of this column, have and had a nobler aim and patriotism than self-ambition. At all events, in their preferences, pecuniary considerations had no weight in the scale; for either of them, in any of the professions of business life, could have accumulated immense fortunes, with a title of the labor they so willingly bestowed on the altar of patriotism.

Lewis Case was born in Exeter, New Hampshire, October 9th, 1762. He was the son of Jonathan Case, a soldier of the Revolution, who served under Washington; having joined the army the day after the battle of Lexington, and continued in service during the war, and borne a part in the battles of Bunker Hill, Saratoga, Trenton, Princeton, Monmouth, and Germantown. In 1779, he removed with his family to Ohio, and settled in Zanesville, where, after a life of honor and usefulness, he died in August, 1830. His son, who is the subject of this sketch, received the principal part of his early education at the academy of his native town; and after the removal of the family to the West, studied law at Marietta, under the late Governor Meigs. Young Case



LEWIS CASS.

was admitted to the bar in 1802, and pursued the practice of his profession for several years with distinguished success. He was elected a member of the Ohio Legislature in 1806. About this time the movements of Colonel Burr began greatly to alarm the country. Mr. Cass, who was appointed on the committee to which this subject was referred, and drafted the law by which the local authorities were enabled to arrest the party and boats on their passage down the Ohio river. Having thus timely baffled a project which was deemed of a revolutionary character, designed to separate the West from the East, the same pen drafted the address to Mr. Jefferson, which unfolded the views of the Ohio Legislature on this important subject. Mr. Cass was appointed Marshal of the State in 1807, and he held the office till the latter part of 1811, when he volunteered to repel Indian aggressions on the frontier.

From the last mentioned year, his military career can be dated. He was at once elected colonel of the third regiment, Ohio Volunteers, and entered the military service of the United States, at the commencement of the war with Great Britain, in 1812. Having by a difficult march reached Detroit, he was early distinguished for energy, activity and courage. He urged the immediate invasion of Canada, and was the author of the proclamation of that event. He was the first to land in arms on the enemy's shore, and with a small detachment of troops, fought and won the first battle, that of the Tarontee. At the subsequent capitulation of Detroit, he was absent on important service, and was greatly mortified at the disas-

trous event, and especially at his command and himself being included in that capitulation, which, for a time terminated his activity. Liberated on parole, he repaired to the seat of government to report the causes of the disaster, and the failure of the campaign. He was immediately appointed to a colonelcy in the regular army, and soon after, promoted to the rank of brigadier-general; having, in the meantime, been elected major-general of the Ohio Volunteers. On being exchanged and released from parole, he again repaired to the frontier, and joined the army for the recovery of Michigan. Being at that time without a command, he served and distinguished himself as a volunteer aid-de-camp to General Harrison, at the battle of the Thames, which retrieved the previous reverses of the American arms at that frontier. Being appointed by President Madison, in October, 1813, as Governor of Michigan, yielding to the earnest and pressing solicitations of the citizens of that territory, he accepted the appointment. His position, combined with the ordinary duties of chief magistrate of a civilized community, the immediate management and control, as superintendent of the relations with the numerous and powerful Indian tribes in that region of country. The territory was almost without law organization, its resources exhausted by the war, the condition and prospects of its white inhabitants depressed and unpromising, and the greater portion of the Indians restless, discontented and hostile. He conducted with eminent success the affairs of the territory, under very embarrassing circumstances, displaying the

most consummate ability and judgment, not only of the warrior, but the statesman. This was at a period when the whole western and north-western frontiers were occupied with ungovernable hordes of savage Indians, between whom and the United States little fraternity existed. A new mode of treatment was now to be adopted. The rifle had done its work, and the savage was tamed into submission. The policy of the States was now to make them, as far as possible, friends. This was to be effected only by the most skillful negotiations. It is not often that the warrior makes a good negotiator; but, in the present emergency, Governor Cass was looked to as a man possessing the necessary qualifications. Nor did he disappoint the Government. No American has been more successfully engaged in that delicate and difficult kind of diplomacy. From 1815 to 1831, when he was called to assume other important duties, he was in constant treaty with the various Indian tribes, having, during that period assisted at no less than ten councils with the red men of the wilderness. To say that he did not sometimes fail, would be to say that he was not human; but, to say that his conduct on these trying occasions was marked by great skill and prudence, is only to do him justice. These treaties occasioned an incredible amount of fatigue and long and dangerous journeys, but he felt richly repaid by their fruitful results. By these skillful negotiations General Cass has acquired for the United States, and rescued from the wilderness for great and practical purposes of agriculture and internal improvements, many millions of acres of land; and by a kindness of manner, as well as sprightliness of negotiation, never aggravated the lot of a single Indian or tribe. In 1831, General Cass was by General Jackson, made a member of his cabinet as Secretary of War. His administration of the affairs of that department, was able and judicious. In the latter part of 1836 General Cass was appointed minister to the Court of France, in which capacity he rendered most eminent and valuable services. His celebrated protest against the "quintuple treaty," which, under the pretext of breaking up the slave trade, provided for the indiscriminate right of search on the high seas—though avowedly put forth without instructions, and on his own personal responsibility, had the effect of preventing the final ratification of that treaty by France, though agreed to and signed by her executive authority. Considering himself placed in a false attitude by the arrangements made with Great Britain, respecting the suppression of the slave trade, in the treaty of August, 1842, and that he could no longer maintain his position at the Court of France with dignity and self-respect, he requested his recall, and returned to this country, where he had greatly gained in public estimation by his manly and independent course, in defeating the British diplomatic trickery.—General Cass also greatly distinguished himself by his particular courtesy to all his countrymen who visited Paris. Those who have been abroad much are painfully aware that this quality is not always signalized by our diplomatic functionaries, who too often find it more convenient to awe royalty, than to pay that

attention to their republican countrymen for which the office was created. General Cass, as hundreds are pleased to testify, was a noble exception to this rule. Mrs. Sigourney, while abroad, in 1841, wrote a poem in which she alluded to him as the kind ambassador. The foot note she appended to that expression embodied the sentiments of many hundreds. Says she, "How justly is this adjective applied to General Cass and all his family. His unwearied attention to travelers from his native country, during the whole time he has represented its interests at the court of France, are deeply felt and fervently acknowledged. Without reference to political creed, or other adventitious distinction, he not only gathers them around him with liberal and elegant hospitality, but, aided by his whole household, strives to teach them the luxury of home feeling in a foreign land."

In January, 1845, General Cass was elected by the Legislature of Michigan to the Senate of the United States, which place he resigned on his nomination, in May, 1848, as the candidate of the great Democratic party, for the highest office in the gift of the people—the Presidency of the United States. How General Cass was battered away by those political gamblers, to whose chicanery his honorable spirit would not submit, history has recorded. Then, again, the grand éclat of General Taylor, flashed with the brilliant victories of his recent battles in Mexico, carried the masses in a perfect avalanche. The storm was too strong: notwithstanding the brilliant services he had rendered his country, notwithstanding his acknowledged superior capabilities for the distinguished position, General Cass was forced to submit to the unrighteous sacrifice. After the election of his opponent as President, General Cass was again reelected by the Legislature of Michigan for the balance of his term in the senate; and since that time has still again been reelected for six years. Here he has long been distinguished as an able, ready, and eloquent debator, and is at the present moment one of the most active and efficient, as well as one of the most dignified and competent members of that distinguished body. General Cass is a most competent classical belle-lettre scholar, having omitted no opportunities during his eventful and active career of improving his early limited education; he speaks French most fluently, and is conversant with several other languages. His private life has been most exemplary, he being a man of unimpeachable purity of character and extremely temperate habits, never, in the slightest degree, having indulged in the use of ardent spirits.

In answer to a communication from several prominent citizens of Philadelphia, General Cass declined being considered a candidate in the coming presidential contest in the following terms: "While thanking you for this manifestation of your kindness and confidence, of which I shall always preserve a grateful recollection, I reply that I am not a candidate for the Presidency, nor do I desire that my name should be presented in connection with it to the consideration of the Democratic party of the Union." Notwithstanding this public declaration, he is still looked upon by a large

number of his fellow-citizens, as the person who will hold the reigns of government for four years, from the fourth of March, 1857. And, although he may never reach that apex of the ambition of all true republicans, still, posterity, at all events, will accord the justness of his claims to that exalted position. For his superior talents as a statesman, as a diplomatist, and as a scholar, all must allow; and he has left and will leave a mark upon his generation, which other generations will feel and gratefully acknowledge.

As a specimen of his eloquence, and the beauty and power of his language, we have concluded to give the following large portion of his speech, delivered in the senate, on the 14th December, 1842, on the death of Daniel Webster:—

"MR. PRESIDENT:—*How are the Mighty Fallen!*" was the pathetic lamentation when the leaders of Israel were stricken down in the midst of their victories and of their renown. Well may we repeat that national wail—*How are the mighty fallen!*—when the improvident dispensations of Providence have so recently carried mourning to the hearts of the American people, by summoning from life to death three of their eminent citizens, who, for almost half a century, had taken part—and prominently, too—in all the great questions, as well of peace as of war, which agitated and divided their country.

"Full indeed they were of days and of honors, for—

"The hand of the reaper
Took the ears that were heavy"

but never brighter in intellect, purer in patriotism, nor more powerful in influence, than when the grave closed upon their labors, leaving their memory and their career at once an incentive and example for their countrymen in that long course of trial—but I trust, of freedom and prosperity, also—which is open before us. Often divided in life, but only by honest convictions of duty, followed in a spirit of generous emulation, and not of personal opposition, they are now united in death, and we may appropriately adopt, upon this striking occasion, the beautiful language addressed to the people of England by one of her most gifted sons, when they were called to mourn, as we are called now, a bereavement which spread sorrow—dismay almost—through the nation, and under circumstances of difficulty and of danger far greater than any we can now reasonably anticipate in the progress of our history:—

"Seek not for those a separate doom,
Whom fate made brothers in the tomb;
But search the land of living men;
Where shall we find their like again?"

"And, to-day, in the consideration of the message of the chief magistrate, it becomes us to respond to his communication—commending itself as it does, to the universal sentiment of the country—of the death of the last lamented statesman, as a national misfortune. This mark of respect and regret, was due alike to the memory of the dead, and to the feelings of the living. And I have listened with deep emotion to the eloquent testimonial to the mental power, and worth, and services of the departed patriot, which, to-day have been heard in the high place, and will be heard to-morrow, and commended, too, by the American people.

"The voice of party is hushed in the presence of such a national calamity, and the grave closes upon the asperity of political contests, when it closes upon those who have taken part in them.

"And well may we, who have so often witnessed his labors and his triumphs; well may we, here, upon this theater of his services and his renown, recalling the efforts of his mighty understanding, and the admiration which always followed his exertion, well may we come with our tribute of acknowledgment to his high and diversified powers, and to the influence he exercised upon his auditors, and, in fact, upon his country. He was, indeed, one of those remarkable men, who stand prominently forward upon the canvas of history, impressing their characteristics upon the age in which they live, and almost making it their own by the force of their genius, and by the splendor of their fame. The time which elapsed between the middle of the eighteenth century and our own day, was prolific of great events, and of distinguished men, who guided or were guided by them, far beyond any other equal period in the history of human society. But, in my opinion, even this favored epoch, has produced no man possessing a more massive and gigantic intellect, or who exhibited more profound powers of investigation, in the great department of political science to which he devoted himself, in all its various ramifications, than DANIEL WEBSTER.

"It was my good fortune to hear him upon one of these occasions, when, in this very hall, filled to overflowing with an audience, whose wrapt attention indicated his powers and their expectations, he entered into an analysis of the Constitution, and of the great principles of our political organization, with a vigor of argument, a force of illustration, and a felicity of diction, which have rendered this effort of his mind one of the proudest monuments of American genius, and one of the noblest expositions which the operations of our government have called forth. I speak of its general effect, without concurring in all the views he presented, though the points of difference neither impair my estimate of the speaker, nor of the power he displayed in this elaborate debate.

"The judgment of his contemporaries upon the character of his eloquence, will be confirmed by the future historian.

"He grasped the questions involved in the subject before him with a rare union of force and discrimination, and he presented them in an order of arrangement, marked at once with great perspicuity and with logical acuteness, so that, when he arrived at his conclusion, he seemed to reach it by a process of established propositions, interwoven with the hands of a master; and topics, barren of attraction, from their nature, were rendered interesting by illustrations and allusions, drawn from a vast storehouse of knowledge, and applied with a chaetened taste, formed upon the best models of ancient and of modern learning; and to these eminent qualifications was added an uninterrupted flow of rich and often racy, old-fashioned English, worthy of the earlier masters of the language, whom he studied and admired.

"As a statesman and a politician, his power

was felt and acknowledged through the Republic, and all bore willing testimony to his enlarged views, and to his ardent patriotism. And he acquired an European reputation by the state papers he prepared upon various questions of our foreign policy; and one of these—his refutation and exposure of an absurd and arrogant pretension of Austria—is distinguished by lofty and generous sentiments, becoming the age in which he lived, and the great people in whose name he spoke, and is stamped with a vigor and research not less honorable in the exhibition than conclusive in the application; and it will ever take rank in the history of diplomatic intercourse among the richest contributions to the commentaries upon the public law of the world.

"And in internal as in external troubles he was true, and tried, and faithful. And in the latest, may it be the last, as it was the most perilous, crisis of our country, rejecting all sectional consideration, and exposing himself to sectional denunciation, he stood up boldly, proudly, indeed, and with consummate ability, for the Constitutional rights of another portion of the Union, fiercely assailed by a spirit of aggression, as incompatible with our mutual obligations as with the duration of the confederation itself. In that dark and doubtful hour, his voice was heard above the storm, recalling his countrymen to a sense of their dangers and their duties, and tempering the lessons of reproach with the experience of age and the dictates of patriotism.

"He who heard his memorable appeal to the public reason and conscience, made in this crowded chamber, with all eyes fixed upon the speaker, and almost all hearts swayed by his words of wisdom and of power, will sedulously guard its recollections as one of those precious incidents which, while they constitute the poetry of history, exert a permanent and decisive influence upon the destiny of nations.

"And our deceased colleague added the kindler affections of the mind; and I recall, with almost painful sensibility, the associations of our boyhood, when we were school-fellows together, with all the troubles and the pleasures which belong to that relation of life, in its narrow world of preparation. He rendered himself dear by his disposition and deportment, and exhibited some of those peculiar characteristic features which, later in life, made him the ornament of the social circle; and when study and knowledge of the world had ripened his faculties, endowed him with powers of conversation I have not found surpassed in my intercourse with society, at home or abroad. His conduct and bearing at that early period have left an enduring impression upon my memory of mental traits, which his subsequent course in life, developed and confirmed. And the commanding position and ascendancy of the man were foreshadowed by the standing and influence of the boy among the comrades who surrounded him.

"Fifty years ago, we parted—he to prepare for his splendid career in the good old land of our ancestors, and I to encounter the rough toils and trials of life, in the great forest of the West. But ere long the report of his words and his deeds penetrated those recesses where

human industry was painfully but successfully contending with the obstacles of Nature, and I found that my early companion was assuming a position which confirmed my previous anticipations, and which could only be attained by the rare faculties with which he was gifted. Since then he has gone on, irradiating his path with the splendor of his exertions, till the whole hemisphere was bright with his glory, and never brighter than when he went down in the west, without a cloud to obscure his luster, calm, clear, and glorious. Fortunate in life, he was not less fortunate in death, for he died with his fame undiminished, his faculties unbroken, and his usefulness unimpaired; surrounded by weeping friends, and regarded with anxious solicitude by a grateful country, to whom the messenger, that mocks at time and space, told from hour to hour the progress of his disorder, and the approach of his fate. And beyond all this, he died in the faith of a Christian, humble, but hopeful, adding another to the roll of eminent men who have searched the Gospel of Jesus, and have found it the word and the will of God, given to direct us while here, and to sustain us in that hour of trial, when the things of this world are passing away, and the dark valley of the shadow of death is opening before us.

"HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN! we may yet exclaim, when left of our greatest and wisest; but they fall to rise again from death to life, when such quickening faith in the mercy of God, and in the Sacrifice of the Redeemer comes to shed upon them its happy influence, on this side of the grave and beyond it."



WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

DURING his lifetime, it was frequently remarked of the lamented Henry Clay—"That, than him, no man had more sincere friends, and yet more inveterate enemies." Admitting this assertion true in regard to Mr. Clay, how much more is it adapted to the noble, fearless, self-sacrificing Seward; to and against whom daily blessings are given and anathemas hurled, from one end of the Union to the other. He whose whole career, public and private, has been devoted to the great cause of humanity, and what he conscientiously believes would benefit the largest possible number of the whole human family. That he is a philanthropist, in the fullest meaning of the term, cannot be denied by his most inveterate opponents. That he is honest in his endeavors to discriminate between right and wrong, has been amply proven in his public obedience to that higher law, to which each and every individual of all ages and nations are amenable.

William H. Seward was born in the village of Florida, in the town of Warwick, Orange county, New York, on the 16th of May, 1801. His ancestors were of high respectability, and on his father's side were of Welch, and on his mother's of Irish extraction. The inhabitants of the little town of Florida were principally emigrants from Connecticut and other New England States; the tone of society was Puritanic—using the word in its noblest sense. It was a quiet village, and the influences that surrounded the lad were excellent. He was noted for a studious turn of mind, a precocious deve-

lopment of intellect, and a frank and gentle disposition. He enjoyed the usual advantages of school and academical education in his native village, and in the adjoining town of Goshen—until 1816, when he entered Union College in Schenectady, scarcely fifteen years of age. Even at this period he was able to pass an examination for the junior class; by preference, however, he entered Sophomore. His remarkable assiduity and capacity of acquisitions are still remembered by his classmates, as he readily distinguished himself by his severe studies, his brilliant talents, and a manly and generous character. His favorite subjects were rhetoric, moral philosophy, and the ancient classics. As he rose at four in the morning, and at six at night, it was in college, no doubt, that he acquired those habits of continuous mental toil which has since distinguished his whole public career.

When in his senior term, he withdrew for a year from college, and spent six months in teaching at the South, making inquiries and observations which have undoubtedly powerfully influenced his mind on the subject of slavery. The residue of his vacation he devoted to the study of the law; and when the next senior class had reached the point at which he had left his own, he returned to college, and at the close of the term graduated with the highest honors. He then resumed the study of the law, with John Anthon of this city, and completed his preparation for the bar, at Goshen, with Judge Duer and Ogden Hoffman, and was admitted by the Supreme Court at Ulster, in 1822. On the first of January, 1823, when a little more than 21 years of age, he removed to Auburn, Cayuga county, in this State, where he soon attracted the attention of Judge Miller of that town, and in a short time became associated in his office as a partner, and thus rapidly succeeded to a large and lucrative practice. In 1824, he married the youngest daughter of his associate—Frances Adeline Miller, a lady who inherits a large share of her father's intelligence and originality of character. Remarkable for her accomplishments, kindness of heart, and natural endowments, Mrs. Seward is, in the truest sense, one of nature's noble women, and a worthy companion of her husband. The fruits of this union have been five children—four of whom, three sons and a daughter, are still living. One son is in the United States army; another, a lawyer by profession, is one of the editors of the "Albany Evening Journal;" the other two children are quite young.

"Mr. Seward's personal appearance can scarcely be said to be prepossessing. At least we never knew a person who had, through the medium of the journals, become acquainted with his masterpieces of eloquence, afterward see him without an expression of disappointment. And yet there are many noble points in his personal appearance. He is scarcely average-sized, is modest in his ways, and often wears upon his face a sleepy look, which gives no indication of the powerful intellect behind that dreamy front. The first time we saw him he was at home among the charming scenery of Auburn, and beneath the roof of a mutual friend. His face struck us at first unpleasantly—it seemed too expressionless for so great a man; but in a moment the dreamy cloud lifted

off, and the eyes grew bright, and we felt the fascination of his voice, look, manner, and brilliant conversation—a fascination which thousands of others have experienced who have met him in conversation, or have listened to his speeches. His whole appearance seemed to have suddenly changed. The compact brow expressed power—the eyes, genius—the lips, force—the whole body, grace mingled with stateliness, unassuming, as it really was. An air of pleasant frankness pervaded the conversation and manners, and the listener forgot *de mon*, his achievements and position. In the topics of conversation. He has no affected dignity, but is simple and natural in all his ways and habits. There are distinguished politicians, so-called great men, in this country, whose greatness consists principally in a pompous dignity of manners and rhetoric. The chronic dullness of such men pines with the multitude for profundity of intellect. We hear a great deal of the look of latent power which such men wear, and indeed if they possess power, it must be latent, for they never give the world any evidence of their god-like proportions of mind. Mr. Seward has not achieved the brilliant position which he occupies by any such method; he has earned it by a life of severe labor, and the fruits of his earnest toil remain an imperishable monument to his memory."

Mr. Seward had barely attained his majority when he was called to occupy a prominent position in the political affairs of the town and county. In 1824, at a convention of his fellow-citizens, he was selected to prepare an address to the people, which is still preserved as a production of more than ordinary merit. He early formed a warm attachment to De Witt Clinton, who was then known as the representative of that proud evidence of the tact, skill and enterprise of our people—the Erie canal; and while John Quincy Adams, in a national point of view, appears to be his model for a statesman, Mr. Seward has ever regarded the policy suggested by Clinton as the true one for the advancement and general prosperity of his native State. In 1830, Mr. Seward, although not yet thirty years of age, was elected to the senate of New York, in which body he took his seat in the following January. His speeches in the senate, as well as his opinions as a judge in the Court of Errors, the then highest legal tribunal in the State, of which he was also a member *ex-officio*, attracted a large share of public attention. During the four years that he was a member of the senate, he, among other efforts, advocated the abolition of imprisonment for debt; an improvement in prison discipline; the election of various officers by the people, then appointed by the governor and senate; and the great interests of education and internal improvement. He also opposed the removal of the deposits from the United States bank; the interference of the executive with the bank; the increase of corporations; and the enlargement of the salaries of public officers. His speeches on several of these great topics were much admired at the time, and have not even yet lost their interest and value. Standing almost alone in opposition to the dominant party, his position was conspicuous and well sustained throughout. In 1833, during the recess of the senate, he made a hurried

visit to Europe, traveling through the United Kingdom, Germany, Holland, Switzerland and France. During his absence of about three months, he wrote to his friends at home a series of letters, which were published in the newspapers, and added much to his literary reputation.

In 1834, Mr. Seward was the candidate of the whigs, for the chief magistracy of the State. Although his party, gathered mainly by his efforts as a leader of the opposition in the Senate, had not yet attained sufficient strength and organization to overcome the powerful party in the ascendancy in the State and nation, he nevertheless received so large a vote, that at the election succeeding the presidential contest of 1836, he was renominated, and this time, elected by over ten thousand majority. He entered upon his duties as governor, amid peculiar difficulties; he was the first member of the republican party, who had been elected to that office since De Witt Clinton—he was yet a very young man, scarcely thirty-six years old—and the country was just at that time entering one of the most disastrous commercial revolutions it ever experienced. Such, however, was his success in administering the government, that he was, in 1840, reelected—an honor that has been conferred on none of his successors. He brought to the discharge of his duties unwearied industry, an unyielding independence and undoubted integrity. He aimed at bringing about various reforms, which in some cases excited a bitter opposition. The last vestige of slavery was extirpated from the State under his auspices. The great cause of education secured a large share of his attention, and he recommended measures calculated to bring all the children of the State, under the benign influence of the common schools. Governor Seward, was most wrongfully accused of being controlled by sectarianism, in this last measure. Never was a more unjust ascription propagated: his grand effort was, for the education of ALL the children, independent of descent, sect, sex, or color. Who can point at a more noble or extended idea of philanthropy? Internal improvement, embracing the enlargement of the Erie canal; the building of new and lateral canals; the then mammoth enterprise, the New York and Erie railroad; and other roads of less magnitude, received from him an energetic and steady support. He desired also, to extend the right of suffrage, so that, like education, it should be free and universal. He sought to improve and ameliorate the condition of the convicts in the State prisons. To this end, he discontinued the use of the lash, recommended the introduction of libraries, and urged a regular system of moral and intellectual instruction. While a member of the Senate, he was instrumental in the causing the establishment of separate prisons for females, which he had the satisfaction of bringing into full and successful operation during his executive administration. Probably, no reform cost him more friends than that which he proposed, reducing the enormous and burdensome expenses of litigation. The people, however, have sustained him in this, as in most other of his contests against power and conservative influences.

He returned to Auburn, and his profession,

at the close of his second gubernatorial term. In the campaign of 1844, he exerted his influence in favor of Henry Clay to the presidency, believing such a result would save the country from the threatened annexation of Texas, a war with Mexico, and the extension of slavery. If powerful and eloquent speeches could have accomplished the end, then would the triumph have been signal and beneficent. But adverse influences prevailed, and the republican party was overthrown. Mr. Seward now devoted himself with renewed energy, to the duties of his profession. Beside attending to a large and lucrative practice in causes involving the rights and claims of inventors under the patent laws, he was never content to see the poor and friendless prisoner suffer for want of counsel. The cases in which he defended such persons are too numerous to be dwelt upon in this brief article. In several instances, he bore the whole expense of procuring witnesses and employing assistance, to the amount of several thousand dollars. Three cases of such remarkable interest are among them, that we cannot forbear to relate here a few of the circumstances of each.

In 1845, Henry Wyatt, a convict in the State prison, at Auburn, murdered another convict. The criminal was indicted, and eminent counsel was applied to to defend him: but they declined on the eve of the trial, on the ground that no provision had been made for their compensation. Wyatt sent for Mr. Seward, and appealed to his humanity, and the latter at once determined to undertake the defense. When the circumstances were investigated, reason was found for the belief that the prisoner was insane. The trial came on in February, 1846, and after an impartial hearing, the jury disagreed. On the 29th of March succeeding, a fearful tragedy occurred near Auburn. William Freeman, a negro, and a native of that place, who had recently been discharged from five years imprisonment in the State prison, having provided himself with weapons, proceeded to the house of John G. Van Nest, on the banks Owaseo Lake, in the suburbs of Auburn, and there without notice and any apparent motive, slew Mr. Van Nest, a wealthy and worthy citizen, Mrs. Van Nest, her sleeping infant, and her aged mother, and wounded, as was then thought, mortally the hired man who dwelt with them, leaving only the maid servant of the family, and she had been spared only because he was wounded in the affray. After completing his human butcheries, the negro proceeded to the house of a relative some forty miles distant, where he was arrested and conveyed back to Auburn, and then surrounded by the people of that town, and the adjacent county, was taken to the scene of his crime, to be identified by the survivors. In the presence of the dead bodies of his victims. So far from manifesting any compunction, he avowed the deed, described its details, and laughed continually during the recital. The incensed people saw in this and other strange conduct of the prisoner, and in the absence of any motive of the crime, had reason to apprehend that he might escape punishment by a plea of insanity. They were easily made to believe, that the partial success which had attended that plan in Wyatt's case, had emboldened the negro to commit acts so atrocious and so horrible. They

resolved, therefore, and prepared to take him from the hands of the police, and to inflict summary justice upon him. This design, however, was baffled by stratagem, and the multitude reluctantly dispersed, after being assured by a judge that Freeman should be tried and "no Seward should defend him." Meanwhile the victims were buried amid sincere exhibitions of popular sympathy, mingled with execrations against the homicide, and unsparring denunciations of the lawyer, whose defence of Wyatt was supposed, to some way to have brought about the revolting crimes, and who, also, it was supposed would have the audacity to appear in defense of the wretch who had committed them. The clergyman who conducted the funeral service carried the excitement to a higher pitch, by appealing to the law of self-preservation, and against the indulgence of moderation and forbearance toward "adroit counsel." In their efforts to lower the standard of moral accountability by the plea of insanity. Mr. Seward's law partner, and other friends, overpowered by these demonstrations of popular prejudice, actually fearing that on his return to Auburn (Mr. Seward was absent at Washington during the excitement), his person would be endangered, gave pledges to the public that he would not outrage the general sentiment by defending the prisoner. The governor, Silas Wright, responded promptly to the popular demand for a special term of the court, to try both Wyatt and Freeman, on the first of June following. On the return of Mr. Seward, he heard the strange facts of the case with pain and surprise, and they at once raised a suspicion that the prisoner was a lunatic; he therefore wrote to the most eminent members of the medical faculty in New York, Connecticut, and Massachusetts, and called their attention to the case, as one that interested science and humanity, no less than justice; he also requested them to attend on the trial, and make the necessary examinations of the prisoner, to the end that if he was sane, the law might have its due vindication, and if he was not, the country might be saved from the crime of inflicting judicial murder upon a lunatic. The day of trial came, and the people boasted that no lawyer dared defend the murderer. The District Attorney read the indictment against the man, and asked him if he plead guilty or not guilty. His only reply was "ha!" He was asked if he was ready for trial; he "did not know"—"If he had counsel; he "did not know." Here was conclusive proof that the poor idiot had no conception of what was transpiring. At this moment, Mr. Seward, whose feelings were much affected by the scene, rose up and said, "May it please the court and jury; I shall remain and defend the prisoner until his death." This announcement was immediately followed up by a preliminary plea that the prisoner was insane. The plea was received, but it drew down on Mr. Seward the public indignation, not only in that vicinity, but throughout the whole country; and, although he was hooted at and insulted by his own fellow-townsmen, he for two weeks, amid the most depleting weather, gave his whole time, beside spending his money and influence for the defense of a poor wretch who had no claim on him, only that he was a human being who by disease and misfortune

was incapacitated of caring for himself, or having any other person—only those with such philanthropy as displayed by Seward—to care for him. He, knowing his duty, would not flinch a hair from it, but worked on nobly and bravely to the end. John Van Buren was the opposing counsel, and with the predetermination of the jury, it was not difficult for him to win a verdict. In Mr. Seward's argument, which will ever be one of the brightest of his laurels, both as an advocate and as a philanthropist, he, in allusion to the fact that he had lost his popularity in Auburn, and indeed throughout the State, for his action in this matter, said most eloquently:—"In due time, gentlemen of the jury, when I shall have paid the debt of nature, my remains will rest here in your midst, with those of my kindred and neighbors—it is very possible unhonored, neglected, and spurned! But, perhaps, years hence, when the passion and excitement which now agitate this community shall have passed away—some wandering stranger—some lone exile—some Indian; some Negro, may erect over them an humble stone, and thereon this epitaph 'HE WAS FAITHFUL.'" After the conviction and sentence of the negro, Mr. Seward applied to Governor Wright for a pardon; being denied in this, he appealed to the Supreme Court for a new trial; which was granted after a patient investigation of the case. The same judge who had condemned the prisoner, now refused to again try the case, on the ground that the insanity of Freeman was now manifest. The latter, however, died within a short time, and a post mortem examination revealed the fact that the brain of the negro was one mass of disease, and indeed nearly destroyed. Thus it was proved incontrovertibly, that Mr. Seward had from the beginning been right, and that he was entitled to the warmest thanks of all humane men for the courageous and noble course which he had pursued. The people of Auburn now restored him to his former place in their affection, and he was, if possible, more popular throughout the State, than he was before the trial was thought of. He had proved he was not a demagogue, for he had given up reputation, friends, everything, to defend a poor and despised negro.

In May, 1851, an announcement was made by the press of Detroit, that an atrocious conspiracy (embracing fifty citizens of Jackson county, in the State of Michigan) for the destruction of the property of the Michigan Central Railroad Company, and an indiscriminate war against the lives of passengers traveling on the road, had been discovered through the activity of agents of this company, and of the police, and that the guilty parties had been suddenly surprised, arrested, and conveyed to jail in Detroit. The accusation took the form of an indictment for arson, in burning the depot of the company at the above mentioned city, and the proof that of a conspiracy, for the commission that was there specified, and other enormous crimes. The prisoners alleged their entire innocence, and declared that the prosecution was itself a conspiracy to convict them by fabricating testimony of crimes that had not even been committed. In applying to be admitted to bail the sums were fixed up high as to practically deny them that privilege. Pub-

lie opinion was vehemently and intensely excited against them by reason of aggressions which had been committed in the neighborhood for a long time, seriously endangering the lives of passengers. Among the accused were persons in every walk of life; and while the guilt of some seemed too probable, that of all appeared to be quite impossible. The ten most distinguished lawyers of Michigan were retained before the arrest by the railroad company, to conduct the prosecution, and every councillor in the city and State qualified to defend them, except barely one, had been induced to decline to appear in their behalf. They applied, stating the facts, by telegraph, to Mr. Seward, at Auburn, after the trial began. He did not hesitate to appear for men whom the public had prejudged and condemned, and whom the legal profession, except for his going to their aid, would have been deemed to have abandoned. The issues were perplexing; the evidence of a most extraordinary character. Even now, it is impossible, on reading it, to decide which was most improbable, the existence of the crime, or the truth of the defense. The trial lasted four months, and so was the longest, in a jury case, that was ever held; the alleged principal died before it began; one of the chief defendants, and another more obscure, died during its progress. Twelve of the fifty were convicted, and all the others acquitted.

Mr. Seward was conspicuous in his exertions in favor of the last convention to revise the Constitution of New York, hoping thereby to secure and extend the rights of the people by abridging materially the appointing power; by the division of the State in separate senate and assembly districts; by abolishing a host of useless and expensive offices; and by extending the right of suffrage to colored people, regardless of the property qualification. In all, save the last, his hopes were gratified.

In 1848, Mr. Seward was elected, almost unanimously, by the legislature of New York, to the Senate of the United States, in place of John A. Dix, whose term expired on the third of March, 1849. In the presidential canvass of the first-mentioned year, Mr. Seward gave General Taylor a hearty and enthusiastic support, and from their meeting in Washington till the death of the latter, they were firm and cordial friends. In his course in the senate, Mr. Seward has been firm and unflinching in those principles which have so strongly marked his course throughout life; his sincerity, urbanity, and courteous bearing commanding alike the love and respect, not only of his own party, but of those who, on the great national questions that agitate the body politic, entertain opinions precisely adverse to his own. In 1854, Mr. Seward was re-elected to the United States senate for six years from the 4th of March, 1855.

As a writer, Mr. Seward occupies a high position; his productions are clear, comprehensive and convincing. If he does not ornament his style luxuriantly, it is the more impressive from its simplicity; it has directness and force, and his diction is always copious; fit language is always at his command; he exhausts a subject. He does not, indeed, like some, dissect it in every part; he disdains generally to employ much of his time over mere

trifles; but he passes over a subject as an eagle flies over a province, not stopping to alight at every rocky height, not peering in at every farm-house window, but sailing majestically over all, viewing everything, scanning keenly river and plain, village and city, the sheep browsing in the quiet pasture, and the gathering lempet far away in the horizon. Mr. Seward has said, we believe, comparatively little attention to polite literature; that is, his ambition has been devoted to politics and statesmanship. Yet, in the volumes of his life, and in other places, may be found grand evidences of his ability as an author. As a political writer, he ranks high. As an orator, it is said, he will by no means compare with such men as Soule, Phillips, and others of the most brilliant of our native orators. This is meant, of course, in the mere graces of oratory. In lofty eloquence, he has but few equals among the great men of our country, but his manner of speaking is too dry and passive. His rapid idealization, his oriental affluence, though not vagueness of expression, and the Ciceronian flow of his language, proceeding not from the heat of youth, or the vapors of wine, but from the exceeding fertility of his imagination, combine to render him an interesting speaker. Yet his enunciations are neither clear nor distinct, and the tones of his voice often grate harshly on the ear. He is not devoid of grace, however; he is calm and dignified, but earnest.

By many, Mr. Seward is considered to be the first of living American statesmen; and although others deny that assertion, it is generally admitted his is one of the master minds of the age. He is looked upon as the leader of the new Northern or Republican party, and is undoubtedly their first choice as a candidate for the presidency in the coming contest of 1856.

LACHRYMALS vs. POCKET-HANDKERCHIEFS.

BY MISS E. GARDNER SMITH.

STANDING, a day or two since, upon the steps of Taylor's Saloon, waiting the passage of a perfect Red Sea of regimentals, it chanced that my pocket was plucked of my best embroidered mouchoir (for I confess to a fondness for lace and embroidery, in their otherwise vulgar appendage to the dress). This circumstance led to sundry suggestions and theories, which I present to you, gentlemen, as amples in all matters of taste. Now, I wish to secure your aid in many matters of taste and opinion which I have at heart, one of which only I will name at the present time. I wish you to make it utterly and entirely vulgar and unbearable to say "pocket-handkerchief." I would not have you introduce a Frenchified word either, but make the thing classical, by calling it a "lachrymal." Isn't that an improving of our vocabulary? Does it not often and elevate a common idea? Does it not suggest pleasant and sentimental ideas, an appeal, as it were, to the heart and the eyes—these beautiful stars in the fair heaven of the human face rather than to the fiery volcano of the nose? Does not the word "lachrymal" carry you at once into the sweet dreamy land of romance, of humid eyes and moonlight serenades? Whereas the word "pocket-handkerchief" (an awk-

ward one in itself), is savagely utilitarian, monstrosity indicative of catarrhs and coughs, of iron winds from the north, and looming promontories, dividing the soul of the eyes from the dewy sweetness of the lips! Help me to christen them "lachrymals," and then you will think of the eyes rather than the nose; you will dream of the graceful shading of the former, the faintest semblance of a tear, rather than a cold in the head. Help me to christen them "lachrymals" till we are raised above the necessity of their use—ill colds, and tears, and discomforts of every kind shall disappear in the advent of better times; and then if anything so unnatural as tears should occur to us, we can do as Milton's "Eve" did, who

"Wiped them with her hair,"

or drop them plump and round upon something which we wish to efface, after the manner of Sterne's "Angel," which "flew up to heaven's chancery," with "Uncle Toby's oath," when the "Recording Angel" made good use of a tear, by "blotting out a sin." The tear should be shed upon the heart to soften its divine sympathies, and then fewer would fall upon the "lachrymal." I have sometimes been a little puzzled to understand how Andromache, Helen, Sappho, Aspasia, and other ancient queens of beauty, managed their tears, having lived before the introduction of pocket—(I beg pardon), the introduction of lachrymals in their present form. I speak of these Greeks particularly, because their noses were so uncommonly handsome; whereas the modern nose being wiped so often in its ductile, plastic state, by incantations or malignant officials, and in after years blistered, swollen and blotched by the many abuses superinduced by modern civilization and, in our sex, subject to so many inundations from the flood-gates of the eyes that this appendage is, as it were, distorted from its original design, and defrauded of its pristine beauty. But, to the Greeks. They hadn't half the sensibility that we have. Women in our day go up stairs, or off to some out-of-the-way place, and cry, when the world goes wrong with them; whereas these women would have been up and out at once to relieve themselves. They might "let fall" a tear or two upon occasion, but they could have no conception of our immoderate flow of tears. They hired people to weep for them, which I regard as a wise expenditure of money. Even the Irish find good use for the aged of the sex, in employing them to wail and lament at funerals, as the Jews did before them. The only cure for the excessive weeping of modern women, is for them to banish the pocket-handkerchief, which I shall, in future, call a "lachrymal," and then resolve ourselves to right their wrongs to take their rights, instead of fretting, and crying, and talking about them. Tears have, no doubt, followed the introduction of the modern pocket-handkerchief. Nothing is created in vain. The invention of the steam-engine creates the necessity for travel, and everybody is abroad as well as the schoolmaster. The telegraphic-wire creates the necessity for news; the telescope makes it essential to have communications from the moon, and we shall never rest till we have hourly despatches from the Lunatics. You see, by this reasoning, that tears (the more the one from "either eyes") are

entirely a modern draft upon the human system, a great waste in its economy, that followed naturally the invention of pockets and pocket-handkerchiefs. I might follow out this subject, and show how modern crime has grown out of this invention of putting pockets into our wardrobe—how the science of pickpockets is entirely attributable to this cause, and hence the origin of the gibbet and jail, and all the penalties endured by those whose heads have a commercial affinity with the pocket. Weeping might have been very graceful in the classical times—just a tear wiped by the long veil, or perhaps the flowing sleeve raised to the eye. We see at once how these beautiful Greeks kept such fine noses. They knew better than to indulge in the melting mood—no dress could stand it, if used in the manner of Sterne's "Maria's" pocket-handkerchief, which he washed out in a puddle—and to spill such quantities of tears upon the tresses, would keep them damp and sopping about the neck and face. No; the classicals did not weep as we do—we know it by their profiles, by their dress, and by their history. They were too direct and too earnest for that. To feel was to act—to suffer was to seek redress. The pocket-handkerchief, is proof and perpetuity of modern degeneracy. Men, even now, amongst the lower ranks reject it, using finger and thumb in preference. But the languishing tenderness of the modern woman makes her delight in this dreamy, half weeping state, superinduced by the pocket-handkerchief, and she likes to flourish this appendage, be-laced and embroidered, as it should be, in the face and eyes of people, as proof of her sensibilities, and her bondage to custom. A Greek would not wait to steep a bit of muslin in tears, but would be casting about for some glorious remedy for evil, instead of crying and suffering in helpless imbecility. When people weep much, they have little of executive power—they are uncertain, irresolute, and they bury their grief in a pocket-handkerchief. Banish this appendage, and I do believe the "Rights," about which women talk so much in our day, would soon be acknowledged to them. Jeremiah never would have exclaimed: "Oh, that mine head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears," had he lived in our day, for the presence of the mouchoir, in the pocket or hand, would have at once brought him a supply. Then, too, it may be, we are bound—we, women—to shed tears just in proportion to the extensiveness of those articles. But really and truly, of all the vagaries in dress, when a woman makes her appearance, pocket-handkerchief in hand, it caps the climax. This should be duly ensconced in the pocket, and the hands be left free as possible. I like the idea of the ancient lachrymals, and mean to look for a nice set to use when I weep. So, when you give us a pathetic story, imagine me, *Mewers*. Editors, sitting with a little bottle daintily held under each eye. Ladies might exhibit their taste in these articles, as they do now in their embroidered cambrics. I thought to have had a fit the other day, in hearing a lumping boy call out to another—"I say you, lend me your wiper." Othello's "the handkerchief! the handkerchief!" always seems to me anti-tragic, and I wish he had said "the veil," or something of the kind, and then the web would remind us of that web spun by the Paros.



THE GENOA CRUCIFIX.

PROGRESS OF ART IN THIS COUNTRY.

As in most of those valuable qualities that refine and polish the body politic, so are the American people in regard to the Fine Arts—progressive. Although many of those whose pecuniary or other circumstances enable them to countenance and become connoisseurs of art, are of that hap-hazard, jump-after-the-ferry-boat, leap-off-the-train-while-in-motion class; those who criticize a work as they travel, eat, drink, or do most anything else in life; that is, as if they had only one moment to live, and their eternal salvation depended on their consummating the special act of the instant. Still, allowing a fair quota for this "raw material," there is abundant evidence of the fact, that there is a constant and rapid increase in the number of those among us, that by intellect, taste, and cultivation, are not only earnest, but competent lovers and generous patrons of the fine arts. There are various causes that have contributed to this happy state of social and mental elevation. Our national, state, and municipal governments are each, in their respective capacities, patrons of art, to a greater or less extent. The general advancement and development of our internal resources, which not only augment the national wealth,

but add largely to that class who, from leisure and refinement, turn to art for recreation and amusement. But greater than all these, has been the establishment of Art Unions, and Fine Art Distributions, Public Galleries and Free Exhibitions, through the influence of which large masses of the people have been brought in immediate contact with masterpieces of art; and thus, daily, a wholesome, genial, and productive taste is being propagated. Public sentiment is decidedly in favor of these art unions, with their prize systems, as an effective means of diffusing a popular taste for art, and although a venal press, whose columns daily teem in advocacy of doctrines degrading to human nature, had the power to suppress a laudible enterprise of that kind in this city, yet the very parties who acted now regret their agency in the matter, and have been heard to express wishes for a re-establishment of a similar institution.

The London Art Union has now been in operation several years; it has been fairly managed, has sent forth immense quantities of superior engravings to subscribers, and hundreds on hundreds of fine paintings and sculptures, which have mostly gone into families heretofore ignorant of the wealth of art, creat-



POWERS' BUST OF WASHINGTON.

ing and diffusing a love for the beautiful and refined, and elevating the characters of those thus initiated into the higher pleasures of civilized life. Agencies of the London Art Union have been established in this country, and its cis-Atlantic subscribers may be reckoned by thousands. The success of this British Institution led the attention of the friends of art and artists in this country to make an effort to establish a similar scheme here, not only for the benefit of artists and producers, but for the welfare of the whole people, and the New York Art Union was the result. It was believed by its founders, that the distribution of prizes was not violative of the laws against lotteries and gambling, inasmuch as each subscriber received the full value of his subscription in an engraving, and the chance of a prize was merely a stimulus to patronize a worthy project. The managers were thus enabled to accomplish several most laudable objects, not the least valuable of which was to furnish a demand for the productions of many worthy artists, who were thus exempted from the extortions of picture-brokers, and furnished the means of sustenance and improvement. But, as we above remarked, an unjust and diabolical local warfare was engaged against the New York Art Union, it was forced to yield, and went down before the storm. The victory gained by the enemy is, however, only a temporary one; institutions of the kind referred to will become as fixed and permanent among us as publishing, the opera, or any other, and we think the day is past for even the satanic press to affect them.

The three elegant engravings which illustrate this article, are copied from as many of the sterling prizes that are shortly to be distributed by the Cosmopolitan Art Association; an organization that was instituted in June, 1854, having for its object, the encouragement and general diffusion of literature and the fine arts. The conditions, purposes and organization of the Association, are set forth in the programme which will be found on the outside of our cover. The plan adopted by the Cosmopolitan Art Association, is more comprehensive and satisfactory than any art union, or similar enterprise that has yet come under our observation. The Association are regular authorized agents, for most of the popular magazines and other like sterling current literature. A party wishing to subscribe for any of them, encloses three dollars to C. L. Derby, Esq., the Actuary of the Association, and in return not only receives full worth of his money, at the regular rates of the publishers of the work he patronizes, but he is also included with those who have over three hundred valuable works of art gratuitously distributed among them. At the first distribution of this Association, in January last, included in the awards, was Powers' celebrated Greek Slave, and between three and four hundred other valuable prizes in marble, bronze, and on canvass. The next distribution of the Cosmopolitan Art Association, takes place on the 31st instant. The works to be awarded this time, include several acknowledged works of the highest standing and merit. Number one on the catalogue, is the celebrated

"Genoa Crucifix," (see engraving) and considered merely in point of its intrinsic merit, is a work of a high order. It is the production of "an untutored monk, Fra Carlo Antonio Pesenti, of the convent of St. Nicholas, Genoa, who, acting under the powerful influence of a natural genius for art, heightened by religious enthusiasm, beliered himself inspired, and bound, as a labor of penance and devotion, to carve from an immense block of Ivory, which had long been an object of curiosity and wonder in Genoa, an image of his Saviour on the cross. This waking dream, which he regarded as a heavenly visitation, he realized after four years labor in his solitary cell, secluded from the world, and almost so from the other inmates of the convent, frequently devoting twenty or thirty hours constantly to labor and prayer, without sleep or food. This figure was purchased from the monk (it is said at a cost of \$10,000), by the American consul, at Genoa; was carried to Florence, and there visited, articulated and admired by Mr. Powers, and the most celebrated artists and amateurs of the city. It has been seen by thousands in this country; and while in London, was visited by many of the first artists and anatomists, who have unanimously pronounced it a master-piece, combining the highest perfections of anatomical accuracy, manly beauty, and divine expression." Numbers two and three on the catalogue, are marble busts of Washington and Franklin, that were executed expressly for the Association, by Hiram Powers, at Florence. They are carved out of pure blocks of Serravezza marble, are rather larger than life, and universally admitted to be among the most perfect likenesses extant, of those two truly great American statesmen. These busts were executed after Houdon's models, and in some respects are considered improvements on the almost perfect originals. "Kiss's Amazon," reduced in size from the original, at the Crystal Palace, in New York, is also among the awards, also fifty other subjects in marble and bronze, and nearly three hundred on canvass—many of which are master-pieces. The whole forming a valuable collection, which for extent, variety and beauty, are really of public interest.

The Cosmopolitan Art Association, conducts all its operations on a magnificent and liberal scale, and is undoubtedly become a permanent organization, as it not only cultivates and encourages the fine arts, but disseminates sterling literature throughout the land, thereby adapting itself to the present wants of the people, enabling both rich and poor to make their homes attractive by the aid of sculpture, painting, and the best reading matter, within the wide range of American and Foreign literature. To prove its permanency and the estimation in which it is held by some of the most prominent individuals, we give the names of the following managers and honorary officers, which we copy from the illustrated catalogue:—Hon. E. Lane, Hon. E. Cook, Governor Clark of New York, Governor Pollock of Pennsylvania, Governor Miner of Connecticut, Governor Wright of Indiana, Governor Hopkin of Rhode Island, Governor Casey of Delaware, Governor Bingham of Michigan, Governor Barstow of Wisconsin, Governor Ligon of Maryland, Governor Winston of Alabama, Governor



POWERS' BUST OF FRANKLIN.

Broome of Florida, Governor Price of New Jersey; Washington Irving, Bayard Taylor, John G. Saxe, W. Gilmour Simms, Esqs.; Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith and L. H. Sigourney. Almost all of the above have written letters heartily commending the enterprise to the public, and we have seen complimentary notices in nearly every serial publication published throughout the states.

In reviewing the progress of art in this country, it must be remembered, that scarcely two centuries have elapsed, since our forefathers commenced the Herculean labor of clearing up the vast wilderness that has been changed into one of the most enlightened nations on earth. In all the domestic, social and scientific arts, our strides have been on the most gigantic scale. Manufactures, commerce, mechanics, agriculture, education, etc., flourish in their greatest excellence, and the learned and most exalted of other lands are profuse in their compliments, where they have personal observation of our progress. In literature, Prescott, Irving, Everett, Cooper, Webster, Bryant, Longfellow, Emerson, and others almost innumerable, have sustained our nationality. West, Allston, Cole, Inman, Vanderlyn, Lutz, Greenough, Powers, Page, Durand, Casilear, and a host of other prominent men of genius, prove that in the fine arts, as well as in literature and the useful sciences, America has a reputation. Aye! and if we are not over sanguine, there are still others, that will ere long step in the foreground, who will exhibit evi-

dences of native genius, undoubtedly as brilliant as the productions of modern Europeans. At all events, the blood of the sires has not become degenerated in the sons, and we can at least give a fair claim to equalization.

The Cosmopolitan Art Association have determined to be among the most prominent patrons of American Art. We understand that negotiations are already being consummated, by which each of our most marked sculptors and reputable painters will be commissioned for at least one of their best productions for the next annual distribution. With only this evidence of the value of the institution, are we not justified in doing our utmost to advance their cause? They are, however, of vast benefit in many other phases beside those we have endeavored to illustrate in this article. They have increased the circulation of serial publications tens of thousands, and thus are of incalculable value in the general distribution of knowledge. Again, as a business vehicle, its operations have become extensive and in the aggregate employment is given to a large number of persons:—

"Estimates have been made of the length of the advertisements of the Association, as they appeared in the newspapers last year. Averaging each insertion at 10 inches, it was found that, altogether, the advertisements would have formed a strip of paper, 2½ inches in width, fourteen hundred miles in length! Some reading matter, that cost the Association a nice sum of money. The Illustrated Catalogue is printed upon 360,000 sheets, 24 by 38 inches—giving

an area of 328,320,000 square inches!—a few broad miles of printed matter! The school-master must be abroad to instruct the people to read. The postages paid to our government and created by the Association, it is estimated, amount to \$15,000 per year, including correspondence and catalogues, postal matter, magazines, etc. Fourteen persons are now daily employed in the Western office, and eight in the Eastern office, mailing, corresponding, etc. Catalogues have been forwarded to all the Postmasters in all the States of the Union—California, Oregon and Utah included! The number of Postmasters called into requisition is about 23,000—most of whom will act as agents of the Association. The number of Honorary Secretaries already appointed in the principal cities and towns of the Union amounts to 1500. By these items the reader may infer the extent and value of the operations of this Association. Predicting the future from the past, an eminent success awaits it. From the reason here expressed, and having perfect confidence in the integrity and ability of the management, we take pleasure in recommending the Association; and we are much gratified at the great success it has already achieved, and hope that before the next distribution takes place—which will be on the thirty-first instant, *one month after New Year's day*—the list of subscribers will be greatly augmented. We would suggest to those wishing to make holiday presents, the propriety of sending a subscription to this Association. The recipient of the gift will certainly be pleasantly reminded of the donor at least twelve times during the year, beside being liable to receive a valuable work of art that will continue a permanent memento. The advantages secured by subscribing to this Association are—that all persons get the full value of their subscription at the start, in the shape of sterling magazine literature. Each member is contributing toward purchasing choice works of art which are to be distributed among themselves, and are at the same time encouraging the Artists of the country, disbursing thousands of dollars through its agency. Those who understand the plan and objects of this Association, cannot fail to see that the institution is not a lottery, in any usual, legal, or moral sense. They associate for the promotion of the fine arts on an entirely original plan. There is no game of chance; each member receives a full equivalent in current literature, the net profit on which creates a fund with which choice works of art are purchased and distributed annually. Each member is thus certain of receiving in return for his subscription at least the value of the three dollars paid, and may also receive a very valuable painting or other work of art of great value. The net proceeds derived from the sale of memberships, are devoted to the purchase of works of art for the ensuing year. Those who purchase magazines at book stores will at once see the advantage derived by becoming a member of this Association, as they receive their magazine and ticket in the distribution at the same price they now pay for the magazine alone. Those who wish further or full particulars, and a catalogue without charge, by addressing C. L. Derby, Actuary, at the Eastern office, 348 Broadway, New York, or at the Western office, 166 Water-street, Sandusky, Ohio.

COURTSHIP UNDER DIFFICULTIES:

A MEMOIR'S HISTORY.

(From the German of Ferdinand Stollé)

WHEN I left the university of Jena, I went to live with an uncle—who, since the death of my parents, had supplied their place to me—at a pleasant country-house, within an easy distance of his manufactory. Uncle Reinhold was much attached to me, and although he had not objected to my prolonging my university life rather beyond the usual age, when I finally quitted Jena, he strongly urged me to turn my attention to industrial pursuits, holding out to me the prospect of becoming his partner, and ultimately sole proprietor of his profitable business. Accordingly, for upward of a year, I applied myself to master the mysteries of looms and shuttles, correspondence and accounts, although these were much less to my taste than the tranquil life I had led at Jena, studying little law, but diving deep into our noble German classics, and storing my mind from the works of the best prose writers and poets. Before the year was half out, I fell deeply in love, but this I dared not tell my uncle. Minnie was the sweetest fairy that ever tripped over a lawn without doubling a daisy; her hair was of the richest auburn, her eyes were of the deepest blue, her mouth was a rosebud, and with my hands I could span her waist, but—alas! that terrible but—she lacked one thing which my uncle set above all the graces ever combined in a goddess. Her mother, the widow of a poor clergyman, lived upon a scanty pension, and Minnie was dowdier. So we kept our loves a profound secret, and trusted to time and the chapter of accidents. Both young, we could afford to wait, and confident in each other's affection, the possibility of another union never entered the head of either of us.

My uncle frequently spoke to me of matrimony. He advocated my early marriage—perhaps a little from selfish motives, for he often joyously anticipated the charm a young and graceful woman would bring into his dwelling, and the delight he should have in dandling a grand-nephew on his knee. Warm-hearted and generous, he yet in everything was completely the man of business, and he looked upon it as a settled matter, that, although I had very little fortune of my own, my expectations from him should insure me a rich wife. This idea seemed so rooted in his mind, that it sometimes occasioned me uneasiness. I foresaw some anger and much opposition when the day should come—and come it must—that I should confess to him my love for sweet, penniless Minnie.

One morning, in the usual bundle of letters, came one which seemed to give my uncle unusual satisfaction. I supposed it to contain a large and profitable order, for those were the letters over which he generally rubbed his hands, twinkled his eyes, and gave other unmistakable marks of contentment. To my surprise, instead of tossing it over to me, with an exulting "There, my boy!" he carefully folded it up, and put it into the breast-pocket of his coat. All that day he was in a state of particular exhilaration. At dinner he said little, but something agreeable evidently occupied his mind. At last, when at evening, he had established himself in his easy chair at the open window, his meerschaum in his mouth, a flask of

golden Rheinisch at his elbow, a lovely landscape and gorgeous sunset before him, the mystery was revealed. The letter was from his old friend, Counsellor Frager, who lived on his pleasant domain of Wiesenthal, about a day and a half's drive from us. The counsellor, whom I had twice seen at my uncle's since my return from college, was a wealthy widower with three marriageable daughters, whom I had not seen. My uncle, it appeared, had lately been in correspondence with him respecting the propriety of bringing about a union between me and one of the young ladies, who were reputed handsome; and that morning's letter contained the counsellor's full acquiescence in the scheme, and an invitation for me to pass a few days at Wiesenthal. In vain did I raise obstacles, and declare my conviction that none of the Misses Frager would suit me. Uncle Reinhold had the ready reply that I could not tell that until I had seen them. After making all possible objections, I felt that to persist longer, might excite suspicions of a prior attachment. And, after all, it was but a week's absence, and no unpleasant escape from the monotony of the counting-house. All that I was required to do was, to go and see the damsels, who assuredly would not carry me off and marry me by force. But when I told Minnie of my approaching departure, I thought she would have broken her heart. Her confidence in me was great, but the circumstances were certainly trying. She could not endure my being thus driven into temptation. She had heard of the counsellor's daughters as very handsome and very rich. She doubted not my truth, but she had forebodings of evil, and implored me not to leave her. I had promised my uncle to go, however, and I could not retract my word. It took a great many vows, and not a few kisses, to console the little timid loving girl, and even then she was but half consoled.

Before my departure I had another grave interview with my uncle. "You will not regret your journey, Frank," he said. "The girls are pretty, witty, and well read. Not goose, such as one finds in our Kirchberg and other country villages. You must rub up your learning, I can tell you. And the chief thing is, that each of them will have her thirty thousand dollars. Bring me home such a golden niece as that, and I take you into partnership. A few years more, and I retire altogether, and you are a made man. My old friend, the counsellor, warmly desires the alliance. Not all woosers find their path so smooth. I ran myself nearly off my legs after my dear departed wife. The old people were against it, and would not listen to me. Look lies before you, my boy; seize it with both hands."

"All very well," thought I, as I got into the gig and drove off; "but my hands are bound, and my heart too. What is money compared to Minnie? One lock of her lovely hair would make all the old counsellor's money-bags kick the beam! And even if she were not in the way, I hate these mercenary unions, got up by third parties, where everything is for the purse, and nothing for the heart. To please my uncle, however, I can very well manage to get through a few days at Wiesenthal, and see the counsellor's graces on their best behavior. I owe much more than that to my kind kinsman and

second father. I will look at the ladies, but there is no fear of my marrying one of them. Poor dear Minnie! But if the Frager girls are such beauties, beside having fortunes, what on earth is the reason that none of them have yet got married? I should not wonder if the glitter of their thirty thousand dollars had somewhat blinded my worthy uncle. It would not surprise me if one of them squinted, and another had red hair. But there is no harm in going to see."

Thus communing with myself, I rolled pleasantly along the level road, in the warm autumn sun, through mile after mile of dew-spangled orchard. Those were my romantic days, and nothing would have pleased me better than to have met with an adventure or two by the way. Those were denied me; but, upon the other hand, an abundance awaited me at the place of my destination.

It was between nine and ten in the forenoon when I reached the neighborhood of the rich counsellor's fine domain. The morning was so fine, the country so beautiful, that I determined to leave my gig at a roadside inn, about a quarter of an hour's drive from Wiesenthal, and to proceed thither on foot. Perhaps, also, if truth be told, I was not sorry to stop at the inn to get rid of the dust of the highway, and arrange my dress a little. I had certainly no desire to please any one of the three Misses Frager, but that was not a reason for appearing to disadvantage before them. The disorder of my toilet repaired, I set out on my walk, and soon came in sight of the counsellor's villa. A small birch wood lay before me, through which I had to pass, and then I should be in the garden, which stretched up to the house. As I proceeded, I looked about me on all sides, thinking I might by chance deary one of the three graces from which it was my uncle's will, but not my intention, that I should select a wife. The only women I saw were two peasants tolling in a field. I was about to enter the wood, when at some two hundred paces from me, the slender figure of a woman, attired in a fantastical costume, between a riding habit and a hunting coat, and bearing a double-barrelled gun in her hand, stepped out from among the foliage. Leaning upon her weapon, she seemed enjoying the charming landscape.

"If that be one of Frager's daughters," thought I to myself, "Uncle Reinhold was not so far from wrong. A fine girl she seems."

Not wishing to disturb the graceful apparition in her contemplation of the scenery, I walked on as if I had not perceived her. I had taken but a few steps when a female voice, melodious but powerful, shouted, "Halt!" That cannot be addressed to me, thought I to myself, and walked on. Then came a sound like the cocking of a gun, and the next instant a bullet whistled, as it seemed to me, close over my head. The hint sufficed, and I halted at once.

"The woman must be crazed," thought I, as I gazed at the reckless amazon, who walked slowly toward me. I had leisure to observe her, and to admire her remarkable beauty. Her graceful figure was set off to advantage by the close-fitting habit, and her blooming countenance by a profusion of fair curls. I thought to myself, what pity it was that she

lovely a form should be that of a mad woman. When she arrived within twenty paces of me—

"Why did ye not halt," she asked, in commanding tones, "when I ordered you?"

I really knew not what to reply to the imperious beauty; so I varied the subject.

"If I do not mistake," I said, "I heard a bullet whistle rather near me."

"Are you afraid of bullets?"

"Well—there may be cause."

"For shame! a man should never be afraid, least of all of a lady. You thought I should hurt you. Do you take me for an assassin, or for a bad shot?"

"Neither, upon my word."

"There is a fine apple hanging over your head. Lay it on your palm, stretch out your arm, and I will shoot it off. Will you bet that I don't?"

"I am not fond of such bets."

"Afraid again?"

"Every man has his moments of weakness."

"Poltroon!" scornfully exclaimed this demon in petticoats, raised her gun, and levelled it at my head.

"For God's sake!" I cried, but before the words were out of my mouth came the flash and report. I thought I should have fallen to the ground. To a dead certainty the monster had hit my hat.

"Take off your hat," said she. I mechanically obeyed. There was a hole close to the crown. I shuddered from head to foot.

"Where are you going to?" said the terrible markswoman.

Not to anger her, I replied, as courteously as possible—

"To Wiesenthal: to Counsellor Frager's."

"Beware of his daughters," said the female fiend, with a laugh that reminded me of the wild huntman. And she disappeared in the wood. It may be supposed that I did not linger long in so dangerous a neighborhood. The lady might take a fancy to load again. I made the best of my way toward the house, wondering, as I strode along, whether Wiesenthal was a Turkish province, or whether we were back again in the middle ages, when people shot at peaceable passengers for pure pastime. What could this semi-*assassin* be? Was she a goblin, a wood demon, whose occupation was to frighten men, or read flesh and blood? If the latter, where had she acquired this preternatural dexterity with the gun, and the abominable habit of firing at travelers? Handsome she undoubtedly was, but when the devil disguises himself, he does not assume the ugliest form. And my thoughts reverted to my pretty gentle Minnie, a low-impelling beauty, but a far safer companion than this lunatic William Tell, whose warning against the counsellor's daughters also recurred to my mind. I would not allow myself to suppose that the sharpshooter was one of Frager's daughters; but if she was, and her sisters resembled her, there was no danger of my falling in love with one of them. I should as soon have thought of becoming enamored of a Zouave. I looked cautiously around me as I hurried through the wood, every moment expecting to see the terrible double-barrel peering through the bushes. Uncas in the forests of the Hudson, with Pawnee upon his trail, could not have reconnoitred

more carefully. At last I emerged from the trees and breathed more freely as I entered the garden. My wish had been for adventure, and I was punished by its fulfillment. Romance and danger were certainly combined in the one I had just met with.

The worthy counsellor gave me a hearty reception, and made me welcome to Wiesenthal. I must be hungry, he said, after my drive, and calling a servant, he bade him bring refreshment. Cold game and a bottle of Steinberger were soon upon the table, and truly I wanted something to revive me after my recent peril. My friendly host pledged me in a bumper, and lamented the absence of his daughters, whom he was most desirous to introduce to me. He hoped they would be back to dinner. I ventured a conjecture that they were on a visit somewhere. Not a bit of it, was the reply; each one of them had gone her own way, and on her own business. Business! thought I to myself, what business can these young ladies possibly have? And I fervently trusted it was not that of waylaying travelers, and shooting at hats with heads in them.

"Though I cannot show you my family," quoth the counsellor, when I had done eating. "If you will come with me into the next room, I will make you acquainted with their portraits."

I followed Mr. Frager. Beaming out of their golden frames were three of the handsomest female faces man's eyes ever rested upon. But my admiration was converted into something like terror, when I recognized in one of the portraits the redoubtable guerilla who, one short hour before, had sent a bullet within six inches of my head.

(To be concluded in next)

Editor's Table.

CLOSING UP OF THE OLD YEAR.

THE year of 1855, like the fame of an exalted individual, will, undoubtedly take a prominent place among the records of time; as it marks transactions of immense import in the great history of nations, and the progress of the amelioration and civilization of the whole human family. While the principal countries of Europe have been convulsed with a war of immense magnitude, we have been blessed with peace and prosperity. Even the yield to the tillers of the soil has been of an unexampled prolificacy. Have we not reason to be thankful? Can we expect a "happier year" in 1856? We think not; and as a people, we should, as it were, go against human nature, and for once express unalloyed satisfaction.

And now, kind readers, our year's editing is done. For another pleasant twelve-month it has been our anxious study to select what would please you, and write what would instruct; and, judging from the continued and increased inflowing of your invitations for our work to make you its monthly visits, we are assured that we have in some degree succeeded.

We feel a sort of pastoral interest in you, our parish of readers, and wish it were possible to make personal, social New Year's calls upon you; but since that is not practicable, the next best thing is, the alternative of aristocratic

nobility, to send a page with our compliments. We are delighted by the relation that exists between you and the nib of our quill; and though there is constantly a split between us, yet, on the whole, the relation is a pleasant one. We rejoice that you are enlightened up to the point of appreciating and admiring our magazine.

We congratulate you that you fortunately survive to enjoy the hilarity of this incoming New Year. We are glad you are preserved from the perils by waters, by wars and by pestilence that have desolated the last dozen months—that you neither went down to the sea in ships to invade poor frightened England, nor laid down dishonored arms in that inglorious "border ruffian" retreat from Lawrence who had no ship to give up, but whose fore was frightened back, partly by the terror of cannon but more by the cowardice of Shannon. We are happy to know that you were neither struck by lightning, carried off by cholera, nor captured by Judge Kane; and also that you were graciously preserved from being a volunteer to Nicaragua, a territorial squatter sovereign, a Canden and Amboy passenger, or a congressional candidate for speaker. From all these perils the good Lord has delivered you, and turned your hearts and minds to the things that make for peace, and you are unspeakably happier for it. We are proud of you as patrons and readers, and wish you all a half-century of Merry Christmases and Happy New Years in general, and specially joyous ones this year.

RAILROAD TRAVELING.—Is it not high time that railroad corporations paid more attention to the comfort and safety of their patrons? Notwithstanding the numerous improvements in all the conveniences and luxuries of our domestic system, the vast splendor of hotels, steamers, etc., each day adding new features to promote ease, elegance and comfort, the facilities of railroad travel have remained *status quo* during the last ten years. The square bed-like seat, that does very well for forty miles, is the only one procurable for a journey of four hundred miles. Ventilation is entirely out of the question; and, at this season, the only choice is between being roasted by sitting next the red hot stove, or being frozen by taking a position nearer the doors. Most fortunate is he or she who can procure the exact intermediate position. Now, the only reason for this state of affairs is, the parsimoniousness and shortsightedness of directors and managers. The inventive talent of the country has been as much exercised on this subject as any other. From the many productions already extant, the comfort of travelers by railroad can be promoted, with the same facilities that are now used by steamers, etc. Berths can be made available, meals can be served, ventilation perfected, health promoted, etc.

If one of the rival great western routes would like to secure a mammoth share of the traffic, let them adopt all the latest improvements for the comfort and convenience of passengers; and even though their fares were one hundred per cent. higher, their time fifty per cent. longer, our word for it, the increase in the number of passengers would be at least one-half more.

SALE OF AUTOGRAPHS.—A large collection of autographs, chiefly consisting of franks and unimportant papers relating almost exclusively to public business, and bearing the signatures of persons more or less distinguished as public officers, were sold recently at Bangs, Brothers' Book Auction Rooms, Park Row. Some 200 in all were disposed of at prices ranging from three cents up to \$11.25. The latter price was paid for an autograph of Washington. Another signature of Washington was sold at \$6. Benedict Arnold's autograph was sold at \$4.50; Henry Laurens, President of the Continental Congress, with two Generals of the Revolution, Irvine and Thompson, brought \$1.75. The initials of Aaron Burr [A. B.] brought 50 cents. Robert Schuyler, in reference to free passes on the New Haven Railroad sold at one shilling; John Van Buren, one shilling; W. H. Seward, 31c.; John C. Calhoun, 25c. A number of autographs of the signers of the Declaration of Independence averaged about a dollar; Henry Clay at 87c.; Daniel Webster, 25c.; Andrew Jackson, \$2.50; Edward Everett, 25c.; J. B. Sparks, \$1.; James K. Polk and James Buchanan, one shilling; Lewis Gaylor Clark, one shilling; a very large number of signatures otherwise unknown, were sold at little or nothing, for Judges, Governors, Auditors, etc. The audience were few, and the buyers not more than half a dozen in number; prices brought were much less upon the present than upon the previous sales.

ONE OF THE LAST ATTEMPTS AT BOOK-MAKING.—Mr. Max Maretzek, who has been for some years connected with Italian opera in this city, not being able to make sufficient noise in his orchestra, has conceived the idea of perpetuating what is called in these days of literary degeneracy—a "book." Having failed in producing any marked sensation with his baton, he has taken up the pen and become an author—by proxy.

This miracle of anglo-German style consists of a series of letters addressed to various European composers and musical critics, most of whom, we are strongly inclined to believe, never before heard of the existence of their "dear friend," Mr. Maretzek. The literary abomination in question, is a tissue of flunkeyism and personal abuse, interwoven with the stale jokes and antiquated anecdotes which have formed the staple of weather-almanac literature for the last twenty years. Mr. Maretzek's first literary exploit is a bite at the hand that first aided him, and a cringing toadyism to the editor of a well-known diabolical daily, published in this city. That gentleman is, according to Mr. Maretzek, the Diogenes of the present day. Just imagine, kind reader, the Satanic Journalist, lantern in hand, looking for an honest man!

The only thing to be admired in Mr. Maretzek and his literary coadjutors, is the hardy Ignorance which supplied them with sufficient audacity to concoct a few hundred pages in a language they know nothing about. They might, at least, have gone through a preparatory course of grammar in one of our public evening schools—it would not have cost them anything.

In conclusion, we would advise all admirers of scurrility, stupidity, ignorance, and falsity, to purchase the production of Mr. Maretzek and Company.

ANCIENT BOOKS.—Leonard & Co. recently had an auction sale of books interesting to students in American history. Among the volumes that are seldom to be procured at any price, were the following:—"Sea Mirrors," folio, 1693, with autograph of Thomas Paine, brought \$3; Mather's "New-England Churches Vindicated," 1700, \$2.25; "A Confession of Faith," 1680, \$2.25; "A Collection of Sermons and Fight at Freetown," 1688, \$8.50; "Heart of New England," 1689, \$6.25; "Norton's Sermons," 1690, \$5; "Norton's Letter to Drury," 1664, \$4; "Massachusetts, or the First Planters of New England," 1696, \$13.50; Hutchinson's Papers," \$9.50; Cotton's "Bloody Tenant," 1649, \$8.50; "Davenport's Apologetic Reply," with autographs of Symmes, Taft, Henry, etc., \$7.50; Bulkeley's "Gospel Covenant," 1650, \$4.50; "Plymouth Laws," folio, 1672, \$11.

THE WHITE-STONE CANOE.

Verification of an Indian Tradition given by Schoolcraft is a work upon the North American Indians.

BY XXXXX.

It was a day of festive mirth,
And bright the Indian wigwams shone,
For 'twas a chieftain's bridal day,
And ghoshous dwell in every tone —
But ere the glow of sunset hours
Upon the western hills was shed,
Deep sadness rested on those bowers,
The bride was smothered with the dead.

Days passed, and still beside her tomb
The stricken lover bowed his head,
And nightly through the forest's gloom
The stars beheld him with his blood.
In vain did grey-haired chieftains urge
The youthful hunter to the chase;
He heard yet heeded not their words,
For Grief had chained him to that place.

They laid his war-club by his side,
His bow and arrows too they brought,
And sang of glorious deeds of night
Some stately chief of yore had wrought —
But listlessly he heard their songs,
Flung back his bow with sullen pride,
And by the silent tomb sat down
Where they had laid his youthful bride.

But pleasant morn'g came at length
Of what he dreamed in boyhood's day,
Of a bright path that led from earth
O'er the blue mountains far away
To the blest land where spirits dwell,
The home of GUMMATA MORRIS,*
Where parted spirits meet again
Beyond the reach of pain and we.

Then from the ground the warrior rose
And bade the sleeping dust arise,
And started for that spirit shore
With the bright southern skies in view.
Forests, and hills, and vales, and streams,
In his quick sight he left behind —
Earth's stores of rare and wondrous things
Had naught to charm the wand'ring's mind.

The snow that lay upon the earth
Where he smothered his native hills
Had melted slowly from his path,
And sought the bed of crystal rills —
The woods assumed a gayest hue,
The flowers put on the bloom of spring.
The clear sky shone with brighter blue,
And glad birds danced on joyous wing.

By all these signs the warrior knew
That he was travelling aright,
For old tradition taught him so,
And on he pressed with fresh delight.
At length the shining path he sped
Winding amid a beauteous grove,

* Merciful Spirit.

Up to the summit of a hill
That rose the verdant plain above.

High on the summit stood a lodge
To which this mystic pathway led,
Thither with undecaying rest
And ardent hopes the warrior sped —
An old man met him at the door
With piercing eyes and long white hair,
Who took the wand'rer by the hand,
And kindly bade him welcome there.

"I know thy wish," the old man said,
"Leave here thy arrow and thy bow,
Thy body, thou, thou must forsake,
Thy body thou shalt alone can go.
Thou seest yon gulf, and far away
Beyond a region bright and fair
Whose hills rise in the distance
Warrior! the land of souls is there —"
"My lodge the gate of entrance is,
I'll guard what'er thou lovest best,
And thou mayst hasten on thy way
A joyous spirit ascended."

Then saying, the aged man withdrew,
And the freed traveler sped away,
As though his feet were changed to wings,
Upon his fair but shadowy way.

Shadowy indeed, for all he passed
Trees, plants, and flowers no substance were,
And birds and beasts were but the souls
Of those that dwelt on earth before —
Yet birds swept by on joyous wing,
And pausing gazed the timid deer
With fearless look, as if to say,
"We have no war or bloodshed here!"

Onward he went till just before
A beauteous lake appeared in view,
And the freed traveler's eyes he spied
A snow white shining Stone Canoe.
Lightly the warrior sprang within,
And grasped the paddle by his side,
When turning, lo! beside him sat
The spirit of his youthful bride.

She sat within a light canoe,
And sweetly beckoned him away
To a green isle, that like a gem,
Amidst the sparkling waters lay.
High leaped the waves yet on they pressed,
Wrath after wrath of foam they passed,
Thus gliding o'er the water's breast
They reached the wished-for shore at last.

Together o'er those verdant plains
"Midst fadeless flowers the lovers walked,
And of their native hills and streams
And forest homes they freely talked.
There were no storms, no chilling winds,
No frost, no blight to dim the flowers,
But never fading summer reigned
Amid those calm and peaceful bowers.

None hungered there, no death, no pain,
No lighted hopes, no sleepless fear,
No mourner sorrowed o'er the dead,
And no bereaved one dropped a tear.
Sweetest skies were spread above,
Bright flowers were blooming all around,
And every eye was filled with love,
And music dwelt in every sound.

"How late we stay," the warrior cried,
"On this elevated happy shore,
Here with my loved and beauteous bride
Where better partings are no more!"
Thus spake the youth, but ere the words
Had died away upon the breeze,
There came a low, sweet, spirit voice
Murm'ring among the shell'ring trees.

"Warrior!" thus spake the breezy voice,
"Return unto thy native shore,
Resume again thy mortal frame,
And mingle with thy tribe once more.
Listen to him who keeps the gate,
And he will teach thee what to do;
Obey his voice, return to Earth,
And virtue's pleasant paths pursue.

"Thy time to die has not arrived,
But let each gloomy thought be still,
Thy maiden waits thee on this shore
Subject no more to pain and ill—
In never-fading youth arrayed
Here shall ye dwell in peace at last,
When thou hast done thy work on Earth
And life's short pilgrimage is past.

"Return! thou yet must lead thy tribe
Through many a wild adventurous scene,
And when a good old age is reached,
And thou their chieftain long hast been—
Thou wilt call these to thy rest
In this bright island of the skies,
Where thou may'st mingle with the blest
While long succeeding ages rise."

The chieftain woke—"twas fancy all,
The bright revelations of a dream—
Around him still the forest stood
Beneath the cold moon's placid beam;
Up from the ground he proudly rose,
Took up his war club and his bow,
Quailed in his heart the bitter floods
Of disappointment and of woe—

And turning from the grave of her
Who erst was all the world to him,
He wiped away the gathering tears
That made his eagle glance dim;
And with a proud majestic step
He slowly from the grave withdrew,
Resolved to hope and labor on
With better prospects in his view.

ALBION, MICH., 1855.

BOOKS BEFORE PRINTING.—In an age like the present, it is difficult to conceive the intellectual condition of our ancestors of the middle ages, who, living before the invention of printing, were almost wholly without books. Among the numerous publications which give its character to our own time, we are fortunate in falling upon one which holds a torch to the past, while further illuminating the present; and the well-known name of the writer is a sure guarantee for the admirable way in which his spiriting is performed.* Our readers are indebted to Mr. Knight's lucubrations throughout for whatever benefit they may fancy they derive from this attempt to give them some notion of books before printing.

Less than five hundred years ago, such books as there were belonged exclusively to scholars, or rather to the ecclesiastical corporations, which, under the name of abbeys, monasteries, and the like, included amongst their members, not only everybody that had any pretence to learning, but almost everybody that had the ability to read. An old writer, Richard de Bury, bishop of Durham, who, in 1344, wrote a Latin treatise on the "love of books," avowedly prepared it solely for the clergy, and seems to have treated the notion of there being any other class of readers with a magnificent contempt. "Laymen," says he, "to whom it matters not whether they look at a book turned wrong side upward, or spread before them in its natural order, are altogether unworthy of any communion with books." It is presumable that he would not have said this if laymen had been at all in the habit of reading. It is, indeed, a fact, that even many of the clergy, and men of the monastic orders, were very imperfect readers; and, according to the good bishop's view of their qualifications, some of them were hardly more fit to be intrusted with

books than the despised and unlettered laity. In the satire alluded to, his lordship is not sparing of his reproach in regard to the frequent misuse of books which had come under his notice. He rebukes the unwashed hands, the dirty nails, the greasy elbows leaning upon the volume, the munching of fruit and cheese over the open leaves, which were the marks of careless and dissipated readers. With a solemn reverence for the book, at which, as Mr. Knight remarks, "the angels smile, but for which we can hardly blame suspecting him, he says, "Let there be a mature decorum in opening and closing volumes, that they may neither be unclasped with propitious haste, nor thrown aside after inspection without being duly closed"—an admonition still worthy of attention in certain quarters, though of course its observance is not of so much consequence as it was in the fourteenth century, before the invention of printing.

The good bishop's own collection of manuscript books was a somewhat considerable one for the times in which he lived; and he appears to have made a goodly use of it. He bestowed a number of volumes upon a company of scholars residing in one of the halls at Oxford, and instituted a "provident arrangement" for lending books to strangers—meaning by strangers, students of Oxford not belonging to the Hall. One item of the arrangement may, on account of its curiosity, be quoted: "Five of the scholars dwelling in the aforesaid Hall are to be appointed by the master of the same Hall, to whom the custody of the books is to be deputed: of which five, three—and in no case fewer—shall be competent to lend any books for inspection and use only; but for copying and transcribing, we will not allow any book to pass without the walls of the house. Therefore, when any scholar, whether secular or religious, whom we have deemed qualified for the present favor, shall demand a loan of a book, the keepers must carefully consider whether they have a duplicate of that book; and, if so, they may lend it to him, taking a security which, in their opinion, shall exceed in value the book delivered." Anthony Wood, who in the seventeenth century wrote the lives of eminent Oxford men, speaks of this library as formerly containing more books than all the bishops of England at the same time possessed. He tells us further that, "after they had been received, they were for many years kept in chests, under the custody of several scholars deputed for that purpose." In the time of Henry IV., a library was built in the college which is now called Trinity College, and then, says Wood, "the said books (meaning those given by Richard de Bury) were put in pews, or studies, and chained to them." The statutes of St. Mary's College, Oxford, in the reign of Henry VI., are quoted in Warton's "History of Poetry," as furnishing a remarkable instance of the inconveniences and impediments to study which must have been produced by a scarcity of books. "Let no scholar," says one of them, "occupy a book in the library above one hour, or two hours at most, so that others shall be hindered from the use of the same." From this we learn at once the exceeding scarcity of books in those times, and the great care that was taken to preserve them. At an earlier period, however,

the scarcity must have been still greater, and the process of reading of a slower operation, as we find that it was the custom of librarians to the monasteries, to give out a book to each member of the fraternity at the beginning of Lent, to be read diligently during the year, and to be returned the Lent following. The original practice of keeping the books in chests would seem to indicate that they could not be very frequently changed by the readers; and the subsequent plan of chaining them to the desks, suggests the notion that, like many other things tempting by their rarity, they could not be safely trusted to anybody's hands. It was a very common thing to write in the first leaf of a book:—"Cursed be he who shall steal, or tear out the leaves, or in any way injure this book."

But notwithstanding this primitive difficulty of getting access to books, there is abundant historical evidence to show, that the ecclesiastics of those olden times did their utmost to multiply them for the uses of their particular establishments. In every great abbey there was a room called the scriptorium, or writing-room, where boys and novices were constantly employed in copying the service books of the choir, and the less valuable books for the library; whilst the monks themselves labored in their cells in transcribing miscels and compendiums of the Bible. Equal pains were taken in providing books for those who received a liberal education in collegiate establishments. Warton says: "At the foundation of Winchester College, one or more transcribers were hired and employed by the founder to make books for the library. They transcribed books, and took their commons within the college, as appears by computations of expenses on their account now remaining." But there are several indications that even kings and nobles had not the advantages of scholars by profession, and, possessing few books of their own, had sometimes to borrow of their more favored subjects. It is recorded that the prior of Christ Church, Canterbury, had lent to Henry V. the works of St. Gregory; and he complained that after the king's death the book had been ungenerously detained by the prior of Shene. The same king had borrowed from the Lady Westmoreland two books that had not been returned; and a petition is still extant, in which she begs his successor in authority to let her have them back again. Louis XI. of France, wishing to borrow a book from the Faculty of Medicine at Paris, they would not allow the king to have it till he had deposited a quantity of valuable plate in pledge, and given a joint bond with one of his nobles for its due return. The books that were to be found in the palaces of the great, a little while before the introduction of printing, were, for the most part, highly illuminated manuscripts, and bound in the most extensive style. In the wardrobe accounts of King Edward IV., it is stated that Piers Bauduyn is paid for "binding, gilding and dressing of two books, twenty shillings each, and of four books, sixteen shillings each." It should be borne in mind that twenty shillings in those days would have bought an ox. But this cost of binding and gilding did not include the whole expenses; for, we are informed, there were delivered to

* "The Old Printer and the Modern Press." By C. Knight. Murray, London.

the binder no less than six yards of velvet, six yards of silk laces, tassels, copper and gilt clasps, and gilt nails. As the price of velvet and silk were then enormous, we may conclude that these royal books were as much for show as use.

One of the books thus garnished by Edward IV.'s binder, is called "Le Bible Historique" (The Historical Bible), a work of which several manuscript copies may still be seen in the British Museum. In one of them the following paragraph is written in French:—"This book was taken from the King of France at the battle of Poitiers; and the good Count of Salisbury, William Mountague, bought it for a hundred marks and gave it to his lady Elizabeth, the good countess—which book the said countess assigned to her executors, to sell for forty livres." From another source, we learn that the great not only procured books by purchase, but employed transcribers expressly to make them for their libraries. In a manuscript account of the expenses of Sir John Howard, afterward Duke of Norfolk, it is stated that, in 1467, Thomas Lympton—that is, Thomas the Limner—of Bury, was paid the sum of fifty shillings and two pence for a book which he had transcribed and ornamented, including vellum and binding. The Limner's bill is made up of a number of items—for whole vignettes and half vignettes, capital letters, flourishing and plain writing. That books were in those days luxuries which few people could spare the money for, may be seen from a letter of Sir John Paston, printed in the collection called the "Paston Letters." Writing to his mother, in 1474, Sir John says—"As for the books that were Sir James's [the priest's] if it like you that I may have them, I am not able to buy them, but somewhat would I give; and [as to] the remainder, with a good devout heart, by my troth, I will pray for his soul." Think of a man seriously proposing to pray for a person's soul, by way of paying the balance of a valuation for books which he could not meet in cash! It shows us that our modern notions of book-buying and devotion differ very widely from those that were entertained in 1474. Sir John's offer however, but reflects the simple superstitious piety of his time; and in these more favored and enlightened days we must blame rather his time than him for the absurdity. It was a kind thing of him, at any rate, to leave us an inventory of his books—only eleven in number, one or two of which appear to have been collections of small tracts—showing us what constituted a gentleman's library in the fifteenth century.

HOW WE LIVE AND HOW WE DIE.—We have before us the "mortality statistics of the seventh census of the United States"—embracing the cause of death, the age and sex, the color and condition, the nativity, the season of disease, and the duration of illness of the persons reported to have died in the year previous to 1st June, 1850—a work of exceeding great value: as well from the variety of the information it contains as from the lucid manner in which that information is presented. Such works do quite as much honor to the country as to the census office which is instructed with the duty of preparing them. It is not abso-

lutely accurate of course. Many persons might shrewdly thwart the aim of the Marshal, and evade reasons of their own, by refusing to communicate the information required. Others are ignorant and forget. A few escape the notice of the public officer. But, even allowing for these causes of inaccuracy, this work throws more light on the important subjects of health and disease than any other set of volumes that have appeared.

The public may be surprised to learn that, in 1850, the total population of the United States—white, free colored and slave—was 23,191,876; that of these 2,244,648 were foreign born, and 17,742,915 white natives; that nearly nine millions were over 5 and under 20, and nearly nine millions over 20 and under 50, leaving five millions and a half for infancy and old age; that up to the age of 80, the males are in slight excess, but after that age the females slightly preponderate; that of the free white males, 1,596,265 are engaged in trade, manufactures, mechanic arts and mining, 2,409,583 in agriculture, 190,329 in law, physic, divinity and other callings requiring education, and 27,613 in the civil and military service of the State. Most of these important statistics have already been made public.

From the mortality records, we learn that the total deaths during the twelve months previous to 1st June, 1850, numbered 323,023, of whom 264,601 were whites. This is in round figures, nearly one and four-tenths per cent. on the total population, the lowest mortality, we venture to say, that has ever been recorded in any settled and civilized country. Foreign countries compare as follows:—

Country.	Annual Mortality.
England	2.2
France	2.2
Prussia	2.4
Austria	2.3
Russia	2.5
United States	1.4

According to this table, if health can be measured by figures, the United States is nearly twice as healthy a country as England, France or Prussia, and more than twice as healthy as Austria and Russia. Some allowance must be made, it is true, for omissions in these returns of ours, but similar omissions must exist in European tables as well; and, besides, in the table given above, the stillborn are omitted altogether in the English, French, Prussian and Austrian, but included in the Russian and United States returns. If the comparative statements were placed on an equality in this respect, it would be found that the disproportion is really enormous.

The gross yearly increase of population in this country, in 1850, was set down at 4.4, in round numbers, from natural causes and immigration computed together. Deducting, therefore, the mortality—1.4—the net increase is about three per cent. per annum, at which rate the population doubles itself in some twenty-three years.

Passing to the examination of the cases of those 323,023 who died between 1st June, 1849, and 1st June, 1850, we find that nearly half of these—or 131,813 persons—died of what the report calls zymotic diseases—meaning thereby cholera, and the various classes of contagious fevers. The year 1849, was a cholera year in some parts of the country; 31,506 persons are

returned as having died of it, one-third of whom were foreigners. Yellow fever was milder than usual; only 785 having died of it. Of the sporadic diseases, namely, those which cannot be suspected of being contagious, the most fatal class was diseases of the respiratory organs, to which cause seventeen per cent. of the total deaths were due; consumption and pneumonia being the most fatal varieties of the genus. Diseases of the brain come next, with a relative mortality to the total of nearly eight per cent.: over half the deaths classed under this head were of those of children who died of convulsions and similar accidents during teething. Nearly four per cent. of the total deaths were caused by dropsy; a singularly large mortality for such a disease. Out of the whole list only 9,927 died of old age.

The proportion of foreigners to natives in the mortality returns is as one to ten; in other words, ten per cent. of the dead were born abroad, half of this ten per cent. in Ireland, and a quarter in Germany. But the returns of death from each particular disease show considerable variation in the proportion. Thirty-three per cent. of the deaths from cholera were of foreigners; but barely six per cent. of the persons who died from disease of the brain were born abroad, and barely six of those who died of diseases of the digestive organs. These variations are easily understood. In 1849-'50, cholera was the scourge of the emigrant, whom it afflicted far more severely than the native citizen. Dyspepsia, on the contrary, is the peculiar disease of Americans, and usually spares foreigners; while brain diseases were naturally most felt among children who were natives.

Some curious fallacies are afloat with regard to the relative healthiness of the different seasons. Consumptive people dread the winter and sigh for spring. Yet it appears that on the whole, the winter and fall are the most healthy, and spring the most fatal season for them. The figures are:—

Spring	18,220 deaths.
Summer	17,791 "
Autumn	11,279 "
Winter	11,958 "

Cholera, as every one knows, confines its ravages to the summer: out of its 31,506 victims, 18,243 died in that season. Dyspeptic patients (to use the word in this common and not scientific sense,) generally die in autumn and summer, but especially in autumn. In winter they appear comparatively safe. Like consumptive persons, old people, in the second childhood, should fear the spring; it is the fatal season for them.

In comparing the mortality in the various States, we find that New York, with a population of over 3,000,000, registered 45,600 deaths in a year, being at the rate of 1.5 per cent., which may be assumed as the mortality of the whole Union. In Massachusetts, the mortality nearly reaches two per cent. of the population. Ohio is even healthier than New York, the mortality being only 1.4 per cent.; in Illinois it is the same; in Indiana, only 1.2 per cent. In the South, the mortality is about the same. The per centage in Louisiana is 2.3; but that of South Carolina and Mississippi is only 1.2; and Alabama, Florida and Georgia are set down—erroneously, no doubt, at 1.1. The real

mortality is obviously much larger; two per cent. would probably be a fair estimate for the whole territory south of the South Carolina line; and something like 1.5 for the North-western States.

SPIRITUALISM VENTILATED.—Feeling spiritually inclined the other evening, we looked into the Stuyvesant Institute, where a high-toned apostle from Ohio was haranguing a crowded audience on the subject of rappings, mediums, ghosts, etc. The first thing that impressed us on entering was—not a ghost, by any means, dear reader—but the rank and stifling condition of the atmosphere, that ought to have been as impalpable as a ghost. Not a window, nor a cranny, nor a rat-hole, nor a breathing-place of any kind was open. It occurred to us that possibly the speaker had got a lot of spirits caged up in invisible space over the audience, to illustrate his discourse during the evening, and was fearful they might take advantage of any air-hole to escape. This theoretical exchange of oxygen for angels reconciled us to the perils attendant on congestion, and we remained awhile to see what we should see. The speaker went on to make a rough, hard, arbitrary and unscientific analysis of man, his powers, faculties, and passions, when presently a prominent spiritualist, whom we thought ought to have been, if he was not, in the confidence of the speaker, had soul and sense enough left in this world to make an effort at opening a window. Knowing, however, that the prevailing sentiment would be against the movement, he tread as gingerly about it as the speaker did in ventilating the "Free Love" question, and about as effectually, for another spiritualist got up and shut the window. The opening of it, however, though only for a moment, doubtless let out the spirits, and so put an end to our caged angel theory; and we set to work charitably to construct another; but we could only conclude that these people were simply ignorant. Here were an audience, and especially a speaker, who pretended to an intimate acquaintance with Heaven, Hell, God, angels, the future and the unseen generally, but who are either grossly forgetful or stupidly ignorant of the simplest principles of physiology and the laws of life. At first we thought the spirits themselves, who know so much and perform such wondrous miracles, even in the way of healing, ought to inculcate better sense in their communicants; but then it occurred to us—

"There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave, To tell us this."

And besides, it is the business of spirits to communicate only those things that are not already known in the world. The Black Hole of Calcutta long since taught humanity its terrible lesson; and the various forms of fever, and even measles and small-pox, generated in confined ship holds among crowded passengers, have for ages made proclamation of the same solemn warning, but these future penetrating spiritualists never seem to have heard it. The escaped exhalations of an audience of ordinary people become a deadly poison on reabsorption, and our evening's experience makes us confident that even spiritualists are not so sublimated in advance of celestial translation as to be exempt from the unclean pon-

derousness which is obvious that a want of ventilation would do with the dwarfed, scrofulous, and generally developed abortions of humanity among the poorer classes, and even among that portion of the more affluent, who cling to the now exploded idea, that the night air is unfit for breathing, and who keep every crevice to their bed-chambers closed. But people who are investigating the future, and exploring the other country before their time, are not supposed to be at all concerned about the affairs of the present. Then what are life and health and beauty and happiness here? The lack of these will shorten life materially, and render it so intolerable, that the so greatly desired future will be so much the sooner attained; and since they feel assured of finally reaching the other life, it is no matter if they pass through all the impurities of this. Perhaps the angel at the door won't question them about the state of ventilation and cleanliness of their earthly garrets.

For ourselves, we think ourselves fortunate that we are not at all indifferent about happiness in this world; and since we are not certain about the future, we would like to secure as much purity and health as possible here; and if happiness comes hereafter, we will take it as a continuance of favors extended to us here, instead of a compensation for evils and ignorance and distresses endured in life. We will take it that we have been proved a worthy overseer of a few things, and to have become the enjoyer of many things. We would like to be welcomed by the "well done, good and faithful servant," and enter the blessed abodes because of having accomplished duties and made life endurable or even happy, by inquiry into all the laws that govern existence here, and to-day.

Consoling ourselves with these rapid reflections, we grabbed our hat, and in another moment should have been off to an assembly perhaps not so spiritual and exalted, but more pervaded by every-day practical sense; but just then we noticed a flutter and sensation in another part of the audience, and we hoped we might have a fainting scene, if some lady would have the goodness, just to show how vitiated the atmosphere had become. The lady, however, would not accommodate us, for she had strength enough left to pluck her companion's arm, and insist on going where the winds of heaven would visit her a little more roughly.

With cold feet, hot head, fevered face, and every globe of blood almost bursting with resentment at our denial of its accustomed life supply, we left the rank and poisonous room to the "black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey," who there do chiefly congregate.

FRANKLIN'S KITE.—The study of the phenomena of electricity in the 18th century led early to the conjecture that it was identical with lightning. Mr. Grey had expressed this opinion, in 1735, and the Abbé Nollet with more precision, in 1748. Franklin a year later showed the particulars in which the agencies agreed in far greater detail and with more philosophic exactness than any of his predecessors. Both, he remarked, gave light; both were conducted by metals; both were attended by noise; both were destructive of life. In

the midst of these similarities he fixed his attention upon a single property of electricity which had never been shown to belong to lightning, and which would serve as an *experimental crux* to test the truth of the theory. When a pointed piece of metal was brought into the neighborhood of a body charged with electricity, the electric fluid was attracted to the point, giving out light in its passage. If then he could present such a point to a thunder-cloud, and the result ensued, it would forever set the question at rest. He proposed that upon the top of a high tower a sentry-box should be placed, from which should rise an iron rod twenty or thirty feet long. This would attract the electricity from the cloud, and if the bottom of the rod was fastened in a non-conducting substance, which should prevent the fluid from getting away, the fire which the iron drew from the heavens might in turn be drawn from the iron by holding a piece of wire close to it. As no building existed at Philadelphia which was, in his opinion, sufficiently lofty for the purpose, he published the suggestion before he had tested it. His writings on the subject attracted considerable attention in France, and M. Dalibard resolved to try the experiment. He erected a rod of iron forty feet long upon some high ground at Marlay. Having occasion to leave home, he instructed an old dragon in the course to be pursued if a thunder-clap occurred. It came on the 10th of May, 1752, and the soldier presenting the wire to the rod drew spark after spark. He sent in haste for the parish priest to witness the phenomena; the priest, for fear of arriving too late, ran with all his might; the people beholding him rushing along at the top of his speed, imagined that the dragon had been killed by the lightning, and followed close upon the heels of their pastor that they might gaze upon the tragedy. The emotion excited among the ignorant villagers was not greater than that which was felt in the educated world when the intelligence was received.

Franklin, ignorant of what was passing in France, had a month later succeeded in obtaining the same results by a different method. To supply the want of an eminence, he with singular ingenuity made use of a kite with a sharp wire projecting from its upper end to attract the electricity, the string being the conductor to convey it downward. As silk-ribbon is a non-conductor, he had a short length of it next his hand to prevent the fluid from passing into his body, and at the point where the ribbon was joined to the string he fastened a key. Accompanied by his son, whom alone he had admitted into the secret, knowing that failure would expose him to ridicule, he went upon a common during a thunder-storm and flew his electrical kite. If there had chanced to have been spectators of the scene, they would have supposed that the man had gone out to amuse his boy, and would have wondered that he should have chosen such weather for the sport. They would never have suspected that in the hands of Franklin the toy of the child was a grand instrument of philosophical experiment, and that he was about to draw down with it lightning from the clouds,—so sublime are the purposes to which genius can turn the most insignificant objects!

No result ensued at first, and he was beginning to despair, when he saw the loose fibres of the string moving toward an erect position. At this familiar sign that electricity was present, he put his knuckle toward the key and drew a spark. Collecting from his apparatus a quantity of the fluid, he tried with it all the usual electrical experiments. His case was complete, and in the ecstasy of his delight he must have felt, as he walked home with his kite, much as if he himself had taken its place in the heavens.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

GENTLE READER:—

Should you ask me whence this story,
Whence this legend and tradition?
I should answer, I should show you,
I, Democritus, should tell you
Very likely, none your business!
Late a Feller, Long notorious
As a Poet, has been writing,
Has been telling curious stories,
'Bout a merciless savage Iajun,
Whose known rule of fight and war is
Indiscriminating slaughter.
'T is a pity, then, if Sapwood,
Of the gentle race of White men,
Cannot have a place in poetry,
Have a name in song and legend,
And go down to far posterity,
But the Bard of 'Hawatha,'
In our candidest opinion,
Mised his figure most decided,
When he writ so long a legend,
Giving nary a line to rhyming,
Giving every one to reason.
Rhyme and reason always ought to
Go together in a poem;
And Democritus will try it;
In this legend he'll supply it;
Otherwise it ain't no poetry,
And, of course, the country's done for.

LEGEND.

I.

Sapwood Saxe, a Broadway dandy,
Always liked to take things cool—
Iced his sherry, iced his brandy,
Iced his Croton from the pool.

II.

Such a luxury summer ice is,
Sapwood swore he could extract
Comfort from the wintry slices,
Crystaled o'er the Hackensack.

III.

Tired of lounging, chatting, pacing,
Sipping ices with a spoon,
Sapwood needed sterner bracing
Than th' effeminate saloon.

IV.

Exercise would give him muscle,
Symmetrize his slender legs,
Fit him for the hardy tussle,
Help him lick the Vanderbeg's.

V.

Sap set out, one merry Christmas,
O'er the Hackensack to skate,
Little thought he 't were the isthmus
That would fix his final fate!



VI.

Sap on bended knee adjusted
Nicely fitting skate to shoe,
Scoured the grooves that long had rusted,
As he o'er the crystal flew.

VII.

Scarce the shore and Sap had parted,
As he coursed the Hackensack,
E'er a rival skater darted
Straight athwart his rapid track.



VIII.

Then and there was dire concussion
Each against the other, whack!

Never Turk pitched into Russian
With more vigorous attack.



IX.

Back rebound the jostled skaters,
Each his balance lost and reeled,
Down they dropped like hot potatoes
When they object to being peeled.

X.

Skull 'gainst ice produced most dire works,
Splendid scenery, starry view,
Free admission to the fire-works,
Shooting through cerulean blue.

XI.

Sap now felt how much mistaken
'T was, in ice to put his trust,
Bones and faith were sadly shaken,
Bones and faith so fondly nussed.

XII.

Scarce could Sap think ice so tender,
Rattling in his August "smash,"
Now on his December bender
Would betray him such a crash.



XIII.

Sap, however, was a Hard Shell,
Bounded up on nimble "fat;"
And, like they on ace of cards sell,
Beautiful "spread eagle" out.

XIV.

Down Broadway, so trim and taper,
Sap had often cut a swell,
Cut a dun who held his paper,
Or a friend he wished to quell;

XV.

Or, to tune of cat-gut scraper,
Cut a pigeon-wing as well;
But he only cut a caper
With his eagle; for he fell



XVII.

Many a chunk of ice in tumbler,
And a drop of something juggled,
Sap had quaffed for appetite grumbler;
But to be himself kerebugged,

XVIII.

He to be a clumsy tumbler,
Down among the chilly ices,
Was confusing sort of jumbler
Up of functions, at this crisis,



XXI.

Most important reinforcement,
In this cavalcade of boys,
Was the doggie, whose endorsement
Gave it tone and equivoque.



XXIII.

Feeling much as drowned rat would,
Rosed from the briny creek,
Boys rub down the shivering Sapwood,
With a clam-shell and a brick.



XXV.

Poker stiff poor Sapwood freeze,
Jersey Dutchmen that way roam,

XVI.

Down a ventilating chasm,
Of which his reverent devotion,
And his blind enthusiasm
For the fine arts, gave no notion.

XIX.

Very far from being refreshing,
Was return of hospitality,
Unexpected and distressing,
Should he "put on immortality."

XX.

Thanks to stars he saw so lately,
Boys and dog hove in the distance,
Rendered, what he wished so greatly,
Juvenile-canine assistance.

XXII.

Dog in rear so pulled that host of his
That he tore the hindmost trousers,
And a letter in his post-office
Small boy's modesty arouses.

XXIV.

But now deeds are unavailing,
Brick and clam-shell came too late,
All that's left is in bewailing
Sap's inexorable fate.

REV. MINISTERS, who profess to have been called to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ, but have forsaken it to become proprietors of Reviews, Newspapers, Agents, Treasurers, etc., what will God say to you?—*Daily Tribune Advertisement.*

Some chap in the pursuit of knowledge under anxiety, paid half a dollar to put that question in a newspaper, and give "Rev. Ministers" a dig. Democritus was most a good notion to advertise to be informed what the fellow wanted to know that for, and whether the "Rev. Ministers" ever found out what God would say to them. Democritus thinks it a more pertinent question: "Rev. Ministers, whom the Holy Ghost professed to have called to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ, but who, by reason of age and infirmity have been turned out of it to starve, and who would be only too glad to get situations as agents, editors, treasurers, or even as waiters, porters, drivers, etc., what will you say to God?" We know such Rev. Ministers in this city. We know one as a door-keeper or ticket-taker in a place of amusement, another as a waiter in a fashionable dining saloon, and another especially for whom our heart bleeds every time we meet him. He goes about getting odd jobs at copying, posting books, or any useful thing he can do; but in his applications for work he is everywhere met with the heartless objection—"You are too old to be useful to us. We want young and active men who can dispatch business with alacrity. If you were twenty or thirty years younger we might employ you; as it is, we cannot." We met him lately in Broadway, and he told us that during the past fortnight he had earned only four dollars, and that he had been obliged to sustain himself and an aged wife upon so meagre a sum! We ventured to suggest that he had served God better than Wolsey had served his king, and did not deserve such a fall.

"One would think so," he replied; "but perhaps I ought not to complain. I will say one thing, however: that if I were to live over again the life that is now nearly spent, I would not invest all my energies in a single profession; but should acquaint myself with various arts, crafts and professions, so that, in case of the failure of one, I could fall back upon another for support."

Democritus, at this point, sees the importance of becoming a devil before becoming a divine; since the devil's art may be of service to him when the divine's has forsaken him!

"A COMPLAINT has been preferred against the sexton of the New Cemetery at Dundas, C. W., for 'dunning' the mourners for his pay while the funeral was actually going on."

Democritus thinks that was "crowding the mourners;" but they ought to have presented a bill against the sexton for his impertinence, and then he would have been the dunned ass of the occasion.

Or twelve millions passengers carried over the New York railroads in a year, only twelve persons were killed, and eleven of these were standing on the platform at the time.

To this Democritus wishes to add a statistic. Of the crowds of passengers carried up the New York Salt River this year, nearly all of them were killed, and most of them were standing on a platform at the time. Platforms are not for passengers and politicians!

Last remains one kindly seizes
And on shoulder bears him home.



magnetic virtue, but in its pure state soon loses it. When rubbed it has a slight smell, and it imparts to the tongue a peculiar astringent taste, called chalybeate.

Every individual is conversant with at least a portion of the uses of this truly precious metal: it is capable of being cast in mold of any form, the articles produced varying in weight from a drachm to twenty tons; of being drawn into wires of any desired strength or fineness; of being extended into plates or sheets;* of being bent in every direction; of being sharpened, hardened and softened at pleasure. Each day develops

the chisel, the chain, the anchor, the compass, the cannon and the bomb. It is a medicine of much virtue, and the only metal friendly to the human frame.

Iron is so important, and its uses so numerous and indispensable to the successful pursuit of almost every species of productive industry, that its employment has been generally treated as a chief test of civilization. It was known at a very early period in man's history. We read in Genesis iv. 22, that Tubal Cain (the seventh generation from Adam,) was an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron, and in many parts of the sacred record we have evidences of the extensive use, both of iron and steel. Among the ancient Greeks, bronze seems to have preceded the use of iron, and the term used to designate the smith's calling signified "a worker in bronze," a term afterward applied also to workers in iron. Many passages in Homer show that iron was well known in his time, and there can be no doubt that the word *sidon* has been correctly translated into iron, for in the *Odyssey* there is a simile commencing thus:—"As some smith or brasser plunges into cold water a loudly-hissing great hatchet or adz, tempering it, for hence is the strength of iron," etc.; thus proving that the art of tempering steel was practised as it is at present in the manufacture of cutting tools, and that the worker in iron and steel was called a brasser. In later times steel was abundant in Greece. *Æchylus* (born 460, B. C.) includes all the countries on the shores of the Black Sea under the general term *Scythia* or *Chalybia*. He speaks of the *Chalybes* as workers in iron, of *Scythia* as a land "the mother of iron," and of the sword as "sharp iron, the bitter appeaser of strife;" "the Pontic stranger born in fire;" and also as "the Chalybian stranger come out of *Scythia*." From this time dates the use of the word *chalybe*, in Greek, as signifying steel of the best quality; whence it passed unchanged into the Latin language, and may, at the present day, be recognized in our own, in the expressions *chalybeate* waters, *chalybeate* medicines, etc., in consequence of some commercial transactions which took place more than twenty-three centuries ago between Greece and a country on the Black Sea.

United States Magazine.

Vol. II. FEBRUARY, 1866, [No. 9.]

IRON.

THIS is not only the most abundant, but the most useful of all the metals. Nearly every portion of the crust of our planet is impregnated with it; indeed, it is scarcely possible to analyze an inorganic body without finding it, and its importance is equal to its abundance, for there is no other substance which possesses within itself so many valuable properties, or is so well adapted to form the tools, machines, and engines which have assisted, and still continue to maintain the dominion of mind over matter. Admirably adapted also to the wants of man is the position of iron ore in the earth, for it is frequently found in immediate connection with the coal and the limestone flux required for its reduction: an instance of arrangement so happily suited to the purposes of human industry, that it can hardly be considered as recurring unnecessarily to final causes, if we conceive that this distribution of the rude materials of the earth was determined with a view to the convenience of its inhabitants. Iron is of a bluish-gray color, and a dull, fibrous fracture, but it is capable of acquiring a brilliant surface by polishing. Its specific gravity is 7.78. It is the most tenacious of metals, and the hardest of all those which are malleable and ductile. It is singularly susceptible of the

new modes for its application, and an increased demand for its consumption, and by far its most gigantic and stupendous appliances have occurred since the middle of the last century. In the production of steam, the substance and the element have been of equal importance to each other, combining their valuable qualities to aid the advancement of man. The iron wire composes the "great highway of thought," and flashes our ideas—our actual words—hundreds of miles in a second of time: it is the principal material used in the construction of railroads, steamboats and all the rapid means of travel and transportation. For building houses, ships, bridges; paving streets, architectural ornamentation; in short, in any structure where either strength, lightness, durability, appearance, and economy are desirable, or to be combined, iron presents advantages unattainable in any other material yet discovered. Iron accommodates itself to all our wants, or desires, and even caprices; it is equally serviceable in all the arts, the sciences, to agriculture and war; the same ore furnishes the sword, the plowshare, the scythe, the pruning hook, the needle, the graver, the spring of a watch or of a carriage,

* At the Breston Exhibition of the Works of Industry, 1863, some of the sheet-iron excited great attention; 5,040 square feet being rolled from a hundred weight of iron. This would give a thickness of about 1-260 of an inch thick. It was proposed to use this leaf-iron as a substitute for paper. A bookbinder of Breston, exhibited an album made of it, and the iron pages turned as flexibly as paper. It is proposed to print or the traces of these metallic leaves, and thus render books secure from the ravages of the white ant.

The Romans had an early acquaintance with iron. Diodorus Siculus mentions Ethalia, (Elba) as being celebrated, as it now is, for the richness and abundance of its iron ores. Pliny, the elder, after enumerating many of the uses of iron in his time, says, "Yea, in one word, we use it to all other necessary uses of this life." This writer refers to Spain as being celebrated for its iron manufactures. But although iron was well known to the Romans, it appears from the evidence afforded by the excavations of Pompeii and Herculaneum, that articles of bronze were in general use in the middle of the first century, when those cities were overwhelmed. It is difficult to imagine how bronze and iron should ever be considered as equally applicable to the same uses. In all the Latin writers *ferum*, iron, is the most common name for a sword, but the swords which have been found in these towns are of bronze, as also are the points of spears. Pole-axes and other sacrificing instruments have been found of the same materials; even surgeon's instruments, forty in number, some with cutting edges, and all of bronze were discovered.

The earliest method of smelting iron seems to have been in furnaces erected on the summits of hills for the sake of currents of air, the furnaces being perforated on all sides with holes, through which the air was driven when the wind blew; the ore was interstratified with charcoal, large quantities of which were added from time to time, and the operation lasted two or three days. Mungo Park, in his travels in Africa, describes one of these furnaces, which is probably a type of the ancient model. A furnace similar to this was probably used by the ancient Britons, who are supposed to have obtained their knowledge of the art of smelting iron from the Phœnicians who traded with them for tin. Strabo mentions iron as one of the exports of Great Britain, so that it seems pretty evident, that prior to the Roman invasion the Britons were acquainted with the art of working iron; indeed, the scythes, hooks, broad-swords and spears with which they opposed their invaders are evidences of the fact. When the Roman conquest was secure the useful arts were carried on in Britain to an extent before unknown in the island. After the arrival of Adrian (A. D. 120), the *fabrica*, or great military forge, was established at Bath; and similar enterprises were formed in different parts of the country. The situation of Bath was well adapted to such an establishment, from its vicinity to the hills of Monmouthshire and Gloucestershire, where iron ore and wood were plentiful. There is abundant evidence of the industry of the Romans in working the iron mines of Britain until their final abandonment of the island, about A. D. 409. Immense beds of iron cinders have been discovered in the Forest of Dean, in Monmouthshire, in Yorkshire, and other counties among which have been found Roman coins and the remains of altars inscribed to the god who presides over iron. Many of these heaps are called *Danes' cinders*, from the idea, probably a correct one, that during the occupation of England by the Danes, they carried on the smelting of iron extensively. From the rude method of smelting in these early times, a portion only of the ore was reduced: it has been found profitable

in modern times to smelt these cinders over again. It has been stated that for nearly two hundred years the blast-furnaces in the Dean Forests used nearly one-half of the furnace burden of these slags or cinders, which were found highly advantageous to mix with the calcareous ores of the district. In the interval between the Saxon and the Norman conquests scarcely any notices of iron are to be found. The Anglo-Saxons bestowed especial honor on the best artificers of swords, arms and armor. Gloucester was long celebrated for its iron forges, and it is mentioned in Domesday-book, that scarcely any other tribute was required from that city than thirty-six denars (of ten bars each) of iron, and one hundred iron rods, for nails or bolts, for the use of the royal navy. From the Conquest to the death of John, iron and steel was imported from Germany and other countries. The German "merchants of the steel yard" probably derived that title from the article imported by them, and sold at a place called the "Steel-Yard." The art of making defensive armor was during this period carried to a great perfection, and a smith, or armorer, was attached to the establishment of every knight. In 1483, the English manufacturers complained to their legislature that various articles of iron and steel were imported from Germany and Spain; this led to the passage of an act prohibiting the further importation of such articles as could be made at home. In 1619, Lord Dudley invented the process of smelting iron with pit or mineral coal: sharing the fate of the introduction of several of the most important productions of human ingenuity, his works were soon after destroyed by a mob. In the early part of the eighteenth century, well-founded complaints were made of the waste and destruction of wood and timber by the smelting of iron; and the dearth and scarcity of fuel that was thus occasioned, led, about the year 1740, to the general adoption of Lord Dudley's process of using pit-coal.

Coal with the introduction of the steam-engine, commenced the vast supply and demand for iron that has since made that metal as important in the commercial—as the world of economy. In 1740, the whole yield of the iron furnaces of Great Britain was only 17,350 tons. Still the factors of that country were ranked among the largest producers of iron. In 1855, the lowest estimate of the product of iron in Great Britain is 3,000,000 tons; worth \$75,000,000.

Although this continent probably contains more iron than any other, very little was done among us in the smelting of this ore until after the war of the Revolution. The early adventurers to Central and South America were almost solely occupied in searching for gold, silver, etc., therefore the stupendous mines of iron were left undisturbed. In the United States, prior to their independence, the British government discouraged and prohibited almost every kind of manufactures in this country, except those of a domestic character. Mills for rolling and slitting iron and plating forges were prohibited, and many efforts were made to prevent the colonists from manufacturing anything for themselves. The amount of iron revived in the United States previous to the Revolution, did not amount to over 3,000 tons per annum. The

product of 1855 is estimated at 1,000,000 tons, and in the list of iron-producing countries, ours stands next to Great Britain, which latter country is estimated to furnish half of the supply for the whole world. Were our iron factors protected, as they undoubtedly should be, by a suitable tariff on the iron of foreign manufacture, no doubt within ten years, the United States would stand at the head of iron producing countries. The whole amount produced by us may be estimated at 250,000 tons during each of the years 1840, 1841 and 1842. It increased rapidly under the tariff of the last named year, amounting to nearly 500,000 tons in 1844, to about 600,000 tons in 1845, and to about 800,000 each in the years 1847 and 1848. The influence of large importations under the tariff of 1846, checked the further increase and caused a decline in the production to about 650,000 tons during the years 1849 and 1850, while since that period, the ratio of increase has been about in the same proportion, *pro rata*, with the increase of population, as it was previous to the tariff of 1842. Had that effective and wise law continued in force, no doubt the amount of iron revived in this country would have been vastly increased; and probably our capitalists and money corporations would have had much more control over the general monetary interests of the country at large. The value of the unmanufactured iron and steel (that is, the bar and pig iron and steel) and the manufactured iron and steel (that is, the hardware, castings, sheet iron, nails and cutlery) imported into the United States, have been as follows:—

	1839	1844	1850
Bar, Pig, etc.	\$6,307,580	\$2,313,706	\$10,586,706
Hardware	6,667,810	2,380,957	17,679,000

Total.....\$12,975,390 \$4,694,663 \$28,265,706

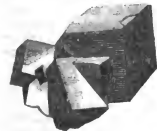
The quantity of unmanufactured iron and steel imported into the United States in 1839 amounted to over 100,000 tons, in 1844 to 68,924 tons, and in 1850 to over 351,300 tons. The weight of the hardware and other manufactures of iron and steel cannot be ascertained with certainty from the custom-house records, but probably amounted to over 40,000 tons in 1839, to 20,000 tons in 1844, and 50,000 tons in 1850, making the whole imports of iron and manufactures of iron in 1839 about 140,000 tons, in 1844 nearly 90,000 tons, and in 1850 about 400,000 tons.

Iron is employed in the arts in three different states:—as *crude* or *cast iron*, as *steel*, and as *wrought iron*, the difference depending upon the relative amounts of carbon with which the metal is combined. Cast iron contains a larger proportion of carbon than steel, and steel more than wrought or malleable iron, which ought to be quite free from carbon. The iron of commerce, however, is never pure, but contaminated with traces of silicon, sulphur, and phosphorus, the presence of which greatly influences the quality of the metal. Pure iron which has been drawn out under the hammer in all directions, has a fine granular structure, but when rolled into long bars as usually sent into the market, the texture is fibrous in the direction of the length. Upon the perfection of this fiber much of the strength and value of the iron depends, although this silky character may be imparted to common varieties of the

metal. The fibrous character is not, however, necessarily permanent, for, after a time, the metal has been found to assume a crystalline appearance, especially when subject to constant vibration, as in the tension rods of suspension bridges, the axles of locomotives and of railroad cars, etc. Iron is the most tenacious of all the metals, a wire 1/36 of an inch in diameter bearing a weight of 60lbs. It requires the strongest heat of a wind furnace to fuse it, but when combined with a small portion of carbon, it fuses at a much lower temperature. At a full red heat, iron can be hammered into any form, and two pieces welded together at a white heat. Iron, nickel and cobalt, are the only metals which are evidently magnetic at ordinary temperatures. A piece of pure iron immediately becomes magnetic at ordinary temperatures; its magnetic properties diminish rapidly as the temperature rises; a mass of it heated to a red heat has no action on the magnetic needle, but it regains those properties in cooling. Iron does not oxidize in dry air, nor even in dry oxygen at ordinary temperatures; but in moist air it becomes covered with a scale coating of black oxide or rust.

Although the ores of iron which are of economical importance are not many in number, yet iron, in some form, is almost universally diffused both through the organic and inorganic world; not a rock or a stone can be found without at least a trace of this metal. Nothing is visible around us which is wholly without its presence. The occurrence of *native iron* is extremely rare, and its existence is mentioned by authors more as a curiosity than for its benefit for practical uses. Meteoric iron, an alloy usually of iron and nickel, is not unfrequently found; and there is a mass in South America estimated at 30,000lbs. weight, one in Siberia at 1,600lbs. one at Angnam, in Croatia, which fell from the sky in 1750, in the presence of many witnesses; there is also a mass of this kind in the Yale College cabinet, which weighs 1,635lbs; it was found on the Red River, in Texas. Native iron has been found in Canaan, Connecticut; in a vein or plate two inches thick; it is sufficiently ductile to be wrought into nails by a blacksmith. It was found in a mica slate rock, upon a primitive mountain, and very much intermixed with plumbago. In France and in Germany native iron has been found; but there are serious doubts whether it was formed by nature, and its existence may probably be assigned to the previous burnings of stone coal in its vicinity. The limits of this paper necessarily demand only a brief mention of the ores of iron.

ORES COMBINED WITH SULPHUR, ARSENIC, OR PHOSPHORUS.—*Pyrites* are a sulphuret of iron, containing a—Iron 46.7, sulphur 53.3. This mineral occurs abundantly in rocks of all ages, from the oldest crystalline to the most recent



Pyrite of Iron.

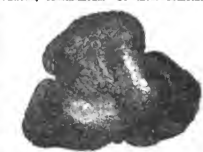
alluvial; often in fine crystallizations, which from their yellow color are every day mistaken

for gold. This species affords a part of the sulphuric acid and sulphate of iron of commerce, and also some sulphur; but is of no use as an ore of iron. *Marcasite*, white iron pyrites has the same composition as the last-mentioned species, but is crystallized in a different form. *Magnetic Pyrites*.—This is another sulphuret of iron, which contains about 40 per cent. of sulphur and 60 per cent. of iron. It is abundant, though not so much so as the common pyrites. *Leucopyrite*—an arseniuret of iron, and *Nispickel*, a sulpharseniuret of the same metal, are found in numerous localities; the latter frequently contains cobalt enough to be of value as an ore of this metal, but neither this nor the other can be considered ores of iron. *Schreiblerite*, or phosphuret of iron, is found only in meteorites.

ORES COMBINED WITH OXYGEN.—*Specular Iron*. Peroxide of iron, Micaceous iron ore, Red Hematite, Fer Oligiste, Red Ochre. This is an oxide of iron with two atoms of iron, and three of oxygen. When pure, it consists of iron 70, and oxygen 30 per cent. It is a widely diffused species, and presents itself in a great variety of forms, and has received a great number of names. These varieties may be classed under two heads, the crystalline, and the amorphous. Specular iron, which often occurs in fine crystals, is at one end of the list, and red chalk at the other. Specular iron includes iron of a perfect metallic luster; if in fine scales, it is called Micaceous iron; the varieties which have only a slightly metallic luster, with generally a fibrous structure, are called Hematite; the soft and earthy varieties are called ochre. This ore occurs in immense abundance and purity, and if these were the only requisites, would furnish the larger part of the iron of commerce; but in respect to a metal whose elaboration requires such an amount of fuel, and whose transportation in proportion to its cost is so expensive, there are many other circumstances to be taken into consideration, beside quality and quantity of ore. At Gellivara, in Sweden, an immense mountain of this ore exists, which has never been touched for manufacturing purposes, and which probably will not be for a great while to come. This ore frequently contains in combination titanate acid, in varying proportions, the peroxide of iron and titanate acid being isomorphous. A variety of names have been given to these combinations. Titanate acid in any considerable quantity renders the substance valueless as an ore. *Magnetic Iron Ore*. Magnetite, Magnetite Oxide of iron. A combination of the protoxide and the peroxide, with 72.4 of iron, and 27.6 of oxygen. It is the native magnet or loadstone, and is widely diffused in nature, though not so widely as peroxide. It furnishes an unrivaled ore. From specular, it differs in its crystalline form, in being magnetite, and giving a black powder instead of a red one. *Franklinite*, this is an ore of iron containing zinc and manganese; it may be considered as a magnetic iron ore, in which a part of the protoxide is replaced by the protoxides of zinc and manganese, and the peroxide by the oxide of manganese. It may also be considered both as an ore of iron and of zinc. It is only found in New Jersey, where it has just begun to be worked for both metals. *Chromic iron*. Chromate of iron, valuable as an

ore of chrome. *Limonite*, Brown Hematite, Brown Ochre, Bog iron ore, Ironstone, Yellow Clay Ironstone. Under all these names is understood a hydrated peroxide of iron, which when chemically pure, contains 63.58 peroxide of iron, and 14.42 water. The purer varieties contain from 60 to 62 per cent. of metallic iron; but this ore is almost always mixed with more or less earthy matter. Brown Hematite, is the name given to the compact and pure varieties, which have often a mammillary or stalactitic structure. The ochreous ores, brown ochre, yellow ochre, and the like, are earthy decomposed varieties; bog iron ore is a porous aggregate, usually occurring in low ground, as a recent deposit from the decomposition of other ores. Yellow clay ironstone is the same, mixed with argillaceous matter. This ore forms the coloring matter of so many stratified rocks, and is so universally disseminated through the geological formations, that it is more difficult to say where it does not exist, than where it does. *Gothite*, Lepidocrocite. This is a hydrated oxide of iron, like limonite, but differing in the proportions of its ingredients. It is comparatively rare, and cannot be called an ore.

ORES COMBINED WITH CARBONATES, PHOSPHATES, ARSENATES.—Of these combinations



Spathic Iron Ore.

the variety is very great, but only one is important as an ore, that is, *Spathic iron*, Sparry Iron, Brown Spar, Clay Ironstone. This is a carbonate of iron, with carbonic acid 37.94, and protoxide of iron 62.06. It is seldom ever found pure, but contains manganese, and generally more or less allumina, lime and magnesia. This is, perhaps, the most important ore of iron; not generally in its sparry state, but as a mixture with clay and the hydrated oxide which results from its decomposition, and constituting a part of the great carboniferous formation; hence, occurring with the coal required for its reduction, it becomes of great importance. The arseniates and phosphates are not ores; but on the contrary, are highly injurious to the quality of those with which they are found occurring.

SILICATES.—The number of silicates into which iron enters as an ingredient, is great, and, as they have little or no value as ores, they must be passed over here.

Iron ores are not sufficiently valuable to allow of the crushing, stamping, washing, and other processes which precede the reduction of copper, tin, and other ores. They are generally roasted for the purpose of expelling water and carbonic acid, and producing the porous condition which is favorable to the smelting process. The usual method of roasting the ironstone is in heaps, for which purpose a piece of ground

is levelled, and covered with a layer of coal, from six to eight inches thick. The pieces of ironstone, as near the same size as possible, are arranged upon this to the height of about two feet—then another strata of coal, and then again ore, until the heap reaches the height of about eight feet, when the fire is applied—and by the time the fuel is consumed, the ore is sufficiently roasted—but from the commencement of this operation until the ore is ready for smelting, most generally a month is consumed. In many districts the ore is roasted in kilns. These are often erected on side hills for



Coal Coking Kiln.

the economy of labor, in charging and discharging them. Various kinds of fuel are used in different countries for smelting iron, charcoal, turf, anthracite and bituminous coal; the two latter often coked for the purpose, are those most generally employed. The abundance of all kinds of fuel in this country, is not even second to the immense amount of iron ore.

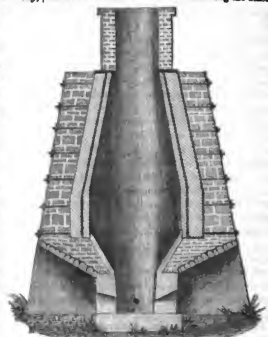
The ore is smelted in blast furnaces, the appearance and construction of which, the illustrations will give an idea. The exteriors are

round or angular as the builders desire. The cavity consists of two truncated cones, united at the base; the upper called the *cone* or *body*, the lower the *boshes*. These furnaces are constructed in the most thorough and durable manner, the inner surfaces being composed of refractory clays and sand stones, and the whole pile of the most substantial iron-bound masonry. Beneath the cone is the hearth, it is constructed of large slabs of refractory sandstone cemented with fire clay. Below the hearth is the crucible, that collects the fused metal reduced by the operations of the furnace. The blast is generally furnished by a steam-engine, and is introduced through the faces of the hearth by nozzles or *tygers*. The dimensions of blast furnaces, vary with the kind of ore to be smelted. Some are only 36 feet high, including the chimney; others are about double that height, but the usual height is from 45 to 50 feet without the chimney, which is 8 or 10 feet more.

In such a furnace, the crucible will be about 6½ feet high, and 2½ feet square at the top; the boshes 8 feet high, and 12 feet in diameter at the top; the cavity of the furnace is about 30 feet high, the chimney 8 feet high, and widened to 16 ft., to allow the charge to be easily tossed in. The furnace is charged with the fuel-ore, and flux, the latter generally limestone; this whole process is, however, so interesting, we have concluded to give a more extended account of it. Much care is required in raising a new furnace to the temperature necessary for the smelting of the iron. A temporary fire-place

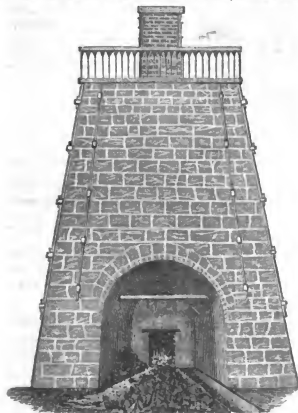
is first erected at the lower part, to which the whole cavity of the furnace is made to act as a chimney, so that when the fire is lighted, the draft is violent, and much heat is carried up. The fire is kept burning for about three weeks, at the end of which time, the furnace is sufficiently dry to receive a charge of coke. The temporary fire-place is then removed, and other preparations are made for the purpose. A quantity of ignited coke is thrown in, and this is gradually increased until the whole cavity is filled. The quantity required by a furnace of the average size is about 99,000 lbs., the splint coal of which would weigh 198,000 lbs. When the furnace has been sufficiently heated by coke, proportionate charges of coke, ironstone, and blast-furnace cinders are added. At first, the ironstone bears only a small proportion to the weight of the coke, but is afterward increased to the full burthen. The filling is con-

tinued regularly, and when the top of the furnace has acquired a considerable degree of heat, the blast is introduced. Before admitting the blast,



Section of the Blast Furnace.

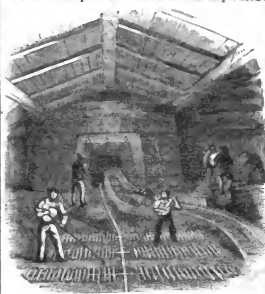
the dam-stone and dam-plate are laid. On the top of the plate is a slight depression, curved outward, to allow the slag to flow off in a connected stream, as it tends to surmount the level of the dam. From the dam-plate to the level of the floor, a declivity of brick-work is erected, down which the slag flows. The fault is stopped up with sand, and the furnace bottom covered with a powdered lime or charcoal dust. Ignited coke is then allowed to fall down, and is brought forward with iron bars nearly to a level with the dam. The tygers holes are opened, and lined with a mixture of fine clay and loam. The blast is first introduced through a small discharge pipe, and afterward a larger one is used. In about two hours after blowing, a considerable quantity of lava will be accumulated; this is admitted to all parts of the hearth and glazes the surfaces of the fire-stone. It then rises to a level with the notch in the dam-plate, and flows over. When the metal has risen nearly to a level with the dam, it is let out by cutting away the hardened loam of the fault, and conveyed by a channel made in the sand in front of the furnace to the place where it is cast into pigs, as will be presently noticed more particularly. In six days from the commencement of blowing, the furnace will have wrought itself clear, at which time the charge will be in the following proportions: 400 lbs. of coke, 330 lbs. of clay ironstone, 100 lbs. of limestone. This charge is thrown into the furnace every hour. The action of these three substances upon each other leading to the production of a vitreous slag and metallic iron. The chemical changes by which these apparently simple results are brought about are sometimes complicated. The charge having been thrown in at the top of the furnace, gradually descends until it reaches the upper part of the boshes. In the cone the heat is not very great; near the boshes it is considerable, and in the hearth it is at its maximum, for



A Blast or Smelting Furnace.

here the oxygen of the blast meets the fuel and produces the most vivid combustion. About the middle of the bushes the heat is much diminished, for the oxygen having been converted into the carbonic acid, this gas and the nitrogen of the air of the blast part forming, with a portion of their heat to the fuel, the mineral at the lower part of the cone. Here the carbonic acid, in contact with the heated fuel, combines with an equivalent of carbon, and becomes converted into carbonic oxide; with the great expansion of volume, and consequently a great absorption of heat, so that while the bushes are at a white heat, the base of the cone is only at a red. As the carbonic oxide, at a high temperature, comes in contact with the oxide of iron, it reduces it to a metallic state, and becomes converted into carbonic acid. This acid gas is also formed by the conversion of the limestone into caustic lime, so that the gases which escape by the throat of the furnace, consists of nitrogen, carbonic oxide, and carbonic acid. There is also a portion of hydrogen and carburized hydrogen arising from the dry distillation of the fuel in the upper part of the cone, for the coal is never so thoroughly coked as to have parted with all its gases. A certain amount of moisture enters by the tuyeres, and its decomposition increases the quantity of carbonic oxide and hydrogen. Hence, it will be seen that a vast amount of inflammable gaseous matter must be constantly pouring from the blast furnace all the time that it is in action—producing a great body of flame and smoke by night, and lighting up the country for miles around. The chemical changes which go on in different parts of the furnace, have been tested by collecting the gases at various distances below the throat or tunnel-hole, by passing a wrought-iron pipe to the depth at which it was required to examine the products of combustion. To the upper extremity of this tube was connected a leaden pipe, by which the gases were connected to a place suited for their analysis. Near the throat of the furnace the hygroscopic water is driven off from the charge. When it has sunk to the distance of ten or twelve feet from the surface, the combined water of the hydrated oxide of iron begins to be expelled, and a little lower down, the carbonic acid both of the ore and of the flux is partly set free, and a portion of the oxide of the iron becomes reduced to the metallic state. In the lower part of the cone, and at the commencement of the bushes, the reduction is completed, and the rest of the carbonic acid liberated. At the lower part of the bushes, where the temperature is very high, the lime of the flux and the ash of the fuel combine with the silicate to form various double silicates, which afterward form a fusible slag. Here, also, the iron is exposed in a slightly oxidizing atmosphere to a very high temperature in the presence of carbon, a portion of which substance combining with the metal, converts it into cast-iron. The presence of the iron and the carbon also serves to reduce silica, the silicium combines with the iron and the oxygen of the silica with the carbon. When the charge, thus modified, arrives at the upper part of the hearth, the intense heat caused by the action of the blast upon what remains of the fuel, completely fuses both the iron and the silicates, and they

pour down into the crucible beneath. The construction of the hearth allows the melted products to fall rapidly through the blast, and this is quite necessary, for the oxidizing influence of the vast body of air poured into this part of the furnace is such that it would speedily convert the reduced metal to an oxide, which would be rapidly absorbed by the slag, and thus occasion great loss. But on reaching the crucible, the fuse products arrange themselves in the order of their density. The iron occupying the lowest part, and being covered by the silicates, is completely protected from all oxidizing influence. The silicates, or slag, occupy a volume five or six times greater than that of the iron, so that as it rises to the level of the dam-plate, it flows over, and passes down the inclined plain to the ground, and, when cold, is removed by means of pointed iron levers. At some works the slag is made to flow into iron wagons, whereby it is molded into large blocks. These wagons run on a railway so as to admit of being readily wheeled off. The iron slowly accumulates in the crucible, and in the course of eight, twelve or more hours, according to the construction of the furnace, the furnace is *tapped*, and the liquid metal drawn off. For this purpose the plug of refractory clay, which closes the hole in the bottom of the crucible, is pierced with a long bar. But before tapping, the men prepare for the reception of the liquid metal a number of molds in the sand which composes the floor of the workshop.



Tapping the Crucible.

For this purpose blocks of wood are buried which, on being taken up, leave a number of parallel trenches. These are connected by a channel at right angles to them, and communicate with the hole at the bottom of the crucible. The blast is then shut off, the plug of clay removed, and the molten stream flows out, sparkling and bright—the light and heat becoming more and more intense as it rolls on and increases in volume. In order to make the metal flow regularly into the side channels, it is necessary here and there to interrupt the progress of the stream by a long piece of wood, as the metal does not continue sufficiently fluid to fill them up equally without this precaution. The molds that form the metal into semi-cylindrical bars called *pigs*, united with one of larger dimensions called a *sow*, the molds

being so arranged as to make the points of connection very thin between the pigs and the sow, so that the pigs are easily broken off when the casting is cold. When the crucible is emptied, the clay plug is restored, the blast is put on, and the operations of the furnace proceed as before, day and night, week-day and holiday, for years together; for it is absolutely necessary to keep up the heat of the furnace, and this can only be done by keeping it at work; for should it once cool down, this huge and costly piece of apparatus would be ruined. A well-constructed furnace will work four or five years without requiring repair, and then only the refractory lining will have to be reconstructed. Some of the Welch furnaces have been worked for more than ten years without requiring any extensive repairs, and at the end of that time, only the lower portions of the lining have required renewal; the upper part of the cone being exposed to only a moderate temperature, has been known to last for nearly forty years.

We have a particular object in view in being thus careful in the description of the revival of pig iron. No portion of our industrial resources requires the more general thought and ingenuity of the masses of the people, than the coal and iron interests, they are now in a measure lying dormant; and, as there are various ways of interesting different individuals, even if the crude manner in which this paper has been conceived and put together, leads to serious reflection on the subjects of supply and demand, free trade and protective tariff and other important facts bearing on the successful manufacture of iron, a great portion of our object will be accomplished. The iron mines of the United States are apparently inexhaustible and instead of importing annually iron, steel, and other hardware, to the amount of fourteen or fifteen millions per annum, we should protect those who expend immense capital for home manufacture, divert men of capability from the overplus of other callings to this, and, by the general adaptation of the many purposes in which this metal has been found superior to all other substances, the demand will become at once enormous. Instead of importing we can export; the manufacture of iron and steel, will create a home market for the consumption of our vast agricultural pro-

ducts, and save the country from the cormorant drain of specie to pay the balance of trade against us.

It is evident that the quantity and quality of iron we are enabled to produce, depend, in a great measure, upon the nature and qualities of the ore at our disposal. By means of science and industry great difficulties can be overcome. But the only condition upon which we can rationally base any hope for the future, relative to iron manufacture and collateral branches, consists in the union of natural advantages with skill, activity and intellectual cultivation. The conditions which favor the manufacture of iron in this country are so superior to those which exist in Europe, that any comparison between them would be useless, if not inadmissible.

Closely connected with the richness and abundance of our iron deposits, is the extent of our coal-fields, in respect to which we take precedence of all other nations. The coal known to exist in the United States is set down as 133,132 square miles. This, however, does not include the Iowa, the Missouri and the Arkansas coal-fields. It is true, that little is yet known of their actual value, so far as workable thickness and quality of the coal are concerned; but the results of Dr. Owen's survey have given us a better knowledge of the extent of territory underlain by the coal formation, and it appears that there cannot be less than 50,000 square miles occupied by the coal measures to the west of the Mississippi, within the boundaries of the organized states; this added to the above, deducting 6,000 previously allowed for Missouri, will give, in round numbers, 177,000 square miles of coal area within the boundaries of the thirty-one states. Considering the immense development of our coal-fields, and the quantity of our iron ores of every possible variety, it is difficult to set any limits to our possible production of iron. The facilities of internal transit by canal, or steamboat and railroad, already ample, are daily increasing, and new works are constructing to bring every section of the country into connection with the nearest and most valuable iron districts. It may indeed be said, with truth, that in our capacity for producing this most important metal, we are unrivalled.

The statistics of the produce of iron throughout the world, in 1855, is pretty nearly ascertained in the following table. An inconsiderable amount of this metal is manufactured in some of the Asiatic and South American countries, but principally for local consumption; and as no detailed information can be given with regard to the quantity, they have been omitted from the table.

	Tons.	Relative amount.
Russian Empire.....	300,000	8.4
Sweden and Norway.....	150,000	2.7
Great Britain.....	8,000,000	81.6
Belgium.....	300,000	6.2
Prussia.....	150,000	2.6
Denmark.....	2,000	.1
Austria.....	225,000	8.9
Rest of Germany.....	120,000	1.7
Switzerland.....	15,000	.2
France.....	600,000	10.3
Spain.....	40,000	.7
Italy.....	25,000	.4
United States.....	1,000,000	17.2
	5,617,000	1000

If we adopt Heron de Villefosse's estimate of the production of iron throughout the world, in 1808, namely, 740,000 tons, we find the manufacture of this metal has increased nearly eight fold in the last half century.

We have heretofore spoken of the many late appliances of iron, among the most marked of which is its adaptation as a material of architectural construction. It is even claimed that iron buildings and vessels have been more rapidly introduced than either railroads or steamships. The number of structures erected in the United States, during the last ten or twelve years, is truly astonishing. The building for the "Industrial Exhibitions" of New York and London, are permanent monuments of the value of this metal for architectural purposes, and, in this great metropolis, nearly every business street presents evidence of the rapidity of the increase of its adaptation. Still,

the whole affair is only in its infancy, and was, probably for a time, retarded, from the well known expansion of iron, under the influence of heat, thus leading to the belief that iron buildings could not be rendered perfectly fire-proof. But, like the disturbance of the magnetic needle on iron ships, science and ingenuity have also overcome this difficulty; and a gentleman at Washington city holds a patent for insulating iron buildings with cheap non-conductors, thus rendering them not only fire-proof, but so little affected by atmospheric changes, that they are among the most comfortable dwellings extant. The day is not far distant when the great majority of all buildings for government purposes, for manufactures, and, in short, for all general business purposes, will be constructed almost nearly of iron and glass. The same materials have been suggested for the construction of dwellings; and, as above insulated and protected, for many reasons they would be preferable to all others. We would not be surprised to hear of the formation of a joint stock company for the manufacture of portable iron cottages, that could be taken down and put up in a few hours, and varying in price from, say, \$200 to \$1000; how such an enterprise would increase the suburban population of large cities! As with us in civil, so has iron advanced in marine architecture in Great Britain. While there was many successful attempts on a small scale, the monster iron steamer, bearing the name of that kingdom, which came among us some ten years since, was the first exhibition of proof, on a large scale, of the practicability and economy of the enterprise; and in that country at the present day, iron is fast displacing all other substances as a material of structure in naval architecture. Upon the river Clyde alone, fifty thousand skillful workmen, and a capital of ten millions of dollars, are employed in the construction of iron vessels. In this country, with the exception of a few barges, coal scows and the like, as yet, wonderful as the fact may appear, nothing has been done in the construction of iron vessels. A people who claim to stand in the front rank of civilization—whose scientific men and artisans are at least equal in skill and industry with those of any other country extant—whose naval architecture is universally admitted to be superior to all others, may be said to let this important item in the development of their industrial resources go by default. We have occasionally heard of the concentration of immense capital to establish, in this vicinity, iron ship yards on a large scale; it ultimately, however, proves to be "bunkum capital," and the "bugbear" to effect certain reciprocal sectional interests. Never was a more brilliant opportunity for the acquirement of fame and fortune, than is presented by a judicious investment of capital and skill in this prominent undertaking. Another forcible illustration of the later applications of iron, is in its introduction for street pavements. In large cities the great desideratum is to obtain a material that will sustain wear and tear, and at the same time present a surface best adapted to the beasts of burden employed; that is, to prevent slipping and straining, and affording them the best facilities of draught. In our experience we have witnessed the use of wood, cobble-stones, granite

chips, blocks, etc. The "Rum pavement" is well known in Atlantic cities: its worst features come under the head of cruelty to animals. This subject has lately assumed much importance in newspaper and municipal discussion, and in all instances, although the experience in iron pavements are of only two years' standing, for fitness, cheapness, and durability, they are recommended as preferable to all others.

In conclusion, we trust that thinking men in every situation in life, will give the matter of the development of our unsurpassable natural facilities for the manufacture of iron, the serious consideration the subject demands. It is our good fortune that our mortal destinies are cast in a land of republican government: each and every one of us have the opportunity for acting—this opportunity makes it our duty to act. At the present moment there is no part of our domestic economy or industrial resources that requires a more fostering attention, than the revival or manufacture of iron, which can only be extended by protection and increased demand for its consumption. From all past experience, it is not best to supply the home demand by domestic manufacture? [In comparison between American and English railroad iron, by actual experiment on the Reading railroad, the former is worth fourteen dollars per ton more.] If so, then we must protect the labor that manufactures it. American artisans demand and receive at least four times the per diem of foreign labor: hence the cause of the required protection. The development and consumption of American iron must increase; it depends solely on the American people to say how fast that increase shall progress.

WEALTHY AND WISE.

LITTLE he loathes, who, for greater gain
Of wisdom, leteth fall the golden chain.
By which he should unite those boards that stain.
Of treasure, which the feet of men pursue.
Small toll of sorrow to the bar is due
Of him who, on the pathway to success,
Pauses and passes not behind the True,
Content an inward pleasure to possess
In God, whose worship is Man's noblest workmanship.
No human wealth is worthy to be won
That sums men hours of battery or guile.
Repayment for the labor we have done—
Does this demand the apocryphal smile?
Measure and watch thy words more than the pile
Of perishable gold they words may begot.
Take care of thy soul's deeds, and wait awhile;
Although they may not suit the law courts yet,
When the last hills fall due, they are to meet the debt.

Arrested by the tearful ballad, Time,
Locked in the debtor's prison of the grave,
Upbraided with a balance sheet of crime,
The terrors of the Judgment who can brave?
Of talents lent and squandered, he who gave
No heed to his soul's woe, yields no account,
Bankrupt hereafter. Bitter flows the woe
Of water that was bitter at the fount;
And he who crawls through life, through death will
never mount.

Yet worthy produce of our upright toil,
Is wealth well earned with honorable gain,
Hands that are clean from gold receive no stain.
There needs a mordant to complete a stain.
Men seek the rich: is he then rich in vain,
Whose goodness makes him worthy to be sought?
Wealth to the good to all the world is gain.
So count we not this life's rewards as nought,
But work for them the men, and use them as we
ought.



THE INDIAN GIRL SAVING HOWARD.

THERE is probably no single incident in the whole range of American history which has been so often repeated, or which is so familiar to every one, as the story of Captain Smith and Pocahontas.

Thoroughly imbued with the romance of which the Elizabethan period was so replete, it has furnished a subject for the easel of the artist, the pen of the poet, and the page of history, until it has become almost commonplace. The life of Smith, from its opening to its close, was a continuous romance, and it is probable that had Pocahontas' magnanimity been exhibited in behalf of one of Smith's men instead of himself, her name would never have filled the niche it now occupies. This deduction is drawn from the fact that a similar incident of more recent date, in which, however, the hero was but a private soldier, has had only a local reputation, and will probably be new to most of our readers. It furnishes the material for a lengthy romance, equal in point of interest to any of Cooper's or Irving's, and it is somewhat surprising that it has not been used. But to the story.

It seems that at the famous defeat and rout of St. Clair's army, there were two young men belonging to the militia regiment which sustained the first shock of battle, named Howard and Pitt Gibbon. They were both wounded on the retreat of the regiment to the main body. Howard had received a ball on the instep which had disabled him from running, and Pitt Gibbon had been struck by a tomahawk, which, although it did not seriously injure him, yet had the effect to stun him, and when he recovered his senses, he found himself bound and a prisoner with many others, among whom was Howard. In this situation they were compelled to be eye-witnesses of the orgies of the savages, on their return from the pursuit of the retreating army, and they could readily imagine the hor-

rid fate for which they had been reserved. They had been captured by the warriors of the Miamiga tribe, and when the battle was over, and the Indians returned to their homes, they were taken to their village, where they were obliged to pass the ordeal of running the gauntlet, and received the brutal treatment usual upon such occasions. They were then conducted to a cabin adjoining the council house, where they were left to darkness and their own and forebodings.

The council met on the eve of their return to deliberate upon the fate of their captives, and the decision was unanimous that they must die at the stake. The tribe had lost many braves, whose spirits could not enter the happy hunting grounds unless accompanied by the ghosts of white men slain to avenge them, and when Sish-te-yong-tah, their chief, asked, "What say the Miamiga braves—shall the white men die?" there was a universal "ugh!" and their fate was sealed.

On the following morning, preparations were made to carry out the decision of the council, and at an early hour the entire population of the town might be seen coming from all directions, and centering about the foot of a gigantic pin-oak, which had been cleared of its lower branches, and otherwise prepared for the part it was to perform in the coming ceremony. There were old men and maidens, young men and matronly squaws; incipient warriors in their gaudy paint, and old men with whitened locks and tottering limbs; all gathering about the fatal tree to take part in the sacrifice to the manes of their friends. At length the prisoners were brought forth: two sturdy, brave and fearless youths, whose span of life had not reached twenty summers. They were prepared for death by being stripped of all their clothing except a cloth about their loins, and were conducted by two warriors, while others formed a circle about them, with arms in their hands,

ready to strike them down in case of an attempt to escape. As they entered the circle which surrounded the tree, the human wall closed in and shut off every chance and hope of flight or rescue, and the victims looked around upon that assemblage in vain, to discover the least spark of feeling or sympathy for their fate. Howard was the first selected for the ordeal. Feeling that no effort of his own could save his life, and that the only way to shorten his own suffering was to submit in silence to his fate, he allowed no sign to escape him, no useless pleading or vain repining to add to his enemy's triumph, but with a stoicism which would have done credit to an older and more experienced warrior, he permitted the savages to bind him with his back to the fatal tree. His arms were drawn behind him, a thong passed around them at the wrists and tied securely, while his feet were fastened in such a manner to the roots as to prevent all power of motion except to his head: this was left free. When thus prepared, the sports were commenced by the young men, who, standing at a little distance, made a mark of his head, at which they threw their tomahawks, endeavoring to see how near it they could strike without hitting it, with the object of intimidating their victim, and wring from his tortured spirit some evidence of cowardice or fear. Not a muscle quivered, however, under this severe test of his courage, and then came the old squaws, who stuck his flesh full of splinters, gashed him with knives, and adopted every diabolical device which their ingenuity could invent to torture without killing him, and finally, to close the scene, Sish-te-yong-tah and several others approached with flaming brands to light the funeral pile. Already had the greedy flames caught the dry nagwots which surrounded the victim, and were curling upward in serpentine wreaths, when a light and graceful form was seen to dart from the circle of dusky figures, throw itself upon the burning

heap, and encircle with its arms the neck of the young man. 'Twas Oo-na-le-tah, the darling sister of the chief. Struck with sympathy for the sufferings she had witnessed, and horrified at the inhumanity exhibited by those about her, she nobly determined to save the prisoners or perish herself. The chief, astonished at this unexpected interposition, and horror-stricken at the dangerous situation of his sister, was for the moment powerless; the next, he was dashing the faggots right and left, extinguishing the flames which had caught her robes in their greedy embrace, and endeavoring to tear her from her hold, but in vain. In the most pathetic tones she begged the life of the pale-face youth. She pleaded with her brother for his sympathy; she expostulated, and appealed to the warriors who surrounded her to spare the victims as they would be spared. As well might she appeal to the stern rock or the sparkling steel, and it was not until she had offered her entire wealth of furs, and a sum of money, that she induced them to forego their savage purpose, and free the prisoners from their impending fate. They were not allowed their liberty even then, but were adopted into the families of those who had lost relatives, and remained in captivity until the treaty of Greenville freed all prisoners in the hands of the Indians. The act is not the less worthy of praise, however, and her name should be ranked with the brightest on history's pages, and associated with Pocahontas and others, whose deeds have proved that the sweet feelings of woman's nature are sometimes found among the forest wilds, as well as in the hearts of cities.

Since the above incident was in type, our attention has been called to another one, in which the same generous traits were displayed by an Indian squaw, which occurred at Sandy-Hill, Washington county, in this State, during the French war, previous to the Revolution. And considering it of quite equal interest with the above, we have concluded to annex it.

During the struggle which existed between the French and English, about the middle of the last century, many sanguinary and bloody scenes were enacted by both and their savage allies in the colonies in this country. One of their principal battle-grounds was the territory now comprising Washington, Essex, Saratoga and the other more northerly counties in this State. In the beginning of 1775, a plan of military operations on a more extensive scale than had yet been projected was adopted by the British ministry for dispossessing the French from their encroachments upon English territory. Among other enterprises to further their object, was the construction of Fort Edward, on the upper waters of the Hudson, directly in the principal trail or war-path of the French and their savage auxiliaries. For the supply of this camp, large quantities of provisions and other stores were required. These had to be forwarded from Albany, and for their transportation teamsters with their wagons and horses were everywhere impressed. After Abercrombie's defeat, he encamped with the effective remains of his army at the head of Lake George, some fourteen miles beyond Fort Edward. Of course supplies had also to be conveyed there. All that portion of the route above Fort Edward laid through a continuous

forest, which is to this day remembered as having been dark, gloomy and dismal in the extreme. Everywhere an enemy could lurk in concealment, and spring upon the hapless passer-by with scarcely an instant's warning. Prowling parties of Indians and Canadians, coming from Ticonderoga up Lake Champlain and South Bay, so infested this route, that it was an almost daily occurrence for the transportation trains to be intercepted and plundered, their convoys being killed or put to flight. Almost every step between the pleasant village of Sandy-Hill and the lake, thus became tracked with blood; and "Half-way Brook," and "Blind Rock," and the "Five Mile Run," became noted as places of ambush, and were always approached by the trembling teamsters with fear and circumspection. Our farmers at the present day would regard it as an intolerable grievance to be suddenly snatched from their families and fields, however much these might be in need of their care, and forced to engage in a service in which their lives were exposed to such imminent perils; and it may interest this class of readers more particularly to be informed of one of the hair-breadth escapes through which these men were compelled to pass.

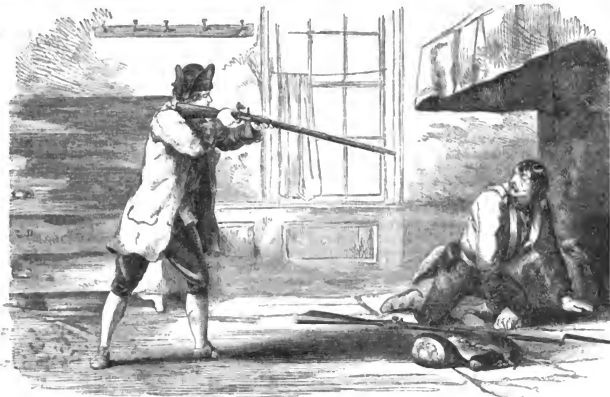
John, son of Cybrant Quackenbosc, of Albany, was under an engagement of marriage to Jane, daughter of Tunis Vele, of the same city, when he was impressed, and required to convey a load of provisions to Lake George. He had passed Fort Edward, and entered the dark and doleful wilderness which stretched from thence to Lake George, when he was captured by a formidable party of Indians, who had previously waylaid and made prisoners of sixteen soldiers. The prisoners were all taken to where the lovely green in the center of the village of Sandy-Hill is now situated, which was then a secluded spot in the woods. Here they were securely tied, and were seated upon the trunk of a fallen tree, with two or three Indians left to guard them, whilst the remainder hastened away on some further adventure. After a time they returned, the captive men still sitting in a row upon the log, Quackenbosc being at one end, and a soldier named MacGinnis next to him. One of the savages now went up to the opposite end of the log, and deliberately sank his tomahawk into the head of the man there seated. The victim fell to the earth, and his final quiverings had scarcely ceased, when the next man shared the same fate, and in succession, the next, and the next. Nothing more awful can possibly be conceived than the situation of the survivors, compelled to sit still and see death, immediate and inevitable, gradually approaching them in this horrid form. Soon, of all the seventeen, two only remained—Quackenbosc, clad in his teamster's garb, and MacGinnis, in his soldier's accoutrements. Not one of all the slain had offered the least resistance, so utterly hopeless were all efforts to avert their fate. And now the death-dealing tomahawk was raised to cleave MacGinnis down, when with the suddenness of a panther's spring, he threw himself backward from the log, striking the ground in a desperate struggle to break his bonds. But in vain. Instantly, on every side of the poor fellow, a dozen tomahawks were uplifted. But

lying upon his back, with his heels flying, he thrust his murderers off in every direction, spinning around like a top, till, hacked and mangled, and all crimson with his own life-blood which was now streaming from a score of horrid gashes, his efforts became more feeble, when a blow was leveled at his head, and all was over. The hapless teamster now alone remained; he knew that his final moment was come. Already the fatal weapon was poised for its last and finishing stroke, when the arm by which it was wielded was suddenly pushed aside by a squaw, as she exclaimed, "You shan't kill him! he's no fighter! he is my dog!" The fawny warriors acquiesced without a murmur. He was unbound and taken in charge by his Indian mistress. A pack of plunder so heavy that he could scarcely stand under it was tied upon his back, and the party started off for Canada.

On arriving at the Indian villages, he had to run the gauntlet between two rows of savages, all of whom were armed with clubs. One of them struck him so heavy a blow on the head that it all but felled him to the earth; he, however, reeled and stumbled onward, kicked and mangled on every side, and with scarce the breath of life left in him, reached the end of this most barbarous ordeal. His mistress, the squaw, now took him to her hut, and bound up his wounds and bruises, and carefully nursed him until he recovered. He asked her why it was that the Indians had treated him thus cruelly. She told him it was because he would not dance; though what she meant by this reply, was beyond his conjecture.

The governor of Canada, hearing of his captivity, sent and purchased him from them, and had him brought to Montreal. Learning from him that he understood the weaver's trade, he was employed at that calling in different families in and around Montreal, and his situation was thus rendered comfortable and easy. One thing, however, bore heavily on his mind. His family and his affianced bride he knew must be in a state of agonizing suspense with regard to his fate. He, therefore, ventured to crave of the governor permission to write a letter to his father, to inform him that his son was still alive. Consent was given. The governor having examined the letter, sealed it, and gave it in charge to a trusty Indian, by whom it was brought down as near to Fort Edward as he could venture with safety. The Indian here made a slit in the bark of a tree growing beside a frequented path, inserted the end of the letter therein, and hastened back to Canada. The letter was speedily discovered by some of our people, and was safely forwarded to its place of destination. It gave his family their first intelligence of one whom they had scarcely ventured to hope was still alive. He remained a prisoner about three years, and was then sent home in a vessel which sailed from Quebec to New York. He married Miss Vele, and settled soon after on a farm in Cambridge, Washington county, where he died many years ago.

We are indebted to Dr. Fitch for the above incident, which we find recorded in his "Survey of Washington County." Of its authenticity we feel undoubtedly assured. Although the subject of it used to relate it but seldom, and always with reluctance, the recollections which it called up in his mind, being so overpowering as to choke his utterance and fill his eyes with tears. His nephew, Jacob Quackenbosc, who first related the adventure to Dr. Fitch, is now an old and highly respectable citizen of Schaghticoke, Rensselaer county, in this State.



THE WOMAN CAPTURING A HESSIAN.

WHILE the British were in possession of the city of New York, large bodies of troops were stationed upon Staten Island, and in the vicinity thereof, and that part of the State of New Jersey embraced within a circle of ten or twelve miles of Perth Amboy, was the favorite foraging ground of the royal troops. Numerous are the traditions preserved among the families and descendants of the sufferers from their ravages; of the midnight excursion, the bloody skirmish, the hasty retreat, or the rapid pursuit, as the various patrolling parties of British soldiers, Hessian hirelings and American militia met on this, the bloody neutral ground of New Jersey.

Dunlap, in his "History of the Arts of Design," describes some of the scenes which he was an eye-witness of while a boy at Perth Amboy, in the following language:—"Here was to be seen a party of forty-second Highlanders in national costume, and there a regiment of Hessians, their arms and dress a perfect contrast to the first. The slaves of Auspach and Waldeck were there—the first somber as night, the second gaudy as noon. Here dashed by a party of the seventeenth dragoons, and there scampered a party of Yagers. The trim, neat, and graceful English grenadier; the careless and half-savage Highlander, with his flowing robes and naked knees, and the immovably stiff German, could hardly be taken for parts of one army. Here might be seen soldiers driving in cattle, and others guarding wagons, loaded with household furniture, instead of the hay and oats they had been sent for.

"The landing of the grenadiers and light infantry from the ships which transported the troops from Rhode Island; their proud march into the hostile neighborhood, to gather the produce of the farmer for the garrison; the sound of the musketry, which soon rolled back upon us; the return of the dimbled veterans

who could retrace their steps, and the heavy march of the discomfited troops, with their wagons of groaning wounded, in the evening, are all impressed upon my mind, as pictures of the evils and the soul-stirring scenes of war."

So frequent were these incursions, so dangerous was this proximity to the enemy's stronghold, that frequently whole neighborhoods were left without the protection of a solitary able bodied man. All who were capable of shouldering a musket, were either enrolled in the ranks of the army, or banded together in small companies of independent militia, which were constantly patrolling the country in the hopes of cutting off the foraging parties of the British. The women who were left at home, in constant fear of attack, and never knowing when the brutal soldiery might make their appearance, constantly kept a horse in harness, ready at a moment's warning to hitch up to the wagon, into which they would throw such valuables as the exigency of the case would allow them to seize, and start for the mountains, some miles distant, where they would remain until the threatened danger was averted, or the troops had departed. The women, however, sometimes exhibited a spirit worthy of the wives and daughters of revolutionary sires and husbands, and many incidents are related of their daring and courage.

On one occasion, a young woman, whom I shall call Nancy Field, was going from her own home, in Woodbridge, to the house of a friend at the other end of the village. She had been urged by her mother not to trust herself out of doors, as a party of soldiers had but just passed through the place, and there was great danger that some straggler might still be lurking in the rear, whose respect for persons might not be so great as to prevent him from abusing the fair Nancy, should she fall into his hands. But she, being of a bold and daring disposition, and fearing no danger, determined to go upon her

errand. She did so, and as she was passing a deserted house, she observed some one moving about in one of the lower rooms. Being attracted by curiosity to know who could be an inmate of the empty dwelling, she approached the window and looked in. Her gaze rested upon the figure of a half-drunken Hessian soldier, who had straggled from his company, and was engaged in rummaging among the odds and ends which lay scattered about on the floors and in the cupboards of the deserted mansion. For a moment Nancy was disposed to run, but reflecting that in his half-maddened state the soldier was not so very dangerous, and thinking that now was presented an opportunity of exhibiting her courage and fearlessness, she turned her steps homeward, and there investing herself in a suit of her brother's clothes, and shouldering an old rusty firelock which had been cast aside as useless, she returned to where she had left the Hessian. Carefully reconnoitering the premises she discovered that he had lit his pipe and was having a quiet smoke in the chimney corner, sitting on a bundle which he had made up. Entering the house, she made boldly at him, and presenting her firelock demanded his immediate surrender. The first impulse of the drunken German, was to raise his musket which lay upon the floor before him, but in his endeavor to reach it, he tumbled over upon all fours, and having still sense enough left to see his apparent danger, he exclaimed in piteous tones. "I gife up, mein Got! don't shoot, I gife up." Whereupon, Nancy took possession of his musket and ordered him to get up and march. Staggering to his feet, the captive in the bluntest manner besought his captor by signs not to kill him. Nancy in imperative tones ordered him to move on, which the poor fellow was perfectly willing to do, provided he knew whether his captor would lead him. This was a stickler, for now that Nancy had secured her prisoner, she did

not know what to do with him. Luckily, she bethought herself of a picket of Americans, which she had heard was stationed two or three miles from the village, to whom she determined to deliver her charge, and ordered him to move in that direction. As good luck would have it, before she had proceeded far in that direction she met a patrol to whom she delivered him up, glad to rid herself of her charge.

Anxious to verify this little incident, I paid a visit recently, to the venerable — Kinsey, of Woodbridge, who is now in his 86th year, and notwithstanding his advanced age, remembers distinctly scenes which occurred when he was a boy. He informed me that he did not recollect the incident above related, but that an aunt of his, named Grace Kinsey, performed a somewhat similar feat. A Hessian soldier left the ranks of his company, entered her house, and commenced to break open her chest of drawers, or bureau. Observing that his market was carelessly deposited out of his reach, she seized it, and charging upon him, threatened to blow him through unless he surrendered, which he immediately did. This I should have supposed to have been the original of Nancy's exploit, were it not that the main facts of that story were taken from a paper published in the vicinity at the time it occurred.

COURTESY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

A RUSSIAN HISTORY.

(From the German of Ferdinand Stoll.)

Concluded from Page 266.

"Tom blonde," said Frager, playing the showman, "is my eldest girl, Louise, a terrible madcap and hair-brained puss, who should have been a boy. I always called her my Nimrod, for she is passionately fond of hunting, and rides and shoots to perfection. I own that I am not partial to such tastes in young ladies, but youth and high spirits must be allowed their way, and as the girl is a real angel in every other respect, and has the best heart in the world, I tolerate her cavalier customs."

"As regards the young lady's shooting," I replied, "I have had some experience of it myself this morning. She sent a bullet through my hat as I walked up to the house." And I related my adventure. The councillor tried to look indignant, but his frown melted into a smile.

"Just like the gipsy," he said. "But you had nothing to fear. Her hand is steady and her aim sure."

"I will take the liberty to remark that I do not think such masculine accomplishments particularly becoming in a young lady."

"Certainly not, certainly not," replied the fond father. "You are quite right, and I preach to her every day. But it goes in at one ear and out at the other. And if I get seriously angry, she throws her arms around my neck, and vows she will be a better girl, and leaves me no rest till I forgive and kiss her. Then off she goes, and good resolutions are all forgotten. I confess my weakness; I have not the heart to thwart the child."

The next portrait was that of the second daughter, Emily by name. It was that of one of the handsomest brunettes I ever saw—a lofty commanding style of beauty, but the fea-

tures were an unmistakable expression of masculine earnestness and decision. I stood lost in admiration before the beautiful countenance. The councillor noted, with evident satisfaction, the effect it produced upon me.

"That is my Dielfenbach," he said.

"Your Dielfenbach!" I repeated, wondering what on earth the name of the renowned surgeon had to do there.

"The same," replied Frager, smiling. "Emily is the cleverest surgeon in the whole neighborhood. She is just now down at the village, helping the doctor to amputate the hand of a gamekeeper who has had an accident with his gun."

"A fine profession," I remarked, not knowing what to say; and I turned, with somewhat altered feelings, from the portrait of the fair Ecupulips. The third portrait was not less charming than the other two. Rich masses of brown hair shaded a countenance whose features were more delicate and its expression softer than in that of either of the other sisters. "Let us hope," I thought to myself, "that this one has no such extraordinary and unwomanly tastes as Nimrod and Dielfenbach. She looks milder and more feminine."

"That is my Oken," said Frager.

"What? The naturalist?"

"The same. This, my youngest daughter, was baptised by the name of Ernestine, but I always call her my Oken. No professor knows more zoology, ornithology, ichthyology, entomology, and a few other hard-named sciences. She is passionately fond of the study of nature, notwithstanding the occasional disagreeables connected with it."

"Disagreeables?"

"Certainly. From her wanderings over hill and dale, through thicket and forest, the girl brings home so much vermin that I have repeatedly been quite angry with her. Snakes and lizards, frogs and toads, are continually crawling, writhing, and jumping about the house. She is particularly attached to spiders, of which she has a splendid collection. If you could procure her an American tarantula, which is the object of her most ardent desires, you would at once attain a high place in her esteem. You should see Oken's boudoir," concluded the happy father; "you would never think you were in a lady's apartment, but in a museum of natural history."

"My dear sir," I exclaimed, now completely astonished, "how is it that your amiable daughters have become addicted to such extraordinary and unfeminine pursuits?"

"The cause is soon told, my Mr. Frank," replied Frager; "they had the misfortune to lose their mother very young. My occupation rendered it impossible for me to attend to their education, and I thought I had done all that was necessary when I entrusted the girls to a tutor highly recommended to me, but who brought them up like boys. Their only companion was their brother Bernard, since unhappily drowned when studying medicine at the university. From him the sisters learned and inherited their various passions—Louise her riding and shooting, Emily her surgery, and Ernestine her natural history. I live in hopes that when they are well married they will be weaned from their strange fancies; housekeep-

ing will not leave them much time for shooting and operating, or for collecting frogs and snakes. I feel that I ought to have been stricter with the girls, but the harm is done now, and I can but hope in the future."

I was far from displeased at the councillor's revelations. The peculiarities of the three beautiful sisters justified opposition to my uncle's wishes. He could not expect me to take to wife a Nimrod, a Dielfenbach, or an Oken. The thing was absurd. No amount of gold and beauty could atone for such unwomanly eccentricities. At the same time, I was curious to see the two younger sisters. They must be very beautiful. I was less anxious for another meeting with Miss Nimrod. The whistle of her bullets still resounded in my ears. The female Friechutz was capable of shooting the cigar from my mouth, or the rose from my button-hole. I am not fond of such practical jokes.

We had hardly returned into the breakfast room when there was barking of dogs without, and Louise dashed into the court on a snow-white palfrey. Nothing could be more graceful and charming than this slender daring amazon in her well-fitting habit. She sprang lightly from the saddle, and hurried into the house. From the window the councillor watched her with ill-concealed pride and satisfaction. The door flew open, Louise darted in, and, without taking the slightest notice of me, threw her arms round her father's neck.

"Mad girl!" cried Frager, with a most ineffectual attempt at severity of tone, "do you not see there is a guest in the room, a worthy friend of mine?"

Rearing her elegant form to its full height, the wayward beauty, glowing with recent exercise, measured me with a glance that spoke anything but friendly welcome. A sarcastic smile played about her beautiful mouth, which Diana might have envied.

"If I do not mistake," said she coldly, "I have already made the gentleman's acquaintance."

"I had the honor," replied I, with a bow, "to serve you as a target."

"I wish you had behaved better, Louise," said the councillor, with some displeasure; "you are really incorrigible."

"So he has blabbed already," said the damsel scornfully. "Only think, papa, she added, turning to Frager, "the young man was frightened, and thought I would kill him!"

"Louise!" growled her father, now really angry, "I insist upon your treating my esteemed guest with proper respect."

Louise answered nothing, but walked pointing to the window, and stood there fanning herself with her handkerchief. Suddenly she turned and addressed me.

"Are you a good pistol shot?"

"It is some years since I practised," I replied, wondering what on earth was coming next.

"Come with me to my gallery; we will shoot a match."

"But, Louise," interposed the councillor, "let our guest rest himself to-day; to-morrow, or the day after, you can shoot as much as you like."

"You are not tired, are you?" said Louise to me. What could I say but that I was per-

fectly fresh, and quite at her orders? I added that I should certainly have no chance of equaling her shooting. "Never mind that," was her reply, and she carried off her victim. I had not fired a pistol for five years; she handled the weapons with a practised dexterity that made me look very clumsy. As I had foreseen, I had not the slightest chance with the expert markswoman. I considered myself very fortunate when I hit the target, which was as big as a plate; whereas she put the bullet in the bull's eye at almost every shot. She soon got tired of that, and fired at birds, and at fruit upon the trees. At last she produced an ace of hearts, and bade me hold it out at arm's length. I inquired her object. She would shoot the ace out, she said. I expostulated; she was firm. "Attention!" she cried, "I fire." I threw the scattered card away.

"This is tempting Providence," I said. "I have not the least doubt of your skill. On the contrary—"

Louisa stood before me, with her pistol cocked, like a destroying angel.

"Will you instantly pick up that card, or I send a bullet through your hair!"

This was worse than scalping. I tried to smile, and turn it off as a joke. "I do not joke," calmly replied the terrible Louisa, and took a steady aim at my head. I thought I should have fainted. Mechanically I stooped, picked up the card, and held it by the extreme edge, as far from my body as possible. I felt that my hand trembled, but I preferred the shot in the arm to one in the head. The pistol went off and Louisa hurried up to me. The bullet had cut out the ace. My patience was at an end.

"Madame," said I, very seriously, and rather angrily, "I must inform you that I do not relish jests of this kind."

"All one to me," was her laughing reply. "I do. But you are only a Philistine," she added in university phrase, looking down upon me as a student of five years' standing might upon some pusillanimous freshman. And away she tripped, discourteously leaving me by myself. I thought little of the discourtesy, and was glad to be rid of her at any price.

"A real blessing would such a wife be," thought I to myself. And I made up my mind that my stay at Wiesenthal should be of very short duration. Passing through the garden, I met old Frager, who doubtless noticed discomposure on my countenance.

"I fear," he said, "that Nimrod has played you some fresh trick."

"The young lady," I replied, "is undoubtedly an excellent shot; but I am no lover of such military exercises."

"You really have nothing to fear."

"The devil I haven't!" thought I to myself. "No one," I added aloud, "can always answer where a bullet shall strike. A quicker throbbing of the pulse, the sudden sting of an insect, may alter the direction of the weapon."

The doating father seemed struck by the truth of this; but he said nothing, and turned the conversation. Strolling through the garden, we stopped to look at a gigantic sunflower, which I thought was the largest I had ever seen. As we stood admiring the enormous flower, a gun was fired close at hand; the bul-

let passed less than two feet before us, and went right through the sunflower, severing it from its stem. This was too much even for Frager's endurance. "By heavens!" he exclaimed, "you are right; the girl is intolerable!" and, turning to Louisa, whose lovely laughing countenance appeared through the branches of a rose-laurel, he ordered her, in an angry tone, to take the gun into the house, and not to touch it again for four-and-twenty hours. Nimrod forthwith disappeared.

"I hope," said the counsellor, apologizingly, as we walked back to the house, "that my Emily will efface the bad impression her sister's pranks have made upon you. If Louisa, with her rage for shooting, risks inflicting wounds, Emily, on the other hand, is always ready to heal them."

In the dining-room the table was spread for five. A servant asked if he should bring in dinner.

"Are Emily and Ernestine at home?" asked Frager.

"Not yet returned."

"And Louisa?"

"Miss Louisa has just ridden out again."

"Well," said the patient counsellor, without a word of disapproval, "then we shall dine alone. I cannot imagine," he continued, when we had sat ourselves down, "what is come to the girl. I never saw her so unruly and reckless as to-day."

For my part I did not at all regret Nimrod's absence. Had she been there, I do not believe I could have swallowed a mouthful. I made no doubt that, like the pirate captains of the Spanish Main, she dined with a brace of pistols beside her plate. Notwithstanding the fright she had given me, I was very hungry; the counsellor's cook was good, and I was passing nearly the first pleasant moments I had had since my arrival at Wiesenthal, when the door opened and the dark-browed Emily entered. The portrait had told the truth. She was, if possible, still handsomer than Louisa. Quite dazzled by her beauty, I rose and bowed. Like her sister she heeded me not, but hurried to her father, and embraced him.

"A most successful operation," she cried; "poor Arnold is saved. It was high time to amputate, however. See, here, the state the hand is in."

And as she spoke, she unfolded a linen cloth, and displayed the shattered hand with its raw stump. I have always had the greatest horror of operations, and aversion for everything smacking of the dissecting-room; and the sight of this dead hand made me quite sick. It was all up with my appetite for that day.

"But, girl!" the counsellor exclaimed, "we are at dinner; how can you bring us such disgusting objects?"

"*Naturalis non aut turpis*," replied the female surgeon; "what care art and science about your appetite?"

"If you do not consider me," continued Frager, "you might my guest. This is Mr. Frank Steinman, the nephew of my old friend, of whom I have often spoken to you."

Dieffenbach regarded me, as I thought, with no very friendly expression.

"Had I known," she said, speaking coldly and contemptuously, "that the gentleman

shoulders at blood, and cannot bear to behold an amputated limb, I would certainly have spared him the sight of the result of our operation. I thought he had been a scientifically educated man."

Miss Emily was gradually becoming as odious to me as her galloping pistol-firing sister. Her father scolded, but his words were mere wind, as regarded their effect upon Dieffenbach, who was far too much engrossed with her amputation to care a copper for paternal chidings. Again putting forward the abominable hand, she began to explain, in scientific phrase, the nature of the injuries, and the necessity of its removal, when Frager lost all patience, and ordered her immediately to remove the abominable thing from his sight. Emily carefully wrapped up her hand in the cloth and left the room.

"The deuce take me," growled the counsellor, "if I know what is come to her to-day. She does not generally intrude her surgical learning. The successful amputation must have turned her head. Well let's think no more of it, but return to our dinner."

To dinner, with what appetites we might. I could not swallow a bit. I had dined for a week—on that horrible dead flesh. Presently in came Emily and sat down to table.

"Fall to, my friend," said the hearty and hospitable Frager, who saw that I did but play with knife and fork, and put nothing into my mouth. "This fillet of roebuck is done to a turn."

Desirous to conceal the fact that the amputated hand had cut off my appetite, I took out my handkerchief and held it to my mouth.

"What is the matter?" asked the counsellor. Dieffenbach looked inquiringly at me.

"I have a tooth that pains me," I replied.

"Do you suffer from a decayed tooth?" hastily inquired Emily.

One lie begets another. "At times," I answered, "when eating, one of my double teeth is very apt to ache."

"We must have it out," said Dieffenbach, in a tone of decision that made me tremble for the safety of my thirty-two perfectly sound grinders. And up she jumped, and hurrying into the next room, returned instantly with an instrument-case.

"Pray give yourself no trouble on my account, Miss Emily," I said; "the pain already diminishes."

"We must have it out," repeated Emily, firmly. "A bad tooth is like a bad conscience, it may be stilled for a moment, but never rests. You are never sure of being an hour free from pain."

"I am really extremely obliged to you," said I deprecatingly, and observing with horror that the desperate dentist drew from her case a hideous instrument, in form something between a boat-hook and a cork-screw.

"At least allow me to examine your teeth."

"Must really decline," I replied, retting my jaws firmly together. "If I once open my mouth," I thought to myself, "this demon is capable of breaking every bit of ivory I have in it." And I muttered a host of excuses, which sufficiently showed my aversion to operations on the teeth. Dieffenbach did not seem to listen to me, but drew an arm-chair to the

window, and bade the servant bring in a basin and water. Then, with an angelic smile, she invited me to sit down in the chair.

"Satan himself," thought I, "must have brought me to this house!" and straightway I declared that I could not consent to submit to any operation, and that, as to tooth-drawing, it was clean against my principles.

"I will do nothing at all to your mouth," replied Emily; "but the teeth are one of my favorite studies, and I beg you will allow me to examine yours."

I thought it rather an odd wish, but I did not like to refuse, lest she should think me a coward. I did make some further objections—would not give her the trouble, and so forth; but all this was of no use. I at last had to sit down in the chair by the window, and open my mouth. Just as I did so, the counsellor, left the room. My heart sank within me; I was now completely in the power of this fiend and her forceps. She took a sort of probe, and scraped and poked about my mouth in a manner that was anything but agreeable. I endured the pain, however, and said nothing. Then she took some other instrument, and scraped and scratched again. The sufferings of Job can hardly have exceeded mine.

"Have the goodness to wash out your mouth," said the operator, handing me a glass of water. I did as I was bidden, and discovered, to my horror, that my gums bled profusely.

"Nothing more dangerous," said this infernal Diffenbach, "than to have the gums growing too low down upon the teeth. I have separated them a little."

"Small thanks to you," thought I, and boped with a sigh, that my tortures were at an end. Not a bit of it. Emily again rummaged in her instrument-case.

"I will not trouble you any more," I said, closing my mouth.

"Only one moment," said the determined dentist, and in an instant thrust some hideous piece of mechanism into my mouth, and grappled a tooth. Before I knew where I was, blue lights danced before my eyes, and I felt as if my jaw was breaking. The next moment a magnificent double tooth, with two prodigious fangs, was waved in triumph before my eyes.

"It must have come out very soon," quoth Diffenbach, with imperturbable calmness; "decay had begun, and would shortly have spread to the other teeth, and caused you great pain."

I was more dead than alive. My tongue convulsively sought the horrible gap left by my departed and irreplaceable grinder.

"You have two other double teeth that will not last you long," continued Emily; "if you please, we will take them out at once, to save future trouble. My hand is in, and I should be of opinion to have them out." She flourished her diabolical implement, but I shuddered with terror, and sprang from the chair as if a scorpion had stung me.

"As you please," said Emily with a charming smile, and, gathering together her instruments, left the room with a gracious gesture, leaving me spitting blood and musing over this new and most abominable adventure. Never was any suitor so infamously treated. Nearly shot through the head by one lady, and having

his tooth wrenched out by another. I gazed sorrowfully at the recent occupant of my mouth, which had never caused me a moment's pain, when the counsellor, whose ear my shriek of agony had reached, hastily entered the room and inquired what was the matter.

"Your daughter," replied I, in no very friendly tone, "has been pleased to extract, in spite of my resistance, a perfectly sound tooth from my mouth; an exploit for which I am far from obliged to her."

"Perfectly sound," said Frager, shaking his head; "there I must beg to differ from you. Emily understands teeth, and is incapable of such a mistake. You should rejoice, instead of lamenting. At the price of a momentary pang, you have been saved from much suffering. The operation has been highly successful, thanks to my daughter's skill. If you complain now, what would you have done had your jaw been broken, as sometimes happens in tooth-drawing? But you must need repose. A short siesta will do you no harm. If you will accompany me, I will show you your room."

I gladly accepted the offer, well pleased to have at last a refuge from Nimrod's gun and Diffenbach's instruments. My host led the way to a comfortable and well-furnished apartment, wished me a pleasant nap, and departed. Left alone, I fell to musing on the events of the day, and as I gazed through the window on the beautiful landscape without, I thought to myself what a pity it was that such a charming residence should be rendered intolerable by the vagaries of the owner's daughters. The old gentleman was far too indulgent—very weak, indeed—and seemed to think Diffenbach had done me a great service by robbing me of one of my best teeth. I made up my mind soon to depart. I would wait to have a look at Oken, that my uncle might not be able to say I had not complied with his wish that I should see all three daughters. As to stopping a week, it was out of the question. Before that time elapsed I should lose a leg or an arm at the hands of Diffenbach, or be laid low by the bullets of Nimrod. More beautiful girls I had never seen, and doubted that handsomer existed; but what is the value of beauty in whose presence there is no security for life and limb? My thoughts turned to the youngest sister, Ernestine. Judging from her portrait, she was of softer mood than her elders. Her father's account of her partiality to spiders and other vermin was not very encouraging, but at any rate with her one risked neither death nor mutilation.

I would gladly have smoked a cigar, my custom of an afternoon, but the state of my gums rendered it impossible. I was quite exhausted by the various extraordinary adventures that in so short a time had occurred to me, and I felt inclined to sleep. The afternoon was very warm, so I pulled off my coat and laid myself down in my shirt-sleeves on a soft and excellent sofa. Sleep soon closed my eyes, but it was neither a pleasant nor a refreshing slumber. The incidents of the day were reproduced and exaggerated in my dreams. First came Louise, and shot my nose completely off, as if it had been the beak of a popinjay at a shooting-match. Then Emily appeared with a horrible screw, which she insisted on passing through my head. The dream was a succession of

ghastly visions, each one more painful and oppressive than its predecessor. I tossed about, and groaned, and perspired with terror, but my persecutors would not leave me. After Nimrod had shot a hole right through my body, so that the sun shone through, and the landscape behind me was visible to those in front, Diffenbach approached me, wearing a string round her neck, on which were strung my thirty-one remaining teeth. So that I was as toothless as an old man of a hundred, and grievously did I bewail myself. But my sufferings were not over. Diffenbach produced a long slender sharp-pointed instrument of polished steel, and insisted upon operating upon me for disease of the heart. I naturally protested against this, and made a desperate defense, but all was in vain; invisible hands seized me, fettered me, so that I could not stir; my breast was bared, and with a fiendish laugh, my persecutor drove the iron into my heart. Thereupon I screamed out loud—and awoke. My dream was not all a dream, although it seemed one to me for some seconds after I opened my eyes. Emily stood beside me, a lancet in her hand; my arm was bandaged, and from the vein a dark-red streamlet gushed into a basin, held by a maid-servant.

"Merciful heavens!" I exclaimed, already weakened by the loss of blood, "what is all this?"

"Hush, hush!" said my murderer, for such I now held her to be; "keep yourself quiet, or you will bring on fever."

"You want to bring me to my grave."

"By no means. By this prompt bleeding I have probably saved you from it. Not aware that you were installed in this apartment, I accidentally entered, and found you in a high fever, quite delirious. There was nothing for it but the lancet. See how feverish your blood is."

I saw nothing, but I felt weak. I let my head fall back upon the sofa-cushion, and closed my eyes. "Bled to death," thought I to myself, and stirred not, for I was now quite resigned to my fate, and convinced that there was no chance of my escaping alive from Wiesenenthal. I rather think my senses left me. At least I remember little of what passed, until, an hour and a half later, I found myself walking in the grounds with Frager. I walked but slowly, for the blood-letting had really weakened me.

"I go too fast for you," said the counsellor, who observed that I had difficulty in keeping up with him; and he slackened his pace. "My poor friend," he continued, "you little thought, when you started on a pleasure-trip to Wiesenenthal, that you would leave some of your blood behind you. I cannot imagine what evil spirit has taken possession of my daughters. I assure you that they are usually the gentlest kind-hearted creatures in the world."

I scribbled this astonishing statement to paternal blindness, and, to avoid contradicting my host, I held my tongue.

"You must have been in real danger," said Frager, apologetically. "Emily has excellent judgment and quick eye, and certainly would not have bled you had it not been necessary; and to lose a few ounces of blood never does any one harm."

I began to lose all patience with this absurd

old counsellor, who took his daughters' mad freaks for so many proofs of skill and wisdom. I believe that if they had cut my head off he would have maintained them to be perfectly justified by the precarious state of my health. I examined myself to see if there were anything about me that could possibly afford Dieffenbach a pretext for another operation. Commencing with my head, I traveled to my feet, and rejoiced to find that, with the exception of my tortured mouth and punctured arm, everything was in a perfectly natural and healthy state. There was nothing to justify any further practice of surgery upon my unfortunate person. I resolved to be extremely on my guard, and to lock the room door whenever I was alone.

The day was near its close when we returned to the house, where we found the supper-table spread. The young ladies were all absent. Heaven only knew in which direction Nimrod was out shooting, Dieffenbach amputating, and Oken collecting spiders. I must confess to a greater wish to see Oken than Minnie, perhaps, would altogether have approved. At any rate, with her I should not be in bodily danger. She would hardly attempt to impale me on a corking-pin, like a beetle or a butterfly. I was very glad her two sisters did not make their appearance. To me their presence would have embittered the meal. We waited a while, expecting their arrival, and the counsellor, who could not but remark or suppose that the impression made upon me by the occurrences of the morning was not particularly favorable, filled up the interval with praises of his daughters, landing the excellence of their hearts, and pointing out how much better it was that they should have been suffered to grow up half wild in the country than that they should have been exposed, without the guidance and protection of a mother, to the corrupt atmosphere and dangerous refinements of the town. When upon this theme, Frager was inexhaustible. I never saw a man so much in love with his own children. At last he declared he would wait no longer for the girls, and we began supper. We had been at table about a quarter of an hour, when the door opened, and Oken, long expected, came at last. Very different was the impression she made upon me to that produced by her sisters. She was quite as pretty, but gentle and amiable in countenance and manner. She did not run past me, like Nimrod and Dieffenbach, as if I had been a part of the furniture, but bowed her head gracefully and courteously, apologized for her tardy arrival, and added that she knew I was at Wiesenthal, the most interesting researches in natural history should not have withheld her from returning home to welcome me. I was delighted to find her so pleasing a contrast to her sisters, and, but for thoughts of Minnie, I should at once have admitted myself vanquished by her charms. She was tastefully dressed—her hair just a little blown about by the evening breeze. In her hand she carried a covered basket, which she placed upon a chair beside her when she sat down. The conversation turned on natural history. Out of complaisance, and to win her good opinion, I feigned a lively interest in the science, about which I had never in the least troubled my head. We

were a most harmonious trio. Counsellor Frager was in the seventh heaven. It was clear to the worthy man that Ernestine and I were born for each other. For my part, I forgot the disasters of the morning, and basked in the smiles of the lovely naturalist, who by this time was deep in the latest discoveries respecting amphibians. Concerning these I neither knew nor cared anything, but I pretended profound attention, and gazed with delight on the lovely mouth that spoke so learnedly. It was quite a little lecture on reptiles. Presently Ernestine opened the basket beside her, and the next moment an extraordinary object writhed and danced within a few inches of my face. Its appearance was so sudden that I did not at the instant recognise its nature, but when I did, I thought I should have fallen from my chair with terror. A living and very lively snake stretched out toward me its horrible head and forked tongue.

"Here you have a most beautiful specimen of the —," She wound up the sentence with some Latin name of a snake. I was almost beside myself. From my infancy upward I had held respects of every kind in extraordinary respect. Oken detected my discomposure.

"What!" she exclaimed, laughing scornfully, "you would pass for a naturalist, and are afraid for a snake? Impossible!"

And the accursed head, with its quivering tongue and bright beadlike eyes, drew nearer and nearer. Oken seemed to enjoy my manifest uneasiness.

"For Heaven's sake!" I cried, "take away that horrible creature."

"I see nothing horrible in it," quietly replied Ernestine. "Observe how gracefully its body undulates." And again the reptile writhed itself just before my nose. I jumped up and retreated. Ernestine followed me, snake in hand.

"I have never been able to understand," began the idiotic counsellor, in a doctored tone, "whence arose the peculiar aversion with which men regard all kinds of reptiles."

"The deuce you have not!" cried I, still retreating from Oken and her odious pet. "The aversion is not very difficult to account for. For my part, I abhor the creatures."

"Pshaw!" said Ernestine, angrily; "you are but a counterfeit naturalist." And thereupon she slapped me across the face with the snake. I could not restrain a cry of horror and disgust. Then she returned to her seat, and put the vermin into his basket.

In my estimation the counsellor's third daughter had now fallen into the same category with her sisters. Frager, who saw that I was unable to conquer my innate horror of snakes, had ordered his daughter to discontinue her unseemly jest; but the poor old gentleman's authority was evidently at a discount that day, and Oken, with diabolical malignity, had continued to torture me until the perspiration rolled off my forehead.

"Now may Old Nick fly away with all three of you," said I to myself, as I passed my handkerchief across my dank brow. "You have seen the last of me at Wiesenthal. At day-break I pack up my traps and leave this place of torment, worse than a cell of the inquisition, or a dungeon in Front de Boue's Castle. A

nice place to come a-wooing!—snakes, bullets, and tooth-drawing!—pleasant welcome for a suitor!"

The evening wore wearily away. Miss Oken, having ascertained that I was no naturalist, adopted her sisters' system, and treated me with profound contempt; in fact, she hardly seemed aware of my presence. For my part, the sympathy with which she had at first inspired me had completely vanished. Frager was quite put out by the change in his daughter's demeanor, and of course cast the blame of it on me. "I should never have thought," he said, "that you would be so alarmed by a little harmless snake."

"Who could have supposed it!" cried Ernestine, applauding her father's words. "We are different sort of people here."

"It is impossible to change one's nature," I replied.

"Nature!" repeated Ernestine; "what do you know about nature? For Heaven's sake hold your tongue."

This was really too rude. I was on the point of making a sharp reply, when I saw Oken extend her hand toward the reptile's cage. I kept silence, and prepared for flight.

Never have I passed two more irksome hours than those that elapsed before bedtime came. The counsellor proposed a cigar. I caught at the idea. With glowing Havana in my mouth, I felt as if I should be safer from the assaults of that cobra de capello, or whatever else it was, that Oken kept beside her, like a greyhound in leash, ready to let slip upon her game. I vowed to myself to smoke the beast to death if possible. Again I was to be balked.

"Bless me, papa!" cried the naturalist, "you forget that my pet cannot bear smoke. Can you?" she said, raising, to my infinite alarm, the lid of the snake-inhabited hamper.

"True, my dear," placidly replied her father, "I did not think of it;" and, turning to me, "Excuse me, my dear friend," he added, "but the little animal really cannot endure tobacco."

It is bad enough to be henpecked, but to be chickpecked, to be the slave of three daughters, and they possessed of the devil, appeared to me the lowest depth of human degradation. So, because a wretched viper objected to the fragrant vapor of a cigar, I was to be deprived of my after-supper smoke. For a moment my impulse was to kick the counsellor, jump upon the basket, and bolt from the house; but calmer thoughts succeeded, and I sat resigned, merely secretly wishing that Oken and the snake were sitting *face-a-face* in a Libyan desert or a Louisiana swamp, and that I was a hundred leagues from Wiesenthal. I had suffered so much all day that my moral energy was completely gone. I was overwhelmed by the rapid succession of unpleasant events. I started at every noise, expecting to see Nimrod or Dieffenbach, or both of them, enter the room and perpetrate some fresh assault upon me. Nimrod would of course begin snuffing the candles with pistol-balls; and Dieffenbach, as soon as she observed my state of nervous excitement, would insist upon blisters and mustard plasters, and perhaps upon a little more phlebotomy. Hitherto I had had but one sister at a time to

deal with. But if they formed a triple alliance, and set upon me in concert, I was lost, without hope of rescue. Fortunately neither of the elder sisters made their appearance, and at last the youngest, to my great relief, took up her basket and departed. No sooner was she gone than Frager, according to his custom, tried to remove the disagreeable impression she had made upon me. One got accustomed in time, he said, to her strange tastes and stranger pets, and when once she was married she would give up her researches in natural history, and settle down into an excellent wife. I was quite sick of the simple old creature's infatuation and apologies, and begged to be allowed to go to bed.

"At last," said I to myself, on finding myself alone in my room, "I shall have a little repose after the heat and burthen of the day, after all my dangers and adventures." So tired was I that I immediately undressed, blew out the lights, and sought my bed. Pulling back the clothes, I stepped in, and much more hastily jumped out again. I had come upon some hard substance which moved between the sheets. If I was not greatly mistaken, it was a live tortoise. Whilst I deliberated whether I should cry murder, sleep on the sofa, or dress and leave the house, something hit my great toe with such violence that I actually yelled with agony. A gigantic crawfish clung to my foot. I kicked about in so desperate a manner that I at last shook the creature off, and I heard it go with a crack against the wall. I fled to the sofa. A horrible thought assailed me. What if Frager, through absence of mind, had ushered me into Oken's museum and menagerie. This appeared to me the more probable that on all sides I heard strange sounds, as if numerous creatures were crawling, trotting, singing, and humming around me. Something flew up to me with a buzz and a bounce, and caught in my hair. I clutched at it, and shuddered as I found in my grasp a beetle no bigger than a sparrow. I dashed it furiously from me, and had the satisfaction of hearing it smash against some hard substance. Scarcely was I rid of the beetle when I was bitten sharply in the calf of the leg. I put down my hand, but the creature had done his work and gone, leaving a severe smarting and irritation. I know not whether it was he or one of his friends who the next instant made an onslaught upon my ankle. I began to hunt about for the match-box, that I might at least see my enemies. I sought in vain, and was quite unable to conjecture the nature of the monsters that, during my search, pinched, hit, and stung, and assailed me in every conceivable manner. Once or twice I trod with my bare foot on hideous reptiles, whose cold slimy touch made me leap into the air. My capers would doubtless have diverted any who saw them, but to me it was no laughing matter. No martyr of ancient times or victim of the *volcan-pestes* ever suffered more than I did in that chamber of horrors. The monsters that congregated on the bottom of the sea can hardly surpass in variety the inmates of that room. The darkness and my excited imagination further embellished them. Presently I heard a hiss. "A snake, by all that's horrible!" said I to myself, "about to coil round and devour me." And I set up such an infernal clamor,

shouting and cursing, like Ajax when wounded, that I must have been audible half-a-mile round the house. To add to the turmoil, in my eagerness to escape from something which I heard coming after me with a sort of clattering noise, I upset the table. Several large boxes which stood upon it were opened by the fall, and I immediately perceived a great increase of animation around me. I continued to storm like a lunatic. It was all one to me whether anybody in the house slept or not. The awful roar I kept up at last roused the councillor, who made his appearance in his dressing-gown, candle in hand. He at once saw the cause of the disturbance.

"Hang the girl!" he cried; "she will soon fill the whole house with her zoological collection."

I put myself in mind of pictures I had seen of Adam on the sixth day of the creation, surrounded by all manner of beasts and creeping things. Frager led the way to another room, which as yet was not invaded by Oken's vermin.

"You have nothing to fear here," said my host; and added, true to his system of making the best of everything, "you will sleep all the better for your little misfortunes."

"Heaven grant it!" sighed I, and thought that I should have slept quite well enough without them. After searching the whole room, under the bed, in the drawers and closets, and satisfying myself that no specimens of natural history, either alive or dead, were there, I again got between the sheets—this time without encountering a tortoise, but not the less determined to fly Wisconsin at cock-crow. With this wholesome resolve I stretched myself out and went to sleep, as I presume the tortoise did in the bed originally destined for me.

Reared had Aurora, with her rosy fingers,
Flung the hill-top and bathed the plain in dew,

when I was afoot and packing. Whilst thus occupied, I reflected that, under all the circumstances, French leave was decidedly the best leave for me to take, otherwise I should have a regular fight with Frager, who would never let me depart. When I halted for the night, I would write him a letter, telling him that, with the best will in the world, I had been unable longer to endure the eccentricities of his charming daughters. I would put it to him as gently as possible, so as not to hurt his feelings; and I felt sure that when he reflected on all I had gone through under his roof, he would not feel surprised at my abrupt departure. Nor could my uncle blame me, when I told him of my tribulations, and related the conduct of the three mad women.

Whilst pondering all these things, I completed packing. I made sure that nobody would be stirring in the house at that early hour, and at any rate that the ladies would be deep in their feather-beds. I was deliberating whether I should bravely shoulder my portmanteau or leave it to be sent after me, when the door burst open, and to my immense consternation, in strode Nimrod, a brace of duelling pistols in her hand.

"Merciful heavens!" said I to myself, "torment begins again. It must be owned that these amiable demons go to work early."

Without salutation or ceremony Nimrod strode up to me.

"Your conduct last night," she said, "your ill-treatment of my sister's property, and barbarity to several of her pets, are an insult to the family and demand atonement. I have taken the business into my hands. We will exchange shots."

"Are you out of your mind?" cried I impatiently.

"You will soon see that," replied Louisa, coldly and decidedly. "Answer me. Is it you who broke the claw of that rare specimen of the lobster tribe? Is it you who threw the horned beetle with such violence against the wall that the poor creature is still unable to walk or fly? And are you the delinquent who upset the cases in which colonies of spiders, earwigs, and centipedes had long led a tranquil and happy life? Do you confess all these offences?"

My politeness was clean gone. I had come to consider Nimrod as a man, and should as soon have thought of putting on white kid gloves to saddle a horse, as of using toward her that subdued tone and those guarded expressions one usually adopts with the gentler sex.

"May the devil fly away with the whole brood!" cried I, perfectly exasperated at being called to account for my defense against the menagerie.

"Follow me, sir," said Louisa; "such expressions as these can be washed out only with blood. Come sir!"

"Nonsense!" I replied; "I do not fight duels with young ladies."

"Ha!" cried Nimrod, stepping up close to me, with raised pistol and an unwholesome sparkle in her eyes; "Nonsense, did you say? Afraid, I suppose. But it won't do. Follow me, sir."

"I tell you again that I will not. How can I answer to God and my conscience for having levelled a pistol at you?"

"Need not to level it without you choose. Fire in the air. I am the aggrieved party, and will fire at you."

"A thousand thanks."

"For the last time I ask if you will follow me? If not, I declare you the greatest coward that ever trod the earth and called himself a man."

"As you please."

"Yes, but that is not all. You shall carry away a mark that will remind you, your life long, of your conduct this day."

"A mark said I to myself; 'what does the assassin mean? She is capable of any crime.' And I confess I felt uneasy. Louisa came nearer and nearer, her pistol raised, her countenance threatening. In her eye there was something deadly and alarming. I began to retreat. As I drew back, she advanced, taking step for step with me, her pistol aimed at my head, her finger, as it seemed to me, actually pressing the trigger. I could bear it no longer.

"Fiend!" I exclaimed, "for Heaven's sake leave me in peace. I am about to quit this inhospitable house."

"You are going away?" cried Louisa, in a strangely joyful tone, and sinking the muzzle of her pistol.

"I heartily wish I had never come," was my answer, "nor would I but for my uncle's desire."

"Speak the truth, said Louisa, resuming her threatening tone. "It was not your uncle's desire alone, but views of your own, that brought you to Wiesenthal. You wished to marry me or one of my sisters."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "marry you? I should as soon think of marrying a Minnie rifle. Never dreamed of such a thing, I assure you. Besides, I am engaged to be married already."

"What?" cried Louisa, perfectly overjoyed. And she threw the pistol away, and herself almost into my arms. "What! you are engaged to be married? Why did you not say so before?"

"I was not asked the question," replied I, quite taken aback by the sudden embrace and change of mood.

"You would have saved yourself a deal of unpleasantness, poor fellow!" continued Louisa. "I would not have shot at you, nor would Ernestine have tormented you with her snarls, nor Emily have let your blood and drawn your tooth."

"I should have been well pleased to have been spared the last operation," said I.

"You would have found us all very amiable, good-tempered girls."

"I have no doubt of it, since you say so; but I really do not understand—"

"I will explain," said the transformed Nimrod, who each moment became gentler and more charming. It is a secret, but we, too, are engaged to be married."

"All three."

"All three. Notwithstanding our rather maculine tastes, we are women at heart."

"I am glad to hear it."

"Are you? And surprised, too, apparently. Well, never mind; you will learn to know us better. But our father, kind and indulgent though he be, is a great deal too practical in love matters. He thinks too much about what he calls 'good matches,' and unfortunately the men of our choice do not come under that head. One is a lieutenant with nothing but his pay, the other a clergyman without a living, the third an artist whose pictures nobody buys."

"May I venture to inquire which of the three the beautiful Louisa has honored with her preference?"

"The clergyman."

"The clergyman?" I repeated, perfectly astonished.

"You think me rather too wild to be a parson's wife?"

"Well," I replied, as her sharp-shooting exploits recurred to my mind. "A preacher of peace and a darling sportswoman—"

"Love levels everything," returned Louisa, with enchanting frankness. "And do you think I cannot be gentle when I please?"

"I think that to you nothing is impossible."

"When it is to please him—nothing!" she answered, with a touch of the old Nimrod energy. The next instant the woman resumed the ascendant. She cast down her eyes, and blushed divinely at the confession that had escaped her. Then, recovering herself: "Not a word, I entreat, to my father of what I have told you. He would never forgive us. We

pray to heaven day and night to improve the circumstances of the men of our choice, for whose sake we have already driven more than one woe from Wiesenthal. When a danger of that kind approaches, we form our plans, and if one of us does not succeed in repelling it, another surely does. Confess, whether, even if you had not already given away your heart, you would have sought one of us as a wife after yesterday's adventures?"

"Not if you had had provinces for your dowry," was my unselfish but honest reply.

"Many thanks," said Louisa, laughing. "An excellent proof of the efficacy of our measures."

I had now to tell my new friend about my love affairs, and how it was that I found myself nearly in the same position as herself, since my uncle had no idea of my attachment to Minnie, the poor widow's daughter. To make a long story short, I was introduced over again to Dieffenbach, who no longer menaced my masticators, or flourished a lancet, and to Oken, now unaccompanied by her viper, and I found the three sisters as amiable as I the day before had thought them detestable. I was obliged to promise to remain a few days longer at Wiesenthal. To confirm our alliance, prove my forgiveness, and heap coals of fire on the heads of my tormentors, I volunteered to undertake the delicate task of interceding with the counsellor, and declared that I would not leave the house until he had given his consent to his daughters' marriage with the men they preferred. Upon receiving this promise, the sisters were near killing me with kindness and caresses. It was no small thing that I had pledged myself to perform, but this encouraged, I felt myself equal to any difficulty. We held a council of war, and that same day the siege began. I worked hard in the trenches, was repeatedly under fire, and had to repel several smart sorties. On the first day I made little progress, but, encouraged by the imploring looks and hoarse words of the female besieger army, I persisted and held my ground. Frager proved an obstinate old fortress. Fond though he was of his daughters, and generally indulgent and easy-going, in some things, he was stubborn as any mule. However, on the evening of the second day I had opened a breach, and on the third I headed the storming party. Thereupon the enemy hung out the white flag, and asked for a day's truce. This was granted, but a strict blockade was maintained. The truce expired, the storming party again advanced, capitulation ensued, and general rejoicings celebrated our triumph.

The betrothal of the three sisters was now officially announced, and the customary festival was to take place in a fortnight. I was to be there, and to bring Minnie with me. For, as a good deed rarely goes unrewarded, Frager, my conquered foe, undertook to intercede with my uncle, and obtain his consent. And so—after another happy day at Wiesenthal, I departed, a tooth the poorer than on my arrival, but radiant with victory and rich in hope.

It was long since I had seen my worthy uncle laugh so heartily as at the narration of my adventures with the counsellor's daughters. It put him in such a fine humor, that when Frager, true to his promise, made his appearance a day or two later, he had much less difficulty than

I expected in obtaining his consent to my union with Minnie. A fortnight afterward, a happy party was assembled at Wiesenthal; I made the acquaintance of the parson, the dragon, and the painter, and was obliged to admit that Nimrod, Dieffenbach, and Oken had showed both good taste and good judgment in their choice. My day's adventures at Wiesenthal were, of course, again brought upon the tapis, and were a source of never-ending mirth. The three young men who, indirectly, were the cause of my misfortunes, cordially consoled with me. But Dieffenbach, the operator, declared (and let this be the moral of my tale) that the loss of the tooth was but a just punishment for going to look at other women when I was already a plighted and accepted lover; a sentiment in which her sisters and Minnie—especially the latter—most cordially concurred.

Before a year was out, there were four weddings at Wiesenthal. Since then, two more years have elapsed, bringing on their wings various changes—most of them for the better. Although I did not marry exactly as my uncle wished, he did not the less make me his partner. Nimrod, engrossed with gentler cares, is no longer a sporting character; much to the satisfaction of her husband, who has a pleasant country living. Dieffenbach has long since retired from medical practice, and the dragon, now a captain, is quartered a few miles from Wiesenthal. Oken possesses a baby instead of a snake. The painter has thrown away his unprofitable palette, has taken to agriculture, and lives with his father-in-law, whose estate he manages. Such are the satisfactory results of my "Courtship under Difficulties."

THE BUFFALO.

(*Bison Americanus*, Gmel.) This, the most gigantic of the indigenous mammals of America, once overspread the entire northern half of the continent. At the time of the discovery by the Spaniards, an inhabitant even down to the shores of the Atlantic, it has been beaten back by the westward march of civilization, until, at the present day, it is only after passing the giant Missouri and the head waters of the Mississippi that we find the American bison or buffalo. Many causes have combined to drive them away from their old haunts: the wholesale and indiscriminate slaughter by the whites, the extension of settlements, and the changes of the face of the country; but above all, that mysterious dread of the white man, which pervades animal life in general as a congenital instinct.

Still, it would appear that the buffalo was originally confined within certain limits, which, perhaps, varied from time to time, as they certainly have done within comparatively a recent period. We have already referred to the fact of their existence on the Atlantic coast; how far north they extended is not exactly known. Their existence in Pennsylvania, however, is substantiated by the occurrence of bones of this species in alluvial deposits of rivers, bogs, and caves. At the first settlement of Canada they were not known there. As to their southern range, Lawson speaks of their being found on Cape Fear river, in North Carolina. Thesut, in the very rare work entitled "Les Singularités de la France antarctique," Paris, 1667.



THE BUFFALO.

gives (p. 147), in a representation of a curious beast of West Florida, a readily recognizable figure of the buffalo. In the Hudson Bay country they did not pass east of the latitude of Red river; south they were found throughout the Mississippi valley, the south Atlantic States, Texas and Mexico. Their western range was strictly limited to the Rocky mountains, none extending beyond.

At the present time none are found in the Atlantic States, nor even east of the Missouri, except in Minnesota, in the region of the upper Mississippi, and the prairies of the Red river of the north. Their main range, however, is between the Missouri and the rocky mountains, from Texas and New Mexico to the Saskatchewan, and even as far north as Great Martin lake, lat. 64°. Of late years they have found their way through the Rocky mountains to the plains of the Columbia by the great middle pass, and north of this on the head-waters of the Saskatchewan.

Imagination can scarcely realize the numbers of buffalo which, even now, are found on the western plains. It is not uncommon to see the prairies covered with them as far as the eye can reach; and travelers have passed through them for days and days in succession, with scarcely any apparent dimension in the mass. The paths worn in the plains resemble more the beaten highways of civilization than the mere aggregation of individual hoof-marks. As their routes are, in most cases, selected with the unerring instinct of animal existence, extending in a straight line from one convenient crossing-place of river or ravine to another, and taking the most available springs or streams in their course, they well justify the remark of Mr. Benton as to their agency in defining the high-roads of travel across the prai-

ries, for which they frequently serve almost without an alteration.

Still, vast as these herds are, their numbers are much less than in earlier times, and they are diminishing with fearful rapidity. Every year sees more or less change in this respect, as well as alterations of their great line of travel. To the Indian, dependent for the very necessities of life upon the buffalo, these facts come home with stern reality. His existence is bound up inseparably with that of the race of buffalo, and every consideration of humanity to the one prompts a care over the other.

If it were possible to enforce game-laws, or any other laws on the prairies, it would be well to attach the most stringent penalties against the barbarous practice of killing buffalo merely for the sport, or perhaps for the sake of the tongue alone. Thousands are killed every year in this way. After all, however, it is, perhaps, the Indian himself who commits the mischief most wantonly. A frequent mode of hunting the buffalo by them consists in making a "surround." This is done by enclosing a large herd and driving them over a precipice upon the rocks, or into one of the profound ravines which intersect the prairies in various directions. In this way thousands are sometimes killed in a single day. Fires in prairies, too, do their share in the work of destruction, either by their immediate agency or by driving the maddened animals into the ravines just referred to.

Mr. Picotte, an experienced partner of the American Fur Company, estimated the number of buffalo robes sent to St. Louis, in 1850, at 100,000. Supposing each of the 60,000 Indians on the Missouri to use ten robes for his wearing apparel every year, beside those for new lodges and other purposes, by the calculation of Mr.

Picotte we shall have an aggregate of 600,000 robes. We may suppose 100,000 as the number killed wantonly, or destroyed by fire or other casualties, and we will have the grand total of half a million of buffalo destroyed every year. This, too, does not include the numbers slaughtered on Red river, and other gathering points.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to state that the American bison is not found in the Old World. A European species of the same genus, *bos*, and closely allied, is the *bos urus*, aurochs of Germany, *urus* of Cæsar, bonosus of Aristotle and bison of Pausanias and Pliny. This species—once of rather wide range—is now confined to the country between the Caspian and the Black sea, where it is protected from injury by the severest legislative enactments. Other species are found in various parts of the world.

The skins of the American Buffalo are dressed as follows: After being taken off the animal, they are hung on a post, and the adhering flesh taken off with a bone, toothed something like a saw. This is performed by scraping the skin downward, requiring much labor. The hide is then stretched on the ground, and fastened down with pegs: it is then allowed to remain a day or two, or till dry. After this, the flesh side is pared down, with the blade of a knife fastened in a bone, called a grate, which renders the skin even, and takes off about a quarter of its thickness. The hair is taken off with the same instrument; and these operations being performed, and the skin reduced to a proper thickness, it is covered over either with brains, liver, or grease, and left for a night. The next day the skin is rubbed and scraped, either in the sun, or by a fire, until the greasy matter has been worked into it, and it is nearly dry; a cord is then fastened to two poles, and over

this the skin is thrown, and pulled, rubbed, and worked till quite dry. After this, it is sewed together around the edges, excepting at one end. A smoke is made with rotten wood, in a hole dug in the earth, and the skin is suspended over it on sticks set up like a tripod, and thoroughly smoked; which completes the tanning, and renders it capable of bearing wet without losing its softness or pliability afterward.

Buffalo robes are dressed in the same manner, excepting that the hair is not removed, and they are not smoked. They are generally divided into two parts; a strip is taken from each half on the back of the skin where the hump was, and the two halves or sides are sewed together after they are dressed, with thread made of the sinews of the animal, and then the robe is ready for market.

One of the most useful applications of buffalo meat, consists in the preparation of pemmican—an article of food of the greatest importance, from its portability and nutritious qualities. This is prepared by cutting the lean meat into thin slices, exposing it to the heat of the sun or fire, and, when dry, pounding it to a powder. It is then mixed with an equal quantity of buffalo suet, and stuffed into bladders. Sometimes venison is used instead of buffalo beef. Sir John Richardson, while preparing for his recent Arctic Expedition, found it necessary to carry with him pemmican from England. This he prepared by taking a round or buttock of beef, cut into thin steaks, from which the fat and membranous parts were pared away, and dried in a kiln until the fiber of the meat became friable. It was then ground in a malt-mill, and mixed with nearly an equal weight of beef, mutton, or lard. This completed the preparation of the plain pemmican; but to a portion raisins were added, and another portion was sweetened with sugar. These latter changes were subsequently highly approved by the voyagers. The pemmican was then placed in tin canisters, and well rammed down; and after the cooling and contraction of the mass, these were filled with melted lard through a small hole left in the end, which was then covered with a piece of tin and soldered up. The total amount of beef used by Sir John Richardson amounted to 35,651 pounds; of lard, to 7,549 pounds; of currants, to 1,008 pounds; of sugar to 280 pounds. These materials constituted 17,424 pounds of pemmican, costing at the rate of 1 shilling 7½ pence (36 cents) per pound.

The meat bleibit of Mr. Borden, now manufactured from beef by him at Galveston in large quantities (and for which he was awarded a Council Medal at the Great Exhibition, in London, in 1851), is also of much economical importance.

We conclude our article, already extended to unreasonable length, by presenting an account of some domesticated buffaloes, which, better than any language of our own, will present the question of domestication in a proper light. It is taken from Audubon and Bachman's *Quadrupeds*, as furnished these gentlemen by Robert Wickliffe, Esq., of Lexington, Kentucky, who has tried the experiment fully.

"The herd of buffalo I now possess have descended from one or two cows, that I purchased from a man who brought them from the country called the Upper Missouri. I have had

them for about thirty years; but from giving them away, and the occasional killing of them by mischievous persons, as well as other causes, my whole stock at this time does not exceed ten or twelve. I have sometimes confined them in separate parks from other cattle, but generally they herd and feed with my stock of farm cattle. They graze in company with them as gently as the others. The buffalo cows, I think, go with young about the same time the common cow does, and produce once a year. None of mine have ever had more than one at a birth. The approach of the sexes is similar to that of the common bull and cow, under all circumstances, at all times, when the cow is in heat—a period which agrees, as with the common cow, confined to neither day nor night, nor any particular season; and the cows bring forth their young, of course, at different times and seasons of the year, the same as our domestic cattle. I do not find my buffaloes more furious or wild than the common cattle of the same age that graze with them.

"Although the buffalo, like the domestic cow, brings forth its young at different seasons of the year, this I attribute to the effect of domestication, as it is different with all animals in a state of nature. I have always heard their time for calving in our latitude was from March until July; and it is very obviously the season which nature assigns for the increase of both races, as most of my calves were from the buffaloes and common cows at this season. On getting possession of the tame buffalo, I endeavored to cross them as much as I could with my common cows, to which experiment I found the tame or common bull unwilling to accede; and he was always shy of a buffalo cow, but the buffalo bull was willing to breed with the common cow.

"From the common cow I have several half-breeds, one of which was a heifer. This I put with a domestic bull, and it produced a bull calf. This I castrated, and it made a very fine steer, and, when killed, produced very fine beef. I bred from this same heifer several calves, and then, that the experiment might be perfect, I put one of them to the buffalo bull, and she brought me a bull-calf, which I raised to be a very fine large animal—perhaps the only one to be met with in the world of this blood, viz.: a three-quarter, half-quarter, and half-quarter of common blood. After making these experiments, I have left them to propagate their blood themselves, so that I have only had a few half-breeds, and they always prove the same, even by a buffalo bull. The full-blood is not as large as the improved stock, but as large as the ordinary stock of the country. The crossed or half-blood are larger than either the buffalo or common cow. The hump, brisket, ribs, and tongue of the full and half blooded are preferable to those of the common beef; but the round and other parts are much inferior. The udder or bag of the buffalo is smaller than that of the common cow; but I have allowed the calves of both to run with their dams upon the same pasture, and those of the buffalo were always the fattest; and old hunters have told me that, when a young buffalo calf is taken, it requires the milk of two common cows to raise it. Of this I have no doubt, having received the same information from hunters of the greatest ver-

city. The bag or udder of the half-breed is larger than that of the full-blooded animals, and they would, I have no doubt, make good milkers.

"The wool of the wild buffalo grows on their descendants when domesticated, but I think they have less wool than their progenitors. The domesticated buffalo still retains the grout of the wild animal, and is incapable of making any other noise, and they still observe the habit of having select places within their feeding grounds to wallow in.

"The buffalo has a much deeper shoulder than the tame ox, but is lighter behind. He walks more actively than the latter, and I think has more strength than a common ox of the same weight. I have broken them to the yoke, and found them capable of making excellent oxen; and for drawing wagons, carts, or other heavily-laden vehicles, on long journeys, they would, I think, be greatly preferable to the common ox. I have as yet had no opportunity of testing the longevity of the buffalo, as all mine that have died did so from accident, or were killed because they became aged. I have some cows that are nearly twenty years old, that are healthy and vigorous, and one of them has now a suckling calf. The young buffalo half is of a steady-red or rufous color, and commences changing to a dark brown at about six months old, which last color it always retains. The mixed breeds are of various colors. I have had them striped with a black on a gray ground like the zebra; some of them brindled red; some pure red, with white faces; and others red, without any markings of white. The mixed bloods have not only produced in my stock from the tame and buffalo bull, but I have seen the half bloods reproducing, viz.: those that were the product of the common cow and wild buffalo bull. I was informed that, at the first settlement of the country, cows that were considered the best for milking were from the half blood down to the quarter, and even eighth, of the buffalo blood. But my experiments have not satisfied me that the half buffalo bull will produce again. That the half-breed heifer will be productive from either race, as I have before stated, I have tested beyond the possibility of doubt.

The domesticated buffalo retains the same haughty bearing that distinguishes him in his natural state. He will, however, feed or fatten on whatever suits the tame cow, and requires about the same amount of food. I have never milked either the full blood or mixed breed, but have no doubt they might be made good milkers, although their bags or udders are less than those of the common cow; yet from the strength of the calf, the dam must yield as much, or even more, milk than the common cow."

A HOLY POPULATION.—According to the last census made in Sicily, out of 1,180,000 inhabitants of that island there are 300,000 priests. There are 1,117 inhabited convents, 80,000 monks, and 39,000 nuns. The nobility of the small population is composed of 6 dukes, 217 princes, 209 marquises, 300 barons, and an equal number belonging to the order of "gentlemen." In the capital, Palermo, which contains about 130,000 souls, there are 338 churches.



TWO PHASES IN LIFE.

"Who is she?"

"Ay, that is precisely the question which everybody asks, and nobody can answer."

"She is a splendid looking creature, be she who she may."

"And her manners are as lovely as her person. Come and dine with me to-morrow: I sit directly opposite her at table, so you can have a fair opportunity of gazing at this new star in our dingy firmament."

"Agreed; I am about changing my lodgings, and if I like the company at your house, I may take a room there."

The speakers were two gay and fashionable men; one a student of law, the other a confidential clerk in a large commercial house. They belonged to that class of youths, so numerous in New York, who, while in reality laboring most industriously for a livelihood, yet take infinite pains to seem idle and useless members of society; fellows who at their outset in life try hard to repress a certain respectability in character, which after a while comes up in spite of them, and make them very good sort of men in the end. The lady who attracted so much of their attention at that moment, had recently arrived in the city; and, as she wore the weeds of widowhood, her solitary position seemed sufficiently explained. But there was an attractiveness in her appearance and manners which excited a more than usual interest in the stranger's history. She had that peculiar fascination which gentlemen regard as the most exquisite refinement of frank simplicity, but which ladies, better versed in the intricacies of female nature, always recognise as the perfection of art. None but an impulsive, warm-hearted woman can retain her freshness of feel-

ing and ready responsive sympathy after five-and-twenty; and such a woman never obtains sufficient command over her own sensitiveness to exhibit the perfect adaptability and uniform amiableness of deportment which are characteristics of the skillful fascinator.

Harry Maurice, the young lawyer, failed not to fulfill his appointment with his friend; and at four o'clock on the following day, he found himself the *vis-à-vis* of the bewitching Mrs. Howard, gazing on her loveliness through the somewhat hazy atmosphere of a steaming dinner-table. If he was struck with her appearance when he saw her only stepping from a carriage, he was now completely bewildered by the whole battery of charms which were directed against him. A well rounded and graceful figure, whose symmetry was set off by a close-fitting dress of black bombazine; superb arms gleaming through sleeves of the thinnest crape; a neck of dazzling whiteness, only half concealed beneath the folds of a kerchief; features not regularly beautiful, somewhat sharp in outline, but full of expression, and enlivened by the brightest of eyes and pearl of teeth, were the most obvious of her attractions.

The ordinary civilities of the table, proffered with profound respect by Maurice, and accepted with quiet dignity by the lady, opened the way to conversation. Before the desert came on, the first barriers to acquaintance had been removed, and, somewhat to his own surprise, Harry Maurice found himself perpetrating bad puns and uttering gay *bon-mots* in the full hearing, and evidently to the genuine amusement, of the lovely widow. When dinner was over, the trio found themselves in the midst of an animated discussion respecting the relative capacity for sentiment in men and women. The

subject was too interesting to be speedily dropped, and the party adjourned to a convenient corner of the drawing room. As usual, the peculiar character of the topic upon which they had fallen, led to the unguarded expression of individual opinions, and of course to the development of much *implied* experience. Nothing could have been better calculated to display Mrs. Howard as one of the most sensitive, as well as sensible of her sex. She had evidently been one of the victims to the false notions of society. A premature marriage, an uncongenial partner, and all the thousand-and-one ills attendant upon baffled sentiment, had probably entered largely into the lady's by-gone knowledge of life. Not that she deigned to confide any of her personal experience to her new friends, but they possessed active imaginations, and it was easy to make large inferences from small premises.

The acquaintance so suspiciously begun was not allowed to languish. Harry Maurice took lodgings in the same house; and thus, without exposing the fair widow to invidious remark, he was enabled to enjoy her society with less restraint. Unlike most of his sudden fancies, he found his liking for this lady "to grow by what it fed on." She looked so very lovely in her simple white morning dress and pretty French cap, and her manners partook so agreeably of the simplicity and easy negligence of her breakfast attire, that she seemed more charming than ever. Indeed, almost every one in the house took a fancy to her. She won the hearts of the ladies by her unbounded fondness for their children, and her consummate tact in inventing new games for them; while her entire unconsciousness of her own attractions, and apparent indifference to admiration, silence

for a time all incipient jealousy. The gentlemen could not but be pleased with a pretty woman who was so sweet-tempered and so little exacting; while her peculiar talent for putting every one in good humor with themselves—a talent, which in less skillful hands would have been merely an adroit power of flattery,—sufficiently accounted for her general influence.

There was only one person who seemed proof against Mrs. Howard's spells. This was an old bank clerk, who for forty years had occupied the same post, and stood at the same desk, encountering no other changes than that of a new ledger for an old one, and having every innovation in morals and manners with an insensibility singularly at variance with his usual quietude, or rather stagnation of feeling. For nearly half his life he had occupied the same apartments, and nothing but a fire or an earthquake would have been sufficient to dislodge him. Many of the transient residents in the house knew him only by the sobriquet of "the Captain," and the half-dictatorial, half-whimsical manner in which, with the usual privilege of a humorist, he ordered trifling matters about the house, was probably the origin of the title. When the ladies who presided at the head of the establishment first opened their house for the reception of boarders, he had taken up his quarters there, and they had all grown old together; so it was not to be wondered at if he had somewhat the manner of a master.

The captain had looked with an evil eye upon Mrs. Howard from the morning after her arrival, when he had detected her French dressing-maid in the act of peeping into his boots, as they stood outside of the chamber-door. This instance of curiosity, which he could only attribute to an unjustifiable anxiety to be acquainted with the name of the owner of the said boots, was such a flagrant impropriety, beside being such a gross violation of his privilege of privacy, that he could not forgive it. He made a formal complaint of the matter to Mrs. Howard, and earnestly advised her to dismiss so prying a servant. The lady pleaded her attachment to a faithful attendant, who had left her native France for pure love of her, and besought him to forgive a first and venial error. The captain had no faith in its being a *first* fault, and as for its veniality, if she had put out an "I," and called it a *venial* affair, it would have better suited his ideas of her. He evidently suspected both the mistress and the maid; and a prejudice in his mind was like a thistle-seed, it might wing its way on gossamer pinions, but once planted, it was sure to produce its crop of thorns.

In vain the lady attempted to conciliate him; in vain she tried to humor his whims, and pat and fondle his hobbies. He was proof against all her allurances, and whenever by some new or peculiar grace she won unequivocal expressions of admiration from the more susceptible persons around her, a peevish "Fudge!" would resound emphatically from the captain's lips.

Three months passed away, and Harry Maurice was "full five fathoms deep" in love with the beautiful stranger. Yet he knew no more of her personal history than on the day when they first met, and the old question of "Who is she?" was often in his mind, though the respect growing out of a genuine attachment checked

it ere the words rose to his lips. He heard her speak of plantations at the South, and on more than one occasion he had been favored with a commission to transact banking business for her. He had made several deposits in her name, and had drawn out several small sums for her use. He knew therefore that she had money at command, but of her family and connections he was profoundly ignorant. He was too much in love, however, to hesitate long on this point. Young, ardent, and possessed of that *pseudo*-romance, which, like French gliding, so much resembles the real thing that many prefer it, as being cheaper and more durable, he was particularly pleased with the apparent disinterestedness of his affection. Too poor to marry unless he found a bride possessed of fortune, he was now precisely in the situation where alone he could feel himself on the same footing with a wealthy wife. He had an established position in society, his family were among the oldest and most respectable residents of the State, and the offer of his hand under such circumstances to a lone, unfriended stranger, took away all appearance of egotism from the suit, while it constituted a claim upon the lady's gratitude as well as affection. With all his assumed self-confidence, Maurice was in reality a very modest fellow, and he had many a secret misgiving as to her opinion of his merits; for he was one of those youths who use puppyism as a cloak for his diffidence. He wanted to assure himself of her preference before committing himself by a declaration, and to do this required a degree of skill in womancraft that far exceeded his powers.

In the meantime the prejudices of the captain gained greater strength. The freedom of modern manners was shocking to him, and in Mrs. Howard he beheld the impersonation of vanity, coquetry, and falsehood. Beside, she interfered with his privileges. She made suggestions about certain arrangements at table; she pointed out improvements in several minor household comforts; she asked for the liver wing of the chicken, which had heretofore been his peculiar perquisite, as carver; she played the accordion, and kept the *Æolian* harp in the window of her room, which unfortunately adjoined his; and, to crown all, she did not hesitate to ask him questions as coolly as if she was totally unconscious of his privileges of privacy. He certainly had a most decided grudge against the lady, and she, though apparently all gentleness and meekness, yet had so adroit a way of saying and doing disagreeable things to the old gentleman, that it was easy to infer a mutual dislike.

The captain's benevolence had been excited by seeing Harry Maurice on the high road to being victimized, and he actually took some pains to make the young man see things in their true light.

"Fray Mr. Maurice, do you spend all your mornings at your office?" said he one day.

"Certainly, sir."

"Then you differ from most young lawyers," was the gruff reply.

"Perhaps I have better reasons than many others for my close application. While completing my studies, I am enabled to earn a moderate salary by writing for Mr. —, and this is of some consequence to me."

The old man looked inquiringly, and Maurice answered the silent question.

"You know enough of our family, sir, to be aware that my father's income died with him. A few hundred dollars per annum are all that remains for the support of my mother and an invalid sister, who reside in Connecticut. Of course, if I would not encroach upon their small means, I must do something for my own maintenance."

The captain's look grew pleasanter as he replied, "I do not mean to be guilty of any impertinent intrusion into your affairs; but it seems to me that you share the weakness of your fellows, by thus working like a slave and spending like a prince."

Maurice laughed. "Perhaps my princely expenditure would scarcely bear as close a scrutiny as my slavish toil. I really work; but it often happens that I only seem to spend."

"I understand you; but you are worthy of better things; you should have courage to throw off the trammels of fashion, and live economically, like a man of sense, until fortune favors you."

The young man was silent for a moment; then, as if to change the subject, asked, "What was your object in inquiring about my morning walk?"

"I merely wanted to know if you ever met Mrs. Howard in Broadway in the morning."

"Never, sir; but I am so seldom there, that it would be strange if I should encounter an acquaintance among its throngs."

"I am told she goes out every morning at nine o'clock, and does not return until three."

"I suppose she is fond of walking."

"Humph! I rather suspect she has some regular business."

"Quite likely," said Maurice, laughing heartily; "perhaps she is a bank clerk. Occupied from nine to three, you say—just banking hours."

The captain looked sternly in the young man's face, then uttered his emphatic "Fudge!" turned upon his heel, and whistling "A Frog he would a wooing go," sauntered out of the room, thoroughly disgusted with the whole race of modern young men.

The old gentleman's methodical habits of business had won for him the confidence of every one, and as an almost necessary consequence had involved him in the responsibility of several trusteeships. There were sundry old ladies and orphans whose pecuniary affairs he had managed for years with the punctuality of a Dutch clock. Before noon, on the days when their interest moneys were due, he always had the satisfaction of paying them into the hands of the owners. It was only for some such purpose that he ever left his post during business hours; but the claims of the widow and the fatherless came before those of the ledger, and he sometimes stole an hour from his daily duties to attend to these private trusts.

Not long after he had sought to awaken his young friend's suspicions respecting Mrs. Howard, one of these occasions occurred. At mid-day he found himself seated in a pleasant drawing room, between an old lady and a young one, both of whom regarded him as the very best of men. He had transacted his business, and was about taking leave, when he was de-

lained to partake of a lunch; and, while he was engaged in washing down a biscuit with a glass of octogenarian Madeira, the young lady was called out of the room. She was absent about fifteen minutes, and when she returned, her eyes were full of tears. A pile of gold lay on the table (the captain would have thought it ungentlemanlike to offer dirty paper to ladies), and taking a five-dollar piece from the heap, she again vanished. This time she did not quite close the door behind her, and it was evident she was conversing with some claimant upon her charity. Her compassionate tones were distinctly heard in the drawing-room, and when she ceased speaking, a remarkably soft, clear, liquid voice responded to her kindness. There was something in these sounds which awakened the liveliest interest in the old gentleman. He started, sidged in his chair, and at length faintly mastered by his curiosity, he stole on tip-toe to the door. He saw only a drooping figure clad in mourning, and veiled from head to foot, who, repeating her thanks to her young benefactress, gathered up a roll of papers from the hall table, and withdrew before he could obtain a glimpse of her face.

"What impostor have you been seeing now?" he asked, as the young lady entered the room, holding in her hand several cheap French engravings.

"No impostor, my dear sir, but a most interesting woman."

"Oh, I dare say she was very interesting, and interested too, no doubt. But how do you know she was no swindler?"

"Because she shed tears—real tears."

"Humph! I suppose she put her handkerchief to her eyes and snivelled."

"No, indeed, I saw the big drops roll down her cheeks, and I never can doubt such an evidence of genuine sorrow; people can't force tears."

"What story could she tell which was worth five dollars?"

"Her husband, who was an importer of French stationery and engravings, has recently died insolvent, leaving her burdened with the support of two children and an infirm mother. His creditors have seized everything, excepting a few unsaleable prints, by the sale of which she is now endeavoring to maintain herself independently."

"Are the prints worth anything?"

"Not much."

"Then she is living upon charity quite as much as if she begged from door to door: it is only a new method of levying contributions upon people with money than brains."

"The truth of her statement is easily ascertained. I have promised to visit her, and if I find her what she seems, I shall supply her with employment as a seamstress."

"Will you allow me to accompany you on your visit?"

"Certainly, my dear sir, upon condition that if you find her story true, you will pay the penalty of your mistrust in the shape of a goodly donation."

"Agreed! I'll pay if she turns out to be an object of charity. But that voice of hers—I don't believe there are two such voices in this great city."

What notion had now got into the crochety

head of the captain no one could tell; but he certainly was in wonderful spirits that day at dinner. He was in such good humor that he was even civil to Mrs. Howard, and sent his own bottle of wine to Harry Maurice. He looked a little confounded when Mrs. Howard, taking advantage of his "melting mood," challenged him to a game of backgammon, and it was almost with his old gruffness that he refused her polite invitation. He waited long enough to see her deeply engaged in chess with her young admirer, and then hurried away to fulfill his engagement with the lady who had promised to let him share her errand of mercy.

He was doomed to be disappointed, however. They found the house inhabited by the unfortunate Mrs. Harley; it was a low one-story rear building, in — street, the entrance to which was through a covered alley leading from the street. It was a neat, comfortable dwelling, and the butcher's shop in front of it screened it entirely from public view. But the person of whom they were in quest was not at home. Her mother and two rosy children, however, seemed to corroborate her story, and as the woman seemed disposed to be rather communicative, the old gentleman fancied he had now got upon a true trail. But an incautious question from him sealed the woman's lips, and he found himself quite astray again. Finding nothing could be gained, he hurried away, and entering his own door, found Mrs. Howard still deeply engaged in her game of chess, though she did look up with a sweet smile when she saw him.

A few days afterward his young friend informed him that she had been more successful, having found Mrs. Harley just preparing to go out on her daily round of charity-seeking.

When suspicions are once aroused in the mind of a man like the captain, it is strange how industriously he puts together the minutest links in the chain of evidence, and how curiously he searches for such links, as if the unmaking of a rogue was really a matter of the highest importance. The captain began to grow more reserved and incommunicative than ever. He uttered oracular apothegms and dogmatisms until he became positively disagreeable, and at last, as if to show an utter aberration of mind, he determined to obtain leave of absence for a week. It was a most remarkable event in his history and as such excited much speculation. But the old gentleman's lips were closely buttoned; he quietly packed a valise, and set out upon, what he called, a country excursion.

It was curious to notice how much he was missed in the house. Some missed his kindness; some his quaint humorosity; some his punctuality, by which they set their watches; and Mrs. Howard seemed actually to feel the want of that sarcastic tone which made the sauce piquante of her dainty food. Where he actually went no one knew, but in four days he returned looking more bilious and acting more crochety than ever; but with an exhalation of spirits that showed the marvellous effect of country air.

The day after his return, two men, wrapped in cloaks and wearing slouched hats, entered the butcher's shop in — street. Giving a

nod passing to the man at the counter, the two proceeded up-stairs, and took a seat at one of the back windows. The blinds were carefully drawn down, and they seated themselves as if to note all that passed in the low, one-story building, which opened upon a narrow paved alley directly beneath the window.

"Do you know that we shall have a fearful settlement to make if this turns out to be all humbug?" said the younger man, as they took their station.

"Any satisfaction which you are willing to claim, I am ready to make in case I am mistaken; but—look there."

As he spoke, a female wearing a black cloak and thick veil entered the opposite house. Instantly a shout of joy burst from the children, and as the old woman rose to drop the blind at the window, they caught sight of the two merry little ones pulling at the veil and cloak of the mysterious lady.

"Did you see her face?" asked the old man.

"No, it was turned away from the window."

"Then have patience for awhile."

Nearly an hour elapsed, and then the door again opened to admit the egress of a person apparently less of stature than the woman who had so recently entered, more drooping in figure, and clad in rusty and shabby mourning.

"One more kiss, mamma, and don't forget the sugar-plums when you come back," cried one of the children.

The woman stooped to give the required kiss, lifting her veil as she did so, and revealing the whole of her countenance. A groan burst from the lips of one of the watchers, which was answered by a low chuckle from his companion: for both the captain and Harry Maurice had recognized in the mysterious lady the features of the bewitching Mrs. Howard.

There is little more to tell. The question of "Who is she?" now needed no reply. Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Harley, and some dozen other aliases, were the names of an exceedingly genteel adventures, who is yet vividly remembered by the charitable whom she victimized a few years since. She had resided in several large cities, and was drawing a very handsome income from her ingenuity. Her love of pleasure being as great as her taste for money-making, she devised a plan for living two lives at once, and her extreme mobility of feature, and exquisite adroitness, enabled her to carry out her schemes. How far she would have carried the affair with her young lover it is impossible to say, but the probability is that the "love affair" was only an agreeable episode of business; and that whatever might have been the gentleman's intentions, the lady was guiltless of ulterior views.

The captain managed the affair in his own way. He did not wish to injure the credit of the house, which he designed to call his home for the rest of his life, and therefore Mrs. Howard received a quiet intimation to quit, which she obeyed with her usual unfeigned sweetness. Harry Maurice paid a visit to his mother and sister in the country, and on his return found it desirable to change his lodgings. The captain kept the story to himself for several years; but after Maurice was married, and settled in his domestic habits, he felt himself privileged to use it as a warning to all gullible young



MOUNT WASHINGTON, WITH THE PROPOSED NATIONAL OBSERVATORY.

men, against bewitching widows, and mysterious fellow-boarders. Indeed, it has become the captain's pet story, and whenever he is particularly good-humored with a new-comer (for he still holds his old place at the head of the table,) he invariably tells it, and as invariably adds:—"Such things never happened in my young days; there was no mistaking a real lady in old times; but now a bit of French trippery can deceive almost anybody."

WHITE MOUNTAINS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

As many of our readers are aware, the White Mountains of New Hampshire stand pre-eminent among the great natural objects of interest in our country, successfully contending with Niagara in supremacy for sublimity and grandeur in the original works of the Creator. Each year this region is becoming more and more the object of interest, not only to distinguished men of science, poetry, and scholarship, but to the mass of pleasure seekers, many invalids, and others. People are learning that even the noble grandeur of Niagara, can be enjoyed only for a day; that the sipping of mineral water at the fashionable spas does not compensate for a sweltering in a "seven-by-nine" attic bed-room, and the exorbitant charges of a cormorant landlord; neither can one be well convinced of the pleasures of sea air and salt water bathing, when the penalty for such luxuries is a long night's torment and suffering from myriads of greedy mosquitoes. Quiet, retired, rural locations are becoming much in vogue during the summer months; and letters from the "Hermits' Dell," the "Notch in the Mountain," the "Cottage in the Valley," and other localities that are designated with equally appropriate and sweet sounding appellations, are becoming a greatly

increased addition to seasonable serial literature. Probably no section of our extended territory is becoming more celebrated for grandeur, luxury and genial comfort during the "heated terms," as the Brooklyn philosopher (?) expresses it—than the White Mountains, who from their scenic beauties, in the most extended sense of the term, have earned for the Granite State the cognomen of the "Switzerland of America." At the present time important improvements, not only for the above pleasing features, but also for the advancement of science and our national honor, are in the course of contemplation and construction, of the nature of which we shall presently speak.

The White Mountains embrace the whole group of natural elevations in northern New Hampshire; the most attractive features, however, are within an extent of six or seven miles, and situated in Coös county, the range extending forty miles from north to south, and about the same distance from east to west. The name has sometimes been applied exclusively to the central cluster, including the six or seven highest peaks, and very properly, though in its comprehensive sense we think it should embrace the whole group. Mont Blanc and Mont Jura constitute not the whole of the Alps; neither do Mount Washington and Mount Monroe the White Mountains. Clustering around the central height, like children of one large family, no merely arbitrary division should ever separate them. Mount Washington composes, probably with one exception, the highest land east of the Mississippi river, and is about six thousand five hundred feet high. In clear weather, this and some of the other more elevated peaks, are the first land described by vessels approaching our eastern coast; but, by reason of their white appearance, are frequently mistaken for

clouds. They are visible from the land, at a distance of eighty miles on the south and south-east sides. They appear higher when viewed from the north-east, and, it is said, have been seen from the neighborhood of Chamblee and Quebec. During the period of nine or ten months, the mountains exhibit more or less of the appearance, from which they are denominated *whites*. In the spring, when the snow is partly dissolved, they appear of a pale blue, streaked with white; and after it is wholly gone, at the distance of sixty miles, they are altogether of the same pale blue, nearly approaching a sky color; while, at the same time, viewed at the distance of eight miles or less, they appear of the proper color of the rock. Light, fleecy clouds, floating about their summits, give them the same whitish hue as snow. The vast and irregular heights, being copiously replenished with water, exhibit a great variety of beautiful cascades, some of which fall in a perpendicular sheet or spout, and others are winding and sloping; others spread and form a basin in the rock, and then rush in a cataract over its edges. A poetic fancy may find full gratification amid these wild and rugged scenes, if its ardor be not checked by the fatigue of the approach. Almost everything in nature, which can be supposed of inspiring ideas of the sublime and beautiful, is here realized. Old mountains, stupendous elevations, rolling clouds, and pending rocks, verdant wood, crystal streams, the gentle rill, and the roaring torrent,—all conspire to analyze, to soothe, and to enrapture.

From the summit of Mount Washington, the face of the broad Atlantic, sixty-five miles distant, is in full view, and at favorable moments, hundreds of vessels have been counted on its

mighty bosom. Turning round—cities, towns, rivers, lakes, mountain and valley, and all the gorgeous natural panorama, so enthusiastically described by aerial voyagers, come under our scope for enjoyment, which is accompanied with the consoling consciousness that we still embrace mother earth, and are not suspended in the atmosphere, in a frail machine, that an extra puff of air might destroy and hurl us into eternity. It would be utterly impossible for us to even mention the varied list of natural curiosities of the White Mountains—first among which is the celebrated "Old Man of the Mountains," a well defined profile of a human being, twelve hundred feet above the level of the sea; sculptured by nature in the solid granite, and of dimensions in proportion to their other grand works in the vicinity. The profile is on the south side of Cannon Mountain, facing Mount Lafayette. Said an eccentric speaker, at a celebration a few years since in Fryburg:—"Men put out signs representing their different trades; jewelers hang out a monster watch; shoemakers, a huge boot; and, up in Franconia, God Almighty has hung out a sign that in New England he makes men." The top of the mountain is about two thousand feet above the level of the road, and four thousand feet above the level of the sea. Near the summit, an oblong rock, resembling a cannon, has given a name to the mountain. The sides are covered with a thick growth of maple, beech, birch and spruce. The Profile Rock itself is more than twelve hundred feet above the level of the road; it being situated far below the summit of the mountain. The profile is composed of three separate masses of rock, one of which forms the forehead, the second the nose and upper lip, and the third the chin. Only at one particular place are they brought into their proper position, which is on the road leading through the Notch, about a quarter of a mile south of Lafayette House. The expression of the face, as it stands out in bold relief against the sky, is quite stern. The mouth alone betrays any signs of age and feebleness. But the "Old man of the Mountains" has never



The Old Man of the Mountains.

been known to flinch. "He neither blinks at the near flashes of the lightning beneath his nose, nor flinches from the driving snow and sleet of the Franconia winter, which makes the

mercury of the thermometer shrink into the bulb, and congeal." Passing down the road from the particular spot where it can be seen to perfection, the Old Man's countenance changes first into a "toothless old woman in a mob cap," and soon the profile is entirely lost. In passing up the road, the nose and face flatten until the forehead alone is seen. The length of the profile, from the top of the forehead to the lowest point of the chin, is eighty feet. The face looks toward the south-east, and is perhaps half a mile distant from the observer in the road.

From the summit of Mount Millard, which you reach by a carriage road, you observe the celebrated White Mountain Notch, lying like an immense cradle beneath your feet. There with the winds forever moaning and complaining; there with the cascade's eternal requiem, sleep those whose names are graven on historic record. It requires but little aid from the imagination to fill up the picture. The storm—the torrent—the avalanche! The shriek of fear—the flight—"God have Mercy!" they cry imploringly, and— an acre of ground is piled with sand and stones, and green branches of trees, to the height of twenty feet. Theirs is no common monument reared by toil. Nature with one Titanic effort made an altar and a shrine.

No portion of the United States is more worthy in traditionary and legendary lore, than the regions of the White Mountains; and the numerous scenes and incidents of the sturdy trappers, and other pioneers, who long contended for supremacy with the aborigines—the sterling worth of the sires of the Revolution, as firm in the cause of liberty, as, to their bases, were the cloud-capped granite mountains among which they dwelt—fill pages of the numerous guide and other books published on the subject.*

The great bodily fatigue experienced in ascending these stupendous monuments of nature's handiwork has deterred many from visiting them. However, they have not been neglected in the grand advancements of our day and generation. Energy, science, art, and industry, have here combined for universal benefit, and in a short time, an ascent to the "tip top" of Mount Washington will not only be accomplished with all the ease and facility of an hour's carriage ride, but the tourist will also experience the enchantment of the sublime scenic effect, that is almost momentarily changed for his or her benefit.

In 1853, the legislature of the State of New Hampshire granted a charter to a company to construct a carriage road, from the Glen House to the top of Mount Washington. Competent engineers were at once set to work, and the survey completed during the season. Early in the following summer, the construction of the work commenced, and since that time it has been so assiduously prosecuted, that the whole will be finished and dedicated on the fourth of July next. The length of the road is about eight and a quarter miles, and it is sixteen

feet broad in the clear; the average ascent is about one foot in nine and a half; and in no place is it greater than one foot in seven. The road is protected on the outside by a massive stone wall; the surface is macadamized, and the whole, in every respect, constructed in the most substantial and secure manner. The carriages of the company are of peculiar construction, the driver having command of levers that raise and lower the body of the vehicle, so as to keep them level. This novel feature, and the plan of the road, is aptly illustrated in the engraving at the head of this article.

In connection with the enterprise of building a carriage road is another project, which, in its grasp of importance, effects our national ambition and sense of honor, and at the same time becomes of vast import to the whole world of science and progress. So valuable a conception as is here presented, undoubtedly meets the unqualified approbation of all classes and callings. It is the erection by the road company of a *National Observatory*, for the government, on the summit of the mountain, in connection with a large and substantial hotel, and to place so much of the house as shall be necessary, together with the free use of the road, entirely at the disposal of government. The whole plan and conception here proposed is truly creditable to the projectors; and their liberal offers to the General Government will undoubtedly be accepted, and in a few months the variations of the thermometer, barometer, and winds—the duration and power of storms, beside other scientific observations, will be as correctly studied and recorded on the summit of Mount Washington as at the complete and orderly arranged establishment at Washington city, under the immediate direction of that courteous and distinguished scholar Lieutenant Maury. A view of the proposed building, drawn on its contemplated location, will also be perceived in the principal illustration. The whole is to be constructed of stone and iron, and to be as strong and substantial as it is possible to bind such materials together. The observatory is to be twenty-five feet square, with walls four feet in thickness, and not less than forty feet above the top of the mountain. It will have the solid pillar from the foundation to the top; stone beams, and, in fact, all the most approved conveniences for instruments, etc. A telegraph will be constructed to the base of the mountain, where it connects with the Portland line; thus immediate communication is obtained with all sections of the country. Most persons, even those of limited education, can readily appreciate the advantages that must accrue to the general fund of knowledge, independent of the gain of superior social benefits, in the consummation of all the intentions of the projectors and these vast and magnificent improvements. In common with all whom we have heard express opinions on this matter, the parties have our best wishes for their entire success. The amount of government patronage asked in favor of this stupendous enterprise, is a mere bagatelle, in comparison with the important advantages gained; and it gives us pleasure to state, that the subject has received the ready attention of the people's representatives and the most prominent men of science.

* A new Guide Book of the "White Mountains" is about to be published by N. Orr, Esq., the talented and well known engraver of this city. It is from the pen of the Rev. J. P. Thompson, pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle, whose interesting and instructive letters from that section have received a wide circulation in the "Independent" and other papers.



"LIVE OAK" GEORGE LAW:

THE CANDIDATE OF THE PROGRESSIVE AMERICAN PARTY.

Nothing more forcibly illustrates the agreeable characteristics of a republican form of government, than its equality. The most elevated positions of honor and trust are open to all; ability, honesty and industry, are the requirements, and success is almost certain. But notwithstanding many of our most prominent statesmen have emanated from the most humble classes, the idea is a startling one, that a laborer, a mechanic, who commenced his career by laying brick at one dollar a day, should be nominated by a great party as a candidate for the office of Chief Magistrate of the United States. Such, however, is the fact. George Law has been nominated by the American party, in the Legislature of the State of Pennsylvania; by many of the sectional councils; and his friends claim that the nomination will be ratified by the National Convention, which meets at Philadelphia on the 23d instant.

George Law was born in the town of Jackson, Washington county, New York, on the 25th of October, 1806. His father, John Law, was a farmer in comfortable circumstances; but it would appear, like most other farmers of that day, thought it much more important to learn his children to work than to read; therefore, George received very little advantages of education in his younger days, except such as he could glean from newspapers and the few books that came within his reach. Among these were the life of Washington, Cook's Voyages, the Bible, etc., some of which, especially the last, it is said, he could repeat line for line. From an early age his mind was occupied with plans

of building. And when opportunity offered he would get together a corp of his companions, to construct miniature dams and bridges under his direction. He embraced every opportunity of watching mechanical operations, and would endeavor to repeat the manipulations. At the age of seventeen he left his father; and after working for his uncle until he acquired a capital of forty dollars, he started from home, determined on making a reputation and fortune of his own. He arrived at Troy in the winter of 1824, and immediately hired himself as a day laborer. His object was to commence from the beginning, and learn every department of building, from brick-laying to stone-cutting—all branches of the mason's trade. Of course he succeeded, as perseverance, integrity, and indomitable industry, cannot fail. Mr. Law rose rapidly in his profession, going through all the regular grades of journeyman, foreman, superintendent, and boss, and eventually became a most extensive, experienced and successful contractor of some of the most important of our public works. He has also been one of the chief promoters of ocean steam navigation, and a shrewd, practical, energetic business man, who has few equals. The ability he has displayed as a developer of original ideas, his superior executive powers, his unflinching integrity—all are conclusive evidence that George Law is a remarkable man; and the manner in which the trickster portion of his political opponents sneer at his oratorical powers, is a marked evidence of their fear of his popularity.

The following sketch of "Live Oak" George is from a late number of the "Evening Mirror":—

It is a novelty in our day of universal triumph of soldiers, lawyers, and professional politicians, in securing to themselves all public offices, honors, and emoluments, to see a respectable portion of the American masses—through legislative and other representatives—call out, with a view to the Presidency, a working man, a man of the people—such a man as George Law, whose claims to public regard are based solely on his practical intelligence, enterprise, moral worth, and the long and eminent service he has unostentatiously rendered the country. That George Law has been thus called out, is a hopeful sign that the American people have come, or are coming, to the conclusion that the best men to administer public affairs are those who best administer their own. It is an old and true saying that "he who best governs himself, is fittest to govern others;" and the maxim is equally true applied to the conduct of all human concerns.

George Law is not fifty years old, yet there is no other man in this Union who can point to so many great works of public utility as he has conceived and executed—in every case successfully. Some of his enterprises have been of national magnitude; for instance, his ocean steamers, connecting San Francisco and the gold region with the New York and Panama Railroad—linking the two great oceans, and securing to Americans the trade of the North Pacific, which otherwise (like that of the South Pacific) would have fallen into the hands of British capital. At the complimentary dinner given by our leading merchants and citizens, and responded to by distinguished men of all parts of the Union—to George Law, at the Astor House, in 1852, the late lamented John L. Stephens, then President of the Panama Road, said:—

"He could tell them (the dinner assemblage) of the almost insuperable difficulties encountered there (at the Isthmus), and here (in New York); but the greatest difficulty they had to encounter was the sin of unbelief. But when all others despaired, their friend, George Law, put his shoulder to the wheel, and the work was done; and he was happy to say, that this day (the day of the dinner), the contract for the completion of the Panama Railroad was signed, and its fulfillment was guaranteed by George Law."

We think no one will question that George Law has no compeer in the number, scope, practical character and public utility of the enterprises he has executed. Certainly, no one will pretend that any other living American has, by force of his own unaided judgment and genius, accomplished the half that Mr. Law has done. The public works of, at least five great States speak for him, and the single monument of his bold judgment and consummate skill, the High Bridge, and a large portion of the Croton Aqueduct, which pours perpetual blessing in all our homes, would, in olden times, have secured him a public statue, and a niche in the national pantheon. Yet, while for twenty years, George Law has been working out some of our noblest public internal improvements, and shortening the paths and widening the field of our ocean commerce—giving direct employment to tens of thousands, and opening the way to employment for hundreds of thousands, and adding to the wealth-making facilities and

prosperity of the whole country, the people at large have known but little of the real man—the extent and diversity of his knowledge, the comprehensiveness of his intellect, his remarkable powers of combination, his clear judgment of men and things, his intuition serving him where lesson and example were insufficient, and the earnest, patriotic spirit, and love of justice and right, which have indelibly marked his whole career.

Many have seen in George Law but an avaricious money getter; an ignorant speculator, shrewd only in jockeying and trading, and a vulgar seeker for notoriety. Such judges know nothing truly of the man. We venture to say,—what will doubtless be discussed by the public before long—that Mr. Law's life, business and social, are without stain. That he never has prosecuted an enterprise by any dishonorable means, and never looked to the money profit of his labors as his highest reward. We could point to many schemes proposed to him for money-making, which he has rejected because they lacked public utility. He never loaned a dollar at unreasoning interest, and never shared a note or a bond. He never turned his back on a friend, because the friendship was expensive to him in money. He never refused to aid any deserving person or object, where it lay in his power. Nor did he ever lie awake nights recounting his fortune. That noble act of his in defense of Purser Smith, and the honor and interests of our country against Spanish insolence, was done by assuming the entire risk of an ocean steamer and its freight—insurance and the countenance of our government having been withdrawn from the United States mail steamer—more than a million dollars; an act, we venture to say, no other twenty men in this Union combined would have done at the same personal risk, from simple motives of patriotism and a determination to stand by the right. Avaricious men don't do such things. So of the thousands he spent voluntarily in the capture of Baker, with the Grapeshop, after the fugitive had snatched his fingers with impunity at municipal and federal authorities—with their old water-logged naval craft.

George Law's judgment in the choice of enterprises, with his simple, perfect system of doing business, and his remarkable executive power, have made all his labors profitable, for himself and all concerned, as an inevitable result. As to his being ignorant, since his schoolboy days up in Washington County, New York, where he was born, an honest, humble farmer's son, we doubt if any man can be pointed out, of his age, who has more closely and practically studied, in and out of books, or treasured up more valuable knowledge of men, of all times and in all their relations, and of governments, ancient and modern, or of the practical arts and sciences, than George Law. This is saying a good deal; but George Law has been from the beginning a reader, an observer and a thinker. He may not know Latin and Greek—Washington knew no language but the English, and owed more to his intuition and experience than to books or schools. Such men as George Law are born organizers and ex-ecutants. It is given to them to surpass old routine by higher and better ideas of arrangement and application. They are gifted with a

genius not for formal, clerical pursuits, but to organize and direct enterprises of which mere schoolmen are only competent to work out the details—and to lead and govern men. Mr. Law's great enterprises are, in themselves—successfully carried out as they have been against powerful opposing combinations—indisputable evidence of his extraordinary practical intelligence and executive ability; are the kind to which the American people, and this age, owe their greatest triumphs.

Such a man as George Law in the Presidential chair, would carry into the government, on a commensurate scale, the same principles that ensure success in private business—the same spirit that prevails in honestly-conducted private affairs. It is almost too much to hope, that our government will ever be placed on a common-sense basis—its public service being done as efficiently and economically as private enterprise is conducted; all its servants being selected for their fitness for place, and all held as responsible as in private business; and all the domestic and foreign relations of the country reduced to the directness and simplicity that govern in honest individual transactions. Yet, the people have been so misgoverned and plundered, that they are disposed to look to practical rather than professional men, to fill their high places.

This feeling is the cause of the interest centered in George Law. Those who know him best, regard him as possessing, in larger degree than any other man before the country, the great elements of comprehensive intellect, large and varied practical knowledge, sound judgment, patriotic instincts, and executive ability, that should distinguish a President of the United States. They believe he would organize and develop the government to as high a degree, for the prosperity of the country, as he has done for himself and the public in an individual sphere. Whether or not, they will be gratified in having the man of their choice elevated to the presidency, is not for us to say. It would be a great step upward and forward, to go from a General Pierce to a George Law; possibly the legs of the American party are not long and strong enough to lemp the breach, but if they should, a rush of the people may be expected in support of "Live Oak" George.

It is greatly in Mr. Law's favor that he is not, and never has been, mixed up in party politics. He has kept truck of politics, and aloof from politicians. His character and antecedents can hardly fail, when truly known, to be popular with the masses. The fact that he has risen to fortune and eminence from the ranks, without any advantages save those common to American youth, thus illustrating the noble influence of our republican form of government and institutions, will go far to recommend him to the people at large. The commercial, mechanic, farming and working classes, would have in him a powerful representative. The politicians would have nothing to hope from him but being kicked from the crib where they had been fattening on public plunder for years. Factionists and fanatics would fare no better—for Mr. Law is a National man, and a Union man, as he is a flat-footed, square-toed American, to the core.

If popular sympathy, as indicated by public movements, can afford any fair index to political probabilities, the friends and admirers of George Law have strong reason to hope for his nomination to the presidency by the American party, which meets in national convention, at Philadelphia, on the 23d of February. These index public movements are the formation of numerous "Live Oak" clubs—devoted to securing Mr. Law's nomination and election—in this City and State, and in other sections of the Union; also the advocacy of his superior fitness and claims, by many leading presses, and eminent men, throughout the country. The rallying cry of all these is—"give us a new man to lead a new party—a practical man—a man of the people!" It is confidently claimed by his friends that he will carry a large majority of the New York State delegates in the National Convention, and that other leading states will equally signify their preference for the great type of the American self-made man, George Law—and that, once nominated, the masses, the "home and shew" of the country, will rally to his standard and triumphantly elect him.

His great and remarkable knowledge of men, their motives and fitness for place, is a striking characteristic. He selected men best fitted for the places he designed them for, with unerring certainty; and it is said, that, of the thousands of appointments made by him, there is no evidence that he deceived himself, or was deceived by others, in making his selections. He was inflexible in his rule, to "select men for places, and not make places for men."

The rise of a man to such fortune and honor in his own country, among the most enlightened, enterprising and intelligent business community in the world, is calculated to excite wonder and astonishment. Authentic autobiography serves to dispel those misapprehensions so likely to exist, in reference to the career of any citizen who, like George Law, from humble means—unaided by influential family or political connexions, without the dazzling recommendation of military rank or services, and never having held political office, should have risen to the distinction he has acquired at home and abroad.

The name of George Law is familiar to the people of our country. His characteristics are but partially known, and by many are misunderstood. Some regard him as a lucky man, seeking fortune and finding it; while others suppose him to be a speculator, fond of reckless adventures, and willing to follow any path that may lead to fortune or notoriety. But there are thousands who have been near the scenes of his labors, that appreciate him for what he is. They know him to be a self-made man—strong and fertile in intellect, as he is stalwart in person—quick and practical in thought, as he is accurate and inflexible in judgment. A man whose sense of justice and right is as indomitable as his will—whose mind is well stored with useful learning—who will listen to counsel, but never yields his convictions of duty to the mere opinions of others, and whose life is full of incidents.

ATM HEN.—In all the aspirations of this life aim high. He who constantly fishes for sprats will never catch a whale.



JAMES BUCHANAN.

Among that galaxy of statesmen who in future times will be regarded as having shod upon the present epoch a light whose brilliancy will be reflected on the pages of history, few have occupied a more prominent position than James Buchanan, and there are still fewer who, without reaching that position which is the highest object of an American's ambition, have acquired and retained so large a share of public confidence. A recognized leader of a great political party, and at this moment one of its most prominent candidates for the Presidency, Mr. Buchanan yet commands the esteem and the confidence of the whole community to perhaps a greater extent than any other public man in the country. To devote a few pages of the magazine to a brief sketch of the life of such a man would be the most acceptable service we could render to our readers.

James Buchanan was born on the 23d day of April, 1791, near Mercersburg, Franklin county, Pennsylvania. He was the son of an industrious farmer of that county, who had little to leave his children except a good education. James was his eldest son. His collegiate education was received at Dickinson College, where he graduated, in 1809. He selected the law as his profession, and studied in the office of James Hopkins. He soon took a prominent position in the profession, and it was not very long before he was, by common consent, ranked at its head. His political career commenced in the year 1814, when, at the age of twenty-three, he was elected to the Legislature of Pennsylvania, in which body he soon became distinguished for

his zealous and eloquent advocacy of the war in which we were then engaged with England. After serving two terms he returned to the practice of his profession. In the year 1821, he was elected to Congress by a large majority from the district composed of the counties of Lancaster, Chester and Delaware. He continued in Congress for ten years, having been elected for five consecutive terms, during which he became conspicuous for his eloquence and ability. During the session of 1824-5 he espoused the cause of Andrew Jackson, as a candidate for the Presidential chair, and was a prominent actor in the stirring scenes of that eventful session. From this time forward, he continued a devoted and unwavering supporter of General Jackson. It was during the first two years of Jackson's administration that Mr. Buchanan served his last term in the House of Representatives; but his relations of confidence with the President did not terminate with the conclusion of his term of service in the House; on the contrary, they continued undiminished up to the moment, not only of the close of Jackson's term of office, but even to the hour of his death. The limited space at our command does not permit much more than this brief allusion to Mr. Buchanan's career as a member of the House. The journals of congressional proceedings, during that time, will suffice to illustrate the important position which he assumed and maintained.

There is one important case, however, which, in justice to Mr. Buchanan, should be noticed. It is the trial of Judge Peck, of Missouri, before the Senate of the United States, on an impeachment preferred by the House of Representatives

against him for high misdemeanors in office. This celebrated case, for importance and thrilling interest, has no parallel in the annals of Congress. It was introduced into the House of Representatives, by memorial, presented by the Hon. John Scott, representative from Missouri, on the 8th day of December, 1826. The memorial was referred to the judiciary committee, of which Mr. Daniel Webster was then chairman. Here the matter rested, without any definite action, till the session of 1828. On the 16th December, 1829, upon a motion of Mr. McDuffie, of South Carolina, the memorial was once more referred to the judiciary committee, now composed of Messrs. Buchanan, Wickliffe, Storrs, Davies, of South Carolina, Boulden, Ellsworth and White, of Louisiana. "These gentlemen (in the language of the Reporter)" took up the subject with earnestness, and on the 27th of January ensuing, the chairman, Mr. Buchanan, moved that they be authorized to send for persons and papers. The motion was agreed to—witnesses were sent for and examined, and on the 23d of March following, Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Storrs, of New York, were appointed a committee to go to the bar of the Senate and inform that body of what had been done, and in the name of the House of Representatives and the People of the United States, to impeach Judge Peck of high misdemeanors in office, and acquaint the Senate, that the House will, in due time, exhibit particular articles of impeachment against him, and make good the same."

We have not space to detail minutely the proceedings in this memorable case. Suffice it that on the 4th of May, 1830, the Senate resolved itself into a "High Court of Impeachment," Mr. Buchanan acting as chairman of the managers appointed on the part of the House. The court was then adjourned to May 11th and afterward to December 13th and 20th, when the trial proceeded. The complaint against Judge Peck charged him with oppression and tyranny in bringing before his court, in a summary and arbitrary manner, a member of the bar, whom he accused of having commented in the columns of a St. Louis journal, on one of his judicial opinions, which had also been published in a public journal—for which offense he punished the accused without a trial or hearing, by suspending him from practice in the court for eighteen months, and committing him to the common prison for twenty-four hours.

For the purpose of showing the importance of the case under investigation, and the appreciation entertained by Mr. Buchanan of the value of the freedom of the press, we quote from the first and second paragraphs of his speech, as found in the published volume of the "Trial of Judge Peck," in the Congressional Library, p. 425:—

"I concur (says Mr. Buchanan) with the gentleman who last addressed you in behalf of the respondent (Mr. Wirt), that the fate of the judiciary of the United States may, to a considerable extent, depend upon the event of this impeachment. I believe his position to be true, and it is that characteristic of this proceeding which has impressed me with the deep sense I feel of its great importance. If this High Court of Impeachment shall establish the claim which has been asserted by the Respond-

ent in behalf of himself and all other judges, that they possess the power to proceed in a summary manner against the authors of all publications which they may fancy or believe to be derogatory to their judicial dignity—if they may deprive such authors of their constitutional right to a trial by jury, and subject them to fine and imprisonment at discretion, then, indeed, the judiciary will be in danger. The people of this country love their judiciary well, but they love the freedom of their press still better; and if these two great branches of our civil policy, shall be placed in hostile array against each other by the decision of this Senate, God only knows what may be the consequences. Is this consideration which has given such solemn importance to the trial in which we are engaged?"

Mr. Buchanan proceeds in the second paragraph of his speech, as follows:—"In the letter which Judge Peck addressed to the House of Representatives, in explanation of the charges which had been made against him by Mr. Lawrence, he uses this strong language:—'The liberty of the press has always been the favorite watchword of those who live by its licentiousness—it has been from time immemorial, is still, and ever will be, the perpetual *decalogus* on the lips of all libellers!' My colleague thought that this remark was a sneer at the 'liberty of the press,' and for expressing that conviction he has been severely reproved by the Respondent's counsel. . . . Be that as it may, I will here observe, that if the 'liberty of the press has always been the watchword of those who live by its licentiousness,' the licentiousness of the press has always been the favorite watchword of those who are afraid of its liberty! It has been the pretext used in every age, since the art of printing was known, by every tyrant who sought to demolish its freedom. Even Charles the Tenth himself, when he passed those edicts against the press whose effect upon the people hurled him from his throne, attempted to justify his atrocious conduct by abusing its licentiousness. The counsel who last addressed you in behalf of the Respondent has presented to us several figures of speech, for the purpose of illustrating the necessity of restraining this great instrument of our freedom. However happy and however eloquent those illustrations may have been, they might, with equal truth and propriety, have been applied (though that gentleman would be the last to apply them) to the edict of Charles X. Figures of speech prove only the ingenuity or the eloquence of the orator who uses them. They are always dangerous in a grave discussion, when the guilt or innocence of an accused person is to be established. It would be easy for me, in answering the gentleman, to turn his figures against himself, and say: Better that the noble vine should shoot into rank luxuriance, than plant a canker in its root which would destroy the tree, or even commit it to the care of such a vine-dresser as the Respondent, to lop away all its fruitful branches, and leave it a naked trunk."

The result of the trial was the acquittal of Judge Peck, by a majority of one vote.

Mr. Buchanan's service in the House terminated on the 4th of March, 1831. On the 4th of January, 1832, he was appointed, by President Jackson, Minister to Russia.

During the short period he remained in that country, he negotiated an important commercial treaty with the Emperor Nicholas, which had baffled diplomatic skill for twenty years.

At the session of the Legislature succeeding his return from Europe, he was elected a Senator in Congress, and presented his credentials in the United States Senate, on the 8th of December, 1834; where he was continued, by the unanimous vote of the Democratic members of the Legislature, until the 4th of March, 1845. In that year he was appointed by President Polk to fill the first place in his cabinet, as Secretary of State. The best authority for the ability and fidelity with which he discharged the duties of that high position, is to be found in the published records of the country. In the Senate he occupied a position as the proudly recognized equal of the most distinguished members of that august body. His natural dignity of deportment, easy and conciliatory manners—his well-established reputation, unsmiled by a blot or a blemish, secured to him not only the entire confidence of the Democratic side, but gave him, with the opposition, a strength and influence possessed by few of the illustrious statesmen, whose brilliant talents adorned the Senate of the United States. The Democratic party of the whole country then recognized James Buchanan as one of its most gallant, able and faithful champions.

His successful contests in intellectual power with the two greatest of living orators, Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, in the celebrated discussions upon the "Veto power," the "M'Leod case," and other important questions, embracing the vexed one of the Tariff, in which the Hon. John Davis, of Massachusetts, became his most prominent adversary, conclusively proved that he was deserving of the exalted opinion, then entertained, of his abilities as a statesman and of his devotion to the principles of the party to which he belonged.

The signal ability, with which Mr. Buchanan performed his high and responsible duties as Secretary of State, is exhibited on the highest pages of the National Record. At the close of Mr. Polk's Presidential term, Mr. Buchanan enjoyed his friendship and unlimited confidence, as it existed at the commencement—and that confidence and friendship, mutually entertained, only terminated at the death of the ex-President.

But, although Mr. Buchanan was appointed to fill high places by Presidents Jackson and Polk, they were not alone in the high opinion entertained by the executive branch of the government, of his eminent abilities. His merits and public services were appreciated, and official honors offered to be conferred upon him anterior to the existence of these administrations. He was an especial favorite of Mr. Madison, at the close of his Presidential term. President Monroe, as early as 1823, offered and pressed upon him his acceptance, an important foreign mission. And afterward, in 1837, at the organization of his cabinet, President Van Buren tendered him the appointment of Attorney-General of the United States. He respectfully declined both appointments, preferring to serve his constituents as their representative in Congress, first in the house of Representatives, and then in the Senate of the United States.

At the close of President Polk's administration, Mr. Buchanan retired to private life, at his home of "Wheatland," in Lancaster county, where he remained in social quiet, among his old friends and neighbors, until again called into the service of his government by President Pierce. Of his selection as Minister to the Court of England, and his conduct there, we will speak before closing this brief sketch of his public career.

As Mr. Buchanan has been presented for the Presidency, by the Democratic party of Pennsylvania, apparently by acclamation—with an enthusiasm without a parallel, it is deemed essential to a faithful performance of the task we have undertaken, that the time and manner in which his name was first brought before the public in connection with that high position, should be fairly stated.

The public journals of that day will show, that from the time Mr. Buchanan commenced his senatorial career, at the session of 1834-5, until its close, on the 4th of March, 1845, he was distinguished at every public meeting and celebration held in Pennsylvania, as the champion of her Democracy in the Senate of the United States. In the year 1840, his name was first prominently mentioned as a candidate for the Presidency. At the Lancaster County Democratic Convention, of September, 1842, an able address and resolutions were unanimously adopted, which speak thus:—"The Hon. James Buchanan, whose merits, strength in the hearts of the people, well tried and valuable public services, able statesmanship, true Democratic course and purity of character, unmistakably point to him as the prominent candidate to be presented to the next National Convention," etc.

On the eighth day of January, 1843, the Democratic party of Pennsylvania assembled in a State Convention at Harrisburg. Every county in the State had a full representation of delegates—and this Convention unanimously placed the name of James Buchanan before the country as the choice of the State for the Chief Magistracy.

James Buchanan being thus prominently put in nomination by his own State, as a candidate for the Presidency in 1844, it has been frequently asked why his name was not presented, and pressed before the National Convention at Baltimore. In January, 1844, one year after his nomination by the State Convention, without consultation with any of his friends, he addressed a letter to the Democratic party of Pennsylvania, withdrawing his name from the canvass then warmly progressing, and urging his friends to recommend another candidate when they should assemble in the Convention, to be held in Harrisburg, on the ensuing fourth of March, for the purpose of electing delegates to the Baltimore Convention, and nominating an Electoral Ticket. The reasons for adopting this course were frankly made known to his friends; and, although the existence of the cause of his withdrawal was acknowledged with the deepest regret, his conduct was approved. There were several candidates in the field, pressed by their States for a nomination. Delegates had already been elected by nearly one-half of the States, instructed to support Martin Van Buren, who declared that he had been defeated by fraudulent means, at the election of 1840, and whose friends were strenuously urging his claims as

a candidate for another trial. For these and other reasons of a similar character, Mr. Buchanan yielded to the impulse of his generous nature, and relinquished the fair prospect of being President of the United States, to ensure, as he believed, the success of the Democratic party.

In consequence of the withdrawal of his name from the canvas of 1844, the Convention held at Harrisburg, on the 4th of March, elected delegates to the Baltimore Convention, instructed to support Martin Van Buren for President, and Richard M. Johnson for Vice President.

At the Democratic State Convention, held at Harrisburg, on the 4th of March, 1848, for the purpose of electing delegates to the National Convention, and nominating an Electoral Ticket. Mr. Buchanan was nominated as the candidate of Pennsylvania for the Presidency. The delegates elected to the Baltimore Convention, were instructed, in the strongest terms, to use all fair and honorable means to secure his nomination by that body. General Lewis Cass, of Michigan, was selected, however, and became the candidate of the Democratic party at the ensuing Presidential election.

In 1852, Mr. Buchanan's name was again presented for the Presidency, by the Democracy of Pennsylvania, and the tenacity with which, in the Baltimore Convention, the delegates from his State clung to him through forty-nine successive ballots, conclusively proves the strength of his hold upon their affections and confidence, as well as the fidelity with which they discharged the trust confided to them by their constituents. It is also worthy of remark that a large majority of the reliable Democratic States, cast their votes in that Convention for Mr. Buchanan.

Since we have spoken of Mr. Buchanan as a Democratic leader, and have shown that, during his public career of over forty years, he has adhered unwaveringly to the principles and doctrines of the Democratic party, it is scarcely necessary for us to state that he has always accepted the views of that party with relation to all great public measures and questions which have agitated the people of this country. In regard to those sectional controversies which, with more or less intensity, have entered into our politics for so many years, Mr. Buchanan's sentiments agree with those of the vast majority of the party to which he belongs. His position is, and always has been, eminently national. To this fact is doubtless owing his strength in the Southern States, which probably exceeds that of any other man. The vote, which, in the Convention of 1852, he received from that section, is sufficiently indicative of this fact. The Compromise measures of 1850, met with Mr. Buchanan's approval and support, so far as they were considered to involve the principle of non-intervention, by the Federal Government, with the subject of slavery in the Territories. As he has been out of the country since the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and the passage of the Kansas and Nebraska bill, we have no direct means of arriving at a knowledge of his opinions on those questions. We have collateral evidence, however, that in common with the mass of his party, he approves and supports them as an extension of the principle of the measures of 1850. An extract from

letter written by him in 1847, to the Democracy of Berks county, has been recently quoted to prove that he would have opposed the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. But this is an inference just as unwarranted in regard to Mr. Buchanan, as it would be in regard to the many other members of his own party.—Southern statesmen included—who were willing, in 1847-8 and 9 to waive the question of the constitutionality of the Missouri Compromise, and extend the line to the Pacific Ocean. That offer was rejected and a different basis of settlement adopted. The Democratic party and the people of the South, consider the Kansas and Nebraska bill, to be only a legitimate and necessary consequence of the Compromise measures of 1850. Indeed, a recurrence to the discussion on those measures in the South at that memorable period, shows that they could not have been justified there, and would never have been accepted had they not been supposed to embody the principle of non-intervention with slavery, as applicable to all the territories of the United States. That these are likewise Mr. Buchanan's views can be easily gathered from his letter of November 19th, 1850. We give place to the last letter written by him on the sectional questions, as it will more clearly exhibit the tendencies of his opinions, than anything we could say:—

Richmond, February 12, 1852.

"GENTLEMEN.—On my arrival in this city last evening I received your very kind letter, welcoming me to the metropolis of the Old Dominion, and tendering me the honor of a public dinner. I regret—deeply regret—that my visit to Richmond will necessarily be so brief I cannot enjoy the pleasure and the privilege of meeting you all at the festive board. Intending merely to pass a day with my valued friend Judge Mason, my previous arrangements are of such a character that I must leave here to-morrow, or, at the latest, on Saturday morning.

"But whilst I cannot accept the dinner, I shall ever esteem the invitation from so many of Virginia's most distinguished and estimable sons, one of the proudest honors of my life. Your ancient and renowned Commonwealth has ever been the peculiar guardian of State rights, and the firm supporter of Constitutional liberty, of law, and of order. When, therefore, she endorses with her approbation any of my poor efforts to serve the country, her commendation is a sure guarantee that these have been devoted to a righteous cause.

"You are pleased to refer in favorable terms to my recent conduct 'at home in defense of the Federal Constitution and Laws.' This was an easy and agreeable task, because the people of Pennsylvania have ever been as loyal and faithful to the Constitution, the Union, the rights of the sovereign States of which it is composed, as the people of the ancient Dominion themselves. To have pursued a different course in my native State, would, therefore, have been to resist the strong current of enlightened public opinion.

"I purposely refrain from discussing the original merit of the Compromise, because I consider it, to employ the expressive language of the day, as a 'smallity'—a fixed fact—a most important enactment of law, the agitation or disturbance of which could do no possible

good, but might produce much positive evil. Our noble vessel of State, freighted with the hopes of mankind, both for the present and future generations, has passed through the most dangerous breakers which she has ever encountered, and has triumphantly ridden out the storm. Both those who supported the measures of the Compromise as just and necessary, and those who, regarding them in a different light, yet acquiesce in them for the sake of the Union, have arrived at the same conclusion—that it must and shall be executed. They have thus, for every practical purpose, adopted the same platform, and have resolved to sustain it against the common enemy. Why, then, should they wrangle and divide and waste their energies, not respecting the main question, which has already been definitely settled, but in regard to the process which has brought them, though from different directions, to the same conclusion? Above all, why should the strength of the Democratic party of the country be impaired and its ascendancy jeopardized for any such cause? We who believe that the triumph of Democratic principles is essential not only to the prosperity of the Union, but even to the preservation of the Constitution, ought reciprocally to forget, and, if need be, to forgive the past, and cordially unite with our political brethren in sustaining for the future the good old cause of Democracy. It must be a source of deep and lasting pleasure to every patriotic heart that our beloved country has so happily passed through the late trying and dangerous crisis. The volcano has been extinguished, I trust, forever; and the man who would apply a firebrand, at the present moment, to the combustible materials which still remain, may produce an eruption to overwhelm both the Constitution and the Union.

I remain your high and grateful respect, and your fellow citizen.

JAMES BUCHANAN.

SHUMWAY F. LEACH, Esq., and other gentlemen."

On the accession of Mr. Pierce to the Presidency, Mr. Buchanan was appointed Minister to England. It is needless to say that the selection gave general satisfaction. The impression derived from his past diplomatic career, and especially from his able and brilliant correspondence on the Oregon question, in 1845, that the honor and interests of the country would be safe in his hands, has been amply justified by the events of his mission so far as they have been made public. These are of so recent occurrence that they are familiar to the public, and it is therefore not necessary for us to recapitulate them. The Oxford Conference and the correspondence on the Central American question bear witness, not only to Mr. Buchanan's progressive ideas, but to his skill as a diplomatist and negotiator. At the present moment he stands before the country as the most prominent Democratic candidate for the Presidency, and his nomination by the Cincinnati is thought extremely probable.

THE BUCHANAN QUESTION AGAIN.—The "Cleveland Herald" has a private letter, in which it is stated that the aged and ignorant Indian woman who it has been claimed is the mother of Rev. Mr. Williams, and of whom proof positive exists that she has been tampered with and influenced not to divulge the secret connected with him, has, very lately, signed a written acknowledgment that Mr. Williams is only her adopted son. Beside this, a letter has been received from France, from a perfectly responsible man, which letter is in the hands of a distinguished divine, a friend of Mr. Williams, stating that the writer was present when the Dauphin was conveyed from the prison to a barge on the river, to be taken away.

Editor's Table.

THE CANDIDATES FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

We receive abundant approval of the course adopted by us to present Portraits and Biographical sketches of the more prominent candidates for the Presidency. There are, however, many difficulties encountered in the matter—such as who comes first, and which man's history will interest the greatest portion of our readers, etc. In all these preliminaries, we are governed by circumstances, and not by any preferences of our own. As a literary and instructive periodical, the UNITED STATES MAGAZINE eschews politics; and the data of these biographies, and sometimes the whole sketch, is written by the intimate friends of the gentlemen presented. We make this statement to account for any seeming inconsistency that may strike the reader. The friends of the various candidates must have patience—each will have his turn.

SOCIAL UTOPIAS.

THE great and constant numerical increase of the followers of the Fox girls, or spiritualists—the exposure of the proceedings of the Free-Love disciples—the recent brutal and startling tragedies at New Haven, and the scores of chimerical phantasy that are constantly subjecting in all sections, are certainly subjects of more than passing interest; and to the reflective mind present conclusive evidences that they are wisely ordained, that they are regularly laid down in the great programme of the events of the world, as part and parcel of the drama of human existence, and each of these acts has its effective share in the further development of intellectual advancement. The reader must understand us, and not for a moment suppose we would in the slightest degree defend or shield the fanciful and deluded proselytes of the woman Wakeman; neither would we advance a jot or tittle in favor of the lecherous sensualists of Utah, the Rappers, the Millerites, the Shakers, the Fourierites, or any other speculative idealists; who, to propagate their theories, are antagonistic with divine or human law. In grave truth, thus far we have been enabled to steer wide of all visionary schemes of the class here referred to; still, we think the position we allude to above can be, and has been effectually maintained.

In every country, and in all ages of the world, there have been seers and poets who, contrasting the present with the past, have seen reason to anticipate for humanity a destiny as superior to its condition in the time in which they live as that was to the barbarism from which it had emerged; and, embodying their sanguine anticipations in prophecy or philosophic fiction, have idealized a state of society in which the evils of the past and present should have no existence. These constantly reproducing visions of the future have assumed a variety of forms, according to the circumstances of time and locality in which they have been promulgated, and the bent of mind of the author; sometimes appearing in a political form, as the venerable Magna Charta of the future; at others associated with some new theory of the mind; and often as a new religion, or a new manifestation of one more venerable. Such theories and specu-

lations seem natural to the human mind under certain conditions, and it cannot be doubted that they have conduced to social progress, by spurring society onward, preventing stagnation and retrogression, and constantly directing the attention of mankind to a higher destiny. Though never generally received, who shall say to what extent they have influenced the progress of society? It is chiefly in this view that they command our respect and attention, as inflaming public opinion with new ideas, suggestive of requisite reforms and ameliorations. True, many of these abstractions are caught up by the illiterate, the mountebank, the indolent, and the licentious; vice and brutality are matured and brought forth as readily as the parasitic fungi, that blast and wither the cereals. They are as two edged swords, and while they cut to the right and to the left, yet they hew out straight forward paths which seem to invite intellect onward.

Recently a large portion of the newspaper press, has teemed with extended articles, reviewing the diabolical tragedies that recently occurred in a neighboring city; committed by illiterate parties, laboring under a religious or fanatical phantasy. The "Herald" seizes the occasion, to evaporate a large influx of superfluous vapor, rushing into one of its usual tirades against association, spiritualism, fraternity, etc. Among other theories advanced are the ideas that civilization is retrograding in this country—that we are rapidly reaching the days of Salem witchcraft, and, that in future, to prevent like occurrences, certain parties should be debarred the use of the Bible. Now, we half like the latter idea, and, if the "Herald" and its partisans, can make the hypothesis universal, we would gladly become a proselyte. Still, remember the theory adopted must be universal. Intemperance has caused more crime and misery in our own country, during the last five years, than all the social ideologies since the days of the Eocene; therefore, to commence operations, abolish the intoxicating cup from all who break the laws of God and man by its abuse. If the theory eradicates this single social abuse, it will become vastly popular, and we have several other evils of almost equal importance to propose for its exterminating influence.

Utopian ideas have been reproduced through many centuries, which fact is regarded by some as a proof that the human mind revolves in a circle, constantly conceiving the same ideas; and by others as an evidence of the correctness of the principle on which the idea is based. The progression that has been, forbids us to entertain the first belief; the second involves a problem which will be best solved by posterity. Notwithstanding their many abuses the social ideologies of the present day, are evidently the expression of a deeply felt want, an aspiration after the beautiful and the intellectual, a feeling of sympathy for human we; and while their authors, and those who adopt them, confine themselves to moral and peaceful means of propagating them, and do not suffer their zeal to mislead them into courses inimical to the continuance of order, we should respect their motives, however erroneous we may deem their opinions. In this age, whatever good may be contained in the systems past or present,

will not be lost; the criticisms of their authors upon present society may be useful in drawing the attention of legislators to many errors and abuses—the dust and cobwebs of the past, and their visions of the future may suggest many modifications applicable to the moral, mental, and material wants of the present generation. We dive for pearls in the depths of the ocean, and descend for gold in the darkness mire; and we should not disdain to search for truths among dreams of Utopia and foreshadowings of the Millennium.

THE WINTER.—The acceptable Indian summer that tarried with us in this latitude close on to Christmas, has been succeeded by what is vulgarly termed, "an old-fashioned winter." The storm-king came forward as a stampede of roaring tigers, and for a time laid siege to all outside. Railway and all other means of communication were suspended—a freezing embargo was laid on the mails as well as individuals in the course of transit, and which even now is scarcely more than removed. Our harbor and rivers are covered with huge cakes of floating ice; navigation is obstructed so much that each trip of the ferry-boats, that ply to the suburbs, is accompanied with peril and danger, and it requires the utmost skill to successfully accomplish them. A whole month of sleighing is a novelty seldom enjoyed in New York city; it would appear, however, that the owners of horse-flesh are quite equal to the emergency, and, notwithstanding the rich harvest already garnered, even at this late day, a single horse and cutter commands a per diem of ten dollars, "large establishments in proportion." The carnival has been extended from day to day, and it seems, that Gothamites like old "Virginny," will "nebbet tire." The express companies and hoteliers led off; the fashionables of all the grades of "the tendons" followed, the "bony and sinew" caught up the ball, and now target excursions are laid aside, and sleighing parties, large and small, are projected on all sides; many of them with the pleasing accompaniments of music, dancing, hot suppers, etc., at the various resorts within a radius of twenty miles; in brief, these reasonable reunions are not only the order of the day, but of the night, also. But while these festivities have been enjoyed, and havoc has occurred on our coasts; many a weary voyager has been brought almost in sight of those from whom he had been long separated, yet fondly loved and cherished, and then suddenly hurried forward to "that bourne from whence no traveler returns." Our noble coast pilots, those hardy craftsmen, who never flinch, but are ever ready to obey the commands of duty and humanity, they, also, have been forced to contribute to the sacrifice. Yes, yet another winter will soon pass; sweet spring will open in all her blooming loveliness, and, with the exception of the immediate relatives of the deceased, the shipwrecks on our coasts, and the sleigh rides in the city, will be of equal importance in the memory of the masses.

ORGANIZATION OF THE HOUSE.—Is it not humiliating when we reflect that two hundred and thirty-four selected representatives of nearly twenty-five millions of free people are unable to select a presiding officer? Lately the Honorable Robert Toombs, of Georgia, was received

and lectured before a highly intellectual anti-slavery audience, in Boston, Massachusetts. Now, are the people of Tallahassee, Florida, ready to invite the Honorable Charles Sumner, of Boston, Massachusetts, to their city, and hear his views on the same subject? We pause for a reply. However, the spirit here proposed would lead to a speedy organization of the House of Representatives.

A SISTERLY LETTER FROM THE COUNTRY.—How it snowed and blowed. How it snowed again and didn't blow. Post-office unpleasantness. How Sapwood was appreciated.

DEAR BROTHER EDITOR:—A winter in the country—think of it! But then there are storm-scenes, and home-cheer, and sleigh-rides to enliven it. As for the latter, the real article is only to be had in the country. Not that out-door amusement which goes by the name of sleighing, which you have in Broadway as we have here, when the masses take their sleighing in sixpenny doses, packed like dry goods in huge sleighs, black with yelling, crazy men, reared through the streets at the highest speed after the most reckless driving, amid noise and confusion, exposed to the keen blasts, trodden upon by each other, pelted in the face by snow balls—where you suffer a hundred per cent. of pain for every five of fun; but, nevertheless, all classes go in for the sport, regardless of the risks and follies which make this diversion among you a revel—begun in good spirits, but carried on in recklessness and ending in desperation.

From my one solitary afternoon's experience of sleigh-riding in New York, I can imagine what high carnival you are now holding, if the snow has fallen there to one-half the depth it has here. Nothing short of an enlarged edition of the Astor Place Riots, some one has said, can begin to develop the extent of excitement produced by twelve inches of snow in Broadway.

An altogether different article is country sleighing. The three feet on a level of spotless purity, the smooth beaten road, scarcely less stained than the untrodden fields, the display of horses that know nothing of city drudgery, the stowing away of glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes under a cloud of buffaloes and blankets, the turn-out generally, combining space, comfort, merriment, the excitement of starting, the merry bells, the exhilarating atmosphere, the stars twinkling in far-off splendor, the silence around—unbroken, save by the joyous greeting of the few who are met upon the road, the baying of the distant dog, the lights in the window of the old farm-house, where the party are expected, the sudden halt "square up to the door," the welcome, the unrobing, the fireplace occupying one entire end of the room, glowing with a conflagration that would call out the engines in the city; such is a sleigh-ride in the country. And such a one I was promised three weeks ago, so soon as the snow fell in sufficient quantity—an unfortunate contingency, I thought, for at that time there was no prospect of its doing it.

Were we ever to have sleighing? That was the question often agitated; but as we were all sitting by our cozy fire-side one evening—I writing, your mother knitting, father dozing,

presently the latter, rousing himself, went to the door and looked out—shutting it briskly, he returned and said in a low tone, as if remarking to himself, "we shall have snow to-morrow." I retired upon the announcement, but confided it to my pillow, as my opinion, that it was a doubtful prediction; but lo! in the morning, sure enough, the earth lay all white and still under a dainty covering of ermine—not enough for a winding sheet; but some large flakes were still falling.

Now, thought I, for my ride! there is a moon, and all things favorable. But it seems all the elements did not concur in the arrangement. The wind, as yet, had no voice in the matter. The snow flakes had it all their own way through the night—spreading silently and evenly nature's chill drapery; but now Boreas must have, according to custom, the adjusting of her robe; there was something now to blow for, and he would improve the occasion. Weary of chasing withered leaves to secure hiding places; weary of his own piping through dismantled tree-tops; tired of playing all sorts of mischievous pranks with all sorts of people; buffeting school children on their way home; snatching their caps, and dinner baskets, and sending them half way back, in pursuit of their fugitive property; worrying Toby Becks, on errands, with important messages; or wrestling with lady pedestrians, for the possession of their lightly poised head-gear. Disgusted with all this, and greatly in want of variety—the wind had retired for some days to sullen cares; to wait for something to "turn up." Now, however, the snow had "come down" handsomely, which was just the sort of challenge he was waiting for; and now for a display of skill! and he fell to work upon the twelve inches of raw material with all the wild intent for frolic that Metropolitans exhibit when that quantity of feathery softness makes gay and bright their streets. And such mad work as he made of it! Such "method in his madness," and such madness in his method!

With surpassing taste, but surprising disregard to economy or the benevolent uses of snow, he blew it off the yard to drift it high upon the door stone and against the windows; he swept it clear out of the wall, but laid it nicely and with precision against the fences, so that, though there was no sleighing, there was an unbroken line of pigmy Alps guarding the roadside, finished off with peak and curve, and hollow, in admirable imitation. Every mound and hillock were smoothed and looted like mammoth bridal loaves, and the old leg where the ax was lying was transformed into a fallen pillar, and "sculpted," as a Yankee would say, with a skill beyond the chisel of Powers. No pains were spared; whatever a feathery fringe, or curve, or waving grace was needed, though the foundation often was nothing more than a dead shrub or decaying stump, the fantastic artist bent his energies to disguise and embellish it, "regardless of expense."

As noisy as he was incoherent, this obstinate ubiquity, that "bloweth where he listeth" and when he listeth—also took his time about it, and, for three days and nights he reigned in uninterrupted anarchy and freedom. The sun looked forth at intervals upon the merriment, and smiled a whiter, ghastly smile at the gongs

on—but interfered not; and on the evening of the third day, as he went down, or rather vanished from the sky—the wind subdued too, with a lull as if a dozen Niagaras had suddenly ceased rushing and roaring; and when the stars came out, still and cold, in the clear sky, they seemed to be keeping calm vigil over a sleeping bedlam. Greenland! how cold it was, thought! The frost-king took up the scepter or rather pencil (for he, too, is an artist, in a quiet way), and such winter landscapes as he drew from that hoar imagination of his: upon the windows of merry sleigh riders—of boys skating with muffled faces—of cottages thatched and snow covered, with their wreaths of smoke curling from the chimney—of storm-beat Norwegian coasts, with vessels lying wrecked upon them—Mon Blanc and Mont de Glace—Lapland fields—and, sure as Santa Claus, reindeer and sledges careering over them! A sleigh-ride was not to be thought of in such an atmosphere—in fact mine was forgotten, I took instead an aerial excursion with fancy, and for bells, had but the measured chimings of my own thoughts.

Thus the week waned; as an offset to its monotony, I hoped on Saturday to get such a bundle of dispatches as would repay all other disappointments, and preserve a freshness and bloom within, though tempests and perpetual winter reigned without. But, alas! not only the elements, but the State seemed to conspire against me; I walked up to the post-office on the hill, and after waiting two hours (the "man of Us" had had his patience tried about letters, or else he meant to exaggerate the slowness of his existence when he said, "My days are no swifter than a post!") the mail came, but it might as well have been a female, for all it brought me of "fond tidings." The post mistress said that my mail (misdirected, as usual) had probably gone down to the hollow.

Comforting—very! Whatever of glad or "Uncle Sam" had for me in his budget, that unaccommodating relative had carried right past my door, and now it was too late to follow after, on such a long walk, over such a lonely road. About the same hour, though—was it?—that Jane Eyre started on that memorable winter walk over to Hay to deposit a letter; and sitting on the stile below that unlikely (?) cause-way, met, face to face, her destiny. But for me, there was no prospect of meeting a Gytrash (though dogs would not be wanting) and an unbrothered Rochester; and thus the foundation laid for another scene in this world's history, and another inimitable romance. There was no such fancied inducement for a walk; indeed, I was not certain of a letter; so I laid plans for the next day to the extent of a walk to the post-office before breakfast.

In the night I was awakened by an unmistakable sifting against my window, and I arose and looked out! My walk was taken from the next day's outgoings immediately, and no satisfactory exercise substituted.

The morning showed my discretion; the earth this time was not only shrouded, but buried literally. Four feet depth of broad and undulating whiteness stretched far away to the forest; covering the fences, supplanting all idea of a road; and suggesting snow shoes and Esquimaux apparel as the only pos-

sible equipment for travel in that emergency. The post-office receded into remote space, and my letters, if I had any there, were carried, in truth, "into the middle of next week." Such a storm as the east wind let loose upon us! Your father (and he is a matter-of-fact man) says that no such fall of snow, in so short a time, has he witnessed, since those which used to come in March on our bleak native hills, covering the sheep in their "watched pens," obliterating the barn yard and its mute astonished inhabitants, and making a "whited sepulchre" or manseum, with a chimney of that "dear hut—our home." Such a storm—such a smothering of all creation under snowy feathers—such muffling of cold wool about the face of nature—such bleak perspectives and such blank prospects, you can only know by becoming like your humble servant, a voluntary exile to the country in the heart of winter!

So, a long Sunday is before me, and nothing but the magazine you sent us with any approach to freshness about it, and to remind us that "life beats in the frozen bough," or spring is ever coming.

But I must tell you—in our famished state, the magazine came near being the death of us. I liked all the articles in it, and "Sapwood Saxe" I reserved and read to a circle of your friends and relatives, but with most disastrous effects.

The commencement, a la Hiawatha, was thought to be a "killing" imitation, and as I read on, "Sapwood" was lost sight of in the style of song and Saxon into which he was done. They all went off into various stages of collapse: I remained unimpaired until I reached the twenty-second stanza, when I, too, resigned, and was brought to with a sprinkling of the same element so fatal to "Sapwood." I finished the "legend," but it came near finishing me; as it is, I am "slowly recovering."

But I must close. Perhaps you would like to know how we are sanitariously. With the exception of "Sapwood," nothing serious has occurred to interrupt our health. We are, as I said, "Bein' portent;" I hope this long letter will find you the same.

Heaven keep you from the post's detention and the "law's delay," from the "insolence of office," from the dangers that beset Broadway, especially during the "winter carnival," from the perils of winter itself, from fire and frost, and from the fate of "Sapwood."

Kindly, L.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.—Innumerable doves bearing innumerable olive branches in their tender beaks seem floating in the air. Paris journals, of a semi-official character, think that the end of the war has been attained, and that France might consent to a peace on the conditions proposed by the Allies since the commencement of the war. The remodelling of the map of Europe was by no means, say they, the aim of the Allies in declaring war against Russia. A pamphlet advocating the organization of a Peace Congress of Sovereigns to decide between the belligerents, has just been published in Paris, and is attributed by some to Louis Napoleon, by others to Dronin de l'Haye and Count Walowski. Correspondences from Constantinople, entitled to a certain reliance,

speaks of the sending back, by the French, of the principal siege train and large quantities of cannon-shot to Malta and Marseilles. This looks as if the Allies had given up the idea of attacking the North of Sevastopol, at least for the present. In the meantime, Count Esterhazy has arrived at St. Petersburg with his peace propositions, which amount to the following:—The neutralization of the Black Sea, with the destruction of the Russian forts on its coast, the cession of a portion of Bessarabia, to guarantee the freedom of the Danube and the abandonment of all pretensions to a protectorate over the Principalities. In the event of the refusal of the Russian government to accede to these proposals (three weeks are allowed for deliberation), the Austrian ambassador will be recalled. The acceptance of these propositions by Alexander, seems exceedingly hypothetical. Rumor, even, speaks of a letter from the Emperor to his royal brother of Prussia, which destroys any hope of an accommodation. It is to be remarked that Prussia does not sustain the proposals. While France seems to be peacefully inclined, England pretends to be exceedingly ferocious, rejects the Peace Pamphlet, and will only hear of a conference of armed powers. Russia replies to all this by fortifying every inch of Sevastopol and by making general preparations for carrying on the war.

Much as peace is to be desired, multitudinous as are the rumors in circulation, and much as diplomacy may plot the termination of the war, it seems to us far distant yet. However, while we wait the result of the Austrian envoy's mission we may say to the belligerents, in their own interest as in that of other countries: *Par solennum!*

A MESSAGE (NOT THE PRESIDENTIAL).—Our Mayor Wood seems to be a chip of an entirely new block. He has a most exalted idea of his responsibility as chief magistrate of a great city like New York. There is a vastness of conception and a degree of ideality and sublimity about his pronouncements (though the aldermen and councilmen have the bad taste not to read them) which amaze the perverser. In his late message, he paints the future of the Empire City with a voluptuous imagery which equals the gorgeous fancy displayed in that delight of our juvenile days—"The Arabian Nights Entertainments." However, underneath the flowers and jewels of his eastern style of composition, the serious reader sees a Napoleonic spirit insinuating itself jeemically. Had the mayor lived in the Middle Ages, he would no doubt have engraved his name on the monuments of the century he lived in. He might have furnished timber for a poet, or a usurper. But, at present, we doubt if he can succeed in satisfying his ambition. We have a prejudice against giving too much power to one man, and the Honorable Fernando is eternally crying for "more." It is to be regretted that among his many virtues, the mayor does not possess that of consistency. He calls himself, no doubt, a republican; yet he argues after this fashion: "Good government is impossible without a centralization of power." Now, if it be impossible to govern some thousands of people without centralizing power, it is necessa-

rily impossible to govern states or confederations; therefore, Louis Napoleon acted meritoriously in usurping the supreme power in France, and whoever would do as much for us in the United States would be a benefactor to his country. Therefore, Mayor Wood is an absolutist, or he is illogical.

The mayor's despotic designs are approved by a well known Daily; but that classical sheet has never been afflicted with a plethora of principle or consistency. There is no need of going back to absolutism for good government; put honest men in office and the city will be well governed.

NEW YEAR'S.—Our conscience is at rest. We have honestly fulfilled our New Year's duties. We have made about half a hundred calls, amicably swallowed about the same number of cups of coffee and glasses of lemonade, and devoured about as many diminutive pieces of cake of all kinds and qualities, from the magnificent "pound cake" to the humbler but more digestible "sponge," interspersed with sundry almonds and odd grapes. We have shaken about fifty hands, been shaken by the same in return, and have wished and been re-wished a like number of "happy New Year's." We have renewed old friendships which had hung in suspense during twelve months, and have "taken up" sundry "philopenses" which we are almost ashamed to confess we had suffered to lie over "dishonored" since the First of January, 1855. Having thus performed our duties as men and citizens we feel at peace with all men and woman-kind, and with a feeling of delicious tranquillity we can hope that all our readers have done as much, and if some of them have been defaulters, recommend them to make up for it next time.

THE SWEDISH ALLIANCE.—A treaty has been entered into between the Allied Powers and the Swedish government by which the latter binds itself not to cede any portion of its territory to Russia, without previously consulting the English and French governments. It seems that Sweden has not bound herself to take the field against her colossal neighbor, though report speaks about a secret clause, which is to be concealed from ears not diplomatic. If Sweden takes up arms for the alliance, she will make the most fatal mistake a government in her position could commit. She is too near the den of the Russian Bear to be safe from his paw if she vexes him. Should he take it into his head to give her a squeeze, some time hence, she cannot depend too much on the western powers. They may have forgotten their present friends by that time, or they may save them as they have saved others, and poor Sweden may cry from the bottom of her heart: "Preserve me from my friends."

EFFECTS OF THE COLD WEATHER.—The stiffness of style observable of late in the articles of some of our New York dailies, is attributed by some persons to intense cold, which it seems has frozen up their ideas. Though we cannot give any opinion with regard to the cause, we can testify to the effect. If the above hypothesis be a true one, how ardently their subscribers will pray for a thaw!

BAPTISM EXTRAORDINARY.—The sacrament of Baptism has been lately administered at Antwerp, by the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines, to a steamboat destined to run between Antwerp and New York. His Eminence was assisted by a great number of clergymen, and no wonder, considering the size of the interesting baptized. We suppose it was our old friend Neptune who officiated as nurse on this important occasion. Whether he said "amen," is doubtful, for his Pagan antecedents are well known. The "Belgique" (that is the name of the Christian steamer) being thus free from original sin, which must lie exceedingly heavy on some of our heretic boats, will, no doubt, make an extraordinary passage. The owners will, of a surety, be spared the expense of insuring their property; the cardinal's blessing will give them sufficient assurance.

THE MATESELLIAN CONTROVERSY.—The "chief" question which agitates certain of our politicians, at present, is the nativity of the Head of our Police Force. We have no idea when this momentous point will be decided, but we would cite for the guidance of those who may be called upon to give a decision, a point of very common law which states, that the fact that a man is born in a stable cannot be received as proof of his being a horse. There never was such a time since seven cities disputed the honor of being Homer's birth-place. Chief Matsell is decidedly a "big" man.

ATHENIAN ARISTOCRACY.—Some of our Boston neighbors are exceedingly aristocratic in their ideas, for such enlightened republicans as they are generally supposed to be. They are above amusing themselves like common mortals and will not go to the theaters on the same nights the vulgar herd are wont to throng those places of amusement. This exquisite portion of Boston society will not allow a plain man to agitate an unperfumed handkerchief between the wind and their gentility. To satisfy this caprice the manager of the Boston theater has been induced to set apart an evening called the "Fashionable Night" for the reception of the exclusives. We hope the mass of the public will punish the management by giving them a "beggary account of empty boxes" every other evening during the week. After all, our Upper Ten folks are more modest than their highly scented brothers and sisters of the Modern Athens.

SNOW CAKES.—We know that the ladies are very jealous of any masculine interference in the affairs of their culinary realm. We would therefore beg them to excuse us for introducing to their notice a description of cake with which we have been lately made acquainted by a friend who is as well versed in the curiosities of cookery as in those of literature. It is simply the common pancake, but kneaded with snow. Our friend states that the snow communicates to the flour a peculiar taste and a delightful crispness and lightness. We have not had the pleasure of tasting the delicacy in question, but we would recommend our lady friends to try the experiment and let us know how it succeeds. There's snow enough now to make a "few" of "them cakes."

UGHT WE NOT BURN!—A curious calculator makes the estimate that if the food which the population of the United States would waste in sixty years were placed in wagons, each horse and wagon occupying two rods, they would form two hundred and eighty circles, encompassing the globe!

CRITIC REWAKE!—"Comparisons are odiferous," says the esteemed Mrs. Mallaprop, slightly altering the maxim from the original text. They are, moreover, exceeding expensive when a lady is the object of them. A Parisian critic has been lately condemned to pay 500 francs fine, with 2,000 damages, to publish the judgment in his own paper, and to pay the expenses of inserting it in three other journals, for having compared an actress of one of the Paris theaters to a "doll." We recommend our confreres throughout the Union to reflect upon this fact, and to be very careful in the choice of terms, when a lady's in the case. What's in a name? Had the lady in question been likened unto a "statue" she would, no doubt have felt flattered—but a "doll!" Well, well, such is woman!

AN AMERICAN OPERA.—The Managers of the Academy of Music have accepted an opera, the subject of which is taken from Cooper's beautiful novel, "The Spy." The music has been composed by Signor Arditi, the well-known *chef d'orchestre*, and the libretto is from the pen of Signor Mannetta, a gentleman of much poetical talent, and one of the Italian patriots of '48. We hope the composer and the poet will be equal to their task. The subject furnished a wide field for their talents. The character of Harvey Birch is one of the most noble, yet touching creations of the great American novelist's genius. A skillful composer can make him the organ of much sadly beautiful melody. We do not know when the opera will be represented, but we hope it may be as speedily as possible. We are anxious to see how our old friends, "Captain Jack Lawton," the slashing Virginian, and his beautiful follower, "Mrs. Elizabeth O'Flanagan" will look in an Italian dress.

A POET PASSED AWAY.—Most people are well aware that poverty generally reigns in Parnassus. Rogers, the English poet, who has just been gathered to his fathers, was an exception to the rule. He died immensely rich, and was nearly a century old. Wealth and longevity, alas! rarely fall to the children of the Muses. Rogers was no niggard, and his literary and artistic brothers were ever welcome at his hospitable board. His only enemies were a few silly or vainglorious people, whom his keen and polished wit wounded in their most vulnerable point—their self-esteem. Some tried to brand him as a cynic, and to magnify his pleasantries into sarcasm; but what man that ever distinguished himself by his talents, taste, or critical judgment, was without a crowd of petty snarlers at his heels! Peace to the ashes of the author of the "Pleasures of Memory." To recall his remembrance will ever be one of the greatest pleasures of memory to all lovers of refined and beautiful poetry.

A LITERARY MARRIAGE.—The well known "Fanny Fern" has not been deterred by the experience of a former marriage from entering a second time into a solemn engagement to love, honor and obey a literary gentleman, who has earned a certain degree of notoriety by conferring on the public an interesting biography of our New York journalist and philanthropist, Horace Greeley. We wish the interesting authors of "Ruth Hall" all peace and happiness and a plentiful crop of young Ferns.

RACHEL.—Mlle. Rachel is "laid up" for the winter in Havana. Her health is stated to be so delicate as to preclude the possibility of her donning the toga for four or five months to come. We wonder how this arrangement agrees with the renowned Raphael, happily surnamed Felix. Judging from former experience, we should say that it was likely to have a bad effect on his constitution. No matter where Mlle. Rachel may go on this continent she will not be likely to meet with the success she did in New York. Had the other cities followed the example of the Metropolis, the worthy Raphael would now have in his pocket that little million he was looking for. But they didn't, and no doubt he thinks it a great pity. Some people are of opinion that an affection of the (money) chest is the disease from which the great artiste is suffering and that it had its origin in a cold caught at the New York Academy of Music, from the vastness of the house and the thinness of the audience.

THE BLESSINGS OF CIVILIZATION.—The most confirmed pessimist must now confess that humanity is marching at rapid strides toward perfection. Philanthropists swarm in the present age; they are even more numerous than biographers. Institutions have long been in existence for the purpose of affording individuals of limited means a chance of obtaining for the small sum of a dollar, magnificent houses and farms worth extraordinary sums, or fast horses of fabulous speed. But some enlightened humanitarians have divined that an agreeable companion is the brightest ornament of a house, and far a greater necessity than fast horses, even should they go their mile inside of 2.40. Impressed with this benevolent idea, they have projected a lottery in which the first prize is a highly respectable marriageable gentleman, sound in mind and limb, having all his teeth, without a single grey hair, who can read without his spectacles and who is worth fifty thousand dollars. The second prize is a young lady of great beauty and accomplishments, of irreproachable reputation capable of playing the piano and making buckwheat cakes, and worth twenty-five thousand almighties. Should the husband fall to a gentleman, and the wife to a lady, how will the matter be arranged? The winners, we suppose, would have no objection to change the human part of their prizes, but we don't think they would agree about changing the fifty thousand for the twenty-five thousand dollars. However the question may be settled, we hope somebody may win them, and then, we have no doubt but that somebody will wish to be or she may get them.

KARS TAKEN.—Our friends, the Turks, have got "taken in" on a grand scale at Kars, and there is every probability of their being properly "done for." The protection afforded by the Allies to their *protégés* is of rather a curious description; they have left them to shift for themselves in that instance, and the poor fellows made but a poor shift of it. Sixteen thousand prisoners, including nine pachas, each adorned with three tails, making a total of twenty-seven, have fallen into the Russian nets. One is easily caught when one has so many appendages. Perhaps the Allies want to have the Turks used up, that there may be less difficulty about dividing the spoils hereafter. It may not be so, but it looks very like it.

DELIGHT OF MILITARY LIFE.—We request all those who are dazzled by the false glare of military glory to meditate on the following fact. The American storeship "Supply," under the command of Captain Porter, arrived lately at Constantinople, having on board a number of camels presented to the United States by the Bey of Tunis. Two of those animals, in consequence of protracted confinement became so diseased with litch that it was determined to get rid of them as soon as possible. A purchaser, at last, presented himself in the shape of a Greek butcher, who bought them at \$15 a-piece for the purpose of making—what think you?—sausages for the French army! What is glory? Getting half frozen in the Crimea, and then shot by the Russians, or poisoned by eating camel sausages! After having read the above, we defy the most enthusiastic admirer of camp life to sing

"There's not a trade a goin',
Worth this shavin',
Like that from glory growin',
For a lookin' soger boy."

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

OUR DEMOCRITUS, as is to be expected of his jolly nature, goes in for all the jolly holidays. St. Valentine's day is just now the theme of his thought, and the rising star of his anticipations. Of course, he expects stunning declarations from several of the fair, but he hopes he may survive them. Dwelling as does the delightful theme in all his thoughts, it is not surprising that he should give it a pictured shape. "Mr. Editor," says he, one morning, "I've just been sendin' my eye in a fine phrensy rollin' down the long vister of the comin' fortnight, and I seed a seedy chap enjoyin' such a glorious happy at a small expense, that I drew it out into these here ill-luster-ations."



Mr. Adelbert Trickebeans, having indulged in Spiritualities and Realities, tries Idealities,

which aren't down on the bill of fare, and don't cost nothin'. He dreamed that he received a



magnificent valentine, per charming little boy, from the adorable object of his affections—the dear girl he has so long loved in vain—his beloved Catarina, whose father had threatened to renege him to kingdom come, if he ever ketobed him lookin' at Catarina again. In the delight with which his darlin' ducky thrills him, he gives the boy an eagle, and reads the



missive. He orders his carriage and forty footmen, and flies to the arms of his loved one—at home. He declares his passion, and is accepted. Former cruel papa is radiant with happiness, and



joins their hands;



and after handing over her dowry, blesses them. Cullud pussan calls out: "Carriage is waitin'!"

The happy Trickebeans then frantically shakes hands all round, turns a summerset into the arms of his mother-in-law, when he is politely in-



formed by red-headed waiter, that "we don't allow moorin' here," and wants a shillin' for them oysters he had. REALITY—would like to borrow that amount from that sweet little boy in his dream to whom he gave the eagle.

Democritus has a correspondent! At this rate we shall soon be obliged to divide our editorial chair with him. He is certainly crowding our editorial dignity rather ciftely. However, his correspondent appears to have some of the "critical insight" himself, concerning which he compliments Democritus; as witness the following:—

DEAR DEMOCRITUS!—You seem to have a critical insight into several things, and especially the way in which things are said in the newspapers. I wish to help you show up a high and mighty instance of loose writing. I read the following in the Tribune this morning, in its "item" on "Liquification":—

"Many of the convalesces went yesterday nearly insensible for females. If the thaw continues to-day, they will be quite so."

Luckily I observed the announcement in time, and immediately countermanded my order to have my "and mare Maggie" brought out for a short bender on the late remains of the late snow storm, and ordered black "Pete" put into the harness instead. I also directed "Fanny," my pet greyhound, to be kept carefully in doors till the crossings should become "passable for females."

Or is it possible that when the "Tribune" says "females," it means *women*? I thought that stately journal prided itself on the science of its rhetoric and the precision of its word choosing. I have understood, too, that it made some pretensions to a high and special character for chivalry, or at least for gallantry, in its devotion to woman and the advocacy of her rights; but here it mixes her up so indiscriminately with the feminine filth of all creation, that I am put into a nervous flutter about the safety of my pet animals. The "Tribune" should not be permitted to escape under the excuse of hurry in writing for a daily journal. The spirit ought not to exist that would for an instant permit so brutal a confusion of terms. Any delicacy of sentiment would forever prevent a writer, or for that matter a speaker, or a conversationalist in any circle, from an exhibition of taste so inelegant.

Yours, etc.,

CUDGEL.

Democritus thinks the exceptions of his friend "Cudgel" well taken, and proposes to send the "Tribune" man the book called "500 Mistakes, of Daily Occurrences in Speaking and Writing, Corrected."

As I walk'd by myself, I talk'd to myself,
And myself I said unto me,
"Beware of thyself, take care of thyself,
For Nobody cares for thee."



United States Magazine.

Vol. II. MARCH, 1866. [No. 10.]

AMERICANS SHALL RULE AMERICA.

THIS is a declaration to which every true American heart responds. It is not that Americans *ought* to rule America; nor that Americans *should* rule America; nor that Americans *mean* to rule America. But the earnest declaration and the indomitable purpose is, that "AMERICANS SHALL rule America."

That question was settled by our noble fathers, the patriots of '76, over obstacles infinitely more formidable than any which their posterity can ever encounter—unless obstacles of their own make. When they were but a handful of people, not three millions, not twice as many as we now have in the country west of the Mississippi which we have since bought of the Spaniards and Mexicans—at that dark hour, without a name or a standing among nations, or a pledge of support from any quarter, and while a well-appointed army held every fortified place on the continent—then, on the 4th of July, those republican heroes met at Independence Hall, and solemnly resolved, with a will which was impossible to be overborne, that AMERICANS SHALL RULE AMERICA. And they did it, too.

Against that resolve, the arts of British diplomacy, the seductions of British gold, and the prowess of British troops, were alike unavailing. That Declaration was a decree;

though annulated by man, it was enacted by Destiny, and it was irresistible and irreversible.

"Americans shall rule America" was the hidden meaning of brave Ethan Allen, when he summoned the garrison of Old Ticonderoga to surrender, "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." It was the determined purpose of Montgomery when he marched against Quebec, and of De Kalb, and Pulaski, and stern old Baron Stenbock, and generous Lord Stirling, and chivalric La Fayette, and a host of gallant souls who perished or sacrificed their lives to effectuate this grand resolve. And the men who stood shoulder to shoulder in that struggle, were all good and true Americans, were they not? Did Washington know any difference in his military family between Hamilton and Humphreys, because the former was born in the West Indies? Or had Jefferson or Madison any less regard for the incorruptible Gallatin, because he was born in Switzerland.

"Americans shall rule America." So we all say, and so we all mean. But who are Americans, such as we mean shall rule America, but those who have American hearts? Were the Cow-boys Americans? Was Arnold an American? Were those natives of the colonies, who always made haste to enrol themselves as loyal subjects of King George, and to swear allegiance to the Crown of England, whenever a British force approached, in order to serve their own selfish interests—were they Americans? And were those born in England, Scotland, Ireland, or France, who served through the war, who bled at Bunker Hill, helped to take Burgoyne, retreated through the Jerseys, camped at Valley Forge, and triumphed at Yorktown—were they foreigners, aliens, strangers, who had no right to rule in America? Where is the man whose heart does not glow with grateful

pride at the bare remembrance of those men, in the feeling that their deeds are the glory of the American name? They said we—they fought to establish a principle, they lived to give vitality to a sentiment, which burned vehemently in their own bosoms, and which has now become so ingrained into the national life as to constitute the leading and essential portion of the national character—that "AMERICAN HEARTS shall rule America."

And then, long after the Revolution, when a misguided patriotism—sincere but narrow-minded—sought to stigmatize and drive off the men of European birth, who would come and help us clear up the forests, and increase our resources of learning and art, and mechanical skill, by the odious "Alien Act," which placed them under governmental surveillance, as if they were enemies because foreign-born, the American people rose in their political majesty, and put forward the illustrious Jefferson, the true Representative American Man, to declare the grand American doctrine, that our country was, and should always be, "the asylum of the oppressed of all nations." And that, solemn pledge was ratified by the hurras of the whole nation. They are welcome to come to our shores, if they will submit to our laws, and to eat the bread they can earn. And if they bring with them, or if we can give them as they mingle among us, an AMERICAN HEART, they shall be deemed and taken all one as if they were American-born. Such is the plastic force of our free institutions, that we hold ourselves able to *Americanize* every man, with the soul of a man, who deliberately casts in his lot with us, and swears allegiance to our Constitution.

The war of 1812 was waged for the specific purpose of establishing our ability and our right to make Americans of all who would put on American hearts, no matter in what clime nor under what allegiance they were born. To maintain that doctrine, we threw down the gauntlet to the strongest nation then in the

world, and the only nation at that time capable of doing us serious injury in war. And in that solemn trial by battle, with the civilized world for spectators, we won the cause, and the nations applauded the victor who successfully maintained the gage that every man is an American who has an American heart. The brave Captain Ingraham, in the "Levant," had only to name this doctrine in the hearing of Austrian despotism, to make the shackles fall from Martin Kovsta.

How, then, say some among us, that the plastic force of our institutions has lost its virtue, and is no longer to be relied on to Americanize men who come among us from other countries, and cast in their lot with us, for themselves and their children to share our burdens and our destiny. The very thought is unworthy of American bosoms. It savors of a foreign origin. It is a cowardly fear, which was first propagated by men whose fathers were not at Bunker Hill or Yorktown, and whose false theories, imbibed under foreign institutions, would not believe in this plastic power of Americanization. And their clamor, aggravated by political disappointments, and embittered by religious bigotry, has at length blown itself up to a great popular terror—as if the accession of any possible number of foreign emigrants could swamp the operative energy of the American principle, that "Americans rule America." And so, instead of reinforcing this American principle, by a more vigorous application of all the measures which go to Americanize the hearts of those who come among us, they would drop every modifying endeavor and instrument, and bring the American people to adopt and entertain the strange and abhorrent idea, that every man who had not his birth on our soil, is or is to be made, of course an enemy to our institutions. If such a thing were possible, it would justify its own alarms, by producing the very evil it prophesies.

But it cannot be done. There may be a transient excitement produced, sufficient to do a great deal of harm, and cause a large amount of unhappiness. But "the sober second thought of the people, always wise and always efficient," will soon prevail, and bring all things right again. And when calm reason shall resume her power, the common sense of the nation will soon settle these several points.

1. That one of the most urgent needs of the nation, considered with reference to the future centuries of its history, is the speedy completion of our new States, first, as to their physical preparation; and, secondly, as to their social organization.

2. That it is utterly impracticable for Americans to complete the physical preparation of the new States, without the help of some millions of laborers brought from other lands.

3. That these immigrants must remain among us, either in the capacity of subject aliens and Helots and enemies, or be Americanized, and thus assimilated as a constituent part of the nation, by the plastic force of our free institutions—constituting in one case a source of national weakness and peril, and in the other an element of national strength and greatness.

4. That the plastic instrumentalities which we have to employ in the process of American-

ization—just laws, equal rights, a free press, an open Bible, common schools, and land at ten shillings an acre—are to be fully relied on, as abundantly sufficient, if faithfully employed, to make true American citizens of the great mass of those who come; while our laws possess ample strength to control the rest and keep them in order until we can certainly Americanize their children.

5. That justice and kindness, argument and intelligence, and the earliest possible admission to the conscious responsibilities of citizenship, are the only sure means of giving efficacy to the plastic appliances referred to, and are in every point of view better and safer than the opposite course.

That such is the only rational view of the subject, appears too plain for argument. The very statement of it is conclusive. And this is a sufficient warrant for the confident assurance that such will be the sober and speedy decision of the great body of the American people. It is impossible that they should madly denationalize themselves, by abandoning the fundamental idea which makes them Americans, in order to unnationalize the millions of foreign-born people who are to come among us in the passing century.

We cannot do without these people. They bring us many things which we could produce, or which we could grow to, or which we could do very well without. But their labor we cannot possibly do without. Look around and see how dependent we are. Who dig our canals and construct our railroads? Who build our cities and towns? Whence come the operatives in our mines and factories? Go even to the rural districts and inquire of the farmers where they get their laborers. Thirty years ago there were plenty of native laborers for our agricultural necessities. Ask what has become of them, and you will find that they have gone to the West and have farms of their own, or that they now fill stations of more credit and responsibility than that of day-laborers; that they have passed off the stage, while their children, under the influence of our free schools, have qualified themselves to direct the labor of others, or to serve their generation in more intellectual employments. You can hardly find a place in the older States, to which this description is not applicable.

And the same is equally true of our large towns, both in respect to out-door and in-door service. A distinguished clergyman in one of our eastern cities preached to his congregation not long ago, on the duties which the Bible enjoins toward strangers, illustrating his doctrine by ample references both to the Old Testament and the New. To give force to his remarks, and bring the subject home to the experience of his hearers, he put a case!—Suppose, said he, that by some some mysterious dispensation of Providence it should come to pass to-night, that every single person of foreign birth should be withdrawn from this town in one night, so that when we awake to-morrow morning, there should not be one man, nor one woman, nor one child, but our own native-born people! My hearers, do you not see that the whole machinery of society almost would come to a stand still? The great majority of us would even have to go to our daily employ-

ments without our breakfast, so entirely have we become dependent on the services of foreigners. And have we no duties to perform to those who so essentially help us to live? Do we owe nothing, not even justice or kindness, to those whose willing labor is so necessary to us? And does not the merest regard for our own welfare and the safety of the community teach us how important it is that we do all in our power to Americanize these people, and make them conscious that they are themselves a part of the community, and have a common interest with us all in its peace and prosperity?

It is true that the citizens of foreign birth are apt to be lacking in public spirit, and in that readiness to promote social progress, which are supposed to characterize the body of Americans. But it is equally true that multitudes of American born are equally mean, selfish, and opposed to all measures of improvement. And it is true, also, that many of the most magnificent schemes, and a large share of the most princely endowments in the country, have come from foreigners. Where was the man born who gave half-a-million in British gold to found the Smithsonian Institute, at Washington? Stephen Girard was a foreigner, and so was John Jacob Astor, and so was Nicholas Devereux, and many others. And, for the rest, we should bear with them, and allow a generation or two of American culture to pass over them before realizing the finest fruits. They are human, and it is therefore impossible they should permanently withstand the silent influences of the pervading public spirit around them.

It has been complained that our foreign-born citizens are over fond of mingling in our party politics, and, especially that they are apt to be most eager and often unscrupulous office seekers. But it should be borne in mind that, in their own country, the holding of office is a step of social elevation, and that an advance of rank is the ruling passion of society in those countries, among all classes of people, from the highest to the lowest; and we cannot reasonably expect that a mere voyage across the Atlantic should eradicate what has been ingrained into their nature. In time we may be sure that they and their children will become as indifferent to the charms of office, as the most of their fellow-citizens who are native-born! Nor is it at all strange that men who never exercised a particle of political power, should be somewhat intoxicated at first with the idea that their votes are able to make or unmake magistrates, representatives, judges, governors, and even a President of the United States. Let time and experience do their work, and they will learn, if let alone, how little personal advantage is gained from voting, and then they may become as indifferent as others.

Nor should it be forgotten, that they are but a small minority among our people, and it is therefore utterly impossible for them to elect any man to office by themselves, and that they can only exert a controlling power in elections by casting their votes so as to turn the scale between two nearly balanced parties of native citizens. And it is not reasonable to suppose that any great public danger will be brought upon the country by a mere turning

of the scale between two parties. And it may be a good thing to have some questions palpably decided by the foreign-born vote, in order to teach our people the folly of their senseless divisions into parties between which there is no difference that can be stated in words. And it is plain, that if ever the foreign-born voters become either arrogant or overbearing to a degree that can attract attention, the native-born have only to lay aside their own foolish divisions, and unite to teach the newcomers to know and keep their place. We have already seen, in the experience of the last two or three years, how easily this is done, by just laying aside old party divisions which have lost their value, if they ever had any. What candidate for office now courts the priests, or fails to clear himself from the suspicion of being untrue to the principle, that "Americans rule America?"

If it be admitted that many who come from Roman Catholic countries, are too much under the influence of their priests, and that these have sometimes shown a readiness to interfere in politics in an offensive manner, the question arises as to the best method of dissolving these fetters of bondage to the priests—whether by giving away to prejudice and pursuing a course of exclusiveness which will drive them to the priests as their only friends, and thus blind them in close thralldom; or by an open and just and liberal treatment, teach them to honor their own manhood, and make them feel that where all are equal neighbors, each one can take care of himself without help from the priest. Depend upon it, if the parents find themselves treated with kindness and respect, no power of the priest will induce them to take their children out of the public school, nor compel the father to vote blindly against the public good.

In a word, there is always a right way and a wrong way of doing things, and the right way is always the best way in the long run. And we think we have shown what is the best way of carrying out the great purpose of 1776, that

"AMERICANS SHALL RULE AMERICA."

CULTIVATED CRUELTY.

We are taught to look upon Education as one of the greatest blessings which can be bestowed upon man. Universal cultivation is proclaimed by the philanthropist as the panacea for all the ills of the social body. The believers in human perfectibility unceasingly repeat, that before the lamp of Knowledge will shrink away Vio and Crime, children of Ignorance, conceived in Darkness. They show us the Genius of the Future, a book her only weapon, tearing down the barbarous Gibbet and driving from the regenerated world the Demon of War, while the rusted sword, that has dropped from his blood-stained hand, is remolded by busy Industry into the peaceful plough-share.

It is a glorious perspective. It is a consoling belief. It is a sublime hope to which noble souls rush, as the religionist, disgusted with the littleness of earthly things, craves after immortality. But, alas! History frowns upon it. Human experience stands ineradicably against it. In the days of Ancient Rome, when the Alban and Roman armies were drawn up before each other, ready to cross the deadly steel! "Let us

spare bloodshed," cried they. "Let us choose three from each army to decide our fate." Centuries on centuries have since disappeared in the tomb of Time, each bequeathing to Infant Science the experience of its hundred years. The infant has become a Colossus; its head is in the clouds and the earth is its pedestal. Yet what has it brought us? The Paixhan gun and the thousands on thousands which have perished in the trenches of Sevastopol!

Optimists seem to forget what humanity is, when they show us their glorious tableaux of the coming Age of Gold. They forget that man is but the summary of the rest of the animal creation, distinguished by the faculty of reason to a limited degree. We find united in him the bravery of the lion, the craftiness of the fox, the cruelty of the tiger, the docility and fidelity of the dog, the untameable ferocity of the hyena. There are beings who hide within the human form, with which a caprice of Nature seems to have clothed them, a thirst of blood stronger and fiercer than ever moved the most terrible tenant of the forest or the jungle. The knowledge bestowed on those monsters in the hope of humanizing them, is employed to elaborate the means of satisfying their savage appetites. Nature is more powerful than Education. The tiger may be trained to obey his master, like the dog; it seems as if the old instincts of his nature were dead within him; an occasional glare of his fierce eye alone betrays him, until at length, when all think him thoroughly tamed, he jumps upon his keeper and tears him to pieces.

The upas-tree, as well as the oak, takes the bent that is given to the twig, but however gracefully cultivation may have festooned its branches, Death sits beneath its shade. The rose blooms and the vine hangs forth its luscious presents on the side of the volcano, and the pretty peasant smiles on them from the cottage door, but beneath the rose and the vine is hid that dreadful principle of destruction which may, at any moment, pour forth its deadly flood, and bury in its fiery wave the cottage and the peasant, the vine and the rose!

There is within man's breast a never-dying instinct of destruction. He has ever employed his increased knowledge to perfect instruments for destroying his fellows. Science has changed for him the bow and arrow into the Minnie rifle, the Catapulta and the battering ram into the Lancaster gun. Science has served him to rear the Guillotine, and to imagine the Infernal Machine. And before another century shall have passed away, science will, no doubt, have taught man to destroy whole regiments at a single blow. The dream of Nero may be realized: have we not heard reformers advocate the application of steam to the guillotine?

The criminal history of the United States shows no less instances of crimes of the most fearful description committed by men on whom had been lavished every advantage that education could bestow. Enumeration would be useless. The city of New York has, however, quite recently, added another proof to the many, that neither scientific accomplishments nor high cultivation can stifle the animal instinct in the breasts of some men. The outrage which we are about to relate was one of the

most cold-blooded pieces of ferocity that ever disgraced a civilized community. The perpetrator was a man of wealth, an engineer of considerable scientific knowledge. The result of his talents, his leisure and his wealth was a "man-trap" for the catching of thieves!

This "man-trap" consisted of a small platform by stepping on which the unfortunate victim set in motion a plank, twenty feet long, to which was attached an immense tobacco-cutter weighing sixteen pounds. Imagine the cool cruelty which could set this awful trap for human game several nights in succession, and after having slept soundly during the night, walk down in the morning, before breakfast, in dressing gown and embroidered slippers, to see if the fearful machine had made morsels of a human being?

It was night. Everybody slept in the house of the man of science. The trap was set; but the inventor almost despaired of an opportunity to test its efficacy, for it had already been set two or three nights without success. He had ceased to dream of his terrible toy. Suddenly a loud noise is heard. The man of science rushes to the garden where his "man-trap" was set, to see his victim. The trap had been put in motion, the knife had cut through a plank of the garden fence, two inches thick, but there was no thief! On more careful scrutiny, however, the man-trapper noticed drops of blood upon the ground and saw lying before him, still bleeding profusely, half a human foot!

A daily journal in its account of this atrocity which seemed to treat as rather a capital trick, coolly tells us that the wretch who has been so terribly maimed, may consider himself fortunate, for had the knife struck him in the abdomen it would have cut him in two; it also adds that no more "rascals" have been caught, though the trap is nightly set! It appears moreover, that this is not the first man-trapping experiment of this scientific and wealthy gentleman. On a former occasion an innocent person was thrown forty feet in the air by one of his diabolical inventions. To what a glorious use this gentleman puts his wealth and science; trapping human beings as if they were wild beasts. Does he not tremble at the thought that he may, one day, be summoned before the tribunal of Eternal Justice, to render a strict account of the manner in which he has employed the talents which have been given him?

It is dreadful to think that such Neronic cruelty can be perpetrated with impunity in the nineteenth century in a civilized metropolis of the Western World. It is dreadful to think that, at the present day, in a republican country, any man may jeopardize the lives of innocent persons on the mere supposition that thieves may enter his garden; or that he may arrogate to himself the right to inflict such a fearful punishment on his fellow, even though he be a thief. The Press grows wonderfully indignant when a few pugilists, maddened by liquor, draw their pistols on each other, but relates in a careless strain, the premeditated horror we have endeavored to describe. Why does it not denounce this trapper of men, whatever be his wealth, and whatever be his science? Why does it not call upon the proper officers of the city government, to interpose their authority in the name of humanity, before another unfortunate falls a victim to the cruelty of this cultivated monster?

It is long since we felt such a thrill of horror and indignation, as ran through our very vein, on reading the account of this atrocity. The feeling was heightened, if it were possible, by the heartless manner in which it was related. "If nineteenth centuries of Christianity have brought us to this point of civilization," said we, "what are we to hope for the future of mankind? Alas! is the perfectibility of humanity but a beautiful dream?"



**A WEDDING IN THE BACKWOODS:
THE START FOR THE BOTTLE.**

THERE is a vast fund of interest in the perusal of the history of the early settlements in the western country, which the innumerable volumes that have been from time to time given to the world, for the express object of recording the deeds of those iron-hearted pioneers who battled with the red man for the possession of the vast regions of the Alleghanies, have tended rather to increase than allay. There is a simplicity, a nobleness, a wild dignity surrounding the character of such men as Boone, Kenton, the Whetfels, and the host of heroes who, with the rifle in one hand, and in the other the woodman's ax, cleared a path for civilization, and the reader finds an earnest desire awakened in his mind, to know more of these men; to follow them to their homes; to sit by their firesides, and become familiar with their habits, their tastes and their personal inclinations and sympathies. Unfortunately for us, however, these men were better acquainted with the use of the rifle than the pen. Their lives, too, were passed in the midst of perils of no ordinary kind, and in performance of deeds which thrill the veins of the more effeminate race of the present day; and except where some old veteran gathered his grandchildren about him and "fought his battles o'er again," even the records of those deeds are lost to us forever. They left their broad and well marked trail on the face of the country they subdued; but their footprints about their cabin doors were washed out in their own blood and that of their wives and children. Their domestic history is unwritten, except as we meet now and then a stray leaf, which only excites our desire to learn more.

Dodridge, in his "Notes on the settlement and Indian war of the western part of Virginia and Pennsylvania," has given some graphic descriptions of the state of society and the manners of the early settlers; and from his

pages the following account of a wedding in the backwoods has been drawn, with this difference: We have made a narrative of it instead of a description, and have introduced the reader to the characters, who, although under assumed names, will, I trust, perform their parts as well as though they were the proper cognomens of the parties. But to the narrative.

Joseph Camp, or "Joe Camp," as he was universally called by all his neighbors and friends, was a stalwart young hunter of twenty, although, judging from the present standard, you would have thought him at least six years older, for he stood five feet eleven inches in his moccasins, was proportionably stout and robust, and his face was bronzed by exposure, having spent between four and five years of his life as a hunter in the woods. Boys in those days were early inured to the duties of woodmen, and at the age of eighteen were as strong and capable of performing those duties as their fathers. Joe had met Caroline Boggs at a log-rolling, and becoming enamored of her charms, had made up his mind to marry her if he could gain her consent. This he knew depended only upon the predilection with which he might have inspired her—no distinction of rank or fortune being known in those halcyon days of equality; and as an "establishment" only cost the labor of erecting a cabin, in which all were bound to assist—and being plenty and game abundant, he had no fear of being refused on that score. Accordingly we find him on his way one evening in the lovely month of October, through the woods in the direction of her father's cabin, about three miles from his own home. Before morning (they had sat "sparking" before the embers on the hearth all night), Joe had obtained the much desired answer to his wooing, and, agreeing to leave the appointment of the time to the "old folks," he reluctantly took his leave, after a hearty kiss upon the lips of his betrothed, and started for home. The day

was appointed in due time, and now all the neighbors for miles around were on the *qui vive* for an "invite,"—a "wedding frolic" being looked forward to by old and young with the most eager expectation, as it was the only gathering unaccompanied with the labor of "log-rolling," "reaping," or "corn-shucking." Joe and his lady-love endeavored to be impartial in their invitations, although there were some who were overlooked; but of this anon.

On the morning of the day appointed, the neighbors began to assemble at the house of the groom, about "sun up"; and from that time until nine or ten o'clock, they came in singly, and in parties of two, three, and four at a time, until some thirty persons had gathered in and about the house. There was Bill Shannon and his wife, who lived "over the river a piece," who were "quiet, old-fashioned sort of people," and rode a venerable-looking horse, that looked as though he had passed his majority some years, and on his back was a pack-saddle (something like the modern saw-back), which was secured by a piece of rope for a girth, while another piece served for a bridle, and a folded blanket thrown across the saddle, formed a very comfortable seat for both. There was Ebenezer Woolley, too, who lived at a place called Mockapin, about thirty miles off, in one of the wildest regions of country to be found anywhere about. Ebenezer was one of that class of men who cannot bear the approach of civilization, and who, when the settlements become too thick about them, "pull up stakes," and push further into the wilderness. The nearest settler was not within six miles of him, yet he already complained of want of "breathing room;" and talked of "moving off," notwithstanding he had passed the prime of life, when one would suppose he would desire a permanent abiding place. He and his wife, Sarah, rode a tall, raw-boned sorrel horse, which, although he had seen at least eighteen years service, was still active,

and did not seem at all exhausted by his long drive. There was Charley Kinsey, a widower the second time, and looking about him for another Mrs. K.; Bob Barry, a disappointed suitor for the hand of the bride; George Molten and Fanny, his wife; Jim Mason; Leir Miller, and a host of others, for whom a general description will suffice. The males were dressed in linsy hunting shirts and breeches, leather leggins and moccasins, all home-made, for there was no tailor within a distance of two hundred miles. A handkerchief, or a possum skin, with the tail left to hang behind it as an ornament, answered for a covering to the head. The women wore linsy petticoats, and linsy or linen "short gowns," coarse shoes, stockings, and buckskin gloves—if any—and a linen cap. Some few wore buckles, rings or ruffles, but these were family relics which had been handed down from their mothers and grandmothers. Buttons were unknown among them, "strings" being used instead. Their horses were innocent of shoes, for blacksmiths were scarce; and a saddle was a rare article—blankets or bags stuffed with moss or hay, serving instead. About ten o'clock, the party started for the house of the bride's father, for it was necessary that the ceremony should take place before dinner. The route was pursued in double file, and sometimes the narrowness of the horse-paths—for there were no roads—rendered it necessary to go in "Indian-file." This was not the only obstructions they met with, for those of the neighbors who had not been so fortunate as to get an "invite," had exercised their ingenuity in placing various obstacles in the path. Sometimes grape vines would be tied across the path, at others, trees would be felled in such a manner as to render it necessary to cut through them before they could proceed; and at one place in the route they found themselves in an ambuscade, and the discharge of guns, and the shouting and yells of the concealed parties, frightened the horses to such a degree, that several couple were thrown to the ground. This produced a lively scene. The prancing of the horses, the shrieks of the girls, and the efforts of the men to keep them from falling, presented a picture of "confusion worse confounded," highly entertaining to the neighbors in ambush. A few sprains and contusions were the only consequences which followed, and the party moved on. About a mile from their destination, a part of the ceremony which was seldom or never omitted, began. This was the race for "black betty," as the bottle of whiskey was called, which was always provided for the occasion at the house of the bride's parents. Charley Kinsey and Bob Barry, being mounted on the two fastest horses in the party, were selected for the trial, and, at the word from the groom, they started upon a scrub-race over logs and brush, up hill and down, through cane-brakes and over hollows, which threatened to break their necks, they run their desperate course. An English steeple chase was nothing in point of danger to this race for the bottle. As they approached the house, shouting and whooping at the top of their voices, it was held in readiness for the victor, who proved to be Charley Kinsey, who, after drinking the bride's health, returned to the party in triumph with it, announcing his vic-

tory by a shrill whoop. After the groom had drunk, it was passed along the line, until all had taken a dram, when it was returned to the victor, who put it in the breast of his hunting shirt and took his place in the ranks.

The marriage ceremony was performed immediately on the arrival of the guests, by Squire Harrison, (there being no minister within reach), who had ridden over from Camptown, a distance of twelve miles, for the purpose. After this was got through with, the company sat down to a substantial backwoods dinner of beef, pork, fowls, venison and bear's meat, with plenty of potatoes, cabbage, and other vegetables. During dinner, the utmost hilarity prevailed, although the table was a large slab of timber, hewed out with a broad ax, and supported on sticks set in auger-holes in the puncheon floor. The table was spread with pewter dishes and plates, and wooden bowls and trenchers. A few pewter spoons were to be seen, the rest were of horn. Knives being scarce, the deficiency was made up by the scaling knives of the party, always worn in sheaths suspended to the belt of the hunting shirt.

After dinner, dancing was commenced and lasted until next morning. The figures were three and four handed reels, and square sets and jiggs. The commencement was a square four, which was followed by what was called "jigging it off;" that is, two of the four would single out for a jig, to be followed by the other couple. The jigs were often accompanied by what was called "cutting out;" that is, when either couple became fatigued, they expressed an intimation of the fact, and another couple stood ready to take their place. In this way the dance was continued until the musician, who was a rheumatic old negro, became exhausted, when a halt was called, and a repatriation of his energies brought about by a pull at the bottle. Toward the latter part of the night, some of the company, through weariness, attempted to conceal themselves for the purpose of sleeping, but they were hunted up, paraded on the floor, and the fiddler ordered to play "Hang out till to-morrow morning."

About ten o'clock, a deputation of young women stole off the bride, and put her to bed. In doing this, it was intended that they had to ascend a ladder instead of a pair of stairs, leading from the dining and ball-room, to the loft, the floor of which was made of clapboards lying loose, and without nails. As the foot of the ladder was behind the door, which had been opened for the occasion, and its rounds on the inner side well hung with hunting shirts, petticoats, and other articles of wearing apparel, and the candles purposely placed at the other side of the room, the exit of the bride and her escort was not generally noticed. As soon as her presence was missed, a deputation of young men, in like manner stole off the groom, and ascending the ladder, placed him snugly by the side of his bride. Their absence did not cause any deminution of the dance, but this was kept up at a furious rate, and without intermission until morning. As soon as one set was fatigued, another took its place, and when the fiddler became so exhausted with his labors as to give out entirely, Bob Barry, who was a good musician, and played the fiddle as well as any dorkie in Virginia, took his place. As it was

impossible to provide seats for such a large company, every young man, when not engaged in dancing, knelt upon one knee, and offered his other as a seat for his partner, who exhibited no squishiness in accepting of the offer. It must not be supposed that the young couple, in whose honor the fête was held, was forgotten by the gay party below stairs; on the contrary, about one or two o'clock in the morning, it was suggested that they must stand in need of some refreshment, and a struggle commenced for the honor of serving them. It was decided, at length, that a deputation of married people should attend upon them, and three couples were selected for the purpose. One took a plate of venison, or bear's meat, another a dish of vegetables, and each, carrying some article of food, proceeded to the loft above. "Black Betty," was not forgotten, but accompanied the edibles to the bridal-chamber. The newly married pair would fain have dispensed with these services, but as it was the custom on such occasions, and to refuse to eat a portion at least of what was offered them, would be considered a want of politeness, they were compelled to partake of the viands, and to drink from the black bottle, after which they were left to themselves, nor were they again disturbed until morning. At daylight, a party of married men ascended the ladder, roused the groom, and, after assisting him to dress, escorted him to the room below, where he was received with shouts of welcome and congratulations, and was compelled to drink again from the never failing bottle a hearty dram. As soon as he had descended, a number of married women in like manner waited upon and escorted the bride down the ladder, and she in like manner received the plaudits and congratulations of her friends.

While waiting the preparation of the morning meal, the party were startled by shouts and yells in the direction of the spot where their horses had been fastened, and all the men seized their rifles and rushed to the door to ascertain the cause of the sudden alarm. The animals had been secured in a piece of timber which grew upon the side of a declivity just back of the house, and were hidden from view; but on the brow of the ridge they discovered Charley Kinsey, shouting, raving and tossing his arms in the air as though beside himself. Running up to learn the reason for this unusual display, they were directed to examine their animals, who stood quietly enough where they had been secured and left the night before, but they had been shorn of every hair of their manes, tails and foretops. Not a solitary hair had been left to tell the tale of their misfortune. The reader must imagine the scene which ensued; it is beyond the power of my pen to do it justice. No doubt was entertained as to the authors of this mischief, as the uninvited neighbors had to father all such acts; but as there was no help for it, the guests, after venting their anger in curses, "not loud but deep," returned to the house to partake of breakfast, which consisted of rashers of bacon, hominy, hoe-cakes (made of Indian meal and baked before the fire on boards), and water or whiskey. Coffee and tea were unknown among the pioneers of the wilderness, who would have thought themselves disgraced to the level of effeminate "city



THE IMPLACABLE GOVERNOR:
AN INCIDENT OF THE "REGULATOR" IN NORTH CAROLINA.

folks" in drinking such "wishy-washy stuff." After breakfast was despatched and everything "set-to-rights," the company prepared to return to the "infare," which was an entertainment given by the parents of the bridegroom. The ceremonies, the procession, the race for "Black Betty," dancing, etc., were the same on this occasion as before, and were kept up until daylight on the following morning; nor did the feasting, dancing and hilarity stop here, for several of the immediate neighbors gave similar entertainments, and the festivities did not cease until the whole company had become so exhausted as to require several days' rest to fit them to return to their ordinary labors.

As soon as proper time had been given the neighbors to recover from the fatigues of the wedding frolic, invitations were sent out for a "log-rolling," and this was followed by a "raising." The first was an assemblage of the friends who had attended the wedding frolic, to assist in rolling the logs necessary for the construction of a cabin, and the labors of the day were succeeded by a dance and supper. The raising, which took place about a week after, ended in a similar frolic, so that the festivities which attended the marriage lasted for more than a month, and were referred to in after years by those who had taken part in them, with the utmost pleasure.

The state of society, the manners and customs here depicted, may be stigmatized as "rude and coarse; but it may be questioned whether in this primitive condition of life, which approached more nearly to the patriarchal than any other mode, there was not more true, hearty, healthful and innocent enjoyment, than in the opera-house, theaters, ball-rooms and saloons of modern days. Certainly, if we take health and longevity into consideration, we will find that our grandfathers had greatly the advantage of us. They, notwithstanding the trials and afflictions, the privations and hardships they had to endure, were permitted to live far beyond the "three score years and ten" allotted to man's existence, while such an instance at the present day, affords the exception and not the rule.

When the infamous Tryon succeeded Arthur Dobbs as colonial governor of North Carolina, in 1766, he found the inhabitants of the upper part of the State (composed mostly of Scotch refugees and their descendants) in the highest state of excitement—almost in open rebellion—on account of the passage of the Stamp Act, which, to them, was like piling Pelion upon Ossa, for they had suffered for years from the rapacity of public officers, the oppression of the courts, and exorbitant taxes levied to support a venal government. They had petitioned the governor and council for a redress of grievances until they found that each petition was followed by increased extortion; until their situation became so oppressive that they resolved to take matters into their own hands. A solemn league was thereupon formed, called the "REGULATOR," and the members of it "Regulators." The leader of this movement was Herman Husband, a Quaker, and a man of strong mind and great influence. These regulators resolved to have no more taxes unless satisfied of their legality, to pay no more fees than the strict letter of the law allowed, to select the proper men to represent them, and to petition for redress until their object—a retrenchment of the exorbitant expenditure of the government and the consequent high rate of taxes—was obtained. The exasperated feelings of the people were somewhat calmed by the repeal of the odious stamp act; but soon after that event, which had guided and put to rest the stormy, riotous assemblies of the "Sons of Liberty," as the regulators were sometimes called, Governor Tryon succeeded in obtaining, first, an appropriation of twenty-five thousand dollars to erect a gubernatorial palace "suitable for the residence of a colonial governor," and a further sum of fifty thousand dollars to complete the same. This, together with the expense of running the boundary line between the State

and Cherokee nation—which was incurred by the vanity of the governor in calling out the militia and marching at their head into the Cherokee country with the ostensible object of protecting the surveyors—and that, too, in time of peace—had the effect to excite the indignation of the regulators, and they determined to resist the imposition of the tax for these objects. Tryon, observing the threatening storm, sent a proclamation, by his secretary, David Edwards, and a lawyer named Edmund Fanning, to be read and enforced among the people. Fanning was a man who was detested by the regulators for his extortions, but he managed to cajole them into the belief that justice was about to be done them, and they agreed to meet him to heal all difficulties and settle the existing differences. While waiting the time of meeting, however, they were astonished and highly exasperated by the arrest of Husband and a number of friends, who were thrown into jail by Fanning's orders. A rising of the people followed, and a large body of regulators marched to Hillsborough to release the prisoners. They were induced, however, by the solemn assurances of Edwards that their grievances should be redressed, to retire without committing any overt act. From this time forward, the temporizing policy of the Governor and the rankling hatred of the regulators caused frequent and serious outbreaks, until the former, determined to crush the spirit of disaffection collected the militia and marched into the disaffected district. He was met by a large body of the regulators, and a serious battle was fought, in which nine of the regulators and twenty-seven of the militia were killed, and a great number on both sides wounded. The regulators had no acknowledged leader, and all was confusion after the first fire from the militia, every man fighting on his own account and in his own way. The result was a victory for the Governor, who took a number of prisoners, upon whom he vented the implacable re-

venge which was as a consuming fire within him. His conduct was more like that of a small-minded, vain and vindictive man than that of a royal governor.

Among others whom fortune had thrown into his hands, was Captain Messer, one of the most influential of the regulators, and the father of an interesting family. Tryon could not wait the tardy course of trial for this man, but sentenced him to be hung the day after the battle. He must sate his desire for revenge in the blood of some of his victims, or his victory would be incomplete. Messer begged to see his family before he died, but this boon was denied him, and he was told to prepare for death. Information of his captivity, however, was conveyed to his wife by the fugitives from the field, and she repaired at once to the spot with her oldest boy, a lad ten years old, to comfort him in his confinement. She did not know that he had been condemned to die until she reached the scene of the late encounter, where she was informed of it by seeing the preparations made for his execution. In an agony of mind which threatened to unseat her reason, she flew to Tryon, and besought him on her knees to spare her husband's life. Every argument and appeal which her affection could command was used in vain; the stony-hearted of the victorious governor was not to be touched, and he spurned her from him in disdain, telling her that her husband should die though the King should intercede in his behalf. The poor woman fell weeping to the ground, while her little son, with the spirit of his father beaming in his eyes, endeavored to console her by assuring her that Tryon would yet relent. While this was passing, the captain was led forth to die. Mrs. Messer, on seeing her husband in the hands of the executioner, uttered a shriek of agony which seemed to sever the cords of her heart, and swooned away. The noble-hearted boy at her side, instead of giving way to his grief, determined to make another appeal to Tryon, who stood near viewing the proceedings. Throwing himself at the governor's feet, he said, "Sir, hang me, and let my father live." "Who told you to say that?" asked Tryon. "Nobody," was the reply.

"And why do you ask it?" "Because," replied the lad, "if you hang father, my mother will die, and the children will perish." The governor's heart was touched, and he replied, "Your father shall not be hanged to-day." The execution was stayed, while the noble boy went to his mother and restored her to consciousness by the news. The unfeeling tyrant, however, annexed a condition to his reprieve, which was that Messer should be set at liberty, only on condition that he should arrest and bring before him the person of Husband, who had fled before the battle commenced. Reflecting that success might attend his efforts, and at worst he could but suffer if he failed, he consented, while his wife and son were detained as hostages for his fidelity. He pursued Husband to Virginia, where he overtook him, but could not persuade him to return, and was obliged to surrender himself again to the tender mercies of his captor. He was bound in chains with the other prisoners, and in this condition was marched through the various towns and villages on the route toward Newbern. At Hillsboro,



THE MOOSE DEER.

ough, a court martial was held, and twelve of the captive regulators were sentenced to be hung. Six of these were reprieved, and the others suffered death on the scaffold. Among the latter was Captain Messer, who met his fate with the resignation of one who felt that he died in the cause of liberty. His broken-hearted wife returned to her home, now rendered desolate by her husband's death; while the tyrannical governor marched in triumph to Newbern, from whence he was soon after called to the head of Colonial affairs in New York.

THE MOOSE DEER.

(ALICE AMERICAN.) This magnificent deer, the largest of its tribe, like the reindeer, is confined to the colder portions of the northern hemisphere, although between rather more southern parallels. They abound in the northern parts of Maine and New Hampshire, in Labrador, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Canada. A few are still found in New York, west of Lake Champlain, in the counties of Essex, Lewis, Hamilton, etc., especially in the neighborhood of the giant Adirondacks. This region, crowned by Tahawus, or Mount Marcy, the most rugged, inaccessible, and magnificent mountain of the north, and but little inferior in height to Mount Washington, is even now in a condition almost as wild as when the white man first penetrated into its recesses. Here the traveler may listen to the shrill scream of the panther and the dismal howl of the wolf, or hunt the moose, the Virginia deer, the bear, and occasionally the elk. Sometimes the moose extends to the very shores of Lake Champlain, one individual having been killed a few years

ago near the village of Westport, in Essex county, on this lake. The moose is also found in northern Vermont.

The southern limit of this species along the Atlantic coast is about 43°; but they are rarely found so low down in the central parts of America. They exist north of 49° across the continent, and are especially numerous in the northern Rocky Mountains. In this range they extend to the Arctic sea, having been found at the mouth of Mackenzie's river, in lat. 69°. Farther east they do not exceed the parallel of 65°.

To the inhabitants of Maine, New Brunswick, and Lower Canada, the habits of the moose are well known, as it is a favorite article of the chase, constituting, as it does, the largest tenant of the American forest, its chosen abode. In the account of the moose in the invaluable work of Audubon and Beckman on the Quadrupeds of North America, we find an excellent article from the pen of Mr. Kendall, of Quebec, from which we make the following extract:—

"The moose are abundant to the north of Quebec, and in the northern parts of the State of Maine. In the neighborhood of Moose river, and the lakes in its vicinity, they are very abundant. In the summer they are fond of frequenting lakes and rivers, not only to escape the attacks of insects which then molest them, but also to avoid injuring their antlers, which, during their growth, are very soft, and exquisitely sensitive; and, beside, such situations afford them abundance of food.

"They there feed on the water plants or browse upon the trees fringing the shores. In the winter they retire to the dry mountain ridges, and generally 'yard,' as it is termed, on

the side facing the south, where there are abundance of maple and other hard-wood trees upon which to feed, either by browsing on the tender twigs or peeling the bark from the stems of such as are only three or four inches in diameter. Their long pendulous upper lip is admirably adapted for grasping and pulling down the branches, which are held between the fore-legs until all the twigs are eaten. They peel off the bark by placing the hard pad on the roof of the mouth against the tree, and scraping upward with their sharp, gouge-like teeth, completely denuding the tree to the height of seven or eight feet from the surface of the snow. They remain near the same spots as long as any food can be obtained, seldom breaking fresh snow, but keeping to the same tracks as long as possible.

"The antlers begin to sprout in April, and at first appear like two black knobs. They complete their growth in July, when the skin which covers them peels off, and leaves them perfectly white; exposure to the sun and air, however, soon renders them brown. When we consider the immense size to which some of them grow in such a short period of time, it seems almost incredible that two such enormous excrescences could be deposited from the circulating system alone. The daily growth is distinctly marked on the velvety covering by a light shade carried around them. The first year the antlers are only about one inch long; the second year four or five inches, with perhaps the rudiment of a point; the third year about nine inches, when each divides into a fork, still round in form; the fourth year they become palmated, with a brow-antler and three or four points; the fifth season they have two crown antlers, and perhaps five points; the points increasing in size each year, and one or two points being added annually until the animal arrives at its greatest vigor: after which period they decrease in size, and the points are not so fully thrown out. The longest pair I ever met with had eighteen points (others have them with twenty-three points); they expanded five feet nine inches to the outside of the tips; the breadth of palm eleven inches without the points; circumference of shaft, clear of the butt, nine inches; weight, seventy pounds. The old and vigorous animals invariably shed them in December; some of four or five years old I have known to carry them as late as March; but this is not often the case.

"The rutting season commences in September. The male then become very furious, chasing away the younger and weaker ones. They run bellowing through the forest, and, when two of equal strength meet, have dreadful conflicts, and do not separate until one or both are severely injured. I bought a pair of antlers from a Penobscot Indian, with one of the brow-antlers and the adjoining prong broken short off. The parts were at least an inch and a half in diameter, and nearly as hard as ivory. At that season they are constantly on the move; swimming large lakes and crossing rivers in pursuit of the female. The female brings forth in May. The first time she produces one fawn, but afterward two. It is supposed by hunters that these twins are always one male and the other a female.

"In summer the hair of the moose is short,

and glossy; in winter long and very coarse, attached to the skin by a very fine pellicle, and rendered warm by a thick coat of short fine wool. The hair on the face grows upward from the nose, gradually turning, and ending in a thick bushy tuft under the jaws. The young males have generally a long pendulous gland growing from the center of this tuft, and covered with long hair, sometimes a foot long. Their flesh is very coarse, though some people prefer it to any other; it is apt to produce dysentery with persons unaccustomed to use it. The nose, or *muffle*, as it is generally called, if properly cooked, is a very delicious morsel. The tongue is also considered a delicacy. The last entrail (called by hunters the bum-gut) is covered with round lumps of suety fat, which they strip off and devour as it comes warm from the animal, without any cooking; also, the marrow, warm from the shanks, is spread upon bread and eaten as butter. I must confess that the disgusting luxury was rather too rich to tempt me to partake of it. I have seen some officers of the Guards enjoying it well enough.

"The seasons for hunting the moose are March and September. In March, when the sun melts the snow on the surface, and the nights are frosty, a crust is formed which greatly impedes the animal's progress, as it has to lift its feet perpendicularly out of the snow or cut the skin from its shanks by coming in contact with the icy surface.

"It would be useless to follow them when the snow is soft, as their great strength enables them to wade through it without any difficulty. If you wish to see them previous to shooting them from their 'yard,' it is necessary to make your approach to leeward, as their sense of smelling and hearing is very acute; the crack of a breaking twig will start them, and they are seldom seen any more until fatigue compels them to kneel up; and thus ends the chase. Their pace is a long trot. It is necessary to have two or three small cars, (the smaller the better,) as they can run upon the snow without breaking through the crust; their principal use is to annoy the moose by barking and snapping at their heels, without taking hold. A large dog that would take hold would be instantly trampled to death. The males generally stop, if pressed, and fight with the dogs. This enables the hunter to come up unobserved and despatch them. Sometimes they are killed after a run of an hour; at other times you may run them all day, and have to camp at night without a morsel of provisions or a cloak, as everything is let go the moment the moose starts, and you are too much fatigued to retrace your steps to procure them. Your only resource is to make a huge fire, and comfort yourself upon the prospect of plenty of moose-meat next day. As soon as the animal finds he is no longer pursued, he lies down; and the next morning he will be too stiff to travel far. Generally, a male, female, and two fawns, are found in a 'yard.'

"When obliged to run, the male goes first, breaking the way, the others treading exactly in his tracks; so that you would think only one had passed. Often they run through other 'yards,' when all join together, still going in Indian file. Sometimes, when meeting with an

obstacle they cannot overcome, they are obliged to branch off for some distance and again unite. By connecting the different tracks at the place of separation, you may judge pretty correctly of their number. I have seen twelve together, and killed seven of them."

A method of hunting this animal is as follows: In September, two persons, in a bark canoe, paddle by moonlight along the shore of the lake, imitating the call of the male, which, jealous of the approach of a stranger, answers to the call and rushes down to the combat. The canoe is paddled by the man in the stern with the most death-like silence, gliding along, under the shade of the forest, until within short shooting distance, as it is difficult taking a sure aim by moonlight. The man in the bow generally fires, when, if the animal is only wounded, he makes immediately for the shore, dashing the water about him into foam. He is tracked by his blood the next day to where he has lain down, and where he is generally found unable to proceed any further. Many are killed in this manner in the neighborhood of Moose river every season.

Hunters sometimes find out the beaten tracks of the moose (generally leading to the water), and bend down a sapling and attach to it a strong, hempen noose, hanging across the path, while the tree is confused by another cord and a sort of trigger. Should the animal's head pass through the dangling snare, he generally makes a struggle, which disengages the trigger; and the tree, springing upward, lifts the least of its legs and strangles it. The palmated horns of the moose are so ponderous, that sixty pounds is a very common weight. To bear this stupendous head dress, nature has endowed the moose with a short and strong neck, which takes from it much of that elegance and symmetry of proportion so generally predominant in deer. It is, nevertheless, a very energetic and imposing animal. It is said neither to gallop nor leap—acquirements rendered unnecessary from the disproportionate height of its legs, by which it is enabled, as it trots along, to step with the greatest ease over a fallen tree, a gate, or a split fence. During its progress, it holds the nose up, so as to lay the horns horizontally back, which attitude exposes it to trip by treading on its fore-heels. Its speed is very great, and it will frequently lead an Indian over a tract of country exceeding three hundred miles before it is secured. This animal is said to possess, in an eminent degree, the qualities of the horse and ox, combining the fleetness of the former with the strength of the latter. None of the deer are more easily domesticated, the reindeer not even excepted. In Canada they have frequently been trained to draw sleds or carts, although, during the rutting season, they could not be so employed. A gentleman near Houlton, Maine, some years since trained a pair to draw a sleigh, which they did with great steadiness and swiftness; subject, however, to the inconvenience that, when they once took it into their heads to cool themselves in a neighboring river or lake, no efforts could prevent them. The European species or variety, whichever it be, has also been converted to the uses of man. In former times, when it was found in Scandinavia in great abundance, it was used for the purpose

of conveying couriers, and has been known to accomplish a distance of two hundred and thirty-four miles in a day, attached to a sleigh. Its speed is even greater than that of the reindeer, which can rarely exceed two hundred miles a day, although a case is related where, in consequence of a sudden invasion of the Swedish territory by the Norwegians, an officer was despatched from the frontiers of Norway, with a reindeer and sleigh, to Stockholm with the news. This was conveyed with such speed that the distance of eight hundred miles was accomplished in forty-eight hours, the animal falling dead at the expiration of the time. A Swedish writer recommends the employment of the moose (or elk of Europe) in time of war, asserting that a single squadron, with its riders, could put to immediate flight a whole regiment of cavalry; or, employed as flying artillery, would, from the extraordinary rapidity of their movements, insure the victory. Indeed, at the time when attention was especially directed toward the domestication of this animal, their use was forbidden, under the heaviest penalties, on account of their having been employed, from their extraordinary speed, to effect the escape of criminals. The European elk, at one time numerous throughout Norway and Sweden, is now confined to particular districts; at the present time it is not found farther north than 64° in Scandinavia. Owing to the danger of total extinction, a law has recently been passed forbidding its destruction in Sweden for ten years from 1857, under severe penalties. The elk is reported to attain not unfrequently a height of seven or eight feet. One individual, only two years old, measured nearly nineteen hands, or more than six feet, in height. Another elk, not fully grown, weighed nearly one thousand pounds. The period of gestation is about nine months, the female producing from one to three young in May. The horns are shed about February.

The skin of this animal has been put to various uses. In Sweden a regiment was clothed with walsteats made of this material, which was so thick as to resist a musket-ball. When made into breeches, a pair of them, among the peasantry of former days, went as a legacy through several generations.

A SIMPLE STORY OF THE OLDEST TIME.

CHAPTER I.

IN the fair and fertile county of Kent, in the year of our Lord sixteen hundred and eighty-nine, on the accession of William and Mary to the throne, there stood, a few miles from Hockhurst, an old manor-house. Its owner and occupant, Henry Hollingsworth, had in early manhood fought the battles of the Commonwealth; therefore, it was but natural that in old age he should rejoice in the accession of William and Mary to the throne. But although he was a stout Commonwealth's man, his brothers, both many years younger, were firm adherents to the house of Stuart.

When very young their mother died, and they were placed under the care of their maternal grandfather and aunt, both devoted loyalists, and firmly attached to the faith of the Church of England, and the two younger boys were trained in the same belief.

The manor-house of Hollingsworth was inherited by the eldest son, Henry, while Charles and William received their mother's portion of their grandfather's estate, and were also the acknowledged heirs of their Aunt Judith. William emigrated to Virginia many years before our story commences; Charles married a fair young girl, and remained with his Aunt Judith in the house of his mother's ancestors. He was a frank, honest, free-hearted English squire. He was not one of Macanley's English country gentlemen.

Aunt Judith died full of years and honors; and, a few weeks after, Charles' wife died suddenly, leaving one child, Edith, three years old at the time of her mother's death. Life had hitherto flowed on in placid and unbroken quiet; but now the deep fountains of sorrow and bitterness were stirred in his soul, and with that restlessness often peculiar to deep grief, he said in his heart: "Any place is better than home." His brother Henry came over to comfort him, with texts of Scripture and long prayers offered in all sincerity, but it was of no avail. His brother listened to him as though he comprehended not, and at last startled him by exclaiming, in the midst of a Christian exhortation—

"It is useless to pour your words of comfort into the ear if there comes no response from the heart, and mine seems dead within me. As your words come vaguely and indistinctly to my clouded mind, my ear is strained to catch the sound of the step and voice of the angel, who has left my side forever. Her flowers, her birds, the swan proudly sailing on yonder pond, the fowl, who came daily to the door of the servants' hall, missing the kind hand of their benefactors, ever open to them—all remind me of one whose every act was kindness, and whose life was love. I must for a time leave this place, so filled with sad remembrances. I will go to Virginia and see our brother William; and if that Great Being, in whose hand we are, shall bring me in safety across the deep waters, I will not return alone. God has blessed him with a numerous family. I will ask him to give me one of his fair sons; he shall be dear to me as my own, and like a brother to Edith."

The good squire looked at his brother with a smile on his lip and a tear in his eye, and said simply and touchingly: "Will never refuse me anything, and it is too late for him to commence now in the hour of my sorrow and gloom." Henry saw not without bitterness, that, in the depth of his grief, Charles turned to Will for sympathy. He remained silent, while Charles, as if divining his thoughts, said: "We brothers all, I trust, love one another, but it is after a different fashion. Our religious belief, our political faith is different. You loved Cromwell, and I the blessed martyr; and although I would trust house and lands, and last and best of all, my little Edith, to your care, yet I must go to Will for sympathy: it is nature speaking in my heart, and the voice will not be restrained."

The elder brother felt the words were true, and although never expressed in words, there had always been in his manner toward his younger brother a certain assumption of superiority, not easily to be described, which

plainly expressed the feeling: "Go to; I am holier than thou." I can sympathize your ignorance and your error, but I cannot, nor do I wish to forget, that I alone of the family tread the straight and narrow path that belongs to God's elect.

This feeling, which history tells us was so common to the Puritans of the olden time, has crossed the water, and remains with the descendants of the Puritans at the present day, and the dark superstitions of a former age are still suffered to enshroud and mystify the simple and glorious truths our Saviour taught.

Two months after his wife's death, Charles Hollingsworth sailed for Jamestown. He left, even as he said, his house and lands, and his little Edith, to the kind care of his brother Henry. The vessel in which he sailed was wrecked off the coast of Virginia, and all on board perished. In his will, executed ten days before he left England, he made Edith and the second son of his brother William jointly his heirs.

In accordance with his uncle's wish, the young Charles Hollingsworth came to England and was placed at school. He graduated at Cambridge, studied law and became an eminent and successful barrister.

CHAPTER II.

"Go in thy glory o'er the angel sea,
Take with thee gentle winds thy sails to swell,
Sunshine and joy upon thy steamer be;
Fare thee well! bark, farewell,
A long farewell! thou wilt not bring us back
Thou whom thou hastest far from home and health;
Oh! she is there whose step no more shall tread
Her own sweet native earth." Mrs. Hemans.

GENTLE reader, craving your permission, we will return to the point from whence we started to the year sixteen hundred and eighty-nine, to the old manor-house of Hollingsworth. It is a little more than sixteen years since Charles Hollingsworth, the elder, sailed from England to find his grave in the watery deep. His beautiful daughter Edith is now most nineteen. This is her bridal-day; she has just been united to a young man after her old uncle's heart, a Puritan in faith and a most excellent youth, of good family and unsupported reputation, and to-morrow, God willing, she will leave the dear old home, where for so many years she has been its light and joy.

Her portrait, just finished, hangs upon the wall; it represents her beautiful as a Hebe, with a joyous and arch expression on her face, as if she said: "Mirth, with thee I mean to lie." A beautiful pony stands by her side, and she is painted in her riding habit as if just ready to mount to the saddle. This picture will be very possibly dear to those left behind, for it stands out from the canvas almost a breathing impersonation of their joyous, warm-hearted Edith—from the time she had first come among them, dancing, singing child, with her sweet face and rosy smiles, until now that she stood before them a smiling happy bride. She had been the light of the hearth-stone, the joy of the home. I know not if there is truth in the old superstition that the blessing of God rests with those who shelter and protect the orphan, but the thought is a beautiful one.

Edith might have had a happy home in England. She chose William Blake from a number of suitors who thronged around the

belie and heiress. Gay, dashing cavaliers they were; and he, simple, staid, sedate, it was strange he should have won the heart of that joyous, happy girl; but this is one of life's mysteries. When he asked her if she was willing to go to New England, where he wished to rejoin his kindred and friends, her reply was given in the touching language of Ruth to Naomi: "Entreat me not to leave thee, nor to forsake thee from following after thee, for whither thou goest, I will go; thy people shall be my people, and thy God shall be my God."

The household have been busy for a long time in fitting her out. Stores of household linen have been packed away in strong oak chests, and such a wardrobe! Edith says, laughingly: "It will last for fifty years to come." And many books so rare and precious, then—her cousin Charles, the young London barrister, has taken care that of these she shall have a goodly number, well packed. She wishes but for one thing more, and that is a picture of the dear old house; but that is engraven on her heart, she says. Her husband and herself are both wealthy, therefore they do not fear the hardships of a new world. When, at last, she was on the wide ocean, and the low Kentish hills lessened in the distance, and at last faded away in the purple light of the departing day, Edith stood on deck with her eyes filled with tears, and said: "Dear old home for ever, for ever." When her husband said: "Do you regret your decision?" she quietly answered: "No; but the perils of the deep are great, and my poor father died at sea." A voyage across the Atlantic was on those days very tedious; but after suffering from the usual discomforts and annoyances, it was at length safely accomplished, and they landed at Plymouth. They first settled at Marshfield, near the Winslow's; where their first child was born—there it died, and was buried in Pilgrim soil. In the old church-yard where to-day repose the ashes of New England's mightiest dead. His grave is hallowed by the dirge of restless waves breaking upon the beach; but we fondly imagine that the shade of our noble statesman "still guards our coasts, and rests upon our seas."

The bleak winds of Marshfield made Mr. and Mrs. Blake desire a residence in a part of Dorchester, called Milton, and in one of the most picturesque and beautiful parts of that town, so richly endowed with natural advantages, contrasting so widely with the bleak, barren moors of Marshfield.

When Edith first espied the spot selected by her husband for their dwelling place, she said: "It has a peaceful look—a sheltered, home-like English look." The house, her husband told her, should be a faint imitation of the old manor-house. It stood at the foot of a hill with a grove of oak trees behind it; it was a long, rambling sort of a house, containing a great many rooms, opening one into the other, with the windows all facing to the north, except at the ends, where they opened respectively to the east and west.

On the lower floor were two very large rooms, the parlor and the dining room; above them were the cozy sitting rooms and the library, and over them were the chambers. At the back of the house were two long, old-fashioned kitchens, with their summer fire places, called the summer and the winter kitchens. There are such old houses still to be

found in New England. They seem scattered over the country like land-marks; they are satires on the present mode of building, and show us that however much we may have gained in flourish and tinsel, we have lost the old ideas of comfort and substantiality; and in this respect, have sadly degenerated from our English ancestors.

I sometimes feel indignant, as I pass an old homestead, which I am exultingly told has been in the family for two hundred years, and see the old dwelling place, standing on some sheltered nook on the farm—standing, perhaps, at the foot of a hill which protected it from the fierce blasts of winter, with the wreck still visible of what was once a fine avenue of elms that led from the road to the house. Many of them have been cut down, because the good farmer has discovered, in the plenitude of his practical wisdom, that they shaded the land. The old dwelling place was selected by the English ancestor with the old ideas of home and comfort; his American descendant, glorying in the right to do as he chooses, plants a large square white house by the roadside, with a little box of a front yard, filled with gay, flaunting flowers—no trees near it, lest they should make the house decay the faster. There it stands on the broad plain, naked and alone, exposed alike to the fierce sun of July and the biting blasts of December; and when you ask him why he did not build on the old spot, he tells you he prefers to have his house by the roadside, where people can see it, and he can see every body who passes. We, Americans, love show and ostentation: our ancestors preferred retirement and comfort.

In Milton, Mr. William Blake and his fair Edith, set up their staff of rest. He was much respected in the colony, held many offices of trust, and during the latter years of his life was styled Worshipful Mayor Blake. The fair and lovely Edith became a staid and dignified matron, and, as the fleeting years rolled on, in time she became a revered and beloved grandmother. In every phase of her existence, she was happy, and when, at an advanced age, her gentle eyes were closed by her weeping children, they felt that—rich in all Christian virtues, pure and exalted in her piety—on earth she had encircled them all in her arms of love, and now she was a saint in heaven. They buried her on a calm summer's day in the old graveyard at Milton, and for generations the memory of her virtues lived in the hearts of her descendants. At Hollingsworth Manor still hangs the picture which represents her as she was in the bloom of her youth and beauty. As for her husband, he felt that "sorrow and death—as joy and life—were at the breast of a mercy divine and a wisdom all-seeing," but for him "the silver cord was loosed, and the golden bowl was broken," and without much pain, but with daily increasing weakness, he soon sank away and followed her, as old persons are wont to do. When one is taken, the other soon follows; and of such it may be said—they were affectionate and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.

CHAPTER III.

"A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
And a wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast."

Eighty years have come and gone since

Edith's wedding day. Once more we will ask the kind reader to go back to Hollingsworth Manor. In the breakfast room a descendant of the family, a genial, pleasant, kind-hearted old bachelor, was earnestly talking with his mother—a fine looking old lady of seventy-five. An open letter was in his hand; it was from Norfolk, Virginia, and it contained the tidings of his brother's death, and asked what disposal was to be made of his daughter Alice—was she to be sent to England, or should she continue to reside with her mother's relations? Her grandmother's decision was, that her niece John should go for her. Her heart yearned to behold the face of her son's child, and although he had been wild and reckless, and had had a stormy and troubled life, yet in the grave all was forgotten. She thought Alice might come to Hollingsworth Manor, and be a consolation to her in her declining years; and so it was decided by the old lady that she and her unmarried daughter should keep house together, and that John should go to Virginia for Alice. He had another plan of which he said nothing to his mother. The picture of Edith Hollingsworth had always a strange charm with him from his boyhood up. Her picture always riveted the gaze of every visitor; it always fascinated the eye, the face was so very beautiful and bewitching, with its mingled blending of archness and mirth. There was a spirit and fire in the eyes that told of mind within, and it was easy to imagine the original from the portrait: that form and mien, step and look, were perfect in their grace. Mr. John Hollingsworth determined before he returned to visit New England, and see some of his descendants; but of this plan he said nothing to his mother, lest she should deem him Quixotical. We will imagine him safely across the Atlantic arrived at Richmond, and there for the present we will leave him.

CHAPTER IV.

"Time flies on, we're stays it on its way,
Nothing else is truly man's—his fortune's here,
Time is a God."

THE eighty years that have passed away since the marriage of Edith Hollingsworth and William Blake, will bring the reader to seventeen hundred and seventy, in the beautiful month of June. In their old home, at Milton, lived their grandson and his family. Mr. Blake was a most excellent man; all trusts reposed in him, and all offices conferred upon him were discharged with ability and wide acceptance; honored and respected by neighbors and towns-men, loved and revered at home, he was eminently a useful man. "There is no need to tell the character of the wife of such a man; meek and thoughtful, yet gladsome and gay, withal, her heaven was in her house." They had three sons and one daughter. The eldest, Henry, just married, and living about two miles from his father's, was a farmer; the second, Charles, had graduated at Harvard, studied law, but had not as yet commenced to practice; William was sitting for Cambridge, and Edith was just entering on sweet seventeen. We will enter the dining-room and join the family as they sit at the supper table. Mr. Blake has an open letter in his hand, written by Mr. John Hollingsworth, stating that he intends to visit Boston and Milton with his

ness Alice before he returns to England. Madam Blake receives the intelligence with great pleasure; she has a strong desire to see this young Virginian lady, and the English cousin also. Mr. Blake falls into a quiet reverie, and recalls to mind the face so familiar in the days of his boyhood—the calm saint-like face of his grandmother. He remembers the stories she used to tell him about England—the dear old home never forgotten, and a descendant of the family she loved so well was coming from that old home to dwell for a time under the same roof where she died. Edith was quite sure she should be afraid of Alice, and remained at table a long time, endeavoring to prove to Charles that this visit was much to be dreaded. She could not help imagining Alice would resemble those stiff disagreeable ladies she had sometimes met in Boston from England; they always complained of the privations they endured in the colony. "But this young lady," said her brother laughingly, "is merely going to England—is that a crime in your eyes?" "Virginian or English is all the same," replied Edith. "I am sure I shall be afraid of her. Her mother said: 'I think, Edith, you had better mount your pony and go to Mr. Robbins'; Mary will be tired waiting for you, and will recite to her father before you arrive.' As Edith shut the door, Charles said: 'Mother, I think she is right; I shall be afraid of Alice if she resembles those young ladies to whom Edith refers, who seem to consider it a condescension to speak to a young man born in the colony.' The mother mildly replied: 'My son, let not prejudices blind your eyes to her merits, or warp your judgment.'"

CHAPTER V.

"He bore his great calamities in his look,
But sweetly tempered awe, and softened all he spoke,
He preached the joys of Heaven and pains of Hell,
And warned the sinner with becoming zeal.
But on eternal mercy loved to dwell;
He taught the gospel rather than the law
And forced himself to drive, yet loved to draw—
For fear but freesed minds, but love like heat
Exhales the soul sublime to seek her native rest."
CHURCH.

MR. ROBBINS was a clergyman of the olden time—the companion of his people, the shepherd of their souls, the teacher of their children. He believed in the supreme and all-absorbing importance of religion, his faith and teachings were simple and practical. He taught duty and love to God and man, and that piety and philanthropy were of the same nature. "He taught that religion is reality—all else shadow, that it dwells in the heart, that it is the freest, simplest, most liberal, but yet the most blessed and cherished of all things." His life was closely entwined with that of his people. He was their pastor, teacher, companion, friend; and in their quiet homes he was always welcome. Whether the hours glided away winged with joy, or laden with affliction, he was always ready to share with them their joy or sorrow; and then he was brought into such close and intimate connection with them. There was not a child in his flock, that was not readily examined by him in the catechism. He was certain to know who of all the children in the parish had learned the greatest number of verses in the Bible, and if any little boy or girl was absent from church on Sunday, with what a guilty feeling did they see the good minister,

on his old white horse, approach the house during the week, dismount, and fastening him under the elm tree, enter the door. Then the little delinquent would scud into the kitchen, awaiting with fear and trembling for the mother to come out and say: "Go up stairs and change your dress, and come in and see the minister; he has asked for you." How bashfully and awkwardly the little maiden or white-headed boy came in. The good minister, after expressing his sorrow that they were not at church, would ask them to open the Bible and read a chapter, that he might see how they improved at school, and if there was visible improvement. Then from a capacious pocket was produced a bunch of purple raisins and presented to the child as a reward; and for weeks and months afterward that child was always punctual at church. Did any youth desire more instruction than could be given at the public grammar school, good Parson Robbins was always ready to instruct them in his study; and for thirty years, if the sons of his parishioners desired a liberal education, he fitted them for college.

When his wife, after a lingering illness, was translated to Heaven, one child only remained to him—his daughter Mary. Three others in the spring time of life had preceded their mother to the grave. Mr. Robbins used to call Mary his consolation, and Edith Blake his lily. Mary was fifteen at the time of her mother's death, and with the assistance of black Rose, who had been born and brought up in the family, she managed the household.

The parsonage was always an hospitable, pleasant home for all who came beneath its roof; the people loved it, and they took good care that their minister, although his nominal salary was small, should be surrounded with every comfort. Large and numerous were the loads of oak and walnut that were drawn into his yard in winter, to supply the generous fires that always blazed on the hearth-stones of the parsonage; and it was not uncommon for the young men of his society to have a chopping bee, when some twenty of them would assemble and cut and split wood the entire day for him. On such occasions Rose was in her element. Loaves of cake, and pumpkin pies with rye crusts, and cranberry tarts, and brown bread, and baked beans, were taken by Rose with exultant hands from the mouth of the huge oven. A long table was spread in the kitchen; huge pitchers of cider were drawn, and the good minister called the young men in to supper; and after thanking them for their labors in his behalf, asked a blessing; and after they had all gone home, with what joy and pride would Rose survey the wreck they had made of her viands. "Oh, Mama," she would say, as she opened the study door, "I never see sick folk to eat—there's nothin' left worth tellin' on; jist cleaned every thing, they did." Then chuckling to herself she would disappear into the kitchen, and sitting down in the chimney-corner, smoke her pipe, and solace herself for the hard labor of two days with the consoling thought, that the young men had eaten everything up, thereby tacitly acknowledging she was a good cook. In other ways, too, did the love of the people manifest itself. Mary were the hams of bacon, and dried beef, the balls of

golden butter, and fine cheeses, that found their way to the parsonage; and, occasionally, a thrifty housewife would bring a table-cloth of her own spinning and weaving, or a few yards of home-made linen, as a present; and in winter the presents consisted usually of domestic flannel and shirts of fine yarn. The children brought their treasures in summer berries, and in autumn stores of hazel nuts, walnuts and chestnuts; and for all visitors the good pastor had a gracious smile and a kind word, and each one went away pleased and happy.

The secret of the bond of union that in those days existed between minister and people was this: they felt that he loved them, that their interests and those of their children were inexpressibly dear to him, and, therefore, they loved him. His life was blended with theirs, and could not be separated. Did a young man purpose to leave his native town to establish himself elsewhere, before he left home he always went to the pastor for advice and blessing. In his deep and heartfelt goodness there was a certain staid sobriety, an unostentatious quietness, a calm assurance of its reality, which gave a conscious dignity to his manner.

The three younger children of Mr. Blake, Charles, William and Edith had each in turn been instructed by their good pastor. Henry, the eldest, excelled in all rustic sports, so common at that time; in boxing, wrestling, and leaping, he had no competitor; in all labor on the farm, he surpassed those around him; strong, vigorous, and muscular, labor seemed to him a pastime; but he had no love for books. Charles, Parson Robbins considered the flower of his young men. From childhood he had shown a singular capacity for learning, and when very young, had given undeniable predictions that he was not wanting in genius and intellectual power. The good man loved him for his talent and zeal for knowledge.

Mrs. Blake was of Scotch extraction, and from his mother and uncle he had learned a store of old stories and ballads, which, with the genuine Scotch accent, he delighted to repeat on stormy winter evenings at the parsonage. When he entered at Cambridge, Mr. Robbins predicted without fear, that he would graduate first scholar in his class, and he did so. He then studied law, but as yet had not commenced to practice. His mother had a brother a physician, a man of wealth and standing in the colony. He delighted to make excursions around the country, through the dense forests; and, with Indian guides, and his trusty negro servant, Sam, as caterer and cook, well mounted on sure footed horses, he and Charles Blake would sometimes be absent for two months. There was a daring love of adventure in this wild life, which pleased Charles; moreover, he was an enthusiastic worshipper of Nature; she was dear to him in all her moods; this free life also fostered his natural love of poetry and romance. His uncle prided himself on a share in his education: he said he had made him an unerring shot, and a fearless horseman. It certainly developed his physical energies, and lured him to fatigue and hardship. In form he was tall and vigorous, his features large and regular, the expression of his face in repose, was melancholy, yet very winning from a peculiar calm and sweetness. The fresh loveliness of youth seemed blended with the conscious

resolve of manhood. There was a simple dignity in his manner, which, perhaps, arose from a strong sense of self-dependence, closely allied to self-respect. When roused, or excited, he was all fire and enthusiasm—every emotion of his soul was traced on his face.

William was a youth of promise, but as yet his character was unformed; and Edith, or Lily Blake, as she was called, how shall I describe her! Her rich brown hair of the color sometimes called golden chestnut, curled naturally; the form of her head was very beautiful; her profile Grecian, mouth small, teeth like pearls, figure round and elastic, a little under the median height, with large blue eyes. Such was Edith Blake—the pet and plaything of her brothers, and only daughter of the house. Edith Blake and Mary Robbins, had, from childhood, recited to Mary's father, and had become inseparable companions. They read together, and had committed to memory several pages from the old English poets; had studied Virgil, and had made a little progress in French. They were also well versed in English history, and could repeat many chapters from the Bible. Beside, thanks to Madam Blake, they were skillful in tent-stitch and embroidery. Mary could vie with any girl in the parish in spinning, and no maiden could knit faster than Edith. Mary had lost her mother when quite young, and since that time Edith had been her only female companion; the only one with whom she was at all intimate. Four times in the week, Edith mounted her little Narragansett pacer, and rode over to the parsonage to recite her lessons, and chat with Mary.

On one eventful evening, as she was entering up the avenue on her return home, old Sambo met her, and with the most important air told her that "them English had come," and Sam had gone to Boston, "to fetch out the luggage." He also informed her that he had dressed two chickens, and Dinah was going to broil them for supper, and that Miss Alice had brought a black girl on with her. Sambo avowed that, "he liked the gal the first time he set eyes on her. She is in the kitchen now," he said, "and has put Dinah all in a combustion." Regaining her own little room unseen, Edith changed her dress, and with a beating heart descended into the parlor.

She found her mother in close conversation with a gentleman and lady. The gentleman rose as she entered, and coming forward, cordially said: "This, I am sure, is Edith; allow me to present to you your cousin Alice." Edith looked up with a shy, timid glance, and saw that the lady was tall and stately, with black eyes and hair; also, that the tones of her voice were sweet and musical. As her shyness wore off, she was charmed with her graceful Southern manners—so genial and winning, so frank and cordial; and, before she had been an hour in her society, she acknowledged to herself that Alice was by far the most fascinating person she had ever seen. There is a marked difference now between the manners of Southern and Northern ladies. There is an indescribable charm in the manners of high-bred Southern people, which you never see in New England, except sometimes in an old gentleman or lady. The Southerners have a natural easy grace of

manners and motion, that is unattainable by us. I often think our quick, excited way of speaking, our sharp, angular motions, our endless question asking, must be very annoying to them; and then, too, we have such a dictatorial, assuming manner, and such a love of contradiction, and, among our higher and more fashionable classes, there is a frigid coldness, a studied indifference, a determination, it would seem, not to be astonished or pleased or grieved or delighted in the whole course of their lives. To the Southern lady, ease, grace, and gentleness, seem innate; she is also distinguished by a naturalness of manner, in which we are sadly deficient.

Alice was so bright, so cordial, yet so simple in manner, Edith loved her almost at first sight. And when, after supper, as night closed in, Charles returned from a fishing excursion, and entered the parlor with his large Newfoundland dog at his side, and was presented to Mr. John Hollingsworth, that gentleman inwardly murmured: "By George of Oxford, a noble looking youth; he ought to have been born in England." In a few days Alice had recovered from the fatigue of her journey, and then Charles and Edith were ready to accompany her on foot or on horseback, as she might prefer. She had an ardent love of the beautiful, and the scenery of Milton and Dorchester had for her an inexpressible charm. She loved to stand on Milton heights, and gaze over the blue waters sparkling in the sun; she loved to listen to her cousin's stories of the Indian warfare, the sufferings and capture, the bravery and heroism of the first settlers. The whole history of border warfare was familiar to him, for his uncle Mark had been engaged in the French and Indian wars; and, in glowing terms he described to Alice the beautiful mountain scenery in the western part of the State, and in New Hampshire. He and his uncle, with their trusty Indian guides, had spent weeks and months in their wanderings, and in their light canoes had floated on the great rivers then lying in the bosom of a primeval forest.

In the history and literature of the mother country, Charles and Alice were equally at home. The old poets were alike familiar to them, but their opinions of the characters of some of the English Sovereigns were widely different. Alice was devoted with her whole heart to the cause of the unhappy Stuarts. She thought Mary cruelly and heartlessly treated by Elizabeth, and always spoke of her as the murdered queen. Charles regarded her as a violent and intriguing murderer, whose death was necessary to give peace to Elizabeth. Alice never spoke of Charles the First, except with almost religious reverence, as Charles the Martyr; and her cousin, although he did not approve his execution, thought England most fortunate to be freed from his sway, and to receive Cromwell as her Protector. Alice was devotedly attached to the faith of the church of England. With the peculiar tenets of faith so strictly enforced by our Puritan fathers, Charles had little sympathy. "I feel far nearer to God," he would say to Alice, "when alone on this beautiful hill, or in the dense forest, or by the dark river, than I do in church with my good minister; and sometimes long before he comes to thirtiethly and lastly, I am far away,

in imagination, paddling my canoe on some quiet lake in the wilderness.

CHAPTER VI.

"Were not our souls immortal made,
Our equal loves can make them such;
One sweet and natural feeling leads a grace
To all the tedious walks of common life."

It was the first of August. Charles had been absent from Milton more than a week; Alice and Edith were sitting in a little room, called the clock room, because the old English eight-day clock ticked in the corner; a carpet covered the center of the floor only; the straight-backed chairs were posted like sentinels against the walls; and by the window, busily engaged in a piece of embroidery, sat Alice. Her shepherdess with her sheep and crook were all completed, and she was forming a tree, which, after the fashion of such pictures, was just as tall as the shepherdess.

She intends, when she has finished the picture, to present it to Madam Blake. Edith is making up some linen just taken from the loom. It was woven by the fair hands of Miss Huldah MacNab, who resided in the family, and was constantly employed in spinning and weaving. Edith left her work, and sitting down at the spinet, sang with a voice as clear and sweet as a bird, Herrick's night piece to Julia; and afterward, looking archly at Alice, she said: "I sang that for Charley."

Mr. John Hollingsworth entered and invited the young ladies to ride with him to Boston, "and perhaps," he said, "as the day is fine, you may like to remain until evening and return by moonlight." The girls retired to change their dresses, and soon returned in their riding habits. Sambo, to his great delight, received an order to mount old Steady and follow them; he carried a large basket, containing a change of dress for the young ladies. "I do wish, Alice," said Edith, "you would consent to ride my pony. Your horse ambles, trots and canters, all in turn; he will not keep one regular gal for three consecutive minutes." "A little bird whispered in my ear," said Uncle John, gaily, "that a beautiful Spanish Jennet, imported by a gentleman in Springfield for his invalid daughter, is soon to be in your father's barn at Milton." He imported it from Cuba. His daughter has since died, and Charles has posted off in hot haste to get it, and will probably be at home to-night. Your uncle's servant, Sam, has gone with him." "How did you learn this," asked Edith. "From Dr. Warren; he was at your father's this morning, and said that he saw Dr. Gunning in Boston yesterday; he told him Charles had stopped at C. on his way to Springfield, whither he had gone to purchase a horse for Alice." Edith looked archly at her as Mr. Hollingsworth concluded, but she was busily employed in striking her riding whip the glossy leaves of the birch trees, against which her skirt brushed as they were riding along.

Edith interrupted her reflections by saying: "The good ship, 'William and Mary,' arrived in port last week, and is now laden of her cargo; and mother told me this morning that if Mrs. Copeland would accompany me, I might go out and purchase a silk dress. It is a great event in my life. I did not expect to have a silk dress bought for me for years to come."

"I have two," said Alice, "sent out to me from England by my kind relations there." "I have two also; but one of them was mother's, and the other was grandmother's, and both are cut in such an old fashioned manner, that I much prefer to wear even a striped linen, prettily made."

After a pleasant morning's ride they entered the quiet town of Boston, and were conducted by Mr. Hollingsworth to Madam Copeland's, where he left them, promising to return at sunset. The house stood back some distance from the road, pleasantly facing the south, with an avenue of fine elms leading to it, and a flourishing orchard behind it. They were welcomed with great cordiality; and as Sambo arrived in due time with the large basket, their toilet was soon completed. Edith told Mrs. Copeland her mother's commission, and the good lady accompanied her to Mrs. Betty Nutting's, where they purchased, much to Edith's satisfaction, a green broad silk dress and a rose colored silk petticoat.

After dinner, as they were in the orchard gathering pears, Rose came to tell them there was company in the parlor, and Mrs. Copeland had sent for them. On entering the house they found several ladies and gentlemen, who had come to pay their respects to Miss Hollingsworth. There was a marked difference, I imagine, in the manners of the ladies and gentlemen of Boston in the year seventeen hundred and seventy, from those of the present day. The courtly address, the genteel courtesy, and urbanity of manner, which distinguished the educated people of that day, has passed away; a feeling of selfish and proud exclusion, which affects the minds of many persons, otherwise of great merit and worth, has taken its place. Out of their immediate circle the higher classes seem cold, repulsive and inaccessible; enthusiasm seems dead within them, and the fear of ridicule, "the world's dread laugh," the only thing that can rouse them. An eloquent American writer says an aristocratic state of society naturally produces courtesy, contentment and order; and a republican, ambition and improvement. He says our manners are deficient in gracefulness and amity, and that we are disposed to have our hearts locked up in cold and frigid reserve. He accounts for it in this way: "He says a prince or nobleman, in a state of unbroken aristocracy, does not fear his dignity, or his reputation will be compromised by the presence of an inferior in his house or in his society; but with us, he says, he who would hold a higher place must obtain it from the general vote; hence, every circumstance affecting his position is important to him, and the circumstance that most obviously affects it is the company he keeps. On this point, therefore, he is likely to be extremely jealous; and this he conceives to be one reason for the proverbial reserve of our national manners. He then goes on to say that the connection between the manners and feelings of a people is an intricate one; and that a cold demeanor, although it may not prove coldness of heart, tends to produce it; and that feelings that are locked up in reserve are liable to wither and shrink, simply from disuse. He is in the very school, not of generosity and love, but of selfishness, scorn and pride. And vainly, he says, may a Christian

people boast of its intelligence, refinement and freedom. If it fail of the essential virtues of the Christian religion. It has always seemed to me one reason why the reformers of the present day, when addressing the South on the subject of slavery, so signally fail to do any good, that the harshness of their language, the severity of their denunciations, obscures and degrades the holy cause of human freedom and brotherhood, which they advocate. One would suppose they thought the surest way to induce the slaveholder to believe as they do, would be to rouse all that is belligerent and antagonistic in his nature. The more unsparring they indulge in bitterness, unsparring invective and coarse personalities, the more truly do they seem to think they do God service, and crush, link by link, the chains of slavery. They forget that "wisdom is better than weapons of war," and that the mildest in council are often the bravest in field; and yet many of them are kind-hearted, excellent people, earnestly engaged in what they consider the most noble of works, the restoration of an oppressed race to freedom. They seem to forget that control of temper, humanity and Christian charity are pearls of great price; and while earnestly striving in whatever way they may deem best to accomplish the hopes of abused and prostrate humanity, let them not forget that their Southern neighbors are gentlemen and Christians like themselves.

CHAPTER VII.

"But though true worth and virtue is the gift
And great good of cultivated life
Thrive most, and may perhaps thrive only there,
Yet not in cities oft."

COWPER.

That evening, after they had returned home, they listened to the conversation between Mr. Hollingsworth and Mr. Blake. Mr. Hollingsworth spoke of the general dissimilation which prevailed in the colony toward the government. He said he had met that day, in Boston, the surveyor-general of the woods of America, appointed by the British Government to look after trees which should be reserved as masts for the Navy. He told him that the law for the preservation of these was generally disregarded. After the trees were cut down, they were often taken from his deputies in wanton mischief, and no redress could be obtained; because the law was so offensive to the people it could not be enforced.

Mr. Hollingsworth said the air of New England was rife with rebellion, and he urged Mr. Blake to allow Charles to return with him to England, and commence the practice of law there. Mr. Blake listened quietly to his harangue, and knocking the ashes out of his pipe, said gently: "The people think they have their grievances, too." And now, as the clock struck nine, the family assembled for evening prayers. Mr. Hollingsworth was always charmed by the reserved simplicity and earnest faith with which Mr. Blake offered his petitions at the throne of grace: all that he said came naturally and spontaneously from a true and noble heart. After the prayer was ended, the voices of Edith and her mother blended in a sweet hymn of praise to their maker, and then the family separated for the night. On the following morning, old Dinah came into Edith's room to tell her that Massa Charles and Sam had come from

the country with "such a pretty horse." Edith was soon down stairs, but Alice was there before her. She was soon mounted, galloped down the avenue, and, on her return, pronounced the horse "perfectly splendid!" and for a young girl it was not an exaggerated remark. It was a small, beautifully formed horse, with arching neck and large, mild eyes; jet black was its color. "The courser was black as black could be, save the brow-star, white as the foam of the sea." He had evidently been much petted and caressed; he stood at the door and ate bread from Alice's hand. After breakfast they visited an Indian encampment at the foot of the Blue Hills, and then went to see a beautiful pond in Canton. On her return, Alice professed herself ready again to mount on Victor's back, declaring him to be "as fleet as the summer wind and well nigh as easy."

On the following week it was decided that the party should visit Mrs. Blake's brother, Dr. Cumming, who lived at C—. They left Milton at the early hour of five, on a beautiful summer's morning, and arrived at C— before noon. Concerning their visit to the Lens and Lencote, history has naught to say; but a little that transpired during their sojourn with Dr. Cumming has been handed down to us. He was of Scottish origin, possessing much of the dry, caustic humor, peculiar to that people. His fund of stories was inexhaustible. Like Alice, he was strongly attached to the cause of the Stuaris. His father had been actively engaged in the rebellion of seventeen forty-five, and he had many a tale to tell of that unhappy rising; and so thrilling and graphic was his style, that it almost seemed as if the characters he described passed before you in bodily presence. In describing the surrender of the fort at Niagara, and the battle there, in July, seventeen fifty-nine, so faithful was his imitation of the Indian war-whoop, and so terrific did it sound to Edith, she heard it in her dreams for many a night.

One morning he invited them to accompany him on a visit to one of his patients, a man with a fractured limb. "He is a decided original," said the doctor, "and it may amuse you to listen to him; and beside, Miss Alice, you should visit our common farm-houses, and see how our people live." The house they visited stood on the bank of a stream, with a mill hard by, and a dense wood behind it. The owner of the farm and mill was away; but his wife, a tall, athletic woman, stood at the door of the mill. A sack of meal was at her side, which, without assistance, she placed on a horse that stood fastened near by. A little boy mounted him and drove away. Dr. Cumming introduced his guests, and the woman led the way to the house; it contained but four rooms. In the room in which they were shown there was an immense fireplace, and although the day was very warm, a fire was burning on the hearth. The floor was wadded, and the furniture in the room simple in the extreme. The wall was decorated with banks of yarn, strings of red pippins, turkeys' wings, and on the mantel-piece were two guns. A tall mahogany clock ticked in one corner, and in another a hanging book-case was suspended against the wall. There were some old books there: "The Christian Soldier's Hand Book," "The Christian Widow's Praise of Folly," "Luther's Epistles," and several others,

that probably belonged to the first American ancestor. Shakespeare, Milton, and some of the early English poets, and "Young's Night Thoughts"—the latest book of the collection. And a favorite one with both mother and daughter. Their attention was now attracted to the young man with a broken limb. He sat by the fire with his limb in a chair; he was a heavily-built, broad-shouldered young man, with an honest Saxon face, awkward and uncouth in manner. The silence was broken by his saying: "Mother's a master hand for readin', and she's got a master memory—she remembers all she reads, and can repeat poetry till the cows come home. She and Persis will tell stories about ghosts in the winter evenings, till you'd think the critters was right behind you, and it would make your hair stand straight on your head to hear them talk." "Your's always does," said his sister, archly, "for all the pains you ever take to comb it."

The doctor said: "I think in six weeks you will be able to go to market again." "Wall, if I thought I'd got to see so many red coats as I did the last time I was in Boston, I'd break my leg agin on purpose to stay away." "You talk too much, my son," said his mother, mildly. "Wal, mother, I can't give up hatin' men that aint natral to love; and if I did get so, I could kind o' stand them. I couldn't foller their orders nor work in their harness; and as for all the order they keep, I reckon we can do our holn' and plantin' without their help." The door quietly opened, and a fine intelligent-looking man entered. The matron introduced him as her eldest son. "How do you do to-day, Benjamin?" said his brother. "Wal, I guess if I was any worse you'd heard on't," was the answer, given with national directness.

"From what part of England do you come?" said the elder brother to Mr. Hollingsworth. "I live near Hockhurst, in the county of Kent," was the reply. "Our ancestors were also from Hockhurst," said the matron, advancing. "Sartin," said Ben, "we are descended from some o' those old Saxons who fought close side of King Harold at the battle o' Hastings; there aint much Norman mixed up with us, I reckon." "I think, my son," said his mother, "your tongue outruns your discretion." "Wal, I know my tongue aint a smooth one, and I never make out well tryin' to foller the marks; but I'm always willin' you should stop me when I git off the trail." Alice thought how strange that mother and son should differ so widely in appearance and manners. There was a simple, natural dignity about her, rare, except in that state of society where each person is a power in himself or herself; her eyes were large and very dark, and her black hair, which was very long and braided, and wound several times around her head, forming thereby a natural coronet. When they were again in the open air, Alice expressed this feeling to Dr. Cumming. "She is," he said, "a remarkable woman, gifted with a wonderful memory, combined with a strong love of knowledge; she is complete mistress of the few books she owns, and she relieves many an hour of labor by repeating to herself, during the day, the poetry she has read the evening before. Her eldest son resembles her—the youngest is like his father." On the following day, Dr.

Cumming said to Mr. Hollingsworth: "I am going this morning to see a patient of another stamp, a countryman of yours, Captain Jeckyl. He has at different periods, held colonial offices, and resided in Boston; but of late years he has become a misanthrope, removed into the country, cleared a large tract of woodland from all underbrush, and in this way he has made a spacious park which is filled with deer. He has also a large orchard filled with choice varieties of fruit, which he has imported from abroad, and on a beautiful pond some three miles distant, he has two small-boats, which I have no doubt he will place at our disposal, if Alice and Edith feel disposed for a sail." "How far is it?" asked Charles. "Seven miles," answered the doctor. "At present he is ill with the gout; but we will drive with my good friend Mr. Gardner, who lives opposite, and who will be right glad to see us." "Oh, yes," said the girls, both speaking at once: "It will be delightful."

A pleasant ride through the woods brought them to Mr. Gardner's. It was a pleasant place; the house stood embodied in trees a short distance from the road. They were cordially welcomed, and Jack, who came forward to take the horses, grinned from ear to ear when he saw his old friend Sam. Dr. Cumming left them to revisit his patient, but soon returned, saying that Captain Jeckyl wished to see his countrymen very much, and the young ladies also. They crossed a common which separated the two houses, and found Captain Jeckyl standing at the gate. He ushered them into the parlor, and so home-like did it look, that Mr. Hollingsworth started as he entered. The furniture had all been imported from England; the paneled wainscot, the heavy oaken doors, the tessellated floor, the open cupboard filled with plate—on each side of which was engraved the armorial cypher of the family—and some fine oil paintings which decorated the walls, gave him that idea.

"You have here a very pleasant place, sir," said Mr. Hollingsworth. "Yes, sir," replied he; "but I wish it was sunk in the sea, for then I should go back to England. I have spent a great deal of money here, and made things very comfortable, and so I stay; but the air of the New England States is poisonous to loyalty. A spirit of rebellion is rife among the people—the political atmosphere forebodes a tempest—and I should like to be safely housed in England, while the roar of thunder is heard in the distance, and before the storm bursts in its fury over our heads." "And how is it with you, gentlemen?" said Mr. Hollingsworth, pleasantly. "Do you fear this gathering storm of which my friend speaks?" "Dr. Cumming may answer for himself," was Mr. Gardner's reply; "but for me, my country beats in each pulse of my heart, and her greatness is my own."

A respectable-looking English servant now brought into the room a silver basket, filled with pears and apricots. Port wine was handed to the gentlemen, and malmsey to the young ladies. Edith was enchanted with the park and deer, and Alice quite as much so with the beautiful mall-boat in which she twice crossed the clear transparent pond; and when they returned to C—, at ten in the evening, they confessed that, although Victor was feet of foot, and his motion easy, she was very tired.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Oh! for the climes true-love time
When the world was in its prime;
Cupid then had but to go
With his purple wings and bow,
And in blossoming vale and grove,
Every shepherd knelt to love."

BRODIE farwelled to their kind hosts, our party returned to Milton; and a few days afterward, as Charles and Alice stood by the side of the dark Neponset, he whispered the story of his love, and "they plighted their faith under the broad arch of the blue heaven, the old nor distant holy temple of our common father." The news of the betrothal was received by the Blake family with joy. They loved Alice and considered her worthy to be the wife of Charles; and in their fond eyes, he was perfect.

Alice and Edith were as sisters; and Edith wrote a note every day to Mary Robbins to tell her how happy she was, because Charles and Alice were engaged. Mr. Hollingsworth wished Charles to accompany them to England. "You can practice law there," he said; "and when I am gone to rest, Hollingsworth manor shall be yours." Every one felt it would be a terrible thing to give up Charles; and as Alice felt no peculiar ties in England—as she had never been there, it was finally decided in the family council that she should accompany her uncle, as first proposed; and when two years had elapsed Charles, who by that time would be established in his profession in Boston, should go for her. And so time passed on, and every day revealed to him some new charm in the character of Alice. Her pride, vanity and love of power slept—they they ever wake to life! In her strong desire to be the companion of his mind, as well as the mistress of his heart, she seemed daily to grow in intelligence, and pure and gentle wisdom.

Across the deep waters those we love have gone, and by the hearth and at the social board their place is desolate. So thought Edith as she returned one evening from the parsonage: her father and mother were in Boston. She entered the little sitting room, but there was nothing to remind her of Alice, except the piece of embroidery that hung over the mantel-piece, neatly framed, and the spinet at which she had so often sat. She ran out to the stable to see Victor; but although he neighed and rubbed his cold nose against her shoulder, his mute caress only served to remind her of the past, when Alice and she used to visit him after breakfast, and feed him with bread and apples.

She entered the kitchen, and found Dinah roasting apples on the hearth. "You have come just in time, honey," she said; "I have put some apples out to cool for you, and I have some fresh bread and pies." "I don't wish any supper, thank you," said Edith, as she sat down on a little block in the chimney corner, and gazed at the smoke curling and eddying up the throat of the immense chimney; and she sat there musing until her eyes filled with tears. Dinah divined the thoughts of her young mistress, and she said: "Honey, don't fret; two years will soon pass away." But as it was her nature to be a bit of a croaker, she added: "It may be Mama Charles will never cross the water for Miss Alice; sorrow comes when you don't look for it. I heard two whip-poor-wills

sing last night on the cherry tree close by his window, and that is a bad sign, Miss Edith;" and then she told a ghost story. She said Miss Lucy Martin died on the eve of her wedding day, and her lover pinned away and died not long after. Their ghosts always appeared at midnight in the parlor of her father's house, on the anniversary of the day which should have been their wedding day, and stood hand in hand just as if they were in the presence of the minister; how in the dead of night, although no one could be seen in the dining room, the rattling of knives, forks and dishes could be plainly heard, as if the table was being laid for the bridal supper, yet if one opened the door all was still. This story Dinah told in a low, monotonous tone, casting furtive glances at the dark corners of the kitchen, as if she thought some ghost might be lurking there; and Moses, her daughter, and Sambo listened with the pupils of their eyes dilated, and a visible circle of white around them, which seemed to widen as the story continued; and then, with a cracked and melancholy voice, Dinah sang the ballad of Lord Lovel and Lady Rosabel. At the conclusion of that mournful ditty, Edith retired to rest, and in her slumbers she dreamed that Alice and her uncle were shipwrecked, and that the former, all dripping with the salt sea foam, came from her grave in the deep ocean, and laid her hand on her face—and so, with a shudder, she awoke. The sun was just peeping over the hills, bathing in rosy light the varied landscape that met her eye, and she exclaimed in her heart, there is no place in the wide world so beautiful as home. With the bright morning her superstitious fears had fled, and she began to chant by herself: "The Lord is my shepherd I shall not want." When she went down stairs, she bade Dinah good morning, with a cheerful face, and entered the breakfast room. She found her brother William there; he had walked over from Cambridge, and arrived during the night. He was going out to shoot pigeons, and laughingly told Dinah that she should bring home fifty, at least, and that she must be all ready to make a pot-pie on his return. "Oh, Massa William, said she, "you want me to wear the flesh all off my poor old bones cooking all the birds and fish you bring home." "Ned Vassal is going with me, and he is a splendid shot. I told him what nice pot-pie you make, and he is coming to dine with me to-morrow." William knew there was no surer way to touch her heart than to praise her cooking; and with a satisfied grunt she said: "Well, you always jest git round me; and I spose I must make the pie." "Don't you wish Charlie was here to go with you?" said Edith. "Not I. Since he is engaged, he is lately good for nothing; and when I ask him to do anything, he matters bye-and-bye. I do hope, Edith, you will never be in love—it just spoils one; and to tell you a bit of a secret, Edith, I do not fancy Alice so much as the rest of the family do. You know I never raved about her. There is something about her I never liked, although I cannot describe it. I imagine she has not much depth of feeling; and polished and elegant as she is, I think Mary Robbins is worth twenty of her. Don't look so shocked, Edith; it may be treason to say so, but it seems to me that she is a little insincere."

"William, how can you harbor such thoughts!" said his sister indignantly. "I have thought them a long time, but have never said anything before, and I hope my suspicions are unjust. Of one thing you may be sure, I shall do my best to love her as a sister, if she ever marries Charles." The tears started in Edith's eyes as she heard her dear friend, as she thought, thus unjustly criticized; and her brother, sorry that he had wounded her feelings, kissed away her tears and ran off. As she stood at the door watching him until he disappeared, a little boy came up the avenue: he brought an invitation from Miss Susan Vassal to a quilting, to be held that afternoon in her father's barn. At two o'clock, Edith and her friend Mary arrived at Mr. Vassal's. The farmers' daughters came two by two on horseback in their striped linen dresses, or in large flowered chintzes, wearing white aprons, ruffled and crimped, and the hair turned away from the face and rolled over a cushion. There were some young ladies present in dimity short gowns, and calicoes and petticoats; others, again, wore silk. The large barn doors were opened wide. Just back was a broad green pasture; beyond that the thick woods, the blue hills, were visible in the distance; while far to the left the Neponset gilded away, its clear waters glistening in the light of a summer's sun.

Meantime the quilting went merrily on; with the various operations of marking, stretching, and rolling, were well and skillfully performed; and at sunset the quilts were finished, and the young people adjourned to the house. Ample justice was done the various good things on the table, and they drank tea from the tiny cups, which have been handed down to us by our great-grandmothers; and with many cordial farewells, they separated; and when, at eight o'clock, the moon rose in her still beauty, they were all at home.

CHAPTER IX.

Years rush by us like the wind; two have almost passed since Mr. Hollingsworth and Alice sailed for Europe, and all has gone well with our friends at Milton. Charles is in Boston, a successful practitioner and an eloquent speaker. William has just entered on the junior year. The married brother, Henry, has a little daughter some eight months old, called Alice Hollingsworth, much petted by her Aunt Edith, now a lovely girl of nineteen. And Charles, with trusting patience, saw the months and years glide away, happy in "hope, the sole god-like joy that belongs to man." By nature unsuspecting, frank and truthful, it was difficult for him to imagine that treachery and deceit dwelt in the world—least of all in those he loved.

Four months ago Alice wrote him that she was going to London, to visit some of her mother's relatives residing there. On her arrival she wrote one natural, happy letter; she described her manner of life, said she saw a great deal of company; she also spoke of the style in which her relatives lived, of their retinue of servants, their library and pictures; and then, having said it was very pleasant, contrasted it with the simple and quiet life they expected to lead in Boston. It was two months before he heard from her again. Then came a

letter which seemed stiff and unnatural; but she said she wrote in haste, as she had engagements for the afternoon and evening, and must close her letter then, as the ship was to sail with the next tide. And now came a letter from Mr. John Hollingsworth, written in the style of a man who has something unpleasant to communicate, and does not well know how to commence. Briefly as possible he related the story of her visit to London; he said her relatives there were titled and wealthy, and she soon became a great favorite. Their eldest daughter had married Lord H.; he had a fine house in town and a noble estate in the country. Their daughter died, and at the time Alice visited London, he was a widower. She met him at the house of her relatives; fascinated with her beauty and manner, he visited there constantly. In the excitement and whirl of high life, she experienced a pleasure hitherto unknown. The fashionable world judged her beautiful, therefore she was admired and her company sought after; moreover, it was supposed she would be the heiress of Hollingsworth, and when Lord H., himself a star in the fashionable world, offered his hand, he was accepted. Coldly but briefly, with tears in her eyes, she had asked her uncle to write to Charles, and tell him what she had done, and ask him to forget her. Her uncle closed the letter by saying:

"I never commenced with so much unwillingness, or closed with so much alacrity. I can make no apology for her, except—'Frailty thy name is woman;' and now my dear boy, may God bless you, and so farewell." And to that young man, as he sat by the office with his face buried in his hands, how seemed the future—how joyless and dark! The love of his life was to be rent from his heart, when he deemed himself most sure of its possession, and the remembrance of Alice was to live forever more in the dark grave of buried recollections. She who had been for two years the bright morning star of his life, was to be as though she had never been; love had, in one short hour, become a thought of anguish and a memory of pain; and the future rose before him without purpose, and without aim—stern and terrible. A few days after the receipt of this letter, he walked out to Milton. His mother started in terror as he entered the room, for his face was pale as the dead. He threw his uncle's letter into her lap, and was gone. He roamed for hours over that beautiful hill, which now, known as Milton-hill, has become almost classic ground. At midnight he stood by the Neponset, on the spot where they plighted their faith; and his brain reeled, and he saw naught in the universe save the blank of desolation. He returned home in the early morning twilight, chilled by the night dew, and, as he entered his chamber, fainted and fell. Doctor Warren was summoned in haste, and on his arrival, pronounced him ill with brain fever. In the first stage of the disease he raved constantly of Alice; then came on a heavy stupor, and he slept day and night almost constantly. He was very sick for many days. His watchful physician said his life seemed to hang by a thread. His mother seldom left his bedside, and Edith's eyes were red with watching, and her cheeks were blanched with grief. Mr. Robbins came every day to see the family, and to pray with

them. His eyes often filled with tears, as he thought of the changed aspect of that once happy home. In his prayers he would ask God to bless the Joseph of the flock, and make him an ornament and blessing to his country; and would pray that Charles might forget her who had caused him so much sorrow, and might trust that all would yet be well.

"No matter where the storm has driven,
A saving anchor lies in prayer;
There is a rock and sigh at hand,
A shelter in a weary land.
Those dwell'd on sorrow's high and barren place,
But round about thee mount an angel guard,
Charlots of fire, horses of fire company,
To keep thee safe for Heaven."

The prayers of their pastor were heard, and their son was restored to health. After days of delirium, he lay once more with the light of reason in his eyes, quiet as an infant, resigned to life, if it was God's pleasure; for his own sake he would have preferred to have gone down to the grave, for the charm and beauty of life had departed. He recalled those beautiful words he had somewhere read: "Smoke comes from the torch, which, cut in the sap, is cast upon the fire, and regret from the heart, which is severed from the world, while the world is in its May."

One morning after his recovery, as he sat musing by the open window, he was startled by the hearty tones of his uncle's voice; and a moment after Dr. Cumming entered the room. "Oh! Charles," he said, "why do you sit here moping like an owl in the sunshine—do you strong enough to ride three or four miles this morning?" "Oh, yes, uncle; I am quite well." "Well, then, I think we will go down by the sea-shore; the night of the sea will do you good. I passed last night at Cambridge, and William came over with me this morning. I will take Sam down to dig clams, and we will have a famous time all by ourselves." Charles was leaving the room to prepare for his ride, when, through the open window, he saw Sam leading out Victor; Victor, who had borne Alice so fleetly and proudly in those happy times forever past. His eyes filled with tears; his uncle noticed his emotion, and after he had left the room, stepped into the yard, and said hastily: "Put that horse in the stable, Sam." "And what horse is Master William to ride?" "He can ride your horse, and you can catch old Steady from the pasture and ride him." The sea was dashing against the rocks, for it was high tide, and Charles sat gazing out upon the ocean, he was tired with his ride, and his cloak was unstrapped from his saddle and thrown carefully round by William, who told college stories, and passed off college puns as his own, and helped Sam to make the chowder, and was so light hearted and merry, that he brought a smile to his brother's face more than once, while his uncle thought to himself, if the boy can keep clear of this miserable love nonsense he will make a man one of these days.

"Charles, what song is the sea singing in your ears?" said his uncle. "The waves rushing toward the land, dashing over the rocks, never tiring, never ceasing, remind me of action—earnest, determined action; and if I mistake not, sir, you brought me here to-day, trusting they might sing that song to me." "Well, my dear boy, I came down to Milton to try and do you good. It is true, I thought the sight of the sea might inspirit you a little.

Day dreams are bad for you just now, and your head is not strong enough for you to return to your office duties. Sometime ago, as you know, I divided my western township with other proprietors. Settlers are moving in from Bridgewater and Abington, and it is time the whole township be truly and accurately surveyed. I have not forgotten the passion you had one summer, at C—, for accompanying old Mr. Stephen H— on his surveys, or the accurate drawings you made. He always said if you made a good lawyer, an excellent surveyor would be spoiled. It will do you good to go up into the wilderness; you will come back fresh and hearty." When he returned home, his father and mother thought the plan a good one; and receiving the consent of his partner in business, he left home, and was absent three months. On his return, he gave a ludicrous account of the little settlement. He said that when a new settler came, the inhabitants assembled, cleared a building spot, and erected a log-house for him; the house was usually finished in two days, and the family moved in. The meeting-house was merely a covered frame, and when the congregation sang, they were frequently disturbed by swallows, who built their nests in the roof. The congregation was very small, there being only seven male church members. They were too few and too poor to support preaching constantly, and they raised eight guineas at a time to pay for the charge of preaching eight Sabbaths during the summer. Charles made a complete and accurate survey of the township, much to his uncle's satisfaction, and, moreover, delighted him with the fund of Scotch anecdotes he had learned from Mac'retin, the oldest settler in the town. Fifty years after, at the bustings, the apple bee, and the social gatherings of the people, the same stories were repeated, and the same old Scotch ballads were sung; and in this little township which Charles Blake surveyed, our noblest American poet was born.

On his return home, Charles found his mother had received a letter from her bachelor brother—a lawyer in St. Johns, New Brunswick. He had been out of health for a long time, and wished Charles to come on and assist him in setting up his business, and, if necessary, accompany him to the West Indies, where, if his life should be prolonged, he intended to go and pass the winter. In accordance with his uncle's wish, he went to St. Johns, assisted him in closing up his financial affairs, bore the querulous complaining induced by feeble health and misanthropic old bachelorhood, with sweetness and patience, and, in the following December, embarked with him for the West Indies. They landed at Havana, New Year's Day, after a fatiguing voyage; and there, on a large coffee plantation, inhaling that balmy air, and living almost entirely out of doors, for a time his uncle's health rallied; and in that paradise for invalids it seemed as if his life might be prolonged for years.

As for Charles, his quiet, dreamy life on the island brought back daily, fresher and stronger, the bitter remembrances of the past; and although, by every effort of a strong and determined will, he strove to banish them from his mind—still there were times, when he rode through the beautiful plantations, or through a

palm grove, the trees standing proudly and still in the clear moonlight, like giant sentinels guarding the land—at such times, riding alone, in the floodgates of memory would be opened, and in the bitterness of his heart he exclaimed: "Oh, that she died in the freshness of her youth and beauty; time would then have hallowed the poignancy of my grief, and I could have been, in a measure, contented to think of her as an angel watching over my lone pathway; but now she is unworthy of my remembrance, and why should I dream of her?" Love lived no more for him; it had indeed become a thought of anguish and a memory of pain. Thus time passed on. His uncle, who, for a time, rallied, relapsed again, and, after lingering a few weeks, died. Two Scotch planters who lived on adjoining plantations, and who were very kind to Mr. Cummings, inasmuch as he was a countryman, offered to place his remains in their private burying-grounds, which stood on the boundary line between the two plantations. The offer was gratefully accepted; and, placed in a rough coffin made on the plantation, he was borne to his grave by his countrymen, and left to rest under the spreading shades of the mango tree; and when Charles thanked them for their kindness, one of them said: "Your uncle's father, your grandfater, all doubtless you know, was out in '49; he went to France for a cargo of grain, and on his return to Scotland, hearing all was lost, turned his vessel westward and sailed for America. His family soon joined him. Now, when I saw your uncle, and learned that he was the son of my father's old comrade and friend, my heart warmed toward him." On returning to St. Johns, Charles found that his uncle in his will had bequeathed to him, "his dearly beloved nephew," all his property, both real and personal. After disposing of the real estate to the best advantage, he found himself in the possession of twenty-thousand dollars.

(To be concluded in our next.)

FREEDOM'S LAND.

"The earth hath given to the children of men,"
PRAIRIE.

COM' to the land where titles are not known,
Save that which nobly labor justly gives—
Where Maschoo brings equality alone—
Where Freedom's flame in every bosom lives!
They who confound the birth-place with the heart,
Judge but of that of which they most can claim;
But he who acts a freeman's sacred part,
Will eclipse every war by a glorious name!
The orb whose varied beams upon our land
Has ministered each clime beneath the sky,
Like a bright Prophet, sent from God's right hand,
Invites the despotic victim here to fly.
Ere thou upon our soil proclaims him free,
Though Europe's cannon thunder at the sound;
And, with a home-like clime and sympathy,
The exile's heart in brotherhood is bound.
Aye, let them come, unto the mighty West,
Like a fair sky in midnight's placid reign,
Is covered by the pure, the loved, the best,
Which tyranny has banished o'er the main!
And he who would extinguish freedom's fire
In those who in the future here may roam,
Brands as adventurers his exiled sire,
And spreads the pall of death o'er freedom's home!
What tongue, with vain presumption, shall assign
A limit to our progress as they come,
To tell in city, country, workshop, mine,
And make the wilderness a happy home?
One mighty quarter-world of the free—
Dotted with homesteads of earth's varied race,
In strength, like Rome—unlike in destiny—
Our land shall only with our planet cease.



HENRY A. WISE.

Among the few individuals apparently destined to occupy the prominent positions vacated by the brilliant galaxy of statesmen who have departed from our midst during the last dozen years, than the gallant son of the "old Dominion," whose lineaments are above depicted, we know of none better qualified. For years we thought his course vacillating; but a close review of his career, presents conclusive evidence that instead of the principles of Governor Wise, the lines of political parties have been the true cause of the wavering. Throwing aside our notions of some of the peculiar institutions of the South, and taking into consideration the sectional association, the intellectual and social training of youth, ay, even their natural instincts; the whole course of Governor Wise's public career, bears the impress of loftiness, and a pure devotion to the interest of his country, regardless of the ambition of personal aggrandizement. During his twenty-four years of public life, he has ever advocated the advancement of his fellow-man. His votes and speeches are recorded in favor of universal suffrage for representation, free education, and, as his last canvass abundantly proved, free speech and free conscience. The ideas we endeavor to express, undoubtedly meet the views of a majority of the people, north of Mason and Dixon's line. When the name of Governor Wise was first publicly mentioned in connection with the chief magistracy of this Union, the expressions of men of all parties were immediately aroused in his favor. Even his political opponents declared their satisfaction in having an honest, noble, and fearless adversary, who, if elected, was competent to

fulfill the important duties the position imposed.

Henry A. Wise was born in Drummond Town, the seat of justice of Accomack county, in the State of Virginia, on the third of December, 1806. He was the son of Sarah and John Wise, the latter an eminent lawyer of that day, and at the date above mentioned, clerk of the courts of the county; and prior to the year 1800, he had been speaker of the House of Delegates of the Legislature of the State. We doubt if even in aristocratic old Virginia, there are half a score of families that can as readily and truthfully trace their pedigree from the migration of their ancestor to this country in the seventeenth century. On a portion of the thousand acres, still in the possession of the descendants, originally purchased from the Indians for seven Dutch blankets, lie the mortal remains of the deceased members of the Wise family.

The subject of our sketch was early deprived of his parents. His father died in the seventh and his mother in the eighth year of his age. His first guardian was his maternal grandfather, General Cropper, an efficient and valuable officer in the great struggle for our national independence. We have many stirring incidents in the history of this valiant old chieftain, that probably have never appeared in print. But, as they are reserved for our illustrated series of "Scenes and Incidents in American History," they are omitted here. On each twenty-second of February, and the fourth of July, it was the custom of the old veteran to gather his children, and grand-children about him, and, with Marshall's history in his hand, he would read and talk to them of the eventful scenes in which he had been a prominent actor. Young

Henry was a ready and attentive listener on these occasions; and no doubt much of the patriotic feeling that he has since developed, was thus imbued in his spirit. After the death of his mother, Henry was placed under the care of a widowed paternal aunt—a pious lady of strong sense, and fond of books. She taught him to read, and required him to repeat the Lord's Prayer, at her knee, each night and morning. In his tenth year, he was sent to Margaret Academy, where he proved a wild and reckless youth, more given to boisterous sports, than to books and mental culture. He was ever ready for excitement, and from his game qualities in a physical set-too, he was christened "*Hard Bargain*," by which name he was known while he continued at the school. It is, however, affirmed by his early associates, that he was the *embodiment* of chivalric honesty, and, although he would fight one moment he was ready to forgive the next; and even if forced to go hungry, would readily part with his last biscuit, to pay an honorable wager.

In 1821, upon the death of his grandfather Cropper, Henry chose John Custis, senior, of Deep Creek, to be his guardian. This gentleman had married Henry's father's half-sister, and was an old Roman of the pure old fashioned Virginian stock. He lived with him until September 1822, when he sent him to Washington College, Pennsylvania. The only advice the old gentleman gave when parting from his ward was: "Henry, I put your funds at your own command—all the time is yours—I look for you to be a man!" This was enough for our young hero. It trusted him; and we are proud to add, that he never betrayed that trust. Henry found a father in the president of the college—the celebrated linguist, metaphysician, and moral philosopher, Andrew Wylie, D. D. As his character had now become steady, he advanced rapidly in his studies; and after a brilliant collegiate career, he graduated in October, 1825, dividing the first honors of his class with John Mitchell, of Maryland. Henry went through college without an enemy, and left it in love with his first wife, Ann, the daughter of the Rev. O. Jennings, D. D. On the fourth of July, 1826, he went to Winchester, Virginia, to attend the law lectures of the late lamented Judge Henry St. George Tucker. He remained with this gentleman for two years, and until the day of his death, was regarded by him, almost as one of his children. In 1828, Mr. Wise obtained his law license; and, in the fall of that year, he removed to Nashville, Tennessee, where he was married, that October. He continued the practice of his profession here for two years. However, he sighed for the "milk of the ocean," the oysters and terrapins of the Eastern shore; and, in 1830, with his wife and one child, he returned to Accomack—

"The land of the terrapin and turtle,
The land of the pine and the myrtle."

A little previous to this time began Mr. Wise's political tendencies. Among the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians of Western Pennsylvania, he imbued strong Democratic opinions and feelings. They were stern and Puritanical in their religion, and it gave tone to their whole character. He had been christened in the Episcopal church, but was educated and first impressed by the Calvinists. Their vitality of

faith and practice struck him powerfully; but their creed was dark to him, and swayed him toward the *free will* faith of the Methodists. In 1824, during the sweepstakes canvass for the Presidency, when Adams, Jackson, Crawford, Clay and Calhoun were all in the field, the predilections of Mr. Wise were for Mr. Crawford; and he felt that the election of Mr. Adams, by the House of Representatives, over General Jackson, who had received a plurality of the electoral votes, was a national outrage. Mr. Wise was at Nashville during the canvass of 1828, and was often at the Hermitage. Then for the first time he voted, and was a warm and disinterested partisan of General Jackson. At college he had looked for model examples among men in our history, and for model opinions to be adopted for future guidance in the actions of life. One model, of course, stood out above all the rest. He had, in his early youth been taught to venerate Washington as something more than man. And we must confess that we have yet to find that man who has a higher appreciation for his many virtues—more veneration for the memory of the Father of his Country, than Henry A. Wise. The writer of this paper lately came across a letter written some years since by Mr. Wise, in which his opinions of Washington are so forcibly expressed, that we have determined to annex them here: "He was a High Priest of Liberty, after another order than that of men's apostles. He was not to be judged by common rules—

"He left the crowd of all mankind below,
He walked aloft in a peculiar path,
And sprang to excellence—
Above the Grecian or the Roman name.
Unlike the great destroyers of the globe,
His fought and conquered in freedom's cause.
His song of victory the nations sing;
His triumphs are the triumphs of mankind."

"I feel what made him so great; he had a great mother, who made him a *cousin* of the Cross of Christ! From Calvary came the only pure streams of truth, respecting human rights and human duties. George Washington had been taught the Sermon on the Mount; and his early indoctrination in the Christian precepts, made him the savior of his country, the greatest of heroes, patriots and sages. I have never dared, and cannot now dare, to question aught he ever said or done. His words and actions always seemed to me, without reasoning, wisdom and virtue combined. I never could reason about them when he speaks or acts:—

"I tremble and I glow,
Like ancient prophets when they felt their God."

"He was put above my reach, and, therefore, it was not from him I could learn my political philosophy. He answered me too much to judge of political truth at his teaching. I resolved only always to obey his precepts, as precepts, implicitly and without questioning. He was the father of the country, of my beloved country. Reverence, reverence, reverence, was all I ever felt toward him!"

There were four other eminent statesmen for whom Mr. Wise had affinities: James Madison, the Father of the Federal Constitution; Thomas Jefferson the Father of Democratic Republicanism and of State Rights; Alexander Hamilton, the father of the Federal Faith and of the Federal Finc or Treasury; and John Marshall, the father of the Federal Judiciary. These were the cardinal *fin* of men who struck his gaze. The first

he bowed down before—just simply bowed down before. The others he could question, talk to, and reason with. Two of them were Federalists and two Republicans. His ancestors were all Federal Republicans. By birthright he could not but revere Hamilton and Marshall, and honor the *modies* of men who numbered among their followers his fathers. But his reason and reflection taught him to follow Madison and Jefferson in their tenets of political faith; and while at college he adopted Mr. Madison—the Cato of our statesmen—as his model of constitutional interpretation. Thus, in 1828, he voted with the Democratic party, and against the National Republicans, as the Federalists were then called. Beside, he believed then, as he does still, that the popular voice was neglected and betrayed by what was called the "bargain and corruption" which defeated General Jackson and elected Mr. Adams in 1824. At Nashville, in 1828, Mr. Wise had formed the most perfect personal intimacies with Balle Peyton, William H. Wharton, and other choice spirits, young men of the West. In the two years he resided there he became familiar with the whole movement toward Texas; he knew the fact that her annexation was then planned. Settlers were poured from the south-west into her limits to prepare for the revolution and independence which followed. General Sam Houston retired from Tennessee, blasted by his family afflictions at home, and went under Jackson's patronage to provide for the extension of a policy already prepared for Texas. Wharton had gone before him. Austin and Archer were there already. The grievances were already laid—the rifles only were wanting. General Jackson's election as President of the United States at once inspired and insured success to revolution in Texas. Mr. Wise had thus early had his attention directed to the coming events of annexation. He had nearly been induced to accompany Wharton to that country. The latter had married there, but Wise had married in Nashville; and his wife and her father's family would not consent to his emigration. His return to Accomack, and the practice of his profession, for a time drew him from politics; and he took no further part in them until 1832, when he again entered with zeal into the canvass of that year, for General Jackson's re-election to the presidency.

Then arose the fearful issues of Nullification. Richard Coke, of Williamsburg, had for four years represented the York, or, as it has since been known, the Wise district, in Congress. In 1831, he had been elected over C. M. Broxton as a Jackson candidate. Mr. Calhoun's quarrel with the "old hero" had caused the rupture in the cabinet of General Jackson, in June, 1831. In August of that year, Mr. Coke had been elected as a friend of the administration. In 1833, he returned to his district, a declared nullifier, avowing open opposition to General Jackson's administration, and dating his opposition from the time of the rupture in the cabinet, in 1831. The ordinance of South Carolina had been passed, and General Jackson issued his proclamation. Mr. Wise did not agree with that proclamation. He considered it Federal in all its text, and dangerous in its applications at that crisis, when swords were ready to leap from their scabbards to defend either the State

sovereignty on the one hand, or the supreme law upon the other. But, at the same time, Mr. Wise followed Madison in opposing Nullification as the rightful remedy. He (Wise) adopted the resolutions and reports of '08-'09, and assented heartily to the State rights rule that "Each State is the judge for itself of the infractions, as well as of the modes and measures of redress;" but, with Madison, Wise was obliged to agree that this right, or this law, was relative and not absolute. His views on this subject are well known. On their announcement they created a total difference of opinion between Mr. Coke and himself. The former ran, in 1833, as the candidate of the Nullifiers, in opposition to the administration. Mr. Wise was brought out in opposition to him as the Union candidate, and in support of General Jackson's measure, though he echoed the president's reasons given in the proclamation for the measure. Wise, being unable to reconcile Coke's election in August, 1831, as an administration candidate, with his avowal that his opposition dated back as far as June of that year—they were brought into personal collision by that topic of discussion. The canvass became rancorously personal and vindictive. The people were never more excited. They met in public and discussed the issues of peace and war between the Federal and State governments, with weapons on their breasts and almost openly in their hands. Candidates were exposed to insults at every "stump." Never was political questions more thoroughly discussed. Wise was just turned of twenty-five years of age, and had little experience in political campaigns. He was an utter stranger to five out of the seven counties of the district. He was a cripple with the rheumatism, from writing his first address to the district, on a mahogany table, on a cold winter's night in January, 1833; yet he was three months constantly canvassing in the highest excitement. The last Monday in April decided the contest, and Wise was elected by four hundred majority. His defeat so mortified Coke, that finally it was determined that a resort to arms could only settle the difficulties between him and Wise. They met, near Washington, in Maryland, on the 25th of January, 1835. It resulted in shattering Coke's right arm, and making the combatants good friends thereafter. Coke opposed him again, in 1835, but gave up the contest at York before the canvass was through, and even forward voted for Wise at the polls.

Before Congress met in December, 1833, General Jackson, in the fall of that year, ordered the removal of the public deposits from the Bank of the United States. This was exceedingly offensive to Wise, and caused him, with great reluctance, to vote against the administration, whilst he defended its motives. His youthful quandary will be observed in his first speech in the House of Representatives. That speech attacked McDuffie, and others in the opposition, more than it did General Jackson's policy of removal; and it is a romance also of history to note, that his notice of the fact that John Randolph's death had never been announced to the House, called his lamented colleague and Mr. Randolph's successor, Judge Bouclic, to the floor, and he (Bouclic) fell dead whilst attempting to assign the reasons for not announcing his predecessor's death. Mr. Randolph was elected to that congress, but

died before the day of meeting. Mr. Wise never saw him, but had always felt a great curiosity to see and serve with him; and that interest, doubtless, caused the allusion to the fact, which still exists. Mr. Randolph's death was announced to the House of which he was a member. Probably this is the only case of such an omission. Why it was so, is sealed with the life of Judge Bouldin, who died in the act of rendering the explanation.

No epoch of our legislative history, in time of peace, is so full of subjects of deep and agitating interest, as commenced at this time and continued until the years 1842-'43. The Tariff controversy had hardly been disposed of, when the issues came up of the Removal of the Deposits; the Pet Bank System; the Three Million Appropriation Bill; the French Indemnity; the Distribution of the Surplus Revenue; the Cherokee Treaty; the Condition of the Executive Departments, and of the Banks under Whitney; the Recognition of Texas; the Expanding Resolutions of Thomas H. Benton. The succession of Van Buren to General Jackson; the opposition to Van Burenism; the North East Boundary Question; and the vote of Ten Millions to the Administration.

The course of Mr. Wise on the Bank question was very decisive; and there is no part of his public life which he can look back upon with more conscientious satisfaction. He opposed the removal of the deposits by the Executive without and against the consent of the Legislative Department. He endeavored to prevent the immense loss which accrued to the trade and private purses of the country, by striking down so vast a monied institution, interwoven as it was with the most vital interests of the people. Not less than fifty millions of dollars was lost by its sudden destruction. Again, he was opposed to annihilating the legal agent of the Treasury, until another fiscal agent was created to take its place. He did not wish to leave the public money unregulated by law, in the custody of any executive—so long as our public money remained unregulated for more than ten years—with no other law except the act of 1789, organizing the Treasury Department, and the joint resolution of 1816, in relation to Bank redemptions in specie. This derangement continued until the administration of Mr. Polk, and was one of the regrets Mr. Wise dreaded. Above all, he was opposed to the "Pet Bank System" which the executive, at its discretion, established. The remedy proved worse than the disease.

Notwithstanding the opposition the executive prevailed, the millions were lost, the unregulated state of the Treasury continued, and the corruption of the hundred and fifty State banks grew rank as weeds in summer days. The United States Bank was crushed; the State Institution of Pennsylvania utterly failed and destroyed all confidence in those who had previously controlled and managed the United States Bank, and an implacable war had begun between the Democratic party and the banking capital of the country. When, therefore, afterward, in 1841-2, the question of Bank or no Bank arose, Mr. Wise was as hostile to a recharter, as before he had been friendly to a legislative respect for the legal rights of a corporation which was then in existence, and the overthrow of which would destroy much that was precious

to the people and to the government. In his opinion, to create a United States Bank anew, would be again to renew the war between the politicians and the monied power of the country. The bank would have to be an antagonist or an ally to some executive in place. If a party was in power which would war on the institution, it would be powerless to do good; and if a party in power should pet it as a political favorite, it would become an engine of evil. He still thinks that a total separation of the Federal Treasury from all banking corporations was, and is, the only safe policy; and such was his advice to Mr. Tyler on their first consultation after General Harrison's death. Although the Pet Bank, and several other issues, divided him widely from the administration, there were two subjects on which Mr. Wise sympathized warmly with General Jackson, and where their opinions concurred. The president was bitterly opposed to the distribution of the surplus revenue among the States, as was Mr. Wise. The latter thought this a most meretricious measure, brought forward by the foes of the president to corrupt his friends. That it was the offering of a most licentious combination of opposition and administration partisans, without any other avowed principle than that of removing the public funds out of the way of executive corruption. Though thus a reflection upon the party in power, it was carried by their votes combined with the great bulk of the opposition. General Jackson, up to the last moment, almost, was for vetoing it. In fact, on the morning of its passage in the House of Representatives, Mr. Wise was informed by very high authority that such would be the eventual fate of the bill. As it went out of the House he was on his feet denouncing the bill, and openly prayed the president to do his good will on vetoing it; and promised that if such turned out to be the fact, he would cheerfully forgive all past wrongs. But the president signed the bill, and Virginia, to this day, has sustained Governor Wise in the nearly lone minority vote he gave on this occasion. She never has taken the bribe, and he prays to God that she never will.

But the great subject which interested General Jackson most was the annexation of Texas. He was from the beginning, in 1828, bent upon the policy of that measure. He had then lately gone so far as to claim a new boundary, the Neucos, for the south-west line of the United States. He knew that Santa Anna would invade Texas; he knew that the Texan army would retreat; and he had stationed General Gaines with our troops with their toes at the new line of the Neucos, and if the Texan army retreated over that line, and Santa Anna should follow them, he knew what General Gaines was to do. The invader did come; the Texans did retreat; but all were not in the secret, and the army, against the orders of the leader, turned upon the foe—two by two, and ten by ten, and fought the battle of San Jacinto. Thus the Neucos never was crossed. What then was to be done? General Jackson undoubtedly was for the immediate recognition of the Independence of the Lone Star Republic, to be followed immediately by a treaty incorporating her as an integral part of the United States. He was determined to have the annexation. The question

now arose: "To which department of Government does it belong to recognize a new power—the Executive or the Legislative Departments?" William H. Wharton was then one of the agents of Texas, at Washington, and he presented the question to Judge Upshur, who happened then to be visiting the capital. The Judge referred to Story's authority, which places the power in the Executive as the treaty making department. This was the Interpretation General Jackson desired to be applied. He wished the making of a treaty. But Mr. Wise opposed this authority, and referred to the eighteenth clause of section eight, of article first, of the Constitution—the power in Congress, "To make all laws which should be necessary for carrying into execution the foregoing powers, and all other powers vested by this Constitution in the Government of the United States, or in any Department or officer thereof." Thus all incidental and resulting powers of execution, as well as of legislation were given to Congress to control by law. This view prevailed, and Congress acted upon the subject. The question of recognition came up before the House of Representatives, in the last few days of the session. It was in the power of Mr. Wise to prevent its consideration, without at the same time considering the policy of annexation. It was a query with him and his friends whether they would not withhold recognition, until they could obtain annexation also. General Jackson favored this idea, and they decided on that course. But, finally, Mr. Wise was induced to withdraw his opposition, on the distinct understanding given him, on authority, that annexation would be adopted as a policy by the successor of General Jackson, in case he, Mr. Van Buren, was elected. Indeed, Mr. Wise was assured that the president himself had required pledges on that subject, without which he would have cast aside his favorite for the succession. Assured of this, Mr. Wise assented; but with great distrust as to what would be the policy of Mr. Van Buren. He had no confidence in the pledges of the latter; and, therefore, was not disappointed, when he caused Mr. Forsyth, his Secretary of State, to reject, which he did, every overture made to his administration by General M. Hunt, the Texan minister, for annexation.

Next to the annexation of Texas, General Jackson was most deeply concerned in the election of his successor. Mr. Van Buren had won his way to his heart; how, it is now only curious to inquire. It has been suggested that he was a favorite, on the principle that the jackall is tolerated by the lion. Two men could not be more unlike than they were. But favorite he was; and upon the succession, more than upon any other subject, he arbitrarily overbore his best Democratic friends. Among these was that truly great and good man—as pure a Democratic Republican as ever lived—Hugh L. White, of Tennessee. They had been friends from boyhood, through the most trying scenes of manhood, in an age romantic for its frontier chivalry. Judge White had defected—had saved his life on one trying occasion. Nothing availed that long and cherished friendship against the stubborn will of the president to dictate to the Democratic party his successor. Judge White would, perhaps, never have allowed his name to be run, in 1836, but for the

fact that dictation had forbid his being a candidate.

At this period the Democratic portion had never consented to amalgamate with the National Republicans or Federal portion of the opposition. Concessions could derive no other mode than that of *two tickets*. The Democrats ran Hugh L. White and John Tyler on one, and the Nationals ran William H. Harrison and Francis Granger on the other. The Democrats were composed often of the Nullifiers, who had wheeled out of the Jackson line with Mr. Calhoun; of the Conservatives, who had joined Mr. Rives and Mr. Talmadge late in the day on the specie circulation; and of the "White Party," who were Union Democrats, bent upon a reign and an administration of the Constitution and the laws. To this division Mr. Wise belonged, and with whom he strenuously advocated the election of White and Tyler, in 1835. The Nationals would not yield their old Federal principles, and with their proposed allies they could only agree to disagree in their opposition to Mr. Van Buren. Indeed, after the latter's election, they, the Nationals, withdrew for a while from the opposition, until they saw what would be his policy in regard to the public money, the tariff, and the public lands; the Democrats having opposed his administration from the start, on the ground that it came in "tainted with original sin."

General Jackson's popularity overwhelmed all opposition, and Mr. Van Buren was easily elected. But soon the tumbling down of the pet Bank, the derangement of the Treasury, public debt and general corruption, and the enemies of the north-east boundary question, drove him to a *called session*. A called session was his funeral knell! He was a perfect Merlin on the slavery question, and repulsed Texas. The opposition grew every day, and, by 1840, the nation was in arms against the favorite successor. And yet, will it be believed, the opposition, as well as his own friends, voted him a vote of confidence, beyond any trust or confidence ever tendered to Washington himself, during his administration. To Congress alone is given the power to declare war; and yet, upon the north-east boundary question, the two Houses declared no war; but, in effect, with great unanimity, delegated the war-making power to the Executive; putting ten millions of dollars at his disposal to wield the awful fist! Against this, with only six or seven others, Mr. Wise voted in opposition to both parties. This, and the distribution of the surplus of the public revenue, having thus twice placed him in a party almost by himself. It is now very gratifying to see his course justified more and more every day as time advances.

From 1839 must be dated the beginning of the Whig party. It had taken that name in 1836, for the birds of all feather in opposition; but, then they could not "flock together." The new organization was in the first mentioned year. Mr. Wise began with it, and he saw the end of it. He was two years in Congress before he was even introduced to Mr. Clay. He

(Wise) had been elected a strong partisan of General Jackson, and with the strongest antipathies against Mr. Clay; believing, as he did, that the latter allowed himself to be the instrument of a corrupt bargain, in 1824, between Mr. Adams and his friends. He became its victim, and not its beneficiary; yet he had given it his sanction and his name. But four years, from 1835 to 1839, of common opposition reconciled Messrs. Wise and Clay personally, so that the former came to be one of the latter's warmest personal admirers. Mr. Wise thought Mr. Clay a man of immense impress among men. That one could not associate with him long without being impressed with a high regard for many of his qualities—especially his indomitable courage, and power of endurance against every adverse circumstance. That he was grand in his exalted movements, and never despaired in the midst of the deepest gloom. Up to 1840, Mr. Clay played his best part of a most graceful courtier, particularly to all young men in the opposition. He was very kind to Mr. Wise, and gave him every evidence of his confidence. Judge White had been run for the presidency; and, in 1839, it was necessary for Mr. Clay's prospects, to have the judge moved entirely out of the way, and to have his friends committed to Mr. Clay's support. Mr. Wise being in constant intimacy with Judge White, it was decided that the approach to the judge should be made through him. When the subject was first mentioned to Mr. Wise he at once told the gentlemen that he would commit himself to nothing; but that he would see Judge White, frankly confer with him, and give them the result. The interview with the venerable sage was a memorable one. He disclaimed all wish to run again; saying, he would not have run before, but his friend, General Jackson, had undertaken to dictate to him that he should not allow his name to be used against Mr. Van Buren. He lamented that there was no Democratic Republican likely to unite their party; but that the Nationals seemed determined to have the candidate from their wing of the opposition. He said that *personally* he could support Mr. Clay, but politically they differed too widely for him to support him without distinct pledges, on at least five cardinal points of policy. These were—

- 1st. The Bank. He was opposed to its constitutionality, and utterly opposed to the Pet Banks, as substitutes.
- 2d. The Protective Tariff. He went for a tariff of *revenue*; only for economical administration.
- 3d. International Improvements by the General Government as a system of expenditure to make a pretext for a *protective tariff*; he was utterly opposed to it.
- 4th. Distribution of the proceeds of the sale of the public lands.
- 5th. Slavery in the Territories, and in the District of Columbia.

He must have pledged—pledges as to practical administrative policy on all these points. With such pledges, satisfactorily made, if his friends would prefer Mr. Clay, he would unite with them. But he *prophesied* distinctly and emphatically that Mr. Clay would not receive the nomination. That Mr. Clay and his friends would be made to yield to a postponement of

the nomination until after the Pennsylvania elections, and by that time there would be an organization completed to defeat him. And there was the "triangular correspondence" between Rochester, Utica and New York, effectually postponing the nomination and Mr. Clay's pretensions at the same time.

All this, early in 1839, Mr. Wise communicated to Mr. Clay, who would believe only when it was too late. General Scott was the "cat's paw" to set him aside in 1839-'40; and finally was well punished by being put into his old rival's shoes of defeat! But, in 1839, Mr. Clay made the pledge. Mr. Wise saw him and extracted his views on all the fine points, telling him upon his pledges would depend the support of Judge White and his friends—himself (Wise) among the number—

1st. On the Bank he had not changed his opinions since 1816. That he had avowed one change in respect to the constitutionality of that measure, which he had always regretted. That he was very sorry he had not adhered to the grounds he had first taken on the subject. But then, though he believed in the constitutional power of Congress, to incorporate a Bank for Treasury purposes, yet such was the force of circumstances and events then, in 1839, that he was compelled to conclude that a recharter for many years would be impolitic, unsafe and inexpedient. It would never again be safe to recharter a United States Bank, whilst there was a considerable minority, even, opposed to its institution. The friends of such an incorporation were bound to await the arbitrament of enlightened "public opinion." He agreed with Mr. Wise's views fully on that subject, and would never again recommend a recharter of the United States Bank; unless it should be called for by the popular voice, approaching such unanimity as to insure general confidence and safety.

2d. On the Tariff, he prided himself on being its Pacifier, on being the author of the Tariff compromise, in 1832. Conceding that the North had obtained its consideration in the first five years of the act, and that it would be now bad faith to deprive the South of the benefits it had bargained for in a reduction, and in an equalization of duties upon protected and unprotected articles alike. He emphatically pledged himself not to disturb his own compromise, but to allow a fair and full operation.

3d. Upon Internal Improvements, he said the great design of his "American system," as it had been called, was to stimulate the States to enterprises of improvements. That he never had thought that these works could be accomplished as economically and as faithfully by the general government as by the States, and by private individuals acting under State authority. That he had effectually attained his end. By the appropriations to works and surveys then already made, the States had been stimulated to intoxication. They had run into an enormous debt of forty millions of dollars. He would now rather assume the fever, and would arrest all further stimulants until the State debts were paid.

4th. Upon the subject of distribution of the sale of the proceeds of the public lands, he said he had never proposed a distribution of them, except when there was

* In the spring of 1838, before Mr. Wise reached home from Congress, his dwelling house was consumed by fire. His family was removed to the house of a friend, in the village of Drummond Town, which also was set on fire in a most mysterious manner. This so seriously affected the nerves of his wife that, in May of that year, she expired in giving birth to their fourth child. Beside other valuable, many of Mr. Wise's books and papers were consumed.

a large surplus of revenue in the treasury. That he, by his bill of 1832, had limited the operation to such time, five years, as would exhaust the surplus. As long as the revenue was required for payment of public debt, or any other proper object of expenditure, he would never propose to distribute it among the States. There was then, in 1839, a debt of about forty millions of dollars, and likely to be a deficiency of revenue, unless the tariff was raised, which could not be done without violating his compromise. It was morally certain, then, that if he was nominated and elected, there would be no surplus during his term. He would not distribute a deficiency at all, nor would he a surplus, even, unless it was likely to become a source of corruption; and if president, he would have the control of that.

56. On the subject of slavery, he admitted that he had advanced the opinion that Congress had power to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia and the territories; but he called attention to his open declaration in the Senate, that he regarded the exercise of that power by Congress without the consent of the States of Virginia and Maryland, as so inexpedient and dangerous, that he would resist the wrong with arms; to literally use his own language: "He would resist the exercise of the power as if the power was unconstitutional.

Thus, though differing from Judge White and his friends on every unconstitutional point, yet he pledged himself to be practically with them on every Democratic issue before the country. They then immediately advocated his nomination. He went afterward to the Taylorville dinner, in Virginia, and there delivered an elaborately prepared speech, the notes of which he showed Mr. Wise before he went on. Wise could not accompany him; but wrote the letter which was read at the dinner, and which has been so often quoted: "The presidency could not add one ennobled to his stature, etc. I wish all Virginia could be there to hear him." He wrote thus, and wished thus; because he knew what Mr. Clay was to say, and that he was pledged to support the policy which has been described, and which would be practically Democratic. The speech is now in print to speak for itself. But, as Judge White predicted, Mr. Clay was defeated—General Harrison was nominated by Mr. Webster's influence, with the use of General Scott's name.

The manner of putting John Tyler on the ticket was thus: He had been upon the ticket with Judge White in 1836, and was still with the Democratic portion of the opposition. Upon the pledges already described, the Democrats, in 1839, amalgamated with the Nationals. The latter in other words came to the terms of principles of the former—anti-bank; anti-protection; anti-distribution; anti-internal improvement; anti-abolition. They agree to adopt these principles in the practical administration; but, being a large majority of the party, they determined their man for the presidency. The Senate was nearly divided on many of the issues, and it was essential to Judge White's friends, and a guarantee on the part of the Nationals, that the former should have the vice-president to preside in the Senate, and guard their principles by his casting vote.

Mr. Rives had expunged Mr. Tyler from the

Senate. In turn, later in the day, he (Rives) became a conservative on the "specie circular," and appealed to the opposition votes in the Virginia Legislature to send him back to the Senate of the United States. The question was—"Shall the Victim of the instrument of expurgation be preferred for a seat in the Senate?" Strange to say, Mr. Clay and his friends favored the return of Mr. Rives. Mr. Wise had a few friends in the Virginia legislature (at the head of whom was the present United States district attorney at Richmond, John M. Gregory—as fair and true a man as ever was relied on by friend or foe), who held the balance of power. Again, again, and again, they refused to vote for Mr. Rives. Caucuses were held at Washington—emissaries were sent to Richmond; still no election could be had. They found, at last, who chockmated their wishes, and at first tried to bully Mr. Wise to come into their movements. He had a queer scene with Mr. Clay and another with Mr. Sergeant on that issue. The party arraigned him in caucus, and there he defended his position never to allow the instrument of expunction to be placed over his victim by Whig or anti-expurgation votes. Finally, he suggested a compromise. Mr. Rives might be returned to the Senate, if he would agree that Mr. Tyler should be nominated by the party to preside over him in the vice-president's chair. This was assented to by Mr. Clay; Mr. Wise gave the sign to his friends at Richmond—Mr. Rives was elected to the Senate, and Mr. Tyler was nominated for the vice-presidency. But for his being put on the ticket, Mr. Wise would have stood neutral in the war. He would never have supported Harrison and Granger.

The campaign of 1840 came on. Never was there such a rising of the people; it is nonsense to ascribe that rising to "log cabins"; the log cabins were a mere effect, and not a cause. Democracy rose up to vindicate herself against her leaders. As true and sound Democrats as ever were in the nation opposed Van Burenism, in 1840, as they oppose it now as one of the worst "isms" of evil times. "We, the People," effectually purged Van Burenism out of its party, and purged Democracy of its Van Burenism. It was time—Or Democracy would have died as a party in this country. Yet, though Van Burenism had so wronged, and nearly ruined Democracy—though it was so rottenly corrupt as to sink in the nostrils of all honest men—though it had opposed the annexation of Texas, and was always unsound on the Slavery question; we even now hear some foggy bunkers of the South exclaiming, with the whites of their eyes turned up, how consistent they have been in not having severed from supporting Van Burenism itself! God help them! they have stomachs fit for a "vulture" party; but they were consistent only in inconsistency with anything like pure and undefiled Democracy.

It was at Philadelphia, on the fourth of July, 1840, just before his second marriage,*

* Mr. Wise's second marriage was with Miss Sarah Sergeant, at Philadelphia, in November, 1840. He has only seven children living now and three grand-children—the latter the issue of Mrs. Dr. Alexander T. F. Garrett, of Washington, D. C., who has two sons, and one daughter. The remainder are O. Jennings Wise, Secretary of Legation at Paris; Henry A. Wise, Jr., now a student in the Theological Seminary, near Alexandria, Virginia; and the Anne J. Wise—all the above by his first marriage. Rich-

ard that Mr. Wise altered the sentiment, which obtained so general a watch-word influence:—

"The Union of the Whigs, for the sake of the Union!"

This was a piece of pure philosophy, as well as a watch-word of party. It recommended a union of the Whigs, not for themselves—but for the sake of the Union. It was, in fact, a hint to the Nationals, that they were to respect the principles of the Democratic portion of the Whig party. They were not to use them for their selfish policy, but to unite with them to save the country from the evils of Van Burenism, against which both waged a common war. Many of them so understood it too, and, in consequence, manifested their distrust of Mr. Wise.

The Whigs were victorious in 1840. The last session of Congress, under Van Burenism, met in 1840-'41. The victors were met with congratulations of triumph on every side. Mr. Wise met Mr. Clay, for the first time, after the election, in company with Mr. Thomas W. Gilmer, at the door of the president's house. "Well," said Mr. Wise, saluting him, "we have fought a good fight in Virginia, sir; and, though we did not exactly win the victory, we came off with the honors of war." Mr. Clay replied, "I congratulate myself, sir, that Virginia has gone for the enemy." "Why, sir," responded Mr. Wise, "I thought you once said, you would prefer defeat with your mother State for you, to victory with her voice against you." "Sir," said Mr. Clay, "we will no longer be embarrassed by her peculiar opinions." Neither Messrs. Wise or Gilmer, misunderstood the meaning of this last expression. He (Mr. Clay) was not nominated, and his plea—"a were not binding on General Harrison. He would return again and force the party to adopt the old policy of the Nationals. The first caucuses demonstrated this meaning to be true. The very first proposition was to have a called session. What for? To match a Bank Charter from the arbitrament of an enlightened public opinion, which was not to be waited for; to pass Harbor and River Improvements, to "distribute a deficiency" in the Treasury; to revise and increase the Tariff; to violate the Compromise of 1832; to give new life to Protection, and to agitate on the Slavery issue. Mr. Wise opposed this as long as he could in caucus, and, at last, before General Harrison reached the capital, in January, 1841, he opened his opposition in the House of Representatives. Then and there he prophesied, and the record of the prophecy proves whether he had the gift. Read his speech of that day, and mark his warning to the Whigs, what would be their fate. But, no party was ever more inflated or arrogant. They ravaged down their bane like hungry rats, and Providence interposed to protect the principles of those who were earnest and honest, and in the minority. General Harrison reached Washington; and it is well to hide from the public gaze, many of the scenes that were enacted up to the fourth of March, 1841. Mr. Wise, has, by General Harrison's authority, the authentic history of the formation of his cabinet. He will never record the last interview he had with the old patriot—for patriot he always considered him. Mr. Wise

and, Altop, Margaret, Ellen and John Sergeant Wise, by the second marriage. He has had no child by his present wife.

returned home in disgust, after the adjournment. He was at Northampton court, when he heard of the president's death. He rushed immediately to the side of Mr. Tyler, and pressed on him at once the policy of—

First—Vetoing the Bank.

Second—Annexing Texas.

From first to last, Mr. Tyler took his advice in respect to the Bank; and finally, in regard to the Texas question. General Harrison had called the extra session. When the members assembled, in 1841, Mr. Wise saw Mr. Clay, to consult with him on politics for the last time. Wise remonstrated with him against the violation of the pledges he had made in 1839. Mr. Clay claimed that the people had decided the policy to be pursued in the election of 1840. Finally, Mr. Wise told him that the veto would be interposed; Mr. Clay laughed at the idea of Mr. Tyler's interposition between the great Whig party and their measures. Wise told him the president would defend the Constitution. Mr. Clay replied: "Hardest fend off! that the party would crush Tyler and his friends. Mr. Wise rejoined: "You are older, and a better soldier, sir, than I am; you may crush me, but, sir, remember, that if I am crushed, I am young enough, though not coward enough, to live to fight another day; but if you are crushed, the grave will close over you before you've recovered!" Thus they parted, and thus commenced the war.

The Van Buren Democrats were desponding. They had no idea that Mr. Tyler had the firmness to do his duty, according to his oath. The Whigs were vauntingly arrogant. They dictated scornfully. But, they were divided among themselves—not upon principle, but about the spoils, and upon men. Jaundice jealousy existed between Clay and Webster. Had General Harrison lived, he would have favored the Webster faction, and the Whigs would have been worse rent between him and Mr. Clay, than they were torn to pieces by Mr. Tyler. Mr. Webster had been called to the cabinet, and his continuing in it was one of the causes why Mr. Clay's friends waged the war the fiercer on the administration.

It is impossible to give the details of this war; they were infinite. But, never was there such an anomaly seen in politics before. A party triumphant, and turning immediately against every pledge which they had made to principle during the canvass. Demanding of "Tyler too," the democratic name on their ticket, to carry out what they meant should be the policy of "Tippecanoe" had he lived. Denouncing "Tyler too," as a traitor, because he would adhere to his pledges, made all his life in the pages of the journals and of the canvass. Themselves false, they held him up as faithless. Flying from "Tyler too," as their clan leader, they cried out "shoot the deserter," because he thundered veto upon veto, against their fiscal banks, and fiscal corporations, and tariffs, and distribution bills, and maintained himself without aid from Van Burenites, and against the vengeance of Clayites, with but a "corpsa's guard of six," of whom Wise was the captain. Never was a war so important waged and won by a band so small!

The first cabinet had its rupture with Mr. Tyler dictated to it by Mr. Clay. He had to

tell them where their seats of honor lay. Two of them intimated wishes to remain in place, after offering to retire. Mr. Tyler was glad to get clear of them, and they went, breathing bitter wrath, away—away to their doom. This rupture opened the way for Wise's movement on the annexation of Texas. He prevailed on Judge Upshur to go into the new cabinet. That cabinet was, Mr. Wise believed, the very ablest ever formed by any president. Daniel Webster, John C. Spencer, Abel P. Upshur, Robert C. Wickliffe and Hugh S. Legare, to say nothing of Walter Forward. Every question was ably managed by that council of men. Whilst the North-East Boundary was on the tapis, Mr. Webster had to be returned. No man could have managed that critical question with his influence and effect. Mr. Calhoun looked to him as the man for that issue. He disposed of it magnificently. The death of poor young Spencer, caused a re-formation of the cabinet. It is due to his father to say, that whilst Secretary of the Treasury, Hamilton himself could not have better managed the fisc. He knew Wall street well; and without the aid of law, or any help of Congress, with the act of 1789, and the resolution of 1816, he brought order out of chaos, and replenished the Treasury. His departure, and that of Mr. Webster, who was not wanted for the South-Western question, and the death of Mr. Legare, brought the friends of annexation into a majority in the cabinet. Upshur, Gilmer, Wikins, Wickliffe, and Porter, were there then; progress began to be made in the work. Gilmer, Upshur, and Wise, had been moving from the start. And, strange to say, their movements were not, for a long time, suspected by any one, excepting that eminently astute man, John Quincy Adams. He sounded the alarm in vain to his party; they did not take in the scope of his vision. His opposition had trained Wise severely on the Slavery question. No man had more foresight, was more vigilant, or more learned, or more malignant than he. He was constantly on the lookout, for what he called "back-handed licks" from Wise; and he certainly gave the latter many right hard-fisted blows. He was lynx-eyed on the Texas question, and every move at first had to be by stealth. First one event, and then another, brought allies and aids. But the "Peace-Maker" brought death to two of the men—Upshur and Gilmer; and, for a moment, Wise was dreading a defeat. He betook himself to his usual "policy of *raisonne*" in all cases of desperation. Whilst every one was stunned by the blow of the disaster, he went about repairing it. He started immediately to Mr. McDuffie, and, without seeing or consulting Mr. Tyler, caused the former to write for Mr. Calhoun, to be prepared to meet a call to Washington, to take the State department. Mr. Wise did this, knowing that Mr. Tyler was averse to having Mr. Calhoun in his cabinet—why adverse, Wise never knew. He then went to Mr. Tyler, and pressed upon him the appointment of Mr. Calhoun. Tyler, as he expected, demurred. After urging him for hours in vain, Wise disclosed to him the responsibility he had assumed in causing Mr. Calhoun to be written to, and, that Mr. Tyler must sanction his act, or expose him to censure.

Mr. Tyler at once sanctioned the action and assumed it as his own. Fearful that Mr. Calhoun would not accept, Wise pressed his nomination to the Senate at once, calculating that if anything would compel him to accept, it would be an appointment thus honorably made—a nomination and confirmation without knowing his wishes. This was done—no higher compliment was ever paid any man—and he accepted at once. It was Mr. Wise's part to inform him fully of all that had been done. The work of annexation was done—all done—and wanted only its completion. Mr. Van Zant had been powerfully efficient, and Upshur's pen was dipped to sign a treaty, when he was suddenly snatched from his labors. Mr. Wise consulted long and often with Mr. Calhoun, until the former left for Brazil, in May, 1844. Mr. Wise regretted that they did not coincide in their views, and he now thinks that Mr. Calhoun lost to the south the new acquisitions from Mexico south of 36°30'. Mr. Calhoun vainly expected annexation without a war. Mr. Wise was certain of a war with Mexico, and desired it might eventuate in the acquisition of more territory. Mr. Calhoun wished to avoid the acquisition of more territory, because it would be converted into a cordon of free States around our western and south-western slave States. Mr. Wise argued that the Missouri Compromise settled that question, and the North, would be obliged, by good faith, to admit States south of 36°30' with slavery. Mr. Calhoun's opinion was, that that compromise applied only to territory acquired from Spain and France. Mr. Wise contended that it was a *di-matory* line, extending wherever the United States had, or might have, territories; and it would never do for the South to admit that the Compromise did not extend beyond the acquisitions from France and Spain. If the admission was made, the majority would overwhelm the South on a re-settlement of new territories. The South could stand only on the basis of good faith to a bargain already made. The views of Mr. Wise did not prevail with Mr. Calhoun; the former left the country—the latter, the cabinet, and returned into the Senate. There he embodied his views in his amendment to the Oregon bill, which *fatally* admitted by him the Compromise did *not* apply; there was no restraint upon the will of the majority, and they committed the California outrage, and passed the rubicon with Free-soilism. While Mr. Wise was abroad, Mr. Calhoun wrote him his views, in which he regretted that Mr. Polk had not vetoed the bill organizing Oregon after his (Calhoun's) amendment was rejected. The action of Mr. Polk was approved by Mr. Wise. He agreed with the president that the Compromise did bind, and there was no necessity for Mr. Calhoun's amendment. But it was too late; Mr. Calhoun had made the admission in the Senate that the Compromise did not apply to newly acquired territory; the North seized upon the admission, and the result we all know. Now, the North after thus seizing the point that the Missouri Compromise was not binding upon the newly acquired territory, shakes the South with their agitation, because it was repealed by the Nebraska bill as to the old.

In the fall of 1842, Mr. Wise was almost broken down by constant and exciting labors.

Day by day, for session after session, the two or three friends of the administration, who debated upon the floor of the house, were kept constantly on their feet. The reporters of the "Globe," the Van Buren, and of the "Intelligencer," the National Organ of Webster, did no work of justice to either Messrs. Cushing or Wise. The "Madisonian" had no reporter, and it was impossible for them to write out their daily remarks. Thus the debates of these times will never show the true position occupied by these gentlemen. The health of Mr. Wise failed, and in the fall of 1842, he was prostrate. Thus his friend, Balie Peyton, on a visit to Washington, then found him. Peyton cashed his name to be sent to the Senate for the French mission. It was "black-balled." So was that of Mr. Cushing for the Treasury. The Whigs in a body—all except Mr. Archer—united with the Benton, Van Buren Democrats, ostracized them—not them, but Mr. Tyler; he was the object of their vengeance. Mr. Wise always regretted that the debates on these nominations were in secret session. He wished the world could have heard Mr. McDuffie on the occasion. It has been said that the latter asked some pregnant question. Said he: "Yon, the Whigs, affect to disdain to take office under the administration, and you say it would be dishonorable for Democrats to do so. Who else is there for the president to appoint but his own friends? If they shall not be allowed to take appointments, must the places of public trust remain vacant? Do gentlemen mean, because Mr. Tyler is president, to stop the wheels of government?" He then put it home to them that their motives were revolutionary and unpatriotic. The nominations were rejected—renewed and rejected again and again. This braced Mr. Wise for a new campaign. His district had given sixteen hundred majority for Harrison; to that district he appealed from the injustice of a Whig Senate. In the Spring of 1843, that appeal was tried before the people. His opponent was Hill Carter, of Shirley. Well for the contestants they were both gentlemen; for Mr. Carter had been brought out by a clique at Richmond on purpose to again push Mr. Wise on the duel-ground; the plotters were disappointed. The contestants went the canvass through, growing in each other's respect, and quitted it attached friends. His personal and political feuds with Mr. Clay caused Mr. Wise to be bitter against him on the hustings at this time. He was elected by his old majority of four hundred, and went back to the House, endorsed by the people, a living rebuke to, and living to rebuke the man-worship of the idolaters of Mr. Clay. Mr. Wise did not desire the French mission; it was too costly for his means. He desired to be sent to a better climate than that of Paris. Mr. Proffit had been sent in the vacation to Brazil; his nomination was rejected by the Senate; and in 1843-'44, the name of Mr. Wise was again sent to the Senate, for the mission to that court. The Whigs held a caucus to decide upon the fate of the nominations. Some "busy body" had told them how unparisably Wise had denounced their great leader, Mr. Clay, and among his super-servicable friends, that was an unpardonable crime. They were about to order ostracism again against Wise, when one honorable man amongst them, Wm.

S. Archer, demanded a postponement until he could see Wise in person. Archer sought the interview to enquire in what set form and phrase Wise had assailed the great leader. Wise reproached him, a Virginia senator, for coming to him on such an errand. Did this foreign mission belong to Mr. Clay? Was subservience to him a necessary qualification for public place? Were nominations to be decided in caucus and not in the Senate? Were personal dissensions and not public considerations to govern in selecting foreign ministers? Was this the office of a senator—to enquire, not whether the nominee fit, is he faithful to his country—but is he a friend of a political favorite, who was not in power; not is he the friend of Mr. Tyler responsible; but of Mr. Clay irresponsible, and inimical to the nomination? Mr. Archer at once saw the impropriety of the inquiry; but Mr. Wise left him in no doubt about the deep denunciations he had uttered during the whole canvass of 1843 against Mr. Clay. Finally, he said to him: "Now, sir, go back to your tools, and tell them that if they would, like men worthy to be called friends of their idol, resent my insults to him, to take it upon themselves to do so in their personal capacities, and not to abuse the public by offering to redress his personal injuries, to the purpose of punishing his personal enemies; for I would give any of them the opportunity for satisfaction who desire it at my hands. It is due to Mr. Archer to say, that this made him more than ever the friend of Wise. He reported nothing to the caucus, but demanded that the nomination of Mr. Wise should be confirmed. He supported it himself without assigning reasons, and it was sustained and confirmed. On the 8th of February, 1844, Mr. Wise resigned his seat in the House, to take the mission to Brazil.

It has often been asserted that Mr. Tyler vetoed the Fiscal Corporation Bill, after the terms had been submitted to and approved by him. Mr. Sergeant was sometimes referred to as authority on this point. Mr. Wise never heard that Mr. Sergeant authorized the statement—he could not have done so. Than Mr. Tyler, Mr. Wise was the only living man who knew the real facts as they occurred. Mr. Tyler had vetoed the Fiscal Bank; and in the interval every effort was made to get around or remove his constitutional scruples. One evening Messrs. Gilmer and Wise were summoned to hear a view to be presented by Mr. Rives. He had a theory of a fiscal agent which could not be based upon the principle decided in the case of the Bank of Augusta &c. Earle. It was to create a "District of Columbia Bank," with certain modified powers, to negotiate the exchanges necessary, to transfer public funds, and to collect and deposit them. This scheme he presented plausibly, and Mr. Wise feared it would make an impression, as it did, on the mind of Mr. Tyler. Mr. Wise warned him it was "a cat in the meal." That they would make it a United States Bank before they were done with it; and that it was best not to sanction a "mongrel." If he would approve any bank bill, it was best to follow the example of Mr. Madison, in 1816, and sanction an openly avowed Fiscal Agent at once. It would be efficient for good as well as evil—a mongrel would operate evil alone. Following this, the Whigs appointed a com-

mittee, of which Mr. Sergeant was a member, to ascertain how near the president could be got to approximate to their views. Mr. Wise was in the president's house while they were with him, and when they retired, Mr. Tyler hastened to describe their interview to him. Mr. Wise warned him he would be misunderstood and misrepresented. The president's views were somewhat in accordance with those of Mr. Rives, as a compromise. Mr. Wise saw what use would be made of them by the committee, and by Mr. Ewing, the Secretary of the Treasury. On the Thursday following, the president again sent for Mr. Wise and told him that he had predicted right, that he had been misunderstood, and he desired to explain himself before the Whig Committee should take any action on their project of a bill. He requested Mr. Wise to see Mr. Sergeant, and ask him to afford an opportunity to make himself distinctly understood—that he would not sanction any such bill as he was told would be proposed. Mr. Wise saw Mr. Sergeant immediately, informed him of the president's views, and he made no reply. But instead of seeing Mr. Tyler, he hurried the preparation of the bill in his charge—reported it on the next day, or the day after—moved the order to print—had it printed by the Monday following—took it up in the House—spoke an hour under the rule—the previous question was moved—the bill passed—was sent to the president, and was vetoed. Then they added falsehood to the charge of treason against Mr. Tyler. He remained firm and preserved his equanimity in the midst of all the political torture to which he was subjected. He had vetoed banks, tariffs, land-bills—had restored the currency and restored the public credit, without the aid of Congress—had negotiated the Ashburton Treaty, and settled the North-East Boundary; and was on the eve of a successful annexation of Texas, when Mr. Wise left him, but with one more year remaining to his term. The latter breathed free when he got away; enough had been done and all was nearly safe. Van Burenism and National Republicanism were prostrate, and the equilibrium of free and slave States was about to be restored. He had done his part, and a lion's share it was, in the great accomplishment of purifying the Democratic party, and restoring its old and true principles. This had all been done by small means, with the help of Providence. But there was one thing yet to be done.

The election of a successor to Mr. Tyler was all that was necessary to insure annexation. Mr. Tyler had not strength enough to justify the hope of his election, but his friends were strong enough to control the result for or against any other man. The last thing Mr. Wise did, before leaving the country, was to aid, at Washington, and in New York; that if an annexation Democrat was not nominated, the friends of annexation might fall back on the Tyler convention; and if a candidate true on that issue should be nominated, the Tyler convention was to concur and the Democratic party be reunited.

Mr. Wise sailed from New York on the 29th of May, 1844. At Madeira he heard of the nomination of Mr. Polk; and his election was all that was wanting to make his cup of satis-

faction full. *Laud Deo!* he was elected—the Democracy was purged of Bentonism and Van Burenism—Texas was annexed—the war with Mexico brought us glory and gold, and immensely extended the boundary limits of the land of the free and the home of the brave.”

It is said that Mr. Wise wept like a child, when 5,000 miles from home, he read the accounts of the fields of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. He thought of the beginning with Wharton, in 1828; the progress through all the stealthy steps of 1841–42–43–44, and the end in 1846. Truly, “all oaks fall from little acorns!” With all the other glorious triumphs the Democracy were united. The gusto of this to him was enhanced by the fact that Mr. Polk was the man who was at the head of the policy. The heat of partisan war, in the House, had made Mr. Polk forget his dues upon the floor, and Mr. Wise had treated him harshly. But he had always considered him a good man, of sound practical principle; and that he was a tower of strength to his (Wise’s) position in politics. Therefore, he rejoiced in his election; but immediately tendered him his commission, owing to their past personal relations. Mr. Polk magnanimously refused it; and, through Mr. J. Y. Mason, requested Mr. Wise to continue to do his duty at his post. And Mr. Wise was afterward honored with Mr. Polk’s expressed satisfaction at the manner in which his duties were performed.

In Brazil, the life of Mr. Wise was one of incessant labor and extreme responsibility; he had to review all the old claims, to get the vouchers from home; to argue every variety of international questions; to reform the entire state of our consular system there; revoking exequations; at a word to protect our seamen, and to smother our flag from the pollution of the slave trade. These labors were arduous and hazardous. He was brought in collision with *Imperialism*, and defied its frown. The emperor requested his recall. The president justified his action—refused to recall—and sent a successor, only at the request of Mr. Wise. The State Department contains the records of his efforts abroad to serve his country; especially his defense to the Brazilian court of the annexation of Texas, which Mr. Calhoun was emphatic in approving. In short he had the approval of Messrs. Polk, Calhoun, Tyler, and Buchanan, for his entire course; and, above all, his own consciousness of having done his duty according to the best of his abilities, with the sole aim of faithfully serving his country, which he was made to love the more the longer he resided abroad.

In October, 1847, he returned to Virginia. For fourteen years he had been in the public service, and had not been serving himself. It was time he should devote his services more to his family and private fortune. He had a profession; but it was neglected—land, but it was poor, to provide for a wife and eight children. He went at once to his farm on the peninsula, tired of politics, and enjoying a ship-shod repose. But politics were not tired of him. The Democratic Convention of the State called him to be one of its electors, in 1848. He accepted the call and done his part in advocating the election of Mr. Cass. The glory of the Mexican war eclipsed the lesser glory of his

sword broken at the surrender of Hull. General Taylor was elected; and another *Accidency* was summoned, by the death of the president, to the helm of state. It was subdued likeness of what a Webster administration would have been. It was *Galphinized* and *Scouted* out of existence, in 1850–51. The part Mr. Wise bore in the last presidential canvass is too recent, and too well-known for the people to be ignorant of its motive or its results.

Thus it will be perceived, that from 1828 to 1854, from Jackson to Pierce; yea, even to the present day, Mr. Wise has been with the *Democratic party*, with the exception of the time and measures given up to Van Burenism, from 1836 to 1841. He has been all the time for Democratic principles; except at one time for the Bank. He has changed but one principle in his political life, and that was from the Bank to a total separation of Bank and State affairs. And, it is a remarkable fact, that almost the very system which the committee of the corporal’s guard (Messrs. Wise and Cushing) drew up for the regulation of the monetary affairs of the government, during Mr. Tyler’s administration, is now the legal system of the United States.

Where would the Democratic party and principles have been, had no one saved them from the avalanche of Whig, and Bank, and Tariff, and Land-jobbing power in 1841–42–43–44? Where would have been our credit and our national progress, but for the annexation which added millions upon millions of bulion, which the acquisition of the mines has yielded to our enterprise and our arms? Are they to be counted consistent, only, who supported Van Burenism, in its worst days destructive of Democracy? or may he not claim to be considered its better friend, than they from whose errors and blindness it had to be saved like a drowning man “its locks.”

But, previous to 1858, and in that year, there was a test of pure and undefiled Democracy presented to the public men of Virginia; the test of the State Convention for Constitutional Reform. A test which was not only to try the veins of the republicanism of every professed Democrat, but to try the real love and affection of every Virginian for his native State. An appeal, a thrilling appeal was made by the good old Mother Commonwealth, to her sons for a sacrifice—a holy sacrifice, as of Isaac on the altar. There was Virginia, with her eastern rivers and harbors, and her western back country; the east divided from the west by a double chain of mountains, and by more than granite rocks of sectional prejudice. Sixty-four thousand square miles, with every resource of commerce, of mining, of manufacture, and agriculture, relying on the latter alone; and that in a most miserable condition, for the want of the activity of trade in one half of the State, and for want of outlets for produce in the other half. The necessity of the State on one side of the mountains, and the power for relief lying on the other side. White population in the west, and the slavery in the east, with a growing hostility, arising from a sense of injustice to that species of property; and on that species of property, an inequality of representation on the one side, and an inequality of taxation on the other side, based. Such was

Virginia’s condition; and never did the same extent of territory and population so cry aloud for development and reform! In 1829–30, Mr. Wise had made up his opinions on the true policy of the State; but, he was then a boy, and had emigrated. He had now returned to his mother, and the time came when he could show her his love, gratitude and devotion. He set about the pious work, and, in the first place purged his breast of all the dross of selfish motives. He determined to sacrifice *self* and serve the State. History proves how ready and openly he threw himself on the spears of prejudice, and how undisturbedly he succeeded, by an honest and earnest course with the people, in prevailing on them to allow him a seat in the Convention. Again he proved his devotion to their true interests, as the fearless champion of all the principles we have already spoken of in our opening paragraph—the most important of which were “Universal Suffrage for Representation,” free, equal and universal; for taxation, free, equal, *ad valorem*, and uniform; for education, free, equal, and universal. But, since that Convention, Mr. Wise has went through another canvass; and this time, not only in his district, but the voters of the whole State were the jury to try the cause. On his banner was inscribed: “Free conscience, equal and universal to all sects, and for immigration to the oppressed of all lands.” Never was his untiring energy, his indomitable perseverance, his valiant courage more forcibly displayed, than on this occasion. The “one-idea-ism,” was the most contemptible, the most dastardly, the most ungrateful monster that had yet sprung up in our social and political experience. When he saw it actually become an issue, he was ready to meet it. His armor was buckled, his war horse mounted, his steel bared, and it was only sheathed with victory. The great prolixity of this paper prevents our giving an extended account of the election of Mr. Wise to his present high position as governor of the “Old Dominion.” However, we hope to have another opportunity. His star is yet in the ascendancy, and should his life be spared, the conclusion of his biography will show he occupied, by the free suffrages of his countrymen, a still more exalted position.

OUR MANUFACTORIES.

NUMBER VI.

THE SECURITY AND PRESERVATION OF VALUABLES.
A THOUGHT TO WILDERNESS FIRE AND THIEF-TROOP RAYS OF FIRE.

“SAFE HIDE, SAFE FIND,” says the proverb; and, from his most primitive state, man has acted accordingly. Almost from time immemorial, records of the “treasure trove,” the “strong box,” and the “old oak chest,” have been handed down to posterity. In remote periods, as now among the Aborigines of many countries, parties buried their valuables for security; and at the present day the *caskets* of the red man is often adopted by their more civilised white brethren in the journeyings of the latter over the plains of the great West. As civilization advanced, and individuals accumulated property, the means of preserving it naturally followed; and, as “necessity is the mother of invention,” many contrivances were effected. Of course, the valuables that required



WILDER'S SALAMANDER SAFE WORKS.

the greatest security were the most insignificant in bulk—which fact must have at once suggested chests and boxes, which thus, undoubtedly, came into vogue at a remote period of time, for we find them often mentioned in the records of sacred history.

In a late article on the revival and manufacture of iron, we alluded to its innumerable appliances in the useful and industrial arts; and as strength was one of the requisites in the construction of receptacles for securing valuables, this material was early adopted for the purpose, and the iron chest became one of the fixtures in well-regulated commercial establishments. It soon, however, became apparent that beside human cupidity, there were other important destroyers to guard against, the most annihilating of which was the element of fire, "that faithful servant, yet terrible master."

For many years, human skill and ingenuity were taxed to discover a material that would render compact movable repositories indestructible to fire—but for a long time without success; and the only means of perfect security was derived from immovable vaults attached to the buildings, and lined with refractory clays, or under ground, after the fashion of the primitives. When iron was introduced for the constructive material of safes, various projects were devised to make them fire-proof. Sometimes they were built double, and even treble—the space between each being left for the free circulation of the atmosphere, or, at times, filled with non-conducting substances; but, in all these experiments, no plan was found that would enable them to withstand the brazen test of great conflagrations, and, even in our day, we can well remember the congratulations to mercantile firms who were fortunate enough to

secure their books and papers after their establishments had been attacked by the devouring element. Thanks to science and inventive genius, those days are passed; the difficulty has been overcome, and the means of perfect security for valuables of all kinds is within the reach of all—even those of limited resources.

Some years since, it was demonstrated that *calcined gypsum*, or plaster of Paris, as it is more familiarly known, was a perfect non-conductor of heat. This important fact was first discovered by Daniel Fitzgerald, an intelligent mechanic of this city, who, at the time, was engaged at his occupation in the manufacture of images, figures, etc., out of that material. Being suddenly called from his work one day, he desired to heat some water to expedite his washing up, and pouring a sufficient quantity into a tin basin, he placed it upon a hot stove. After waiting a proper time, he was astonished to find the water remained at its common temperature; and, on reflection, he was convinced that the difficulty was occasioned by a coating of plaster of Paris, which had collected from the sediment of previous washings. Fitzgerald, having quick perceptive faculties, at once saw the value of his discovery; and he almost immediately commenced a series of experiments to perfect and demonstrate its usefulness. About the first trial was made by enclosing some papers in a pill box; and after casing the whole with a thick covering of plaster of Paris. It was exposed to an intense heat for several hours, when it was removed from the fire, the casing broken, and the box and papers found unharmed. This was in the year 1830. He then began with small iron boxes, with the coating on the inside, and in a short time had completed a safe that insured for its contents perfect security from fire.

Like most geniuses commencing the world, Fitzgerald was without the pecuniary means of placing his invention before the public, or even securing a patent for its protection. And notwithstanding his continued exertions, his affairs remained in about that state, until the great fire of 1835, when a large share of the business portion of the city was destroyed; the failure of most of the Insurance companies, completing the general calamity. As books, papers, and like valuables, were included in the grand destruction—the so-called iron safes of these days, were consumed as readily as so much oak wood—public attention was earnestly enlisted in favor of some scheme that would, in future, prevent such sad consequences. Fitzgerald took advantage of this, and in a short time secured capital to commence manufacture, and, in 1836, he applied for his patent. But here again misfortune overtook him. Soon after filing his papers, the office of the Commissioner of Patents, at Washington, was burned; and as they were without fire-proof safes, the whole of the papers were destroyed, Fitzgerald's application among the rest. The application for the patent was renewed in 1837, and denied; it being affirmed that the application of the plaster in this particular was unpatentable. With increased testimony, and a further proof of the justice of the claim, it was reapplied for in 1838, and after reexamination, it was again refused from the same reasons as first given. Meeting unsurmountable difficulties on every side, Fitzgerald became disheartened, and Mr. Enos Wilder having made him an offer for his discovery, he sold his whole right and title to that gentleman.

Enos Wilder immediately wrote for his brother Benjamin G. Wilder (the present patentee), an ingenious, thorough, practical mechanic, at

that time engaged in business in Boston, Massachusetts, and a short time after, a factory was prepared and the manufacture of safes commenced at Mamaroneck, in this State. Enos being engaged in other business, Benjamin G. purchased his share in this transaction and, in 1842, having secured undoubted evidence of the justness of his claim, he continued the application for a patent. The great value of the invention had now become generally known, and as several parties were already infringing, almost herculean efforts were used to prevent his securing the required protection. But the gentlemen had mistaken their man this time. Energy, perseverance, and the requisite pecuniary means were at hand, and, notwithstanding the combined efforts of the opposers, justice and right triumphed; and, in 1843, after nearly a four years' warfare, Mr. Wilder obtained his legal rights, and letters patent under the great seal of the United States, were granted for his Indestructible Salamander Safes.

Like all other valuable inventions, when the practicability and usefulness of this important one was fully demonstrated—beside the infringers, there were quite as many claimants as in the telegraph, Indian-rubber, and other great cases; and after fully establishing his rights, Mr. Wilder turned his attention to those who were pirating his privileges. The first suit that was called for trial, was against Charles J. Gaylor and Leonard Brown. It was commenced in the United States Circuit Court, for the Southern District of New York, on Monday, November, 1, 1847, and continued till the following Saturday, when the Jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff for eighteen hundred dollars, damages and costs, and judgment was rendered the plaintiff for that amount.

The declaration in this case was in the common form for the infringement of the patent, and about five months of the time in which the defendants had been engaged in making and selling Salamander Safes. The plea was—not guilty, with a notice given according to the statute, that the patentee was not the inventor of the improvement claimed, and that the patent had been surreptitiously and fraudulently obtained for what was the invention of other persons—naming sundry persons as prior inventors, that the subject matter of plaster of Paris was not patentable, etc.

The able charge of Judge Nelson, delivered on the occasion of this trial, presents so many authenticated historical facts; and, from its value for reference in similar cases, we have concluded to annex it entire:—

The Patent, in this case, is dated 1st June, 1843, and was granted to Daniel Fitzgerald. Daniel Fitzgerald had, before the issuing of the Patent, assigned and sold the discovery and the Patent, when it should be issued, to Enos Wilder, which assignment was duly recorded; afterward, and on the 1st September, 1843, Enos Wilder assigned all his right and title in the Patent to the present plaintiff (Benjamin G. Wilder), and from that time he has been owner of the invention, and of all the rights of the Patent granted to Fitzgerald—whatever they may turn out to be.

As to the nature of the invention as claimed by the Patentee: that is described in his specification to the Patent, which has been given in evidence and read to you. I shall call your attention merely to the material parts, with a view to settle, if we can, the nature of the invention as claimed by the plaintiff under the

Patent. The Patentee (Fitzgerald), in his specification, after describing the iron chests, which were long known and in common use, states: "I then take plaster of Paris, or gypsum, and having boiled or baked it in an oven, and calcined it and reduced it to a powder, I mix it with water till it is about the consistency of cream or thin paste, so fluid as that it may be readily poured into the space left as above to receive it. And then I fill all the space with the plaster of Paris, putting on smooth sheets of mica between the inner and outer chest to aid if necessary in checking the progress of the heat."

"But where pains are taken to have all the space left for the purpose, properly filled with the plaster of Paris as above, so that when set it will expand and adhere firmly to the surrounding parts, and completely fill the whole space between the cracks and joints, the mica may be dispensed with, and any other substance, and the plaster may be used alone. It may also be reduced to a powder, without being prepared as above, but I have not found it as good."

"The above composition or preparation of gypsum may be mixed with several other articles not contraindicated to its nature, with a view to increase its efficacy in resisting the action of fire; but from my experience I doubt if they have much effect. The gypsum alone, when properly prepared and placed in the space to receive it, and made to fill it completely, is quite sufficient to resist for a long space of time the most intense heat; it insulates a vapor, or gas, or some other properties which effectually stay the progress of the fire, and arrest the influence and effects of the heat; this I have ascertained by various experiments; and I believe that I am the first that discovered the utility and devised the method of applying gypsum, or the plaster of Paris, to increase the safety of iron chests. I am not aware of any article or process used for the purposes above set forth, until I used it in manner above described."

"Then comes the important part of the specification, that is, the claim, and this is his claim and all he claims as his discovery or improvement: 'I therefore claim as my discovery, invention, and improvement, the application and use of plaster of Paris, or gypsum, in its raw state, or prepared as above, either alone or with mica, in the construction of all iron chests or safes, in the manner above described, or in any other manner substantially the same.'"

That is the claim, and that is all the claim. Previous to, and up to the time of this application, iron chests were made in the way, which had been well known for many years. On the former trial of this case, it was proved satisfactorily to my mind, and indeed was not a subject of dispute, that the construction of double iron chests was the discovery of some person or persons in England; where the article was first brought into public use, there was no filling need, but the intermediate space was filled out with common air—afterward with various substances—with a view to discover or bring into use some substance that should more effectually impede the transmission of heat. Nothing is here claimed by the present patentee, Mr. Fitzgerald, as new, but the application and use of plaster of Paris in the construction of the iron safe—using plaster as described in the Patent, in combination with the old safe of double chests, then in common use.

It is, then, the combination of plaster of Paris, in the manufacture of this well-known article, and this alone, of which the Patentee claims he is the original inventor—and if this be so, then we think that he comes within the protection of the Patent Law. The 6th section of the act of 1836, provides that any person having discovered or invented any new and useful art, machine, manufacture, or composition of matter, or any new and useful improvement, or any art, machine, manufacture, or composition of matter not known or used by others before his discovery, or invention, and not in use at the time of his application, or otherwise, is entitled to a patent. As a matter of law, we are of opinion that this discovery, or invention, is

within the meaning of this provision of the law and is worthy of a patent.

Now, in every subject of invention, there are certain materials used common to all the world, which cannot be exclusively appropriated; there are also common elementary principles of matter, etc., which cannot be made the subject of a patent; but it is the adaptation of the material to the accomplishment of some particular purpose, which, if new, constitutes the invention, and the ground of a patent. If the application be new—if the combination be essentially new of these well-known materials, if a new manufacture is produced, resulting beneficially to the public, then it is within the meaning of the Patent Law, and entitled to a patent.

So far the questions between the parties are questions of law, involving a question of construction, arising out of the description of the discovery as contained in the specification of the patent.

The next question is one of fact, and belongs to the Jury—and that is, whether this combination to which I have referred, of plaster with the old safe, is new and useful, and whether the Patentee (Fitzgerald) is the first and original inventor. This is the main question in the case—the one upon which the rights of the parties must eventually depend: Who is the first and original inventor? Is it Fitzgerald, the patentee? If so, then I apprehend plaintiff is entitled to the verdict—if otherwise, of course he is not.

The learned Judge here called attention briefly to the testimony of the leading witnesses called in the course of the trial: There is adduced on the part of the plaintiff, the testimony of several witnesses—Fitzgerald the patentee, his two brothers, a Mr. Post, Mr. Loring, and Mr. Yerrick. The patentee states to you, that as far back as 1830, he commenced experiments upon the subject, with balls of plaster of Paris—continued the experiments extending through 1831-'32-'33, and down to 1834; that according to his best recollection, in the latter part of 1832, or early part of 1833, he constructed some small iron safes, models of those now in use. In several of those he tested the virtues of plaster in resisting heat, and all his experiments proved successful.

Mr. Loring states to you, that in August, 1832, he performed the blacksmith work of a small experimental safe, and that he was shown another that had been in the fire.

Young Post deposes that he was shown a model of a small iron safe, made by Mr. Fitzgerald, in the autumn of 1832. He heard F. talking to his (F.'s) father, about going into the manufacture of these safes—and that Fitzgerald subsequently, in 1833, went to board at his father's house. Mr. Post is an exceedingly intelligent young man, and so far as his recollection extends, gave a very clear and distinct account of what he had witnessed during these interviews between his father and Mr. Fitzgerald.

Mr. Yerrick says he saw Fitzgerald making iron safes and filling them with plaster, in the fore part of 1832. He says it was the first part of the first cholera year, and it is by that he remembers.

Two brothers of the patentee, Jesse and Eliza Fitzgerald, substantially confirm their brother's statements, in so far as their testimony extends.

I now recollect the account Mr. Sherwood has given of the negotiation between himself and Mr. Fitzgerald, on the subject of constructing for public use these safes, and the contract entered into and the experiments made. I will not go over them.

On the part of the defendants, the testimony of several witnesses has also been adduced. Among the most important is that of James Connor and John Connor, his brother.

James Connor had a safe in his possession filled with plaster, except that there was no plaster in the lid or cover, in conformity with an idea of his own, before October, 1832, at which time he entered into partnership with a Mr. Cook. That safe is before you, and was used in the way described to you—for keeping

punches—till 1838, when it passed into the possession of the Butchers' and Drovers' Bank, and then into the hands of Mr. Hagar, in whose possession, I think, it has remained ever since. This account we have from Mr. James Conner—his testimony consists chiefly of his application of plaster as a security for his steel punches against fire. He carried his discovery no farther: the idea occurred to him originally, he says, as a stereotype founder, having in the course of his business become acquainted with the properties of plaster of Paris as a conductor of heat. In this statement he is confirmed by the testimony of his brother.

Then you have the depositions of Hodgson and Bruce. Hodgson claims that he was the inventor of the use of plaster of Paris. He does not go back farther than December, 1835, or the early part of '36; he made three experiments by putting plaster, as he stated, around three pill boxes, within which were papers, and then subjecting the naked plaster to an intense heat. By these means, Mr. Hodgson satisfied himself of the value of the article in protecting the iron chests then in use from the effects of fire. He says he then applied to Mr. Bruce, proposing that B. should furnish the capital, and both, in partnership, go into the manufacture of safes filled in this way. Mr. Bruce, in January, '36, agreed in writing to go into partnership with him for this purpose; and he claims that he discovered the thing; and he says in the spring of 1836—and at that time Fitzgerald knew nothing of the manufacture of safes in this manner.

Mr. Bruce himself states that he entered into partnership with Hodgson, into '36, but does not admit that he obtained information that led him to construct these safes from Mr. Hodgson. He got the idea from some one, but he thinks not from Hodgson. He (B.) does not pretend to be the original inventor, and it has passed his recollection and is beyond recall where he first discovered the use of plaster. He made safes, and made them upon that plan, but will not say he derived the knowledge of the plan from Mr. Hodgson.

In this connection we have the testimony of a third person. He says he not only communicated to Bruce the fact that Fitzgerald had made the discovery, and that he (Fitzgerald) was trying to get capital to carry on the business and had made some chests with plaster of Paris, but that he communicated it to Bruce about the time that he (Bruce) was engaging in the business.

There is then a Mr. Conroy—the third man who claims to have originated this discovery. He goes back to '34 or '35. Having seen plaster used in England for the construction of doors, as a preventative against fire, he says the idea occurred to him of putting it into iron chests to render them fire-proof. He has related the experiments he made with wooden boxes coated with plaster, and that he discovered that plaster was a very useful article in the construction of iron safes. This was in 1834 or '35.

"Now, it is upon this evidence, as you have heard it upon the trial, that you are to determine the rights of the parties in this case—and we trust that you will determine them in one way or the other. The case has been a long time in litigation; it has been elaborately and fully prepared, and well tried on both sides—and you are to decide, whether in your judgment, upon the evidence, Daniel Fitzgerald is the first and original inventor of the combination and application of this substance in the construction of safes.

The question of originality will probably be brought down upon the evidence between Fitzgerald and Mr. Conner. Conner states that he built and used the first safe for his own private use, and I think it must be conceded that, as far as concerns the use of plaster, his chest was identical with that of the Patentee; but if Fitzgerald had settled the practicability and utility of this combination by experiments with his own safes, previous to the practical application of it by Conner, Fitzgerald's patent will protect him, as the first and original inventor and discoverer. It is not necessary that the

patentee should construct a safe, and put it in public use first, but the question is: Did he make the discovery and establish its utility by practical experiments first? If he did, he is the first and original inventor, and any subsequent discovery and construction in accordance with his invention and discovery, and devotion of it to public use, will not affect the rights of the original inventor, who has followed up his original invention by applying for a patent with reasonable diligence, and finally succeeded in obtaining the patent. If, therefore, upon this point you come to the conclusion that Fitzgerald not only made this discovery, but by experiments by means of those small safes that have been described to you, he tested the utility of the material he used, and that he followed this up with reasonable diligence in procuring a patent, and that the discovery was before Conner, then Fitzgerald's patent protects him.

If, on the other hand, the safe of Conner was constructed and brought to practical use prior to the discovery by Mr. Fitzgerald, then his patent does not protect him—because the other party not only discovered it, but put it in practice first.

Then, as to the use of the safe of Conner—that is, assuming that he first discovered and invented it—still there is a question whether he had put it sufficiently in use to prevent another original discoverer from availing himself of a patent; and upon that question of the Law, I apprehend will be found to be, that if an invention or discovery is not made public, but used for the private purposes of the individual, and it is unknown to the public for the purpose for which it is designed, and it is finally abandoned and forgotten, then, and in that case, it does not constitute an objection to a patent granted to another person; provided that the patentee is also the discoverer of the invention. Now, in this case, if you believe upon the evidence, that Conner used the safe only for his private purposes, and it was finally abandoned by him as a safe for security against fire, then, in that case, his discovery forms no objection to Fitzgerald's patent, provided Fitzgerald was also an original discoverer.

If any reliance is to be placed on human testimony, the discovery of Fitzgerald was before 1834, or '35, or '36. He had been engaged in making experiments in 1830, and as early as '32—one of the witnesses says the early part of '32—and most of them, the latter part of the same year—he (F.) was constructing small safes and exposing them to intense heat.

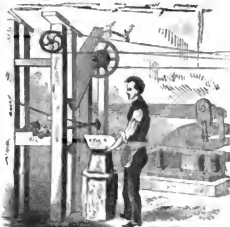
Therefore, the claims of Conroy and Hodgson may be considered as pretty much out of the question in the case, and that the inquiry on your part will go back to the question between Fitzgerald and Conner; and I do not deem it necessary or useful to call your attention further to Hodgson's or Conroy's claims, as given in their testimony.

Then as to the application of Fitzgerald to the Patent Office. It is not disputed here that the application was made in April, 1836, and in which Fitzgerald claimed the discovery of this combination or improvement. The application, it has been shown, was made after F.'s experiment upon the ruins of the Exchange, after the great fire of December, '35—and if the evidence shows that it has been followed up with reasonable diligence, under all the embarrassments attendant upon it, then, although he was not successful till June, '43, still, in point of fact and in point of Law, the date of his application is the time when it was first presented to the Commissioner of Patents, that is, April, 1836. There is evidence in the papers of the application was renewed in the spring of 1837; it was again renewed in February, '38, and again on the 11th of April, '39; showing that it has been persevered in with a good deal of determination on the part of the patentee, from the time it was first presented, down to the time when the patent was finally granted.

The only remaining matter for the question of fact in this branch of the case, is this: It is provided in the Act of '39, that if the patentee puts his invention upon sale, and devotes it to public use in that way, two years before he makes application for his patent—

then, the patent, although obtained under these circumstances, is void; and it has been insisted by the learned counsel for defendant in this case, that the safes of Fitzgerald were on sale and sold more than two years before his application for his patent. If this be so, the principle of law which he relies upon defeats the patent. But you must be satisfied that this was two years before his application for a patent—it is for you to find the fact whether such sale was two years before the application was made.

The next and only remaining question in the case, is as to the damages. This suit was commenced the 12th of February, 1846, and no damages can be allowed for any period after that date. Should you find in favor of plaintiff, you must find for the profits accruing on those made and sold by defendants, from September, 1845, when the defendants (Gaylor & Brown) went into business jointly, until the 12th of February, 1846, the time of the commencement of this suit, embracing a period of about four months and a half, that being all that can be claimed or allowed on the present action; the actual damages are the profits derived by the defendants upon the safes sold by them.

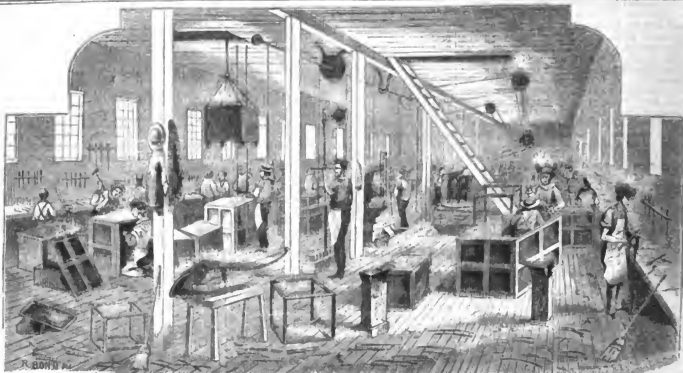


TILT HAMMER AND SLEWING.

After the rendition of the verdict, the defendants appealed, and the case was carried to the Supreme Court of the United States, where, finally, the judgment of the court below was fully sustained.

Other suits were already in progress; among which was one against Crandell, Rich & Co.—which firm consisted of Rich, Roff & Stearns (now Stearns & Marvin); and a compromise was made with them by Mr. Wilder, allowing them the right to continue making the safes, Roff and Stearns both having learned the business of Mr. Wilder, at Mamaroneck. In 1848, the case against Edwards & Holman and John E. Wilder was tried in the United States Circuit Court, at Boston, Massachusetts. The respondents were defended by a splendid legal array—consisting of Messrs. Rufus Choate, Dana, and Jewell; a galaxy worthy a better cause. But all to no purpose. The charge of Judge Woodbury was equally able, and still more elaborate than that of Judge Nelson, and again the verdict was for the plaintiffs, and Wilder's patent a second time substantiated by a jury of his countrymen.

Other suits were brought to trial, but in every case the result was the same; and, after a time, Mr. Wilder was left in the peaceful possession of the results of his enterprise and skill. However, the costs incurred in defending them from first to last, has been considerably over \$20,000.



CONSTRUCTION DEPARTMENT.

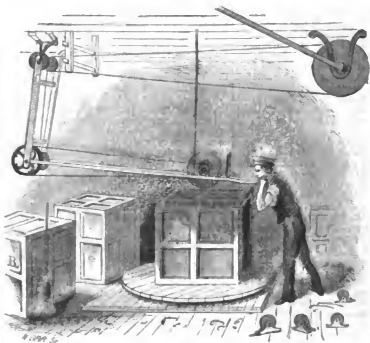
While Mr. Wilder was engaged in securing his patent, during his frequent visits to this city he stopped at the Howard Hotel, where at that time Silas C. Herring was engaged as a book-keeper. Wilder, having been struck with Herring's business address and prepossessing manners, after some preliminaries, engaged him as his New York agent. The latter succeeded wonderfully in his new occupation, and, soon after, Wilder made an arrangement with him by which he (Herring) was to manufacture on his own account, allowing Wilder a per centage for his right. The reputation of these safes is world-wide. Throughout this entire continent, and in many capitals of the Old World, WILDER'S PATENT SALAMANDER SAFES are well known, have been tested, and their superior excellence acknowledged. Even the safe that took the Premium at the World's Fair, was filled according to this patent; and Mr. Wilder has affidavits to substantiate this fact.

For good and sufficient reasons Mr. Wilder determined, when a suitable time arrived (which took place on the 2d of September, 1854,) to withdraw his privileges and dissolve all connection with Herring; and, on the 1st of January, 1855, he formed a partnership with Messrs. Luke and Andrew J. Harrington, and, after purchasing the site, the splendid establishment we are about describing was erected; and under the firm of B. G. Wilder & Co., the patentee recommenced the manufacture of fire-proof salamander safes.

This establishment, which was erected within the last two years, expressly for the purpose, is situated on the corner of Third Avenue, and Thirteenth street, South Brooklyn. The whole enclosed premises covers an area of 100 feet square. The building, which is most substantially built of brick and stone, is 40 by 100 feet, and three stories and attic high. As the business is conducted in a thorough systematic manner, we will adopt our usual course, and describe the manufacture, from the beginning with the rough material, to the finished safe, ready for the counting-room.

On the day of our visit, we were conducted from the office to the basement, which is high, well lighted and ventilated, and perfectly adapted to the purposes for which it is used. The rear half is the ENGINE-ROOM, in one corner of which, enclosed by a sack partition, is the engine, a fine little horizontal, rated at 25 horse, which furnishes all the power required. We thought the idea of enclosing the engine a capital one; if only for the sake of cleanliness alone, it deserves to be extensively imitated. The stack of boilers, which are outside, are of a much larger capacity, as the whole establishment is heated by steam. No other fires, except

those under the boiler and on the forges, are allowed on the premises. The engine-room also contains a portion of the power tools, among which—the "Knee Machine," immense Shears for cutting plate, and the Tilt-hammers, are the most prominent. The first-mentioned is a most valuable automaton, and does the work of a dozen humans. The "knees" are angular shaped, from flat bars of iron, with a hole in each end for receiving the screw. This machine bends, punches, and cuts them off with amazing rapidity. The plates which in the smaller and ordinary safes are numbers 14 and 15 iron; in the larger and more expensive ones are of the best boiler iron; which, after being squared, are flattened by the tilt hammers, and are then ready for the construction room.



BUFFING WHEEL.

those under the boiler and on the forges, are allowed on the premises. The engine-room also contains a portion of the power tools, among which—the "Knee Machine," im-

floor is level and clean; in short, order reigns here, which is certainly a novelty among the ruins of Vulcan, and, as here exhibited, a most gratifying feature to all concerned. (See Ill.)

The front half of the basement is the BLACKSMITH-SHOP. The forges, five in number, have at each two operatives, engaged in making the frames, handles, and other wrought-iron work. We could not help remarking the capital arrangement here, as a "smithy" is generally in the point of neatness, considered a sort of a slipshod affair. The forges are built of brick; the edges bound with wrought-iron; the blast is furnished from the engine; the



DOOR DEPARTMENT.

THE CONSTRUCTION DEPARTMENT.—(See Illustration.)—This occupies the whole of the second floor; it is a large apartment lighted by windows on three sides. The whole of the iron work having been formed and shaped below, is hoisted up here to be put together. The iron part of a safe is, first, the frame, which, with the handles, etc., are of bar iron; the plates, which are of sheet and boiler iron; and the door frames and casings, the wheels and their sockets, which are cast iron. The whole of the construction is hand work, of course aided with power tools for boring, drilling, planing, buffing, etc.; a profusion of which are in every part of this establishment, wherever they can be made available. The whole course of the operation of construction is aptly depicted by our artist. It will be observed that the operations go round the shop with the run. On one side starts the naked frame; the progress is

A large portion of the third floor is the LOCK DEPARTMENT (See Illustration). From the pictorial representation, and the above description, the reader will understand that the operations here are about the same as on the floor below; only that in one, the outside bodies, in the other, the doors are constructed. An apartment is here partitioned off for the LOCK DEPARTMENT (See Illustration). The locks made here are a new and most valuable article, for which Mr. Wilder owns the patent. They are undoubtedly pick and powder proof; for although both of these operations have been repeatedly tried, they have always proved unsuccessful. The key—which, by the way, is a novelty of itself—is about the width, and two-thirds the length, of the large blade of a pocket knife, and takes no more room than an ordinary silver quarter of a dollar in one's wallet. Its insertion and proper adjustment raises the

been manufactured, they are each so varied by mathematical calculation, that no two are made precisely alike. Parties curious in regard to the construction and safety of locks, should examine this one. For some years past we have taken pains to study and inform ourselves on this subject, and from Day & Newell's first patent, to the above, we have seen almost everything that has come out; and we unhesitatingly pronounce, that for simplicity of construction, perfection of safety and adaptation, and with all for economy, Mr. Wilder's lock *tops the climax* of all that has come under our "ken." The small inside iron safes or "cash boxes" are also constructed in the lock room.

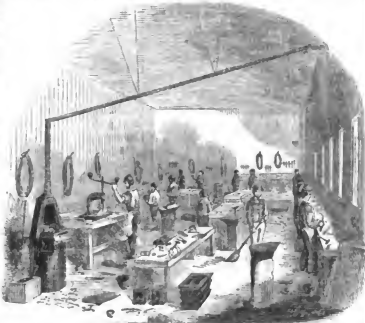
Adjoining, on the rear, but separated by a brick wall, with fire-proof doors, is the JOINERY DEPARTMENT (See Illustration). This is a more intricate operation than is generally supposed. Most finished workmen are required here, as the arrangement of drawers, partitions, etc., is quite as fine cabinet work as is required for the best parlor furniture. The fourth, or attic



JOINER'S DEPARTMENT.

floor, is also connected with a joinery department, and is also used for seasoning lumber.

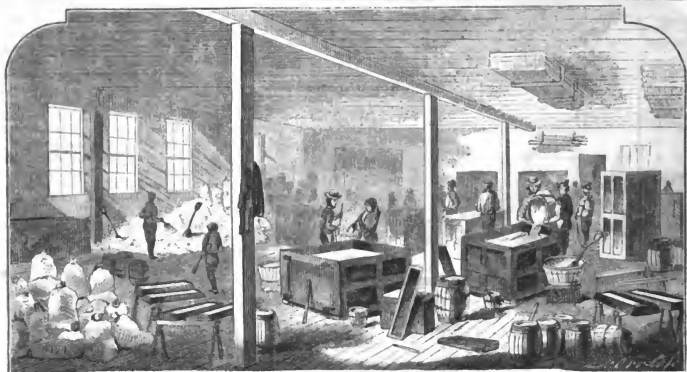
The rear hall of the first floor is the FILLING DEPARTMENT (See Illustration). As they are finished above, the iron work complete, and the wood work complete are lowered to this department. As in the other cases, the pencil has again supplanted the pen; Mr. Bond's drawing is more descriptively graphic than our "penthograph," and we must yield the palm to him and friend Orr, who wields the brain to stamp the other marks with indelibility. Well, go on gentlemen—we always knew you were ambitious; however, we will endeavor to hold our own with you. We must make an especial note here. It will be remembered that when safes were first filled with calcium, that dampness for a time was about as destructive, on the long run, as fire. The nature of the material presented an apparently insurmountable obstacle to their general adoption. This has since been perfectly remedied; and now the safes of Mr. Wilder ensure preservation from all the elements. As the coating of calcium protects them from fire—so does a coating of his composition, which becomes perfectly hard and impenetrable, protect them from dampness; and while the lock above described protects them from burglars, their perfect mechanical construction (every part is made to fit to a



LOCK DEPARTMENT.

visible; and when we return to the starting point the whole iron case is ready for the "filling room." The plates and frames are screwed, not riveted together. The last operation in this room is with the emery, or RIVETING WHEEL (See Illustration). The safe is placed on a revolving platform; the emery wheel is affixed to a traveling gear; the whole of the outside of the safe is beveled and polished off as smooth as a marble-top center-table. This operation, however, presents quite a scene; and from the way the fire flies, we have conclusive evidence that this portion of the work could not be performed in a powder house.

wards, and the lock is operated, by the handle, with great facility. The interior of these locks disclose superior mechanical manipulation; and although hundreds of them have already



FILLING DEPARTMENT.

hair) makes them water-proof, when exposed to storms, and almost in cases of inundation.

The front part of the first floor is the PAINTING AND FINISHING DEPARTMENTS (See Illustration). The safes are all put together in the filling room, and from thence are rolled into this department, where the painting, ornamentation and last finishing touches are put on, and, with one exception, they are ready for the ware room. This exception is, that each safe must come under the personal inspection of Mr. Wilder himself—and a very thorough examination he gives them. First, each joint is overhauled—the drawers, locks, swing of the doors, and the whole workmanship generally, is minutely inspected; if they are found wanting in the least particular, they are returned for re-rectification. We know how much each manufacturer feels bound to claim for the superiority of his workmanship; but we also know, and state the fact from personal examination, that, without referring to their other superior qualities, the exteriors—that is, the iron work of Wilder's safes—are of the very best description. Purchasers who want to test this fact—and it is a most important one in the general security of the article—should test the joints with the blades of their pocket knives. No matter about the paint; be sure there are no open joints in the iron. As in this particular, so are Wilder's safes in each department of manipulation. The interior arrangements—the drawers, the locks and keys, the swing of the outside door, and perfect working of the lock, and, withal, the general comely appearance of the whole, are in strict union.

This same system of order is carried out in great perfection in the whole establishment. No gentleman of wealth and leisure ever paid more attention to the comforts and conveniences of his private domicile than Mr. Wilder has paid to his pet hobby—a perfect manufactory for his safes. The plan of the building was studied and drawn expressly to his end; each utility that convenience and economy could suggest

has been adopted. A careful set of rules, which are complacently posted in prominent places, was prepared for the guidance and control of the operatives. The stock, tools, etc., are given out, registered, and accounted for with the same precision of arrangement. There is a comfortable, cheerful, cleanly aspect about the whole concern, to the perfection that we have never before experienced in our extensive perambulations among manufacturing establishments in various sections of the country—notwithstanding we had thought we had previously examined and described some that were very excellent in some of those particulars; and on our way home we were forcibly reminded of the old adage, that “a good workman is well known by the condition of his tools.”



PAINTING AND FINISHING.

The whole capital employed is \$100,000. The number of hands, 90. About 100 safes of the various sizes are constantly in the course of construction, and at the present time an average of 30 per week are finished. There are three stores, or warehouses. One at 122 Water street,

in this city; another at 22 Walnut street, Philadelphia; and still another at Chicago, Illinois. The safes are also sold by accredited agents in many of the principal cities of the Union.

Those who read the newspapers are undoubtedly posted in regard to the superiority of Wilder's Patent Salamanders. Thus far, we have never heard of an isolated case in which they failed to secure property from conflagration. As this fact has not been proven in regard to the safes filled with other substances, claimed to be non-conductors; we think we should prefer Wilder's, as they are known to answer all the purposes.

We close with a little incident, connected with the proof referred to in the last paragraph. Certain rival manufacturers, who exhibited safes at the Crystal Palace with Wilder's, after making great pretensions, put forth a challenge, which Wilder at once accepted. Before making the preliminaries, the challenger consulted Fitzgerald, and asked his opinion in regard to the chances of success. Fitzgerald informed him that it was a desperate case—that he had just nineteen chances of twenty, of being burned up. Since that conversation, Mr. Wilder has heard nothing from the challenging party. We had intended to append a portion of the eminent evidences in favor of Wilder's Indestructible Salamander (among others those of the Tribune Building, where our business office now stands), but want of space compels us to close.

EXPANSION OF GASES.—The expansive property of gases is a remarkable phenomenon in physics. There are no means of ascertaining its limits; but it is known that if from any room, the whole air were exhausted, a single cubic inch of either oxygen or nitrogen would, if admitted into so large a vacuum, instantly occupy every part of it, and still press, though with diminished force, against the walls for further expansion. The repulsive force which exists among the atoms, though greatly weakened, would not be exhausted.

Editor's Table.

TO OUR READERS.

We point with no little satisfaction to the literary and artistic contents of the present number; and, although it would be as well to let the matter "speak" for itself, certain considerations, however, which will hereafter be explained, render it pertinent that we should briefly refer to the fact, for the sake of laudable comparison.

It is now just two years since the UNITED STATES MAGAZINE was announced to the public. Its projectors were only known as the publishers of a commercial and literary newspaper, that was circulated in immense numbers, at an extraordinary low price, in every section of the Union and Canada. They had no extensive trade list of dealers nor confidential agents in the various cities and towns, to send specimen numbers, and force their sale; but they had industry, enterprise, perseverance, and a keen discrimination of the public want. They saw the opening for just such a publication as they have endeavored to produce; and notwithstanding their appreciation of the fact, that, where one succeeds at least twenty fail in undertakings of the kind, still they were strong in the faith that, if the right course was persevered in, their efforts must be crowned with success.

With its banner inscribed with the expressive index of the word OXWARD for a motto, the first number was put forth in May, 1854. We have heretofore spoken of the flattering reception that greeted its first appearance. It at once became a pet of the reading public, and a favorite with the whole newspaper press. While the latter were profuse in their compliments, they were not slow to predict, as a business speculation, the failure of the enterprise, on the theory that it was impossible to furnish so much value for so little reward; either the proprietors must have wonderfully prolific purses, or this hypothesis was unfounded. Without contradicting the former, we state unhesitatingly the fact of the latter. For, while each month has increased the efforts and expenditures for its literary, mechanical, and artistic perfection, its pecuniary success has been almost equal in pace with its other triumphs. It has now an extensive circulation in every section of the American Union, the British Provinces, and is not unknown on the Continent of Europe. But with its good name and fame, it is not, in scarcely any respect, equal to the intentions and aims of its projectors and conductors; and while many friends have awarded it the euphonious metaphor of *exordior*, yet the former, with the spirit of the age, will maintain the more genial one, that signifies progress.

Hence, the few lines which are contained in the paragraph that leads this article. From the beginning, it has been remarked that each issue was a conquest over the last, and possibly the present will maintain this truth unimpaired. Nearly every article was written or compiled by the Editor and his associates; each illustration was designed and engraved expressly for the purpose; and while we have to submit it to the same principle, that it is impossible to make a pint measure contain a quart of liquid, yet our

the whole, (notwithstanding the great length of one important article—Mr. Wise's biography—the data for which came late to hand, and so contracted our space, that we were unable to present the usual variety in our table), it will probably be admitted that this is at least a fair specimen of a dollar magazine.

Withal, the above remarks are only prophatory to certain important announcements that will be laid before our readers in our next issue. We are cramped for space; our basis is not large enough; it will be extended. We must agree with the expressed wishes of a large majority of our patrons, and adopt a more popular form. We must—But wait; in the April number you shall have our whole plan in detail.

UNPARALLELED BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENT.—Probably the most important business book enterprise ever attempted in this or any other country has just been announced by Messrs. Emerson, Alford & Co., of this city. As we have no room to speak of the undertaking as it deserves, we quote the following from the "Journal of Commerce," of the 26th ult. That paper is acknowledged to be authority—at least on business matters. We must explain, however, that the above firm is composed of J. M. Emerson & Co., the publishers of this MAGAZINE, the UNITED STATES JOURNAL, etc., and C. A. Alford, Esq., the proprietor of the extensive and well-known Gold street printing establishment.

"The United States Business Encyclopedia and Commercial Directory.—A huge volume, containing about twenty-five hundred imperial octavo pages, is in preparation, to be published by Emerson, Alford & Co., which is intended to comprise every variety of information bearing upon art and manufactures, trade, commerce, and means of communication, and generally to include the features of a commercial dictionary and gazetteer. The plan comprehends classified lists of all the prominent trading firms, banking and manufacturing corporations, and of professional men, both in the United States and Canada. If properly carried out, as the extensive arrangements entered into for that purpose indicate it will be, the convenience of the work for reference will procure for it that general demand in the business community, which alone can indemnify the publishers for the immense cost of the undertaking. The very idea of so vast and comprehensive a scheme would reasonably deter any but the boldest and most far-sighted of the publishing fraternity from entering upon it. But with the means at command of the parties named, and the large number of competent men employed in carrying out the conception, it bids fair to be matured in the course of a few months, and we look to see the book issued by the beginning of another year. To extend its circulation as far as possible, the price is fixed at ten dollars. The advertisement, in another column, gives a full description of the various matters that come within the scope of the work."

CROWDED OUT.—Several reviews which were prepared expressly for this number, we are forced to omit. They will probably appear in our next. At all events, in the coming volume our extended arrangements will meet all these difficulties.

INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

BY J. H. HENRY.

"Come with these arms of dew,
Sleep, gentle sleep, yet bring
No voice from life's yearnings to renew,
No vision on thy wing—
Come as in fading flowers,
To bind in forests dewy.
Long, dark, and dreamless be thy hours,
O gentle, gentle, sleep."

MRS. HENRY.

Not thou, not thou
Would I invoke thy influence, balmy sleep!
Not dull and visionless should be my rest.
I would not wait night's hours o'er me to sweep
In solemn silence, leaving me unblest
With one bright dream, one tender soothing thought
With home, and friends, and kindred voices fraught.

Come to me, come,
Oh, peaceful Sleep! I court thy dewy reign—
And bring thy treasures with thee—bring thou back,
O'er my weary spirit, once again,
All the loved faces which along life's track
Thus far have cheered me with their tender smile;
Fain would I view them yet a little while.

Bring to me, bring,
In gentle slumber a loved parent's form,
A brother's manly brow, a sister's love;
O! Earth hath many a change, and many a storm;
Yet naught a parent's fondness can remove.
Dark disappointments o'er our souls may come,
Yet pure and changeless are the ties of home.

Come to me, sleep!
And bring sweet visions with thee. I would fain
Reunite my native hills, and hear the tone
Of the bright streamlets, dipping through the vale
Of my glad childhood's home. My soul has grown
Homelick and wistful; bring the voices back
That laughed with mine along my childhood's track.

Come to me, sleep!
A lonely and forlorn one, here I dwell,
So, sojourning in a distant land—
Far from the scenes which memory loves so well,
Where no one greets me with affection's hand.
Oh, balmy sleep! hark o'er my spirit pour
The light, the sweetness, of the past once more!

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.—The prosecution of this grand testimonial to the American people has now become a certainty, except with the contingency of the health of the eminent contributor. When the work was first announced, men of ability and close calculation shook their heads and premised the impossibility of procuring the suitable number of subscribers, (500 hundred we think), to insure pecuniary success. At the present time, the enterprising publishers, Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, are publishing a list of the names already obtained, in the "Daily Advertiser" of that city. The first issue contains the names of about half those procured, and are about eighty hundred in number, who are from thirty-four States and Territories, with a few from four of the British Provinces and South America. But, we understand this is only about one-half of those who have already signed, and that the second instalment will be issued in a day or two. Gratifying as this result undoubtedly is to Professor Agassiz, how much more so must it be to the American people, for whose honor this giant of intellect is to be devoted for the next ten years. May the Supreme Being who rules all, spare him health and happiness among us for long beyond that period.

OCEAN STEAM NAVIGATION.—While we are penning this article, nearly our whole population are anxiously awaiting to learn the fate of one of those superb specimens of man's ingenu-

ity, an Ocean Steamer. The "Pacific," heretofore one of the most fleet and regular ships of the Collins Line, has been *thirty-two* days at sea, and we have no tidings of her. The "Atlantic" and the "Asia," each of whom departed from Liverpool—the former a fortnight, and the latter still three days later, have brought no intelligence of the missing ship; and although the daily newspapers are most laudably endeavoring to allay excitement, another "Arctic" calamity is predicted on all sides. God grant that the prophecies are untrue, and that, even before these lines are in type, we shall see her welcome form at her Canal street berth.

At present, much discussion has arisen as to the comparative safety of steam or wind propelled vessels. An article in "Hunt's Merchants' Magazine" recalls events, which at their occurrence, we thought would never be forgotten, but which, nevertheless, have passed away from the public mind. A few hearts, wounded by the deadly catastrophe, bear their ineffaceable marks; but how soon others have forgotten all. Since 1853, twelve steamships, lost at sea, have cost 1250 human lives, and \$7,250,000 of property. The "Independence" sunk with 120 lives in the Pacific, and the "Tennessee" and the "St. Louis" followed, total wrecks. The "Humboldt" and the "San Francisco" were wrecked in the Atlantic in the same year. The "Franklin," "City of Philadelphia," and "Yankee Blade," fall in the catalogue of 1854. The "City of Glasgow," with 480 lives. The "Arctic" with hundreds more, precious lives, were the crowning catastrophes of that year. In 1855, we have the sinking of the "North Carolina," and the stranding of the "Golden Age," which last, however, was saved and repaired. In these vessels there were 7,000 lives jeopardized, and \$11,000,000 of property.

In some of these cases an irresistible power, against which no skill or foresight could be expected to guard, controlled the event; but a close examination shows not only that in a majority of instances the accident might have been averted, but that with the resources which prudent owners and officers might easily provide, the calamity might have been repaired. The waves and the winds have had some victims, but haste and imprudence have had still more.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

The closing pages of our issue have long been enlivened with the generally "ente" sayings and doings of our friend, Democritus, jr. At the present time, that aspiring young genius appears to be laboring under a severe attack of the epidemic so prevalent in our establishment—progress. At all events, another change is being effected in his hopes and ambitions; and whether he is now about to assume his chrysalis or *imago* state, we are not prepared to judge at the present writing. When he presented his manuscript and "pieters" for the current number, he was much chaffed on being told that notwithstanding his police reports were superior to "Doesticks," *space* compelled us to omit a large portion of his dialogues and descriptions. However, he assumed his usual cheerfulness on being assured that, in the new "arrangements" his arena of freedom would be much enlarged.

THE "TITING" SCENES WITNESSED BY DEMOCRITUS, JR., AT THE POLICE COUITS.



HONORARY PRIVILEGES.—Albert Augustus Eugene Scroggs, Esq. Brought in on the usual charge of being drunk. He "defies" his honor to commit. He is exempt from the action of this court. His great-grandfather was a member of parliament.



MISTAKE IN PERSONAL IDENTITY.—Johnny Gling, an "artist," almost beat the life out of Jonathan Smithers, when he found that he had awoke the wrong customer. Gling thinks the gentleman ought not to complain, as he was "let up" as soon as the mistake was discovered.



CONTENT OF COURT.—John Brown, a deaf and dumb witness, presents his testimony. Objected to as irrelevant and irrelevant.



BOUND TO GET RID OF HIM.—Felix McCan, for the tenth time, charged with intoxication. Mrs. McCan and the "seven children" as witnesses for the prosecution. That lady is sole proprietress of a "grocery," where she draws brandy that "cost five shillins' a gallon," out of a mackerel barrel. "How did he get his liquor?" inquires the judge. "Why, sure, yer honor, its meself that give it. You see, yer honor, I was bound to have him sent up; it's only a nuisance he is about the house."



MATRIMONIAL RIGHTS.—Dennis Callaghan, beat his wife Bridget. "And isn't this a free country? Can't a man beat his own wife? Blast your tyrannical intertunshions."



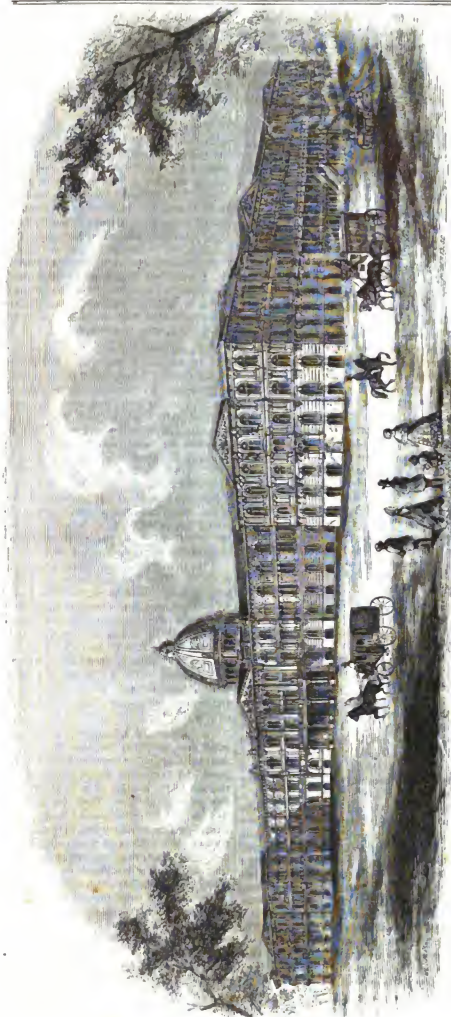
FLAW IN THE INDICTMENT.—Theophilus Augustus Jouson, a gentleman of "kuller," charged with burglary on a hog-pen. "Look hes, Mases, how yer gwine to convict me now? Dat see I stoled a hog, and he swears it was a pig, and I swear it was a pig. How you gwine to do wid me now?"



FRAUDULENT MEASURE.—Hans von Heiderlien, complains of Carl Swartztheinhonsterum for giving short measure in lager-bier. "Vel, yer honor, dis mon he give me short measure. Casen vy, di quarts mit his peer make me "pline trunk" when I fushit trink him, and now I ish more sober ven I trinks seven or den quarts."



POLITICAL JUSTICE.—A Bra Ham Gobart, Esq., has a keen eye to the just administration of the law. "Straw ball" is his aversion. Must have undoubted security (or grease). Like a grene justice "is blind" (to his faults); and acquits himself (not always) by acquitting them



THE NEW CITY HALL, NEW YORK, SHOWING THE CHAMBERS STREET AND BROADWAY FRONTS.

United States Magazine.

Vol. II. APRIL, 1866. [No. II.]

NEW YORK AND ITS IMPROVEMENTS:
THE NEW CITY HALL.

THE CITY OF NEW YORK is rapidly becoming one of the first cities of the world. The splendid position which it occupies, at the mouth of a mighty stream, which is the highway of a great and constantly increasing inland commerce, on one side, while it has a river which opens a path to the New England States on the other, affords long and ample water-fronts, of which no other city can boast.

Its harbor is one of the finest in the world, being twenty-five miles in circumference, and is entered from the ocean at Sandy Hook; on the northeast, through the East River; and from the southwest, through the Kills and Staten Island Sound. The ample dimensions of the harbor are such that navies may ride at ease in its waters, and fleets may repose in safety at the wharves and quays of New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City. The depth of water is sufficient for the largest vessels, which can easily enter at Sandy Hook, where there is at low tide 21 feet, and at high tide 27 feet of water on the bar. It is completely shut in from the sea, and the smoothness of its surface, the beauty of its shores, the cities and villages which occupy a portion of the landscape, the lofty elevation of Staten Island, with its villas and its mountain scenery, all unite to make it one of the most beautiful pictures of the kind in the world.

Nature has been lavish, so to speak, in her endowment of this position, as the site for a vast commercial enterprise. Vessels may enter and retire through the passages which open oceanward to the whole world, or to the east and south, while the Hudson River, affords a highway of 150 miles before the navigation is interrupted on the north. The railways and rivers, diverging in every direction, are the tributaries which bring to this great focal point of a vastly extending commerce, the population, the treasures, and the enterprise of a boundless continent on one hand, and of a world on the other.

The growth of the city has been very rapid. The sagacity and foresight of the men of the past generation, perceiving that beauty and economy, as well as health and convenience, would all be promoted by surveying and laying out the city on a symmetrical and accurate plan, they were led to lay out the whole island, in broad avenues, with cross streets running from river to river, at regular distances, commencing at a line across the island in the neighborhood of Fourteenth street. The avenues vary somewhat in length, being from five to twelve miles in their projection. Should the city increase as it has done, and prolong its limits at the same rate of advancement as during this century, a hundred years hence may see the wonderful spectacle of avenues of noble dwellings, from eight to twelve miles in length, without a break.

The grade of the streets is such, that from the center of the island to either river, the finest drainage is afforded, and when the necessary improvements and progress shall have

been made, the city of New York will present a model illustration of what science and art can do to produce a noble and beautifully planned city.

The foresight of William Penn was exhibited in the laying out of the city of Philadelphia; and the broad and regular streets and subdivisions of that city, show the importance of projecting the plans of cities in a style which will meet the demands of their subsequent growth and progress. The founders of New Amsterdam, and the builders of New York, were governed by no such visionary estimates of the possibilities of this splendid geographical position. They could not conceive that, out of the few straggling houses which were collected at the southern terminus of the island, there would grow up a mighty metropolis, which should be the doorway through which millions of men should pass on their way from the despotisms of the Old World, to the fresh and elastic progression of free institutions—spreading far back to the Rocky Mountains, and leaping the elevated barrier to roll the wave of its civilization downward to the Pacific. Such dreams of greatness and power never penetrated the venerable atmosphere of burgher gravity and sober practicality, with which they enjoyed their pipes and plodded the uneven and muddy tenor of their way from the Battery to the Swamp or the Collect, where they were wont to be lost in the mazes of the wilderness, or the miasma of the pool, at a distance of one-half to three-quarters of a mile from the Battery.

It required the comprehensive and progressive mind of a De Witt Clinton to look into the future, and from his professional knowledge of history, and his accurate and philosophical reasonings, to picture the coming greatness of the American people, under the auspices of freedom, and the consequent advance of their civilization, resources, and population. Under his care and supervision, in connection with Governor Morris, the work of surveying and laying out the city was commenced, and brought to its completion, in 1821, after a labor of ten years.

Had the early builders of the city been enamored of the economical and the beautiful, as well as the future accommodations of the city, the streets would have been no laid out as to have effected the saving of millions of money paid for alterations, and would have actually promoted the more rapid advance of the city.

Broadway, world-famed, is one of the principal streets, starting at the Battery, and extending nearly three miles, to Union Square, where it joins the Fourth Avenue. It is 80 feet wide, perfectly straight, occupies the height of land between the two rivers, and has an excellent drainage. It is the great promenade of the city.

The vast increase of business, capital, and population, has caused New York to extend itself laterally, so to speak, and the surrounding cities of Brooklyn, with which Williamsburgh was recently incorporated, Newark, Jersey City, and Hoboken, and smaller towns in the vicinity, are only the lateral expansions of a business and population which could not be accommodated within the longitudinal straightening of the island of New York. The

circumference of this city life, thus comprehended, is large, and is occupied by a population of about one million of people, who daily pour into the business portion, through its avenues and across its ferries, in a vast tide of enterprise, activity, and restless energy, seldom witnessed, except in the large cities of this country.

This vast aggregation and centralization of people and of capital, necessarily call for improvements and accommodations of a corresponding magnitude and character. The principal street, Broadway, has gradually undergone a great change within a few years. The dwelling-houses on either side of the street have nearly all been removed, and massive and elegant edifices have been erected in their place. Long lines of marble or freestone buildings for stores, and superb edifices for hotels, four, five, and six stories in height, are replacing the dwellings of the fashionable world which formerly graced this fine avenue, but which are now transferred to the greater quiet of the streets and avenues in the upper part of the city. There is probably no street in the world which will compare with Broadway, when the improvements now progressing, and contemplated, shall have been completed, while few streets in the world will boast so many noble edifices. The Trinity, St. Paul's, St. Thomas's, and Grace church, the latter of which closes the terminal prospect looking up the street, with several others of lesser dimensions, front on Broadway. The Government Warehouse, Trinity Buildings, Astor House, Irving, American, City, the National, Metropolitan, Smithsonian, Prescott, Collamore, St. Denis, La Farge, New York, Astor Place, and other hotels, open their doors on its pavement, while the Broadway and Niblo's Theaters, the City Hall, and many other buildings of a public nature, receive their throngs from its multitudes of travelers.

The readers of the UNITED STATES MAGAZINE, and all who have visited New York in former years, may remember that a long, narrow, old-fashioned building, stood at the north end of the Park, in the rear of the City Hall. It was originally built and occupied as an almshouse, but was subsequently appropriated for public offices, court-rooms, etc., and for a long time the upper stories were occupied by "Scudder's American Museum," which is now located under another name, in the building at the corner of Ann street and Broadway. This building was destroyed by fire in the fall of the year 1853, after which, the long-mooted question of a New City Hall was discussed with renewed interest.

The Common Council authorized advertisements for plans and specifications for a new Hall, calling upon architects to furnish plans for a building, the site and dimensions of which, on the ground, were specifically limited to a certain place. Plans were accordingly submitted, varying, of course, with the different degrees of ability and skill of the architects. They were examined and discussed, and although some of them are very creditable as plans for public buildings, they all failed to enlist the degree of enthusiasm and cordial admiration which such an important or extensive undertaking seemed to demand.

These matters were all carefully watched and noted by an independent and original

thinker, who, in a spirit like that of De Witt Clinton, boldly determined to dash away the boundaries and the limits assigned by the original plans, and project a building which should be at once a pride and an ornament to the city, and provide accommodations for all its prospective wants for at least two generations.

The first question to be decided in the case is: For what purposes does the city want a public building? The answer comes up immediately from a crowd of departments, all clamoring for increased and ample accommodations. Some of these are as follows:—Rooms for the County Clerk, Marine Court, Superior and Supreme Courts, both branches of the Common Council, Clerk of the Common Council, Clerk of the Board of Councilmen, Surrogate, Croton Aqueduct Department, Court of Common Pleas, Street Department, Department of Streets and Lamps, Law Department, Commissioner of Repairs and Supplies, Mayor and Police, Register's Rooms, Sheriff's Rooms, Finance Department, Alms House Department, Superior Court, and the City Inspector.

Here was presented a view of the matter, bold, startling, and practical. A building might be erected, possessing all the advantages and ornament, the symmetry and the adaptedness of a public hall. But, would the plans proposed in any manner meet the vast and constantly increasing demands of all these departments for their accommodation? The answer to this question may be readily anticipated. Not one of those submitted approached the desired point, when viewed in this light.

Here was a practical and business-like view of the subject immediately presented, and the second link in the chain of inquiries became obvious: How shall we provide the proper accommodations for the public business?

If the reader be curious, he may take a map of the city of New York, and look at the ground held by the city and known as "The Park." At the northern end, on Chambers street stand two of the court-houses, the retunda, and a fire-engine house; and on the east, near Chatham street, the Hall of Records, which was formerly the Bridewell of the city. This incongruous and mighty grouping of building material is considered a defect, and should be removed as a nuisance, whether for public taste or as works of art.

The boldness and independence of the innovator then conceived the idea of removing these buildings, either sooner or later, that one grand and harmonious design might be carried out in the erection of a building every way worthy of New York, its business, its taste, and its advancement. Looking forward fifteen or twenty years, at which time probably two millions of people will occupy the city and its surroundings, within a circle of ten miles, it is easy to estimate the magnitude of the accommodations which will be required for so immense a population, whose commerce will then be probably second to no city in the world.

The ground being thus laid open, in the mind of the projector, and the incumbrances removed, the idea of a large and substantial edifice, harmonious in its design and ornamentation, commodious in all its arrangements and apartments, and calculated to furnish ample

space for all the departments, began to unfold itself.

The site for the new building was thus obtained, on Chambers street, the side of the Park on Broadway being unoccupied, while the Hall of Records on the east side will, it is expected, in due time be removed. The purpose then arose to cover this extensive site with a structure of massive beauty and elegant architectural appearance, which should become a monument of municipal foresight and wisdom.

From Center street to Broadway the distance is 651 feet. This distance affords a magnificent front for the building of 520 feet, and the height and breadth being made to correspond in its proportions with this great length, we have an edifice in some measure adapted to the end in view, and combining symmetry and beauty with the finest possible adaptation throughout. But this building, standing in Chambers street, while it would have a sufficiently imposing aspect, would not answer the comprehensive views of the projector. It would still leave many departments cramped, while it would allow no room for future demands. To make up a grand and truthful whole, and in one plan to complete the picture for the future as well as for the present, he conceived the thought of erecting wings on Broadway and Center street, which will extend 365 feet, the northern ends of which will approach to a line 40 feet from the front line of the present City Hall. This will leave the present building standing in front, and by a symmetrically arched connection, uniting the wings with the present building, the southern aspect will afford a continuous front of the same extent as that on Chambers street. The design in its main feature was thus complete; the edifice, as a whole, would have a quadrangular form, and be capable of accommodating under its ample roof all the branches and departments of the public service which would require provision to be made for them.

Some idea of the nature and number of these departments, and of the business to be transacted may be gathered from the following summary of the offices, bureaus, etc., required by each, as gleaned from official returns made in answer to a call for specific information from each department. Only a part are here detailed:—

ROOMS FOR THE COUNTY CLERK.

2 rooms, each 30 by 35 feet.
2 " " 20 by 20 "
5 " " 15 by 18 "

ROOMS FOR THE CLERK OF COMMON PLACES.

2 rooms, each 40 by 45 feet.
2 " " 40 by 30 "
2 " " 25 by 20 "
1 room 25 by 30 "
1 " 15 by 25 "

ROOMS FOR THE CLERK OF THE CRIMINAL JUSTICE DEPARTMENT.

1 room 70 by 50 feet.
1 room, each 25 by 30 "

ROOMS FOR THE CLERK OF THE COMMON COUNCIL.

1 room 60 by 40 feet.
1 " 45 by 30 "
2 rooms, each 30 by 20 "
5 " (comm.) 20 by 25 "

ROOMS FOR THE CLERK OF THE BOARD OF COUNSELLORS.

1 room 40 by 30 feet.
2 rooms, each 25 by 30 "

ROOMS FOR THE SHERIFFS.

2 rooms, each 30 by 40 feet.
2 " " 25 by 25 "
1 room 15 by 25 "

ROOMS FOR THE STREET DEPARTMENT.

1 room 100 by 40 feet.
1 room 60 by 25 "
1 room 15 by 25 "
8 rooms, each 25 by 25 "

ROOMS FOR THE DEPARTMENTS OF STREETS AND LAMPS.

1 room 40 by 30 feet.
6 rooms, each 25 by 25 "

ROOMS FOR THE LAW DEPARTMENT.

7 rooms, each 15 by 24 feet.

ROOMS FOR COCKBURNERS OF REPAIRS AND SUPPLIES.

2 rooms, each 35 by 50 feet.
2 " " 15 by 30 "

ROOMS FOR THE MAYOR AND POLICE.

1 room 95 by 50 feet.
1 " 25 by 30 "
1 " 15 by 10 "
2 rooms, each 20 by 30 "
1 room 25 by 25 "
4 rooms, each 12 by 12 "
1 room 20 by 40 "
1 " 12 by 14 "
1 " 20 by 30 "
2 rooms, each 15 by 20 "
1 room 60 by 25 "
1 " 15 by 25 "

KNIGHTS' ROOMS.

1 room 100 by 45 feet.
2 rooms, each 25 by 30 "
1 room 100 by 40 "
1 " 75 by 50 "
1 " 40 by 30 "
1 " 15 by 25 "
1 " 15 by 25 "

STREET'S ROOMS.

2 rooms, each 25 by 50 feet.
2 " " 25 by 30 "

ROOMS FOR THE FINANCE DEPARTMENT.

7 rooms, each 25 by 30 feet.

ROOMS FOR THE ALMS HOUSE DEPARTMENT.

1 room 45 by 75 feet.
4 rooms, each 25 by 25 "
1 room 30 by 40 "
1 " 20 by 25 "

ROOMS FOR THE SUPERIOR COURT.

2 rooms, each 50 by 40 feet.
2 " " 27 by 30 "
1 room 75 by 15 "
1 " 25 by 20 "
1 " 18 by 15 "
1 " 40 by 35 "
1 " 20 by 20 "

ROOMS FOR THE CITY INSPECTOR.

2 rooms, each 20 by 20 feet.
2 " " 15 by 25 "

These number about 150 apartments, some of them, it will be seen, of large size. But, in addition, accommodations are required for the Supreme Court, the Marine Court, the Court of Sessions, Court of Oyer and Terminer, the District Attorney, the Recorder and City Judge, the Grand Jury, the Tax Commissioners, Emigration Commissioners, Board of Ward Assessors, and Fire Wardens, among the City Departments. To these must be added the several United States offices, viz: the United States Courts, Marshal, District Attorney, and the Commissioners and Clerks of United States Courts, and, perhaps, the Post Office. The whole of these require a vast number of rooms for the transaction of business, the whole of which is anticipated and provided for in the noble projection of the originators of the quadrangular plan.

But this still leaves desiderata of another class to be taken into the account. The city requires as complete and extensive a Law Library as can be collected in the Union, for the special use of the judiciary, members of the bar, and officers of the government, which will require ample rooms. A public reading room and library for strangers, visitors and others

who may wish to consult public documents or other works, is contemplated, while a noble hall for a city reception room is provided in the western wing, fronting on Broadway, and over the principal entrance. The room will open on Broadway, and is to be ninety feet wide by one hundred and forty feet in length, and about fifty feet in height, and will form the grandest reception room in the country, if not in the world.

Such is a summary view of the admirable and comprehensive plan proposed by the new candidate for architectural honor and fame. To reduce this scheme to order, to assign to each room its place, with respect to accessibility, repose, retirement, and convenience, was a work of no small moment, and its proper execution would establish or overthrow the whole plan. To Albert Gilbert, Esq., the Clerk of the Board of Education of the City of New York, with Thomas R. Jackson, architect, and Henri L. Stuart, belong the honor of projecting and maturing this plan.

The building will have fronts on Chambers street, Broadway, and Center street, and with the present Hall, as already stated, will form a quadrangle, with an open court in the center, about 190 feet by 295, which will be accessible by carriage-ways between the wings and the present City Hall. The fronts on Broadway and Center street are proposed to be the same in design and execution, and will be 365 feet in extent. The building will set back about 60 feet from the railing line of the Park, the wings of which will extend to within 40 feet of the front line of the present Hall. The depth of the building will be such as to leave a commodious carriage-way, 35 feet wide, between the new and the old edifices, as entrances to the court-yard. The front on Chambers street will be 520 feet long, and will set back about the same distance from the railing as the fronts on Broadway and Center street.

The whole building is designed to be three stories high above the basement, which will be entirely above ground—the floor to be elevated one step above the sidewalk. It is proposed to take away the iron railing enclosing the park, and continue the flag walk up to the building, with a sufficient descent to carry off the surface water, thereby ensuring freedom from all dampness, and giving easy access to all parts of the edifice. This broad and unimpeded promenade in the front of the building will have a very fine effect in the approach to it from all sides. To hem in a massive and noble structure with a trifling and insignificant display of chains or railings, would detract from its features of majesty and strength, and would interfere with the imposing appearance which will be presented by an entirely uninterrupted view.

The approach to many of the finest structures in the world is injured by the surrounding buildings; but the beautiful location of the new Hall, the fine approach from the south, the ample space contemplated by the design of the architects, and the buildings on the various streets which bound the Park, will, all, in time, make a magnificent grouping of which any city might well be proud. The extensive portico, the lofty columns, the superior elevation, and the beautiful elaboration of the building, will have an effect upon the mind calculated to in-

spire the highest emotions of beauty and enthusiasm.

The fronts on Broadway and Center street will show a center pediment and two side wings, projecting 15 feet from the front of the main building. In the first story there will be a colonnade, 20 feet wide, extending the whole front between the wings, with wide double entrance steps, and balustrades leading to the same. The colonnade will consist of fluted columns of the Ionic order, with appropriate pedestals and balustrade, and surmounted by frieze cornice and balustrade on top, so as to form a loggia or promenade on the second story.

The front on Chambers street will present a center projection of 116 feet, with wings measuring in length 115 feet, projecting 30 feet in advance of the main building. The center projection is to have a portico extending to the top of the first story.

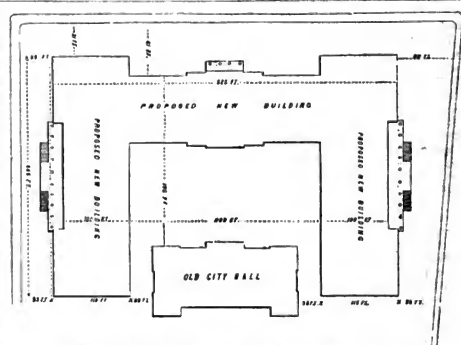
The basement story, all round on the three fronts is to have a molded base course and plain ashlar, and a molded water-table, on which the first story will rest. All the spaces for windows and doors are to have square jambs, without moldings or ornaments. The first story—with the exception of the porticoes and colonnades—is to have bevelled rusticated ashlar, finished on top with a molded cornice and carved trusses to receive the second story. The windows and doors are to be finished with moldings and ornaments, varied in style, to carry out the design. In the colonnades all the openings will be finished with architraves, and the piers finished with pilasters to correspond in style with the columns. The ceilings of the colonnades are to be finished with molded sunk panels and paneled soffits. The portico on Chambers street is to have clustered columns and pilasters with pedestals, and surmounted with frieze cornice and balustrade. The entrances into the building will have archivolts, impostes, etc., finished to correspond in style with the portico. The second story of the Broadway and Center street fronts, and the wings on the Chambers street and Park fronts, will present columns and pilasters, with pedestals, molded bases and carved capitals. The Chambers street front is to have pilasters only, but it is to correspond in style with the other fronts.

The windows above the colonnades and porticoes will continue up through the second and third stories, subdivided with ornamented paneled transoms, having molded architraves; the second story is to be finished with a molded cornice all round; the third story is to be similar in style to the second story. The whole building is to be surmounted with a molded cornice, with carved trusses.

On the center projection of the Chambers street front will be placed the dome, which is to be 56 feet in diameter, finished with a colonnade all round, and to have an observatory on the top.

The wings in all the fronts will be subdivided by projections and breaks, and the openings will be finished in a suitable style, corresponding to the rest of the building.

The style of architecture is the same as that of the present City Hall, and will therefore harmonize and be in keeping with that building. The material is to be white marble, the inside fronts on the open court are finished in



Outline Plan of the New City Hall, showing its relative position to the present building.

a plain unornamented style, and the interior arrangement of the building is such as to give the greatest amount of accommodation with the least possible waste of room for halls, staircases and corridors. In each story there will be a corridor 15 feet wide, running all round through the center of the building, from which access is had to the various rooms and offices. In the basement immediate access may be had to any of the offices from the exterior, and also in the first story to the offices opening to the colonnades. There are three main entrances, one each on Broadway and Center street, with halls on the first story 35 feet wide; the other on Chambers street, with a hall 50 feet wide, in which is the main staircase, which is to be a triple colonnade staircase all the way up. Over it is the dome. There are four other staircases, two of which are placed in the internal angles formed by the intersections of the building, lighted by domes and skylights, and which otherwise would be lost room. The other two are at the southern extremity of the wings on Broadway and Center street, all of which are wide, easy stairs, thus giving free access to all parts of the building.

The several stories are subdivided and arranged into offices, court-rooms, etc., of various and suitable sizes, the court-rooms being arranged around the inner side of the building, and looking into the court-yard, where they will be free from the noise of the street. The interior finish and decorations are intended to correspond in style with the exterior of the building. The outside walls are to be built hollow, and the heating and ventilating is to be done on the most approved principle. The whole edifice is to be made perfectly fire-proof. The floors are to be constructed of iron beams, and corrugated plate iron, covered with concrete, and to be filled out solid to the walls, which are all to be of brick. All the doors, inside work, wainscoting, etc., are to be of iron, and the windows in the basement and first story are to have inside iron-shutters, thus, in fact, making every room a fire-proof apartment in itself, and preventing, beyond a doubt, any

chance of a general conflagration throughout the building.

The engraving will give an idea of the building as it exists in the eyes of the artists; and if this noble and beautiful plan be adopted by the Common Council, and the buildings be erected in accordance therewith, it will not only be the finest structure on this continent, but will be one of the grandest in the world, devoted exclusively to municipal purposes.

The new house of Parliament in London, one of the latest of the public buildings of Great Britain, and which is erected on the site of the old houses of Parliament, burnt on the 16th of October, 1834, is nearly 700 feet in length, and of a very grand and imposing appearance.

The London Post Office is a large, handsome building, of Portland stone, completed in 1829, and is 390 feet long, 130 feet wide, and 64 in height. The facade is adorned with three Ionic porticoes, over the central and largest of which is a plain pediment. Within this portico is the great hall, 80 by 60 feet, divided into three compartments by rows of Ionic columns on granite pedestals; the passages from this hall leading to the various offices.

St. Paul's, the cathedral church of London, is the great architectural glory of the empire. It stands in an elevated situation, on the top of Ludgate Hill, on the ground occupied by the old cathedral, which was destroyed by fire during the memorable conflagration of 1666. The foundations were laid on the 21st of June, 1675; and the architect, Sir Christopher Wren, lived to complete it, the last stone being placed by the hands of his son in the year 1710, thirty-five years after its commencement. It is 510 feet in length, E. to W., and is in the form of a Latin cross, with an additional arm or transept at the W. end to give breadth to the front, with a semicircular projection at the E. end, for the altar, and similar porticoes at either end of the transept. The length of the cross, exclusive of the circular porticoes, is 250 feet, the breadth of the west facade with the towers, 180 feet, and the height of the walls 110 feet. The dome, surmounted by a lantern, ball, and

cross, rises over the center, the cross being 362 feet above the floor, and 370 feet above the pavement of the churchyard. The belfries are 222 feet in height. The building cost £747,944 sterling.

The cathedral of *Notre Dame*, at Paris, is one of the works of the past, which speak in solemn grandeur of the glories of art, and the genius of the middle ages. The length externally is 442 feet, the breadth 162 feet, and the length of the transepts, 352 feet, the towers being 235 feet high. The portico is composed of 22 fluted Corinthian columns, 60 feet in height, supporting a triangular pediment 120 feet broad, by 24 feet in height. From the center, the dome rises to the height of 282 feet.

Such are a few of the noble structures of the old world in modern times, and had we space, others might be mentioned, as *St. Peter's*, at Rome, the cathedrals of the continent, and the palaces, libraries, museums, etc., at Paris, London, Berlin, and St. Petersburg; but enough has been shown to give the reader an idea of the grandeur and merit of the designs and plans of Messrs. GILBERT, JACKSON, and STUART. The edifice will be one every way worthy of New York, its people, and the commanding position it occupies. May the projectors and architects see their plans realized in the completion of the work.

The new City Hall, of which we have thus endeavored to present a view, and to convey some idea to the reader, will be a noble exhibition of the taste, and the progress of art in our city and country. The remark was once made by a captious British critic that "Broadway had not a building in it which a London shopkeeper would live in." It is like the celebrated English question, "Who reads an American book?" A very short time has made American literature a prolific source of profit to foreign publishers, and Broadway is now a scene of admiration and attraction for the stranger and the loiterer. With the addition of the City Hall and its imposing facade, the main avenue of our city will boast as grand an architectural appearance as any street in the world.

The unity of this plan, and its comprehensiveness, are not the only advantages which it possesses. It is eminently economical, the largest space being included within the smallest extent of exterior wall which could afford the same room. A number of buildings, of lesser size, constructed from time to time by different architects, would not only present an incongruous assemblage of buildings, but would require so much wall surface, as to make the experiment ultimately more costly than the erection of a simple and massive whole, on a plan which shall unite every consideration in one harmonious and fitting structure.

The plans have excited the admiration of every one who has seen them, and are universally regarded with favor as being the only approach to the actual requirements of the time. We look forward to the day when these plans will, we hope, be adopted, and the architects will have an opportunity to witness its dedication to the purposes of justice, truth, and freedom, and be filled with honorable and enlightened public men, who will consult only the true end and aim of patriotism and humanity, the glory and prosperity of our free institutions.

SOCIETY

The preservation of the present state of society seems to be the ever-present idea of a certain class of writers, who presumptuously style themselves the friends of morality and order. Whenever an unlucky wight uplifts his voice against any time-honored social abuse, or advocates any social reform, these Don Quixotes of *status quo* rise in a mass and denounce him as an incarnation of misrule, who would gaze with a demoniac delight on the wreck of all moral and social order.

So loudly and continually have these worthies cried out, that they have succeeded in making social reform an immense bugbear to frighten the very persons who suffer most deeply from the leprosy of society.

Let us glance at the vaunted social system which is so jealously guarded. What tableau does the Old World offer to the observer? In the thoroughfares of its great cities we see riches rolling in gilded carriages, power in brilliant uniforms and covered with orders, beauty clad in costly silks and glittering with precious stones; but as they pass proudly by, half-naked beggary puts forth her shrivelled hand to clank the coin carelessly thrown to her. Sounds of joyous music go forth from brilliantly lighted palaces where rank and wealth meet to dance the night away, but penury sits shivering on the door-step until some pampered lackey stumbles over her frozen form. In the narrow alleys and loathsome lanes which form the dark background to the abode of wealth, pulsatate theft and murder, drunkenness and ignorance. Want crouches in her fetid hole until she yields up her last sigh in an imprecation. In dingy and dusty factories youth becomes etiolated; manhood is the bond-slave of machinery until what should have been a thinking creature degenerates into a mere tool. Mothers strangle the infants at their breasts that they may carouse during a few hours with the money which a doubtful charity allows them for the burial of their children. And, oh, crowning shame! prostitution, in gaudy dress, with chattering teeth and rouged cheeks, stands at the dark street-corners, torturing her emaciated features into a hideous smile!

And this is the state of society it is a crime to destroy.

Let us now turn our eyes to the New World. In our own highly favored country, placed as she is in an exceptional position, the contrast is not so striking it is true, but the seeds of European civilization are beginning to bear their fruit. Poverty, almost unknown a score of years ago, begins to show itself in garments threadbare but clean, as yet; a few years more and the rags and filth will inevitably follow. From the garret where she works all day long, and often far into the night, to earn a miserable pittance which will not allow her the luxury of a burning log to warm her chilled fingers during the bitter frosts of winter, industry sears vice in satin and cashmere pass by triumphantly. She leaves her garret in despair, and is soon seen, as in old Europe, a hideous and loathsome wreck of what was once a woman!

And this is the state of society we are called upon to preserve and to perpetuate!

In empires, kingdoms and republics, based

on the present social system—in imperial France, in monarchical England, in republican America, the result is about the same: Rothschilds and paupers, luxury and starvation, the proud mausoleum and the potter's field, the gallows and the crucifix, the almshouse behind the princely mansion, the brothel near the church!

Is such an accumulation of fearful antitheses the highest point of civilization? And what can be its result? Can we hope to train up childhood in the ways of morality amid the corruption which reeks on every side. No! Want will ever bring forth vice and crime, though we may print Bibles by the million and scatter moral tracts from pole to pole.

It will not do to promise the poor a state of happiness in the next life commensurate with their misery here below. It is as sacrilegious as it is obsolete. The poor man knows that, having properly enjoyed the blessings the Creator has lavished on the earth for his use and benefit, is no crime; otherwise, how could he reconcile the aleck and rounded form of the preacher with his sacred mission? It will not do to declare the evil incurable, without having studied its diagnostics, or sought its remedy. Nature ever places the cure by the side of the disease. To declare it the will of Providence, is the most fearful of impieties.

For we hold, that those who fly to vice from natural perversity form the exception, and those who are driven to it by misery, the rule. And it would be blasphemy to believe that the Great Designer has condemned the mass of mankind to never-ending misery, and consequently, in most cases, to continued vice.

It is terrible to think that men willing or able to work, die of hunger in the midst of plenty. In a properly organized state of society, this would be impossible. Society being an aggregate of individualities for the protection of each individuality—a league entered into by its members for the good of all—is false to its mission when it only protects a part. This is the case to-day: the mass is sacrificed to the few.

We are not of those who believe that all men can be reduced to the same level, or, rather, elevated to the same standard. Talent is given to men in diverse degrees, and the only equality possible is equality before the law. But every man has a right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and any system of society that will not afford to all its members, willing to work, food and shelter, is, for us, a mockery and delusion.

We are as jealous of the rights of capital as we are of those of labor. The motive force and the guiding thought, we respect, but we demand that labor, also, be fed, housed, instructed and developed. Talent is the mind of the social body, Capital the blood which gives vitality, and Labor the arm which executes. They are indispensable to each other. It is only by a wise disposition of the relations between them that the social economy can go on healthily. Otherwise, we have but convulsions and disorders—moments of feverish excitement followed by utter prostration.

The proper balance of these three great powers is the vital question to-day; and the solution of this grand social difficulty the mis-

sion of our age. In Europe, unhappily, thought is proscribed, and the pen chained. It is only in America that we can properly prosecute this glorious task. To the work, then, if we would not see our country in that social epilepsy which prostrates so many of the European states.

Let us not sleep on sluggishly and selfishly in the midst of a society falling to ruins, when we should be fashioning the block which bids us to represent our century in the temple of human progress. Let us study and analyze, let us read and listen, compare and distinguish, reflect and discuss. It is from the shock of intelligences that the electric spark of truth flies forth. And when the advocates of social stagnation treat as dangerous lunatics those who devote their time and talents to the study of this momentous question, let us not forget that the greatest benefactors humanity has ever known were denounced as madmen by the reactionists of their day.

NEW IRON FLOATING BATTERY.—The iron floating battery which R. Napier and Sons have begun to build at Glasgow, and are to complete by the middle of April, is to be about two hundred feet long, with a breadth of forty-five feet, and a depth of sixteen feet. Stem and stern are to be alike, and the form of the hull is not one calculated for quick sailing. The bottom is flat, and without a keel, so as to float in as little water as possible. The bilges are full, and the topsides tumble in considerably. There are to be two decks, on the lower of which the armament will be placed, consisting of twenty guns of the largest calibre. The hull will be built of iron in the usual way, but between decks will be lined with teak-wood six inches thick, and the outside protected with iron plates about four inches thick, so as to render the sides shot-proof, and secure the men at the guns from the effects of pointblank shot. The draught of water, when ready for sea, is expected to be about eight feet, but will probably be more. The measurement tonnage will be about 2000; and the propelling power is a screw, actuated by non-condensing engines of 200 horse power. Messrs. Napier are also making a second pair of engines of the same description for a battery at present building at Newcastle.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SNEEZING.—A sneeze always indicates that there is something wrong. It does not occur in health unless some foreign agent irritates the membrane of the nasal passages, upon which the nervous filaments are distributed. In case of cold, or what is termed influenza, these are unduly excitable, and hence the repeated sneezings which then occur. The nose receives three sets of nerves: the nerves of smell, those of feeling, and those of motion. The former communicate to the brain the odorous properties of substances with which they come into contact, in a diffused or concentrated state; the second communicate the impressions of touch; the third move the muscles of the nose, but the power of these muscles is very limited. When a sneeze occurs, all these faculties are excited in a high degree. A grain of snuff excites the olfactory nerves, which despatch to the brain the intelligence that "Snuff has attacked the nostril!" The brain instantly

sends a mandate through the motor nerves to the muscles, saying, "Cast it out!" and the result is unmistakable. So offensive is the enemy besieging the nostril held to be, that the nose is not left to its own defense. It were too feeble to accomplish this. An allied army of muscles join in the rescue; nearly one-half of the body arouses against the intruder; from the muscles of the lips to those of the abdomen, all unite in the effort for the expulsion of the grain of snuff. Let us consider what occurs in this instantaneous operation. The lung becomes fully inflated, the abdominal organs are pressed downward, and the veil of the palate drops down to form a barrier to the escape of air through the mouth, and now all the muscles, which have relaxed for the purpose, contract simultaneously, and force the compressed air from the lungs in a torrent out through the nasal passages, with the benevolent determination to sweep away the particle of snuff which has been causing irritation therein. Such, then, is the complicated action of a sneeze; and if the first effort does not succeed, then follows a second, a third and a fourth; and not until victory is achieved, do the army of defenders dissolve their compact, and settle down into the enjoyment of peace and quietude.

[This extract is from the "Journal of Medical Reform," published in New York, and is a little bit of philosophy "not to be sneezed at."]

MILTON AND NAPOLEON: NOTE TO "PARADISE LOST."—Among some books purchased at Puttick and Simpson's two years since, was a copy of Symmons' *Life of Milton*. Having lately occasion to examine it more than I hitherto had done, I found it contained many notes and remarks in the handwriting of a former possessor, J. Brown. Who this gentleman was, I know not, and the following note must be taken on his authority, not mine:

"In this *Life of Milton*, by Dr. Symmons, p. 551, is a note, to which this notice may be appended:

"Napoleon Bonaparte declared to Sir Collin Campbell, who had charge of his person at the Isle of Elba, that he was a great admirer of our Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and that he had read it to some purpose, for that the plan of the battle of Austerlitz he borrowed from the sixth book of that work, where Satan brings his Artillery to bear upon Michael and his Angelic Host with such direful effect:

"Training his devilish engine impud'ly
On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,
To hide the front."

"This new mode of warfare appeared to Bonaparte so likely to succeed, if applied to actual use, that he determined upon its adoption, and succeeded beyond expectation. A reference to the details of that battle will be found to assimilate so completely with Milton's imaginary fight, as to leave no doubt of the assertion.

J. BROWN.
"P. S.—I had this fact from Colonel Stanhope, who had just heard it related by Colonel Campbell himself. Colonel Stanhope was then at Stowe, the Marquis of Buckingham's, where I was dining and heard it repeated. It has never to my knowledge been in print, nor have I ever heard the circumstance repeated by any one but myself.

"Colonel Stanhope has long been dead, as well as Colonel Campbell. The time of my hearing the above was 1815. J. B."

This anecdote, to say the least, is a very remarkable one, and I believe bears the impress of truth upon it. If it is correct, it is indeed a tribute to our illustrious poet that such a man as Napoleon should have owned his influence. What would Dr. Channing have said to it? One gentleman who has made Milton the subject of an admirable book, has stated to me his conviction of its truth, and I therefore hope it may claim a place in the pages of "N. & Q."

KNIGHTSBIDGE.

H. G. DAVEN.

A CURIOSITY OF A BOOK.—The Washington "Star" states that the Smithsonian Institute has succeeded in obtaining for its library a rare and valuable book, printed in Low Dutch, and published in 1772. It contains specimens of paper from almost every species of fibrous material, and even animal substances, and has accounts of the experiments made in its manufacture. The following materials were employed, and specimens are given in the book:—Wasp's nests, saw dust, shavings, moss, sea weed, hop and grape vines, hemp, mulberries, aloe leaves, nettles, seeds, ground moss, straw, cabbage stems, turf of peat, silk plant, fir wood, Indian corn, sugar cane, leaves of horse chestnuts, tulips, linden, etc.

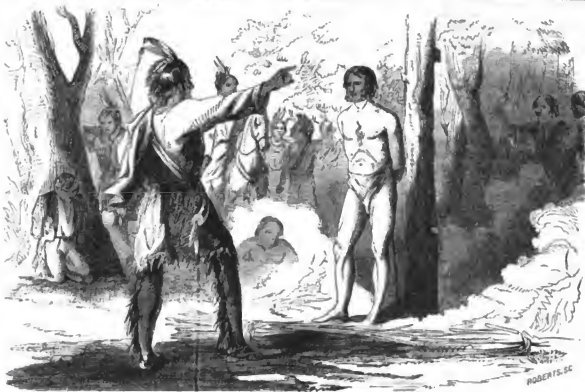
The author of the book was Jacob Christian Schaffer, an ancestor of Professor Schaffer, one of the Chief examiners of the United States Patent Office.

MARTIN LUTHER notices that the new discoveries of his day:—

"I am now advertised that a new astrologer is risen who presumes to prove that the earth moveth and goeth about—not the firmament; the sun and moon, not the stars—like as when one sitteth in a coach, or in a ship that is moved, thinketh he sitteth still and resteth; but the earth and trees do move and run themselves. Thus it goeth, we give ourselves to our own foolish fancies and conceits. This fool (Copernicus) will turn the whole art of astronomy upside down, but the Scripture sheweth and teacheth another lesson, when Joshua commanded the sun to stand still, and not the earth."

PORTAL CURIOSITY FROM BIBLICAL TEXTS:—

Clasp to the Mighty One,	Ps. lxxxix. 13.
Cling to thy grief;	Job. xii. 11.
Cling to the Holy One,	Job. i. 12.
He gives relief.	Ps. cxvi. 9.
Cling to the Gracious One,	Ps. cxv. 5.
Cling to thy pain;	Ps. iv. 4.
Cling to the Faithful One,	1 Thes. v. 24.
He will sustain.	Ps. cxviii. 5.
Cling to the Living One,	Job. vii. 26.
Cling to thy woe;	Ps. lxxviii. 7.
Cling to the Loving One,	1 John. iv. 16.
Through all below.	Rom. viii. 23, 24.
Cling to the Pardoning One,	Is. lv. 7.
He speaketh peace;	John xiv. 27.
Cling to the Healing One,	Ezek. xiv. 22.
Anguish shall cease.	Ps. cxlviii. 5.
Cling to the Hearing One,	1 John. i. 7.
Cling to his side;	John. xxi. 27.
Cling to the Risen One,	Rom. vi. 9.
In Him abide.	John. xv. 4.
Cling to the Coming One,	Rev. xxi. 26.
Hope shall arise.	Titus. ii. 13.
Cling to the Rejoicing One,	Ps. lxxv. 1.
Joy lights thine eyes.	Ps. xvi. 11.



**BURNING OF COLONEL CRAWFORD:
HIS INTERVIEW WITH WINGEMUND.**

THE massacre of the Moravian Indians, by the force under Colonel Williamson, was one of the most cold-blooded, cruel and dastardly acts which the records of warfare on this continent can furnish. True, the settlers had become violently enraged at the numerous outrages and murders by the Indians, and were burning to revenge their slaughtered countrymen and friends; but this affords no excuse for killing in cold blood, ninety unarmed, peaceful, unoffending Christian men, women and children, who had been withdrawn from the savage life of their brethren of the woods by their missionaries, and taught to adopt the habits and customs of civilized society. A more exemplary and truly Christian community did not exist on this continent than they. Yet they were deliberately butchered by their cowardly and treacherous white *friends*, while they knelt in prayer to the white man's God. It is not surprising that this cruel act, roused all the vindictive hatred of the various tribes who were connected by ties of consanguinity with the sufferers, and that when the opportunity occurred, they should take the most ample revenge upon those who had been concerned in the work.

In the month of May following, a similar expedition was organized at the old Mingo towns, on the west side of the Ohio river, for the purpose of completing the work which had been begun by Williamson, of exterminating the Christian Indians, and destroying the Wyandot towns on the Sandusky river. This expedition was composed mostly of volunteers from the immediate vicinity of the Ohio, and numbered four hundred and eighty men. The command was given to Colonel William Crawford. As it was intended to surprise the Indians, the mustering of the men, and all the arrangements for the expedition were conducted with the utmost secrecy, and a great proportion of the men were mounted, each one furnishing his

own outfit. The Indians were on the alert, however; every movement of the expedition was watched by spies, and its numbers, objects and the determination of its members well-known. Some of the Indian scouts, in visiting the camp after the army had departed, discovered writing upon the trees which they carefully copied and preserved until they could find some one to interpret it. Its translation proved that "no quarter was to be given to an Indian, whether man, woman or child." This naturally exasperated the savages, and they prepared to meet their blood-thirsty invaders in the same spirit.

The march was conducted along "Williamson's trail," until they reached the upper Moravian town, where the massacre had occurred, and where they halted to rest and regale their horses upon the corn which was still standing in the fields. While here, two Indians were discovered in the vicinity who were fired upon by the guards, but escaped. The tumultuous manner in which they were pursued by his men, forewarned Crawford of the fate of an expedition composed of such insubordinate materials, and he is said to have entertained a presentiment of the fatal result which followed. As secrecy was now out of the question, the army moved forward in the hope of coming upon the Indians before they should be prepared for battle. On arriving at the Moravian town, on the Sandusky, to their surprise they found that it had been deserted some time before, and its inhabitants had withdrawn to the Scioto. The invading army, finding no inoffensive and Christian Indians to slaughter, now clamored to return, and it was decided, at a council of officers, that should no Indians be met in another day's march, a retreat should be ordered. What but confusion and defeat could result from such an army, in which the officers were compelled to accede to the wishes of their constituents (for they had been elected to their respective posts by the

votes of the men, and held them by sufferance), and in which every man felt competent to judge for himself of the expediency of a movement; and, as soon as serious fighting was to be done, was anxious to return home, alleging various trivial excuses for so doing. The council had scarcely broken up, before one of the picket-guard came rushing in with the tidings that the Indians were in force in the prairie and woods in front. Upon this intelligence the army was formed with alacrity, and moved forward to support the picket. A struggle ensued, in which, for a time, the whites were successful; but reinforcements coming up, the Indians were enabled to maintain the conflict until night, when it ceased, and both parties slept on their arms on the field. In the morning a consultation of officers was held, and a retreat resolved upon. The numbers of the Indians increased every moment, although neither of the belligerent armies seemed disposed to attack the other. Crawford occupied the day in burying the bodies of those who had fallen, and burning fires over their graves to prevent their discovery. The retreat was to commence at dusk; but the Indians becoming aware of such an intention, attacked the camp with the utmost fury late in the afternoon, completely surrounding the little army, excepting in the direction of Sandusky. A retreat, which soon became a rout, commenced; the wounded were abandoned to their fate; and, scattering into small bands, they attempted to escape in the direction of their homes, by the route they had come. For a time there was no pursuit, which was soon accounted for by firing and the shouts and cries of combatants in front. The Indians had made a detour and came out in advance of the fugitives, whom they were now assailing with the utmost desperation. Colonel Crawford, in company with Dr. Knight, a physician of Pittsburgh, who had joined the expedition in the capacity of surgeon, were riding together in the rear, the colonel being

gle word *Indians!* replied to the inquiring look of his wife, who met him on the threshold, and informed her of the danger of their situation. There was no time for words; quick, decisive action was necessary; and with instinctive impulse the door was closed and barred, the rifle and shot-pouch snatched from their pegs, and the father stood ready to defend his wife, his child, and his fireside. A moment's thought, however, satisfied him that he could not defend his cabin successfully, and some other course must be adopted. Cool-headed, and quick in expedients, he decided to hide his wife beneath the puncheon floor, while he attempted to escape with the child by the rear, as the enemy should enter by the front of the house. The slab was raised, and his wife had crowded herself into the space beneath, as the footsteps of the Indians were heard in the yard; but the mother's heart yearned for one last, long embrace of her child, and seizing it, she pressed it to her bosom with desperate energy, as though she would re-quit its little being with her own. Agonized at the idea of parting with her little one, she begged that she might retain it, but the cries of the little one who had become alarmed at a scene which it could not comprehend, warned her of the danger to herself, and she saw that it might not be; yet how could she part with it, perhaps forever! The thought was anguish and she clung to it, until her husband was compelled to take it from her by force, and urge her to conceal herself, as the rapid and heavy blows of the Indian's tomahawks upon the door admonished him that time was precious. Placing the infant in a bag which he lashed to his back, he hastily ascended to the loft above by means of the ladder, which he carefully drew up after him. By this time the door began to yield under the repeated blows, and in a moment more it gave way, and the savages rushed in, tomahawk in hand. This was the propitious moment, and quickly throwing off a portion of the roof, Morgan passed through the opening and slid to the ground. His movement had been anticipated, however, and he had no sooner reached the earth than he was attacked by two of the swarthy warriors who had passed around the house to intercept him. One of these he knocked down by a blow with the butt of his rifle, but with the other, who was more wary, he had a severe contest. A blow from the Indian's tomahawk, aimed at his head, severed the cord which bound the child to its father's back, and the contest over its prostrate form became fierce and severe. Drawing his heavy knife, Morgan closed with his antagonist, who had also drawn his scalping knife, and the blood of both flowed in copious streams over the object for which they contended. Such a contest could not last long, and was soon decided in favor of the white man, who, as his enemy sank in death at his feet, gathered up his treasure, his tomahawk and his rifle, and ran for the woods.

The Indian who he had stunned, speedily returned to consciousness, and called his comrades to the scene of the encounter. They had found a keg of whisky in the cabin, and had been too busily engaged in discussing its contents, to pay attention to what was passing in the yard, but as soon as they discovered the position of affairs, and saw the figure of Morgan

rapidly disappearing in the distance, they started in pursuit. Moved by every impulse which could operate upon the mind of a parent, and notwithstanding his wounded condition, he soon had the satisfaction of finding that he outran his pursuers; but to his horror and dismay, he discovered that he was followed by a band, whose unerring instinct he could not hope to overreach. Perceiving at once that he must rid himself of this antagonist, or his flight was vain, he halted, examined carefully his priming, waited until the dog had approached to within a few yards, shot him dead, and then pushed on. At the distance of a few miles he came to the cabin of his brother, upon the threshold of which he sank exhausted. As soon as he had explained the cause of his sudden appearance and recovered his strength, he started in company with his brother and another man—an inmate of his cabin—to return to the scene he had so recently left.

Night had spread her mantle o'er the earth; and as he approached the vicinity of his home, a bright ruddy glare shone high above the tree tops, and lit up his path. A moment, and the terrible thought burst upon his affrighted brain—the Indians had fired the house, and the partner of his bosom was perishing in the flames. An agonizing cry, "My wife!" leaped from his lips, and with redoubled exertion he bounded forward to save her from the horrible fate which threatened her. The intervening space was soon cleared, and he reached the boundary of his clearing in time to see the blazing pile sink into a mass of ruins. He gazed a moment, uttered a piercing cry, grasped at the fence for support, and fell prostrate to the ground, where he was discovered by his comrades when they reached the spot.

The morning sun shone upon a far different scene from that upon which his departing rays had rested twelve hours before. Then, all was peace and happiness in that humble home; now, misery and desolation oast their pall over the picture; and where he had sat in joyful sport with his infant, the father's form might now be seen, his head resting upon his knees, while his soul welled forth a flood of bitter tears, which mingled with the ashes at his feet. A careful search among the expiring embers of his once happy home brought forth but the charred, repulsive remains of what was once a living, moving being, replete with beauty, and fashioned after the image of its Creator. These were carefully gathered up and deposited in an humble grave, which was watered by the tears of the heart-broken husband, who, raising his eyes and hands to heaven, vowed eternal revenge against the red man, and took his way for the station.

History informs us that on the 14th of August a formidable body of Indians, under the command of Simon Girty, made an attack upon Bryant's station, in confident expectation of taking it by surprise, and finding its garrison an easy prey. When they arrived in the neighborhood of the fort, however, they found the gallant Kentuckians on the alert, and prepared for their reception. Disconcerted at this, the Indians were obliged to content themselves in sitting down before the station in regular siege, and in scattering themselves in small bands, for the purpose of attacking the houses of the

settlers, as we have seen in the case of Morgan. A detachment of about fifty men coming up for the relief of the garrison, was attacked and nearly destroyed, but a number of fugitives escaped; and, fearing that the neighboring stations would take the alarm, and come to the relief of the fort, the chiefs were anxious to raise the siege. Before doing so, Girty hailed the inmates of the fort; and, after commending them for their bravery, assured them it was folly for them to hold out any longer—that he had upward of six hundred warriors with him, and hourly expected reinforcements, with artillery, which would blow their cabins into the air; that if they surrendered, their lives should be spared. But if they continued to resist, they should all be massacred. He told his name, and asked if they knew him. "Yes," said a spirited youth, named Reynolda, "you are well known. I have a worthless old cur dog that I call 'Girty,' because he is such a mean wretch—so like you." He also informed him that they too, expected reinforcements; and that if he and his murdering crew would but remain twenty-four hours where they were, their scalps would be drying in the sun on the tops of their cabins. Finding negotiation of no avail, by daylight, next morning, the enemy retired precipitately, leaving several pieces of meat roasting before their fire, which were still burning.

When the brothers approached the station, they found the neighbors from the various settlements in the vicinity pouring in—burning with a desire for vengeance upon the savages. Morgan, anxious to revenge his loss upon them, joined the party of one hundred and fifty, which started in pursuit of the savages, and overtook them at the foot of the Bluecliffs, where they were discovered on the opposite side of the Licking river, slowly ascending a rising ground. Boone, who was of the party, was opposed to crossing, as he feared an ambush at a place about a mile in advance. He proposed to wait, therefore, for a large party under Logan, which was known to be coming forward. Various opinions were expressed in regard to this advice, when the rashness of McGary precipitated the catastrophe which followed. Sounding the war-whoop, and raising his hat over his head, he dashed into the stream, shouting: "Let all who are not cowards follow me." The effect was instantaneous, and the result is well known. The whites fell into an ambuscade, and were slaughtered by scores. Few escaped, and those few only by the speed of their horses. More than one-half their number left their bodies upon the bloody field. Of this number was the hero of our sketch. Being among the first to cross the stream, he was in the van when the Indians opened their fire, and was at once wounded through both hips. He fell from his horse, and lay upon the field until the retreat of the whites, when an Indian approached to appropriate his scalp. Despair had taken possession of his soul, and he would, doubtless, have submitted to death without a murmur; but as the redskin warrior stooped over him, he recognized his wife's handkerchief which was tied about his neck. The sight revived his expiring energy, and, by a superhuman effort, he threw his left arm around the body of his enemy, and drawing him down

upon him, drew his knife, and stabbed him to the heart. His body rolled to the ground, and lay stark and stiff at his side. When the savages returned from the pursuit of the flying fugitives, it was dusk, and Morgan was overlooked in the search for scalps, although he heard the Indians in every direction about him, shouting in demoniac joy over their victory. After a time they took their departure, and no sound disturbed the stillness of the night, save the groans of a few of the wounded, in whom the spark of life yet remained, and the howl of the distant bands of wolves, who, smelling afar off their feast of blood, were rapidly approaching the gory field. The fearful thought now crossed his mind that he might be torn in pieces by the beasts of prey who would flock to the banquet spread for them; and although so ready to welcome death but a short time before, the idea of being torn limb from limb, and devoured piecemeal, while his brain still retained life and consciousness, was a fate too dreadful to contemplate without shuddering. He was totally incapable of moving; his limbs had grown stiff from his wounds, and there was no resource but to submit himself to his destiny. With his face to the ground, therefore, and his hands thrown above his head, he resigned himself to whatever might befall. He could not tell how long he had been in that position, when he heard footsteps approaching him, and looking carefully up, discovered a monstrous bear coming toward him. The already gorged animal passed him by, however, without notice. The howling of wolves startled him again; and as the fearful sound approached nearer and nearer, he felt what agony it was to lie with the busy mind in full activity, counting upon the certain approach of death, while the body is helpless, and unable to make a movement toward escape. A rustling of leaves attracts his attention, footsteps approach—the wolves are coming; he commends his soul to God, and awaits a fearful death. He is moved, his body is turned over—his hands torn from his face; he opens his eyes and gazed—into the face of his wife, who stands stooping over him. "Wife!" "Husband!" announces to each the other lives. Reader, shall I attempt to depict that meeting?—shall I endeavor to point, with the trickery of words, the emotions of those loving hearts reunited on that bloody battle ground? I cannot if I would, and I leave your own heart to fill the blank.

Let me endeavor to explain the circumstances connected with Mrs. Morgan's escape, and I have done. It seems that the Indians, after returning from the pursuit of Morgan, became intoxicated through the means of the whiskey-keg—quarreled, fought, and one of their number was killed! His blood flowing through the shanks of the floor, Mrs. Morgan thought it was her husband's—screamed, was discovered and captured. During the battle, she, with other prisoners, were left alone, escaped, and hid themselves in the woods. After the departure of the Indians, having seen her husband's horse pass by without a rider, she determined to seek for his body, and, after a weary search, discovered it.

The husband and wife were found by Logan's party, who repaired to the field to bury the dead, and restored to their friends and their child.

AYE, PASS HER BY!

BY KENNETH.

AYE, pass her by!—yes, pass her by;
And laughingly and proudly, too;
You must not seem to know her sigh—
She is not half as good as you.

As good as you! O, what a thought!
As well might silent dust compare
With the rich gems of eastern mine,
Or costliest pearls of splendor rare.

Yes, pass her by!—the lovely one,
The cottage-born, let her aspire
To mingle with the poor alone,
Nor raise her aspirations higher.

Her parents!—why, they had no name
To fame or fortune ever known;
They were among the humble throng,
Renowned for virtuous deeds alone.

And what is virtue to the poor?
Born but to till the stubborn soil—
What are their sons? A vulgar herd
Made but for servitude and toil.

And her—ah! humble, lowly one—
I knew while yet she was a child,
Sporting among the flowers of spring,
That grew amid the mountains wild.

Her's was e'en then a thoughtful eye
Not fitting for a cottage maid;
A something in her mind too high
To brook obscurity's dim shade.

I knew that she would seek to rise,
When childhood's years were passed away;
I saw, e'en then, the proud free soul
That in her dark eyes deeply lay.

And she has striven to win a place
Among the gifted ones of earth;
She has forgot the deep disgrace
That cleaves to those of mortal birth.

She has no stain upon her name—
She has a conscience purely free;
Integrity's her only dower,
And her worst fault is poverty.

Yet pass her by!—let her not win
Encouragement from glance of thine;
It might obscure thy star of Fame
If her's were once allowed to shine.

'TIS A BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

How cold is his heart who no beauty can see
In the star-studded blue arch above,
As it lights glimpy space from its bright canopy,
And circles our planet in love!—
Who would deem as all-lavished the black winter wind,
Till his brow felt the sun's scorching beam,
Or view the bright joys he has cast from his mind
As a sanguine enthusiast's dream!

Oh, who will dare say there's no glory around
The beautiful flowers of spring,
Or the songsters which greet us with chorusing sound,
From their boughs as they pleasantly sing!

Though the snow-mantled winter may follow soon,
With its banner of Zero unfurled,
The heart may exclaim: "There is summer to come,
When it will be a beautiful world!"

Let the mere coarser the first instincts of life,
And worship his idol of gold—
The free hearts alone are exempt from the strife
Which the bosoms of avarice hold.

But the student of nature or child of the sky,
Though the moor of the *Scythian* be built,
Will view our fair earth with philosopher's eye,
And exclaim: "'Tis a beautiful world!"

But there is a world more beautiful still,
Whose radiance shall eclipse the light
Of the Orb which, performing the Deity's will,
Ever chases the darkness of night!

In that world, if angels once credited death,
Their false superstition had staid;
But they scarce know its splendor as those of the earth
Whose death-path its glory attained!

And when, in the future, Time's knell shall be toll'd,
And humanity's pulse more in heaven,
The heart in its loving remembrance shall hold
The land where its life-blood was given.
Though earth be engulf'd in an ocean of fire,
And order to chaos be hurl'd,
The saint's purest pity shall never expire
For a week's, but once beautiful world. R. J. O'N.

THE French papers mention a very curious discovery, that of a quantity of ancient pottery, at some depth under ground, near the sea-side, in the island of Martinique. The pottery consists of the remains of vases, some of them of extraordinarily vast dimensions, and of different household utensils; and it is of such great age that it crumbles to dust on being touched. There exists not, it is said, the slightest record of any native population having occupied the island previous to its discovery by the Caribbees; and the local annals accordingly conclude that a vast number of centuries ago the population which existed was destroyed in one of the great volcanic convulsions to which there is reason to believe the island was more than once subjected. To whatever people the pottery belongs, it appears from the art with which it is made, and from the elegance of some of its forms, that they must have been possessed of no inconsiderable degree of civilization.—*Literary Gazette.*

NEVER SAW IT.—Sir Walter Scott's often quoted description of Melrose Abbey by moonlight is well known. It appears, however, by one of his letters to Bernard Barton, contained in a recently published collection, that the poet was drawing entirely on his imagination for the picture, as he had himself never seen the old ruins by the light of the moon. When requested by a friend to copy for her the lines alluded to by way of autograph, Sir Walter good-naturedly granted the petition; but instead of the usual ending—

"Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view Saint David's ruin'd pile;
And, home returning, softly swear,
We never see so sad and fair!"

The poet had penned this amusing variation—

"Then go—and meditate with awe
On scenes the author never saw—
Who never wandered by the moon,
To see what could be seen by moon."

THE LIFE OF GENERAL DANIEL MORGAN, one of the noblest heroes of the American Revolution, has been compiled from original papers, by his grandson, James Graham, Esq., of New Orleans, and will be published, in June, by Derby and Jackson. No adequate memoir of the gallant veteran has ever yet appeared, and his papers might have mouldered to dust unprinted but for the marriage of his granddaughter to Mr. Graham, who thus received and found them replete with interest. A portrait of Morgan, a plan of his brilliant action at the Cowpens, and *fac similes* of the medal voted him by Congress, will be given in the work, which will form a full 12mo volume, and embrace original letters from Washington, and other patriots of the Revolution. On the 4th of July next, a monument to Morgan will be inaugurated at Winchester, Virginia, where he lived happy and honored for twenty years after the close of the Revolutionary contest.

neatly, as you ascend the river. The sun was setting as he entered the broad, shady street; the green meadows, rich in the verdure of spring, lay stretching for miles along the river; the houses stood back from the wide street, with yards in front, and, in the distance, the rich arable land lay turned up by the plow, ready for planting. Mount Tom and Mount Holyoke reared their giant forms, like watch towers, placed to guard the land, while close to the town lay Mount Warner.

The traveler stopped his horse on a gentle eminence, and gazed entranced on the lovely scene. In imagination he saw the young men of that beautiful village hurrying from their homes, mustering on the broad green, which they trod with the step of brave and beautiful manhood, ready to do what God and their country should demand of them; ready, if need be, to sacrifice their fresh young lives. No wonder he thought that this beautiful valley should have been the favorite home and hunting-ground of the Indian; and that, abandoning with greater ease the sterile coast of eastern Massachusetts, they should have returned again and again with willing feet to this, their ancient stronghold. One of our historians says: "The appearance presented to-day by the town first settled on the Connecticut, is unique; the attractive interval lands are not occupied by farms, as the word is popularly understood. The inhabitants live in villages, and have their home lots, their meadows, their uplands, and their woodlands; they planted themselves in villages, that they might the better protect themselves from the surrounding savages." It was from this beautiful village that those eighty young men, under Captain Lathrop, marched to Deerfield; and, on their return, were massacred at Bloody Brook—of whom the old historian says, mournfully and touchingly: "They were a very choice company of young men—the flower of Essex, none of whom were ashamed to speak with the enemy in the gate."

As Charles Blake rode through the village, he met a little girl driving her cows from the pasture; he inquired of her the way to Mr. Dudley's. "It is the second house after you leave the village," was the reply. He rode on about half a mile, and came to a large farm house with spacious out-buildings, and an orchard behind it, while the blue waters of the Connecticut lay in the distance, tinged with the last rays of the setting sun. As he rode into the yard, an old gentleman came out from a side door to meet him. At the first glance he recognized the father of his friend; the resemblance between them was very startling. On introducing himself, he was warmly welcomed. "I have often heard my son speak of Charles Blake, and am most happy to see you under my roof." He led the way into a large parlor; and as it was yet early spring and the evenings were chilly, a bright fire was blazing on the hearth, and an elderly lady was knitting in her easy chair.

CHAPTER XII.

Tux table was already laid for supper, and everything around betokened comfort and abundance. The lady, with a little silver whis-

tle that hung by her side, summoned a black girl, about twelve years of age. With a demure look she stood before her mistress, with her hands meekly folded, ready to receive her commands; but her round eyes were fastened on the handsome soldier. It was not until the order had been repeated two or three times, that she seemed to understand it, and then she fled to the kitchen to say that the soldier was a friend of the young captain's, from the army—"Mebbe, to say young massa dead; who knows? But, any way, Clemence must broil some ham and poach some eggs in no time." The ham and eggs, the smoking pile of buckwheats, garnished with maple syrup, and the rye coffee with the rich cream mantling on it, were all on the board. "You must excuse the homeliness of our fare, Captain Blake; but years ago I abandoned the use of foreign luxuries, and we supply their place, as far as we can, with articles of home growth and manufacture. We are penurious of our income, for all that we can spare goes to the army."

There was something in the appearance of Mrs. Dudley, which commanded instant respect—a strongly marked face with a fair complexion; and as she became interested and animated in conversation, her cheek glowed like a young girl's. She wore the dress of the time—the long waist, the full skirts, the tight sleeves, terminating with a ruffle at the elbow, and the black mitts, drawn up over the arm. She seemed well acquainted with the characters of the principal officers in the army; and there was a raciness, a pliancy, and an originality in her remarks, which made her irresistibly charming. She seemed at home in the politics of the mother country; and it was evident that when she discoursed of the stirring events of the time, she did so with all the impartiality of a disinterested observer. She inquired after Edith with great interest; and Charles found to his surprise that she knew more about Captain Dudley's visit to Milton than he did. "My dear wife," said her husband, "I think Edith's name occurs very often in those letters written from Milton." Charles looked thoughtfully in the fire. It seemed to him that Edith was his peculiar property, and that no intruder had a right to love her; and now, in all human probability, his friend, his old college chum and companion in arms, was to bear her away from him. The first sensation was inexpressible bitter. Love lived no more for him; it had become a thought of anguish and a memory of pain. The glow of romance had vanished now. Purified by the flame that had scorched, and nerved by the fall that had stunned, he had concentrated his affection on Edith. "And yet," thought he, "if the sunshine of my life has gone forever, should I not wish my friend to be happy?"

On the following morning, Mrs. Dudley took from her finger a ring, with an old fashioned setting, containing a large emerald, and said: "Give that to Edith, with my love." Charles promised to do so, and bidding his kind hosts farewell, he continued his journey. He was the bearer of dispatches to Colonel Maxwell, and the change was great from the valley of the Connecticut to the wild mountainous region of Claremont and Heath. He found that gallant officer at home, suffering from a wound received

at the battle of Bunker Hill, which troubled him at times during the war, though it did not prevent him from being actively engaged. He fought at Trenton, Princeton, and Saratoga; and was with the suffering army at Morristown and Valley Forge. He was at home now, and Captain Blake entered his house at noon-day, and delivered his dispatches. He was warmly greeted by the gallant colonel. "It is a pleasant thing to see a man in the town once more," he said. "Are they so scarce?" said Charles, laughing. "There is not an able-bodied man for miles around; there are some four or five disabled soldiers—all we have for an apology. The only young man we had remaining, I took off with me in my last campaign. On the morning of his marriage he shouldered his musket and marched to join the army."

Charles was filled with astonishment when he saw with what heroic courage and resolution the women of that poor settlement endured privations, when he heard what incredible labor they had performed, and saw with his own eyes how necessary it must have been to enable them to live. It seemed as if they had fought harder battles on those barren hills, than their husbands and brothers did in the army. Colonel Maxwell gave him a graphic recital of their trials and sufferings; and with true Irish eloquence, and an irresistible blending of the comic and pathetic, commanded his feelings at option, and moved him to smiles and tears as he saw fit. He spoke of one poor girl, who left her home one snowy day, and went to beg meat and milk at the house of a neighbor. The storm came on fast and furious, and she was unable to retrace her steps through the drifted snow, fast heaping around her; and so, upon a barren moor, she sank down, and her spirit ascended to her Father in Heaven; and, said the Colonel:—

"She fears no more the heat of the sun,
Nor the furious winter rage;
She her harvest work has done,
Home has gone, and is in her wagon."

He told him he hoped soon to join the army, and bade him give his kind regards to his friend, General Heath, then stationed at Boston. Captain Blake promised to do so, and, mounting his horse, he rode away. "My visit on those barren hills has done me good," he said, as he rode musingly along. "It has nerved my arm, and given courage to my heart; and it cannot be that the tree of freedom, thus planted in the storm and watered with lavish blood, shall ever wither away. In passing through Leominster, he saw before him a horseman, who, from the awkward manner in which he sat his horse, as well as the shambling gait of the animal itself, attracted his attention. There was an indescribable something about the man that, when he had given him one glance, tempted him to look again. At first the face seemed stolid and inexpressive; on a nearer approach, however, Captain Blake recognized the young man. He was a Concord volunteer; the same youth he had visited, years before, with a broken limb. He accordingly rode up and spoke to him. "Wall, captain," said Ben, looking at him sideways, "I should n't know but you was glad to see me, by the way you take on." "I am, right glad, my worthy friend; do you come from the army?"

"Yes! I'd served my time out, and I thought I should like to come home, and sit down in the chimney corner a spell. Maybe I'll go back again. I stopped on my way home at Leominster for a few days, with my uncle and aunt. They lent me this horse to go home on; but I wouldn't give my old mare for a dozen like it." "How long have you been from home?" "Well, it's about a year since I saw our old stepple for the last time." As they came within eight miles of Concord, it began to rain heavily. "My friend," said Captain Blake, "with your permission, I will accompany you to your father's, and will pass the night there." Ben was highly gratified. "You will be as welcome as flowers in May, captain, and that's the truth; and brave and proud my old mother will be to have you under her roof." They journeyed on in silence during the last few miles, for the rain poured heavily, and it was as 'muck as a pit,' as the Scotch say. At last they approached the house; a light was gleaming from the window, and Ben rode up and knocked. Some one answered: "Who is there?" "Wall, I sint no saint, but I recon I shan't do you any damage," replied the unmistakable voice of Ben. There was a general cry of joy, and father, mother, and sisters rushed to greet him. After a warm supper, the family gathered eagerly around to learn the news from the war. "And how many British has the old blunderbuss settled?" said one sister archly. "I don't know," said Ben; "I never see them except in my dreams." "Well," said his sister, laughingly: "I mean no disparagement to your blunderbuss; but we have not been idle at home. Spinning and weaving those heavy blankets for the poor soldiers, is almost as hard work as fighting."

Charles, with a natural eloquence that drew tears to the eyes of his hearers, spoke of the suffering he had witnessed at Valley Forge; and Ben gave a graphic account of the capture of a British soldier, who stole into the camp, bringing promises of pardon and reward from the British commander if they would desert. "What was done with him?" said his mother. "He was imprisoned for a time, and afterward exchanged. Some of us requested him to stand on his head, and read the proclamation backward, but he declined. We were cold enough, hungry and ragged enough, to run away; but there was not a soldier in our regiment who would have gone over to the enemy." As Captain Blake, after speaking of the cruelty and savage barbarity of the Hessians, and of the misery endured by the people in that part of the country where they were stationed, recounted the clemency and magnanimity of Washington, how was he startled to hear from the matron's lips those beautiful lines commencing:—

"The quality of mercy is not strained. It droppeth like the gentle dew from Heaven upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed: it blesseth him that gives, and him that takes; it's mighty in the mightiest." They were uttered modestly and simply, as if she could not help it.

Ben seemed to think his mother's conduct required an apology. "Mother's a master-hand to remember everything she reads; and considerin' the spinnin' and the weavin' she

does, it's wonderful how much time she finds for it. And Persis is just like her; she will tramp off five miles any day to borrow a book." "No one will accuse you of loving to read too well," said Persis. "No!" replied Ben, gruffly. "I have had too much hard work to do for that business, plantin', hoein' and harvestin' summers, and gettin' out chestnut racks wint'ers." Notwithstanding the girls loved to banter Ben, it was evident from their glistening eyes, as they looked at him, that they considered him quite a hero in his way, and rejoiced to see his familiar face at the fireside, and hear his step about the house once more.

When Captain Blake returned to Milton, he found his mother ill of a fever. His father appeared to him to have grown ten years older, in one. The blight and desolation which ever follow in the footsteps of intemperance, had crept into the house. Henry had not only involved his own affairs hopelessly, but had embarrassed also his father's very much; and it seemed too probable that, if the war should continue, deprived of the assistance of his two younger sons, with the intemperance of Henry weighing on his mind, he would in his old age be reduced to poverty.

The legacy Charles' uncle had left him he had divided with his brother William, when he joined the army; and it had been poured out like water, a free-will offering for the benefit of a naked, starving soldiery.

His father spoke clearly and calmly of the embarrassed state of his fortune; and, with tears in his eyes, and a choking voice, alluded to Henry's intemperance, which he considered hopeless. "Beside," he added, "his constitution is shattered—his health injured; and all I ask is that he may die at home in peace, and not lose his life in some tavern brawl." He had already had two quarrels with some of the British soldiers, at Cambridge. Charles asked his father's permission to throw up his commission and remain at home; but this his father would not consent to. "It is," he said, "always darkest before day dawns; and it may be that even now the morning of peace dawns near, and the dun colored clouds may, bye and bye, take the hues of the rose. On this visit home, Captain Blake was struck, more than ever before, with the strong religious faith his father displayed; and when they assembled for prayer in his mother's sick room, at her request, he never in after life forgot the emphasis with which he read: "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines, the labor of the olives shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat, the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord—I will joy in the God of my salvation." And in his prayer, how earnestly did he repeat that beautiful verse of the twenty-third Psalm: "Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

His mother could not be satisfied because William was not with them. "If I could see him but once again," she murmured. "It seems to me as if danger menaced him. Promise, my son, that he shall return this summer." And Charles promised. And Edith, too, was changed. Her joyous, light-hearted gaiety was gone, and a

calm melancholy supplied its place. Her dress was as simple and unpretending as possible. She wore a linen dress of Miss Huldah Mac-Nab's weaving, and a simple muslin neckerchief embroidered by herself. The short sleeves terminating at the elbow, with little crimped ruffles, and the white ruffled apron, with its coquettish pockets, completed her dress. Into one of these pockets she hastily threw the emerald ring Charles gave her from Mrs. Dudley. She made no comment when Charles told her of his visit to H—, except to say: "I do not like to think of Captain Dudley. It is only having one more to grieve for." Her face was little changed, save the eye was a little more mournful and the cheek a little paler. Her whole soul seemed absorbed by her present duties. She hovered round her parents like a guardian angel; her life seemed bound up in theirs. When Charles went to see Mary Robbins, he found her in the sitting-room, spinning on her little wheel. She started and colored when she saw him, and she looked for another form that might be close behind; but in an instant the color left her face, and she was as pale as marble. When Captain Blake gave her his brother's letter, her eyes were suffused with tears, and she left the room without speaking. Her good father entered the room and said: "Mary will be back in a moment. She has borne your brother's absence bravely, until your mother was taken sick; and since then, she has been impressed with a foreboding that something is going to happen to him; and although your mother is, I trust, recovering, yet Mary's melancholy deepens every day." Mary soon returned, smiling through her tears, and said: "Now, tell me all the news;" and they soon were busily engaged in conversation, and her wonted manner returned. When he parted from her, laden with messages for William, he thought: "It is the persons we love that make beautiful the place we have known; and when we behold these persons again, wherever they are, there is Heaven."

CHAPTER XIV.

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North wind's breath,
And stars to set, but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O! Death,
We know when moons shall wax,
And summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hues shall tinge the golden grain:
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?"

When Captain Blake returned to the army, he found the camp all in hurry and bustle. The English army, ten thousand strong, had evacuated Philadelphia, and was passing through New Jersey, on its way to New York.

The first person he met was his brother William, who sprang forward to meet him; and who told him, with sparkling eyes, and his whole face lighted up with enthusiasm, that Washington had decided on a battle, and was going to send five thousand men to commence the attack. His cheek burned, and his eye glistened with all the ardor natural to his twenty-three years.

His brother gave him Mary's letter, which he kissed eagerly, and placed in his pocket to be read when he should be alone. The news of his mother's illness troubled him very much; and his voice faltered and his lips quivered as he made particular inquiries about her. He knew the fullness of that mother's love; and his

heart told him that, even as Jacob loved Benjamin, his mother loved him; and that, if mischief should befall him by the way, then would she go down sorrowing to her grave. In his dreams that night, he saw the calm, sweet face of Mary Robbins at his side, with an expression of high-souled melancholy. One arm was clasped around the neck of a figure, whose face was turned away; and in the figure he recognized his mother. But when the morning came, the vision of the night faded away and was forgotten.

It was the 28th of June, and the most sultry day of the season. The plain of Monmouth was dark with the moving masses of the British soldiery. The steady columns of grenadiers moved forward to the stirring sound of music, their bayonets glittering in the morning sunlight; while far as the eye could reach, following after the immense train of horses and wagons, toiling through the sand and filling the air with dust; and on that Sunday, for twelve long hours, the battle raged, and many sank down under the oppressive heat, and fell, in death, unmissed by the foe. And when the shades of evening fell, and all around lay the dead—while cries for water most piteous to hear rose on the still air—under an oak tree sat Charles Blake, and leaning on his brother's broad breast, with his young life blood fast ebbing away, lay William. The soldiers brought cool fresh water, more precious than nectar, to bathe his temples and wet his feverish lips. The young moon came out and glanced down on that mournful group. William's eyes were fastened on it, and he said: "Oh, for one gust of fresh wind from dear old Milton Hill!" And then, a moment after, he said: "Repeat, if you can, the nineteenth Psalm." His brother obeyed him with a strange calmness. "How sweetly it sounds!" he said. "Thanks to good old Mr. Robbins for making us repeat to him so many of the psalms. What a comfort they have been to me!" And then came, at intervals, those messages, afterward so sacredly treasured up in fond hearts, to Mary and Edith, his father, mother and Henry. And as he grew weaker and weaker, his brother heard: "Good night, Charley!" a few gasping sobs, and all was over; and from that battle-field the spirit of a brave young soldier passed to its home on High. And Charles sat with his head leaning on his breast; and as he looked on the calm face of his brother, smiling in death, for a long time there was but one thought in his heart, and that was "my brother, oh, my brother, would to God I could have died for thee!" He thought of him as he had seen him but a few hours before, spurring across the field, his hat off, and his brown curls clustering round his open brow, as noble an image of fresh young manhood as was that day seen on the field of battle; and now he had fallen in the spring-time of life, with his fresh young laurels on his brow, strong in his blameless name and beloved reputation, and he felt that grief was not for the dead, but for the living. He thought of the loved group at home. How should he bear to them the sad tidings? How tell Mary that her young lover was to return to her no more? How could he tell his father and his mother that their son was laid low, in the pride and glory of his manhood? And Edith, too.

A grave was dug in the church-yard at Monmouth. Charles cut off some of his rich brown curls, and, wrapped in his military cloak, he was borne to his rest.

It was on Sunday that the battle was fought; and it was on Sunday, three weeks from that time, that Captain Dudley arrived at Milton Hill. He rode slowly up the avenue, and, alighting, fastened his horse to a tree near the house. He entered unannounced. He found the family in the little sitting-room. It was the hour of evening worship. Mr. Blake was reading the fourteenth chapter of John. He bowed to Captain Dudley as he entered, and continued reading. Then came the simple, impressive prayer; and as he listened with a throbbing heart, dreading the communication he should soon be called upon to make, these words thrilled upon his ear: "O, God! be merciful unto me, for my soul trusteth in thee. Yea, in the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge, until these calamities be over past."

When the prayer was ended, he rose and came forward, shook Captain Dudley's hand, and said: "What news do you bring from the army? We have heard there has been a battle at Monmouth; and there is something in your face that tells me you are the bearer of sad tidings." Captain Dudley was a brave man, and no one on the battle-field had fought more gallantly and desperately than he had done, under Colonel Dearborn; but his voice failed him now utterly, and he trembled like a culprit about to receive sentence of doom. He glanced at the pale face of Mrs. Blake, then at Edith, and it seemed to him that he could not speak, if his life depended on it. At last the silence was broken by Mrs. Blake, who said: "Tell us; is it Charles or William?" He faltered: "William." And there came from Edith's lips a bitter cry of anguish. The door opened, and Henry entered—a man of tall, commanding figure, but with a dark, lowering countenance. In its expression, sorrow and remorse were blended. He stood for a moment on the threshold, as if irresolute; then came forward and said: "I heard in the village that you were the bearer of heavy news. Tell me, which of my brothers is dead?" His eyes filled with tears, and his form was bowed with emotion. His father, with a quivering lip, answered: "It is William, my son, who has fallen." The elder brother advanced to the table, on which the open Bible lay, and sat down, resting his head upon his folded arms. Captain Dudley withdrew from the room, and all was silent, save the low sobs of Edith, and the deep sighs which came from Henry's lips. At last he raised his face, wet with tears, and said: "Father, I can never be to you as good a son as William, for there is guilt on my soul which cannot be washed away; but if you and my mother do not think me so utterly lost, that I cannot keep my promise, and will trust me, I will try, God aiding me, to be a better man and a better son. I know I have distressed your hearts; but if you will forgive me, I will do all I can to atone for the past." And the bitter tears of penitence and contrition that had so long been compressed within his heart, poured down like rain on the Bible upon which he had placed his hand. His mother rose, and smiling through her tears, kissed him; while his father blessed

him fervently, and said: "My son, there is more joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance; and if God, in his goodness, shall grant me yet a few years longer on earth, I doubt not that I shall see the errors of your earlier manhood nobly atoned for by the life you will lead in the future."

Captain Dudley entered the room, and gave to Edith a letter to Mary, written by William on the eve of the battle, and one to his mother. Mrs. Blake withdrew to her room with hers, and as she looked at every word, every letter, every dash of the pen, one thought only rose in her heart: "The loving heart that traced these lines; where, oh! where is it now?" Captain Dudley rose to bid the afflicted family good night. His eyes were suffused with tears, and his hand trembled as it clasped Edith's. He felt the most intense sympathy for them all. William had been very dear to him, and Edith had long been the bright star of his dreams. He had never dared to tell her so; for her manner was so simple, frank and confiding, she seemed to regard him just as she would a brother; and modest and diffident as he was, he had never allowed himself to hope that he had power to awake a deeper feeling in her heart; and as he looked at her in her deep sorrow, his mind was filled with a thousand thoughts, hopes and desires,—and one thought gave him comfort. He knew that she loved no one else, and in that alone was his hope. He was deeply touched with the resignation of the whole family, and felt that the God whom they so fervently worshipped would not forsake them in their hour of deep trouble, but would bless them with that peace which passeth understanding. When the household had retired, Edith ran up her mother's room, and said: "I cannot wait until morning. I will go over and take Mary her letter. If I wait, some person from the village may rush incautiously in and tell her, and it is best for me to go now."

CHAPTER XV.

"It was a battle-field, and the cold moon
Made the pale dead yet paler. Two lay there:
One with the gleam of marble on the grave
Upon his face—the other wan, but yet
Touched with the hues of life, and its warm breath
Upon his parted lips."

"Trix moon, like a crowned queen, held her empire in the sky above," and her silvery radiance tinted the foliage of the trees, and the perfume of the flowers rose sweet in the parsonage yard. Mary, in her night-dress, kneeled by the window. Her large dark eyes were fastened on an open letter; she closed it, and took from a little table at her side a rough sketch of her lover, which he had given her on his last visit home. It had been taken by one of his friends, and, although rudely executed, she valued it very much as a correct likeness. Her eyes were on the picture and her thoughts far away, when the door opened, and Edith stood before her, with a face pale as marble. Her first thought was that Mrs. Blake was worse, and she started to her feet and said hastily: "How is your mother, Edith?" then, as Edith came forward and put her arm round her neck and kissed her again and again, in a low tone she said: "What have you heard from the army?" "Captain Dudley came to-night and ——" "And," said Mary quietly, "to

tell you that William was dead. Is it not so?" "Has any one told you?" said Edith, astonished at her calmness. "No; but for weeks my heart has been filled with forebodings; and since I learned there had been a battle, I dreaded to hear a step on the threshold. The suspense has been terrible, and I have long schooled myself to be prepared for the worst. Tell me—how did he die?"

"We shall know to-morrow," said Edith; "but I could not trust my voice to ask a question, and Captain Dudley has told us nothing yet." Edith's tears fell fast; but Mary's face was calm, and the tones of her voice were very low, yet clear and sweet as ever, as she said: "Ask him if he did not die under a tree, leaning on Charley's breast, and if, a little while before he died, he did not ask Charley to repeat the nineteenth Psalm. I do not know but I may be superstitious, but three weeks ago to-day, I went to church with a weight on my spirits and sadness in my heart. I tried to sing, but my voice failed entirely. My eyes filled with tears. I could not tell why; and I thought of the happy days when we all went to church together, and he and Charley used to sing with us. When I returned from church, I was so unhappy and restless I could not stay in the house; and after tea I went down in the village to see a sick child, and then went to walk on the hill. After I had tired myself out with walking, I sat down for a long time, looking at the blue water in the distance; still there was the same terrible weight on my heart. I came home and went up stairs. It was a long time before I could sleep; and when I did, I dreamed of a battle-field. I thought I saw a vast plain, and heard the low moans of the wounded, and cries for water; and that the night was so terrible, it seemed to me, I could not look again; and then I turned my eyes away, and at a distance, under a tree, sat Charley—and William was leaning on his breast, dying, I thought; and Charley was repeating the Psalm, commencing: "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations." I woke with a cry, which roused father; and he came to the door and asked if I were ill. It was all so real that, ever since that night, I have feared he was dead." "Dear Mary, I have two letters for you—one from Charles, and one written by Willie on the eve of the battle." Mary stretched the last from her hand, and devoured it with kisses; and as she broke the seal and saw the beloved handwriting, her crushed heart found relief in tears. An hour later, and Edith lay in a dreamless sleep, her dark eyelashes still wet with tears; while Mary still sat by the open window, her head resting on her hands, and thought of her lover, lying far away from the beautiful home of his childhood in his lonely grave.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Again the spring o'er all the land
Up rose with offerings,
And peace returned—a blessed thing,
And hushed up its wings."

It was on the nineteenth of April, precisely eight years from the day on which the first blood was shed in the memorable contest at Concord and Lexington, that proclamation was made to the American army that a treaty of peace had been signed at Paris, and that Sir

Guy Carleton had announced the same from official authority, and proclaimed a cessation of hostilities.

A large part of the soldiers had been permitted, during the summer, to retire from the army on furlough; though it was not until the eighteenth of October, that Congress issued a proclamation discharging them from further service, and all others who had been engaged to serve during the war.

The army was thus in fact disbanded; and the poor soldiers were, many of them, ragged, destitute, and without a penny in their pockets. And each one, as he turned away, gazed on the face of that noble leader who, for seven long years, had moved among them calm and fearless in the deepest night of the nation's trouble. How touchingly does Headley describe Washington's parting with his officers, on the fourth of December, when they assembled in New York to take leave of their commander. He says the looks of many of them had whitened in the storm of freedom's battle. With their brave arms around him, they had borne him all steadily through the fight. A noble band were they all—brave hearts and true, on whom he had leaned in the hour of peril; and now he was to leave them forever. The history of the past, with its chequered scenes, swept by, till his heart sunk in affliction and grief.

They fought nobly, and secured for themselves, their children, and the stranger within their gates, the blessing of peace; and now the war was over, and the wilderness and solitary place were to be made glad, and the desert was to rejoice and blossom as the rose, and the blue hills of Milton, from which in Indian tongue our fair State takes its name, were covered with trees, whose leaves were tinted with the rich hues of autumn, and fair, broad and calm set the sun over the woodlands; and in the rich light of that October sunset, groups of friends might be seen approaching the house of Mr. Blake. As the guests arrived, they were ushered up stairs by Dinah. She had honored the occasion by wearing a white dress with a low neck, with a coral necklace, broad gold ear-rings, and a high turban on her head. I imagine she did not look unlike an African princess. She evidently felt the dignity of her position as housekeeper, and intended to maintain it. The guests, as they descended the stairs, entered the long, low parlor, and sat in waiting expectancy. There is a low hum of voices to be heard, and one old lady says to another: "How long has Captain Dudley been engaged to Edith?" "Two years, I believe; ever since her mother died. He was a great favorite of hers, and she told me in her last illness he had been like a son to her in her sorrow." "Is Henry temperate now?" "Perfectly so, I think; and a great comfort to them all. He is the stay and prop of his father in his old age; but hush, they are coming." The door opened, and parson Robbins entered first, with Mary on his arm, wearing the black dress betokening her maiden widowhood. Then came Charles and his father; then Henry, and his wife and children. Lastly, preceded by groomsmen and bridesmaids, came the proud and happy bridegroom, with his gentle Edith.

And the ceremony was over; the venerable

clergyman had united them, and the bride received the congratulations of her friends. Beloved as she was by old and young, rich and poor, it was hard to part with her; yet if they must resign her, they felt that the noble looking man who stood at her side was worthy of her love.

Bye-and-bye, after the old-fashioned bridal supper had been eaten, and the toasts drank, and farewell greetings had been given, the company left, and the family were once more alone; they gathered round the fire, which burned clear and bright upon the hearth, and Mary sat with her arm around Edith's neck, while the folds of her black dress mingled with the bridal white of Edith's, and her dark eyes filled with tears as she felt that the time had come for her to part with the companion of her childhood; and Charles thought, as he looked at her, so calm and serene in her young widowhood: "Oh, that I had fallen in Willy's stead! then Mary might have been a happy bride." Mr. Robbins spoke beautifully and touchingly of the absent members of that household group; of the beloved son and brother who had gone home in the spring-time of life; and of the mingled wife and mother who so soon followed her youngest son—the darling of her heart—to the grave. He said it was not right to grieve for William. In the pride of his early manhood, he had given his life for his country; he had not known sorrow, or care, or trouble; the remembrance of him, as enshrined in their hearts, was connected with everything that was pleasant and beautiful; and then the old man rose, and placing his trembling hands upon the heads of the bridegroom and bride, blessed them fervently. And Mary kissed her sister and her new brother, and bade them good bye.

Charles Blake returned to Boston, and was soon reestablished in the office of his old partner. There were many persons who were exiled by the laws of the States who could not be admitted to the privileges of a residence until these laws were repealed; they wished very much to return to the country, because they had property here which they wished to recover. It was considered expedient by his partner that Charles should go to England, and visit in person owners of estates, whose claims were contested in courts of law, of whose landed property he had the care. Accordingly, in the spring, he sailed for England; spent four months there, transacting business for his clients and hunting up title deeds. He went down to Hollingsworth, and visited Mr. John Hollingsworth. He found him the same pleasant, cheerful old bachelor, he so well remembered. His maiden sister, Judith, lived with him; and they gave promise of becoming like those old people of whom Mrs. H. B. Stowe speaks, who "grew old until they could grow no older, and then they stood still and lasted." He, on his part, was struck with the change in Charles. The freshness of youth was gone; care and sorrow had left their impress on his face; but what was lost in beauty was gained in expression. He looked like a man who had conquered himself. There was an air of command, of calm strength in his features, which accorded well with his erect and soldierly bearing. Miss Judith wished twenty times a day, during his visit, that he had been born in England, and

heartily joined her brother in his entreaty that he would prolong his stay. He felt that in coming to Hollingsworth, he should be enabled to take out to Mary a gift that would be invaluable. When he left home he begged from her the rough sketch of his brother's face, determining to have a portrait painted from it by an eminent London artist. When he saw the picture of his father's grandmother, Edith Hollingsworth, he was struck with a strong resemblance to his brother. The color of the eyes, and shape of the brow were the same; there was the same arch, mischievous expression. It is singular how a family likeness is transmitted. Sometimes it will be lost for a generation; and a child whose face, in feature, form, and coloring, is unlike its father's or mother's, will yet strongly resemble its grand-parents.

An artist was sent for from London. He came down, and made an exact copy of the upper part of the face; and that, combined with the sketch he already had, enabled him to paint a most excellent portrait. He never heard Alice's name mentioned, while he was in England, and did not know the name of the nobleman whom she had married. During the war, some papers had been confided to his care by a dying officer, who told him they were of great importance. They bore the address of Lord H., Grosvenor Square, London; and a few days before he left England, he went to deliver them in person. He sent up his name and errand, and was shown into the library. Lord H.—a portly gentleman, with florid complexion and white hair—received him graciously; and after glancing over the papers, thanked him warmly for the care he had taken of them. He was suffering from the gout, he said, which kept him close prisoner in the house; he was evidently a *bon vivant*; and Charles thought, as he looked round the spacious apartment which was partially divided by a screen: "How I envy you these books, which I do not believe you trouble much." Perhaps his thoughts were legible on his face, for Lord H. said: "If you have a fancy for old books, you will find some in yonder bookcase. They form part of a collection which my grandfather made while abroad, and, by scholars and connoisseurs, are said to be rare and choice works."

Captain Blake eagerly availed himself of the permission, and was soon deeply interested in looking at a richly gilt misal, with its illuminated letters. Lord H. was busily perusing his papers, when a lady entered the apartment. As a screen nearly divided the room, Charles neither saw or heard her, until, earnestly talking, she raised her voice and spoke in a louder tone than was becoming in a lady. She evidently wished to do something of which her husband disapproved entirely. "He has forgotten I am here," was Charles' first thought; "It is my duty to present myself, as I do not know what may be said next." Accordingly he came forward, and as he did so, he heard: "Well, Alice, have your own way, and be unselfish, as you always are in all that concerns my happiness." Captain Blake came toward, an unwilling listener and very much disconcerted, when Lord H. presented to his wife "Captain Blake, of Boston." "Can it be," he thought, "and yet it must be Alice; but, good God, how changed!" There was an

expression of haughty pride—a disappointed, unhappy look, which was very unlike his early remembrance of her: it was evident, though wealth and rank were hers, she had not found happiness. Her husband, after the introduction was over, spoke to her of the important service Captain Blake had rendered him in bringing these papers, and as she stood listening to him he had an opportunity to make these reflections. The lady seemed to struggle for self-command, and her voice trembled as she spoke. The interview was as short as it was embarrassing; and it was not until he was in the street once more, that he breathed freely. "The dream of my life is ended," he said to himself, "and I am once more awake. How different does this lady seem from the young girl I loved so tenderly! How strangely she has altered!"

And Alice cried herself to sleep that night; for she had loved Charles Blake, and she had sacrificed love to ambition. She had married a wealthy and titled husband, almost double her own age, who indulged every reasonable wish, and yet she was not happy. She was selfish and ambitious, and not content with the position she occupied in society—was always aspiring to a position a little higher.

In the good ship in which Captain Blake engaged passage for New York, there was a family by the name of Lee. The father was on his way to Baltimore to establish himself in business, accompanied by his wife, two sons, and a daughter. Being constantly thrown in their society, Captain Blake soon found Miss Lee a very superior lady. She expressed her regret at leaving England; spoke of the pleasant circle of friends she had left in the beautiful village of ——. There was an earnest simplicity, a truthfulness, in all that she said, that made her very interesting. She had a suggestive mind, and when talking with her, he would often hit on some rich vein of thought. Her replies were as racy and piquant as possible. She had a brilliant mind united with a child-like simplicity of manner, which made her very fascinating. When, after a long voyage, they arrived at Baltimore, Captain Blake lingered there day after day, and still the attraction grew stronger and stronger; and he who in battle was unconscious of fear, felt that the happiness of his future life depended upon this beautiful girl. She had awakened in his heart feelings which he had long since supposed forever dead. He finally made an earnest, frank, avowal of his love, and she answered in all simplicity—smiling through her tears: "Such as I am, I am wholly yours, and only wish I was more worthy of your love." An hour after found her kneeling with her head in her mother's lap, and she said: "Tell me, noble and good as he is, why does he love a simple girl like me?"

When Captain Blake returned to Milton, his first visit was made to the parsonage. Mary was away; but he found three little orphan girls there. The good minister told him they were the children of a neighbor of his, who formerly lived in New York.

When the British left that city, he shipped to Nova Scotia a large amount of goods. He would willingly have remained there; but, as a tory, was exiled by the laws of the State, and

could not be admitted to the privileges of a residence until those laws were repealed. He died suddenly in Halifax, but not before he had secured to his wife and children an ample fortune. His widow, then in consumption, survived him long enough to gather the property together; and came to Milton to place her children under the care of her husband's uncle, and died at his house.

Charles unpacked the box containing his brother's picture, hung it in the most favorable light, and rode away. When he returned, Mary was standing before it; happy tears were running down her cheeks. "How shall I ever thank you!" she said. The resemblance was perfect; and the father felt that, with such a son and such a wife gone on before, it was easy to look across the river of death, and see in the blue distance the haven that lay beyond. "Now, Charles," said Mary, "do not grieve for me any longer. With this dear picture to look at, and these sweet children, who are entrusted to my care, and to whom I am to supply the place of a mother, I cannot be unhappy." Her after life may easily be imagined. She lived at the parsonage after her pious father's death, and ruled her little household like a mother in the midst of her children. The memory of the love of her youth ever remained green in her heart; and when she passed away from earth, it was felt by all who knew her, that the mantle of death had fallen upon one who, in life, "was but little lower than the angels." And Charles Blake and Fanny Lee were married. Beloved at home, honored abroad, he was a happy man. He rose to eminence in his profession, inspired the confidence and esteem of his fellow-citizens, and discharged his duties with ability and wide acceptance.

SONG.

THERE'S SADNESS IN THE GROVE.

BY JENNIFER.

There's sadness in the grove, Annie—
There's sadness in the grove,
For all the singing birds are gone,
Whose notes we used to love.
The autumn leaf hangs e'er, Annie,
And shivering on the bough,
And 't is the brooklet sings no more
His olden music new.

There's sadness round you yet, Annie—
You're not so buxom and bon,
For aye and mother, too, Annie,
The food, the true, are gone.
The flowers have bloom'd and droop'd, Annie,
For many a weary year
Upon the turf above their brows
Since you and I were here.

And they, our childhood's loved, Annie—
One sleeps beneath the wave,
And one 'neath southern skies, Annie,
Has found a stranger's grave;
And one—our most beloved—Annie,
Our gentlest and our best,
Is resting by a lonely stream,
Far in the distant West.

And we have come again, Annie,
The last of home's bright band,
Beneath these old forsaken trees
In mournful thought to stand.
Yea! there is sadness everywhere,
Around us and above,
For in the wide, wide world for us
There's nothing left to love.



NATHANIEL P. BANKS.

NATHANIEL PRESTISS BANKS, son of a Massachusetts yeoman of like name, was born on the 13th of January, 1816, in the town of Waltham, near Boston, which is still his residence. The poverty of his family deprived him of any but the most ordinary advantages of education, and these were necessarily narrowly limited, or utterly withheld, from his twelfth year, when he betook himself to a factory in his native town, therein to earn a livelihood. At a later period of his youth, he worked as a blacksmith; and neighborhood gossip asserts that he at one time officiated as a dancing-master, and at another appeared on the boards of a Boston theater as a *debutant*. The writer of this sketch has not asked, and does not care, whether these rumors are well or ill founded. They serve, at any rate, to illustrate the character of the man—self-reliant, energetic, pushing, and ready to enter upon any avenue to an honest success that might open before him. He was nearly thirty years old when, throwing aside his blacksmith's apron, he commenced in Boston the study of the law, in the office of Hon. Robert Rantoul, jr., then U. S. District Attorney for Massachusetts, and he was more than thirty-two years old when, in 1848, he was admitted to practice, and opened an office for himself in Boston, still residing with his family at Waltham.

The name of Rantoul, his instructor in the law, is the key to Mr. Banks's political convictions and career. Mr. R. was a democrat of that liberal and progressive cast, which has been nearly weeded out of the democratic organization by the march of events. He was an advocate of Free Trade, light Taxes, cheap Government, the divorce of the Treasury from moneyed corporations, and opposed to Inter-

perance, Capital Punishment, and Slavery. Mr. Banks was his plastic pupil, his fervent admirer, and still cherishes a reverent devotion to his memory. Mr. Rantoul died some years since, while still in the prime of life, and when, to human apprehension, his lofty abilities and generous sympathies were just ripening into extended usefulness and eminent renown.

Mr. Banks has now been some seven or eight years a lawyer, but it is not at the bar that he has achieved distinction. The Law is a jealous mistress, and requires not merely attention, but devotion. Very few men have conquered eminence at once in the senate and the courts, and those few were early trained for the forum, storing their minds in silence and solitude before they appeared on the stage of active life. They ripened into scholarship during those years which were given by Mr. Banks to rugged exertion—to the barren prose of common life—to patient, unnoticed struggles with poverty and want. At the ripe age at which he directed his efforts toward a professional career, he might have been a great lawyer or a statesman—he could not well be both. He chose the latter.

Mr. Banks had been an earnest and active partisan as early as 1840, when he supported Van Buren and the Sub-Treasury in the dimensions canvass of that year. He stood up for Polk in '44, and for Cass in '48, when he was for the first time chosen to the Legislature of Massachusetts from Waltham, though his political opponents were a decided majority in that town. It is said that but twenty democrats were that year elected to the Massachusetts House, which consists of some three to four hundred members.

Thus far, we have seen Mr. Banks a learner in the hard but wholesome school of adversity,

political and personal. It was never probable, down to the year 1850, that one of his principles could even be elected to the State Senate, much less to Congress, from the district in which he had thus far lived, and in which he hoped, and still hopes, to die. But the sudden death of General Taylor, and the consequent accession of Mr. Fillmore to the Presidency, wrought a complete transformation in the politics of several Northern States. The Whig Administration, as newly constituted, favored the Compromise measures, including the Fugitive Slave Law, which General Taylor and his Cabinet had silently but steadily opposed. The Democrats of Massachusetts, part of them from sympathy, the residue from interest, were ready for affiliation with the Free-Soilers. Mr. Banks, from his political education, and known affinities, was one of the foremost in extending the hand of fellowship. The famous "Coalition" of 1850 wrested that State from the control of the Whig party, and sent Charles Sumner to fill the seat of Daniel Webster in the Senate of the United States. In the preceding canvass, Mr. Banks was a leading champion of the "Coalition," and was elected by it both to the Senate and House. He declined the higher position—it being certain that the "Coalition" could elect (by Legislature) another to his place in the Senate, and not so certain that it could choose another as Representative from Waltham—and was chosen Speaker of the House, in which station he exerted his utmost ability and address to cement the union which had revolutionized the State.

The "Coalition" carried Massachusetts at the next election, when Mr. Banks was again chosen by it representative of Waltham, and Speaker. A Constitutional Convention was called by this Legislature—Mr. Banks heartily assenting—and it was elected and convened in 1853, Mr. Banks being a member, and in due time chosen its President. Nearly all the ablest men in the State were members—Governors Morton, Boutwell, and Briggs; Judges Allen, Sprague, and Hoar; Mr. Choate, Mr. Sumner, General Wilson, etc., among them—and it was no slight honor to be chosen to preside over such an assemblage. The explanation of this does not imply a general concession of Mr. Banks' intellectual or moral superiority—far from it. But as a presiding officer, Mr. B. had proved himself, through the arduous struggles and tumultuous scenes of the two last Legislative sessions, the foremost man in Massachusetts; and his reputation was maintained and increased by his conduct and bearing as President of the Constitutional Convention.

Mr. Banks had been elected to Congress by the Coalition vote in November, 1853, and took his seat in the House at its organization, December, 1853, having supported General Pierce for President in the preceding canvass. He acted with his party through the Congress, except on questions affecting Slavery—on those, he stood, as he long had done, on the ground of letting it alone in the States, and keeping it out of the Territories. When the Nebraska bill, with the clause abrogating the Restriction on the diffusion of Slavery westward and northward of Missouri, was introduced, Mr. Banks resisted it strenuously to the last, though he differed from most of the Northern members in

allowing its friends an opportunity for getting it out of committee. He scouted the idea of leaving the social condition of any embryo State to the chance of Slavery or Free Labor first getting control of it, and insisted that the Federal Government was bound, in its capacity of overseer and guardian of the Territories, to keep them free from the curse and blight of human bondage.

In 1854, Mr. Banks was reelected to the House, having this time the support of both the "American" and Democratic parties, and receiving a majority of some seven thousand votes. He made an "American" speech soon after, at the outset of the second session of his first term in Congress, and it was spoken of as one of the ablest efforts on that side of the question.

On the first Monday in December last, the XXXIVth Congress assembled, no party having a clear majority in the House. There were nearly or quite a majority elected as "Americans;" and there was a clear majority chosen as "anti-Nebraska;" but while a good part of these were the same persons, others were not; and the Southern Americans refused to go into caucus with their Free-Soil brethren, knowing they would there be outnumbered and overborne. In like manner, some Northern Americans who professed to be anti-Nebraska, refused to go into caucus with the anti-Nebraska members who were not Americans; while the Southern Democrats and Americans stood off from each other. Mr. Richardson, of Illinois, was duly presented as the Democratic, Mr. Humphrey Marshall, of Kentucky, as the "National American," Mr. L. D. Campbell, of Ohio, received the largest vote among the Northern Americans and Republicans, while New England presented Mr. Banks, and Pennsylvania sustained the Hon. Henry M. Fuller. After a few days' balloting, Mr. Campbell withdrew his name, and his vote was mainly concentrated on Banks. Ten days after meeting, an anti-Nebraska caucus was held, and Mr. Banks nominated for Speaker by a large majority. The anti-Nebraska members from Pennsylvania gradually came over to those from the other States, and all except Messrs. Dunn and Scott, of Indiana, Harrison and Moore, of Ohio, united in his support. The four just named, with John Wheeler, of New York, and two or three who followed the "National" American banner, obstinately stood out and defeated an election. At six o'clock, on Saturday, February 2d, after nine weeks of intense excitement and earnest struggle, the House adopted a plurality rule and proceeded to take a decisive vote for Speaker—the 127th, we believe—and on this vote, Mr. Banks received one hundred and three to one hundred for Governor William Aiken, of South Carolina; while six adhered to H. M. Fuller, of Pennsylvania, and four more withheld or purposely scattered. Mr. Banks was thereupon declared Speaker elect, conducted to the chair by Governor Aiken and Messrs. Fuller and Pennington, and has since been engaged in the performance of the arduous duties thus devolved upon him. And it is the general verdict of the *Abolition* of Washington that no abler incumbent ever sat in the great chair, with the possible exception of Henry Clay. In dignity, coolness, prompti-

tude, decision and correctness as a presiding officer, he has probably no living equal.

Mr. Banks is now forty years old, rather below the medium size, with a firm, erect carriage, and an earnest physiognomy that seems as though it had been pinched and shriveled by facing a keen New England March wind. His dark hair is thickly sprinkled with gray, indicative of the anxieties of an active trenchant life. He is understood to be still in very moderate circumstances. He was married some years since, and his wife is now with him in Washington, though their children in part remain at school in their New England home. Contrary to the general rule that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country," Mr. Banks has always been most popular in his native town, and there the long struggle for the Speakership was watched with the liveliest anxiety on his behalf. When the tidings of his success at length arrived, the bells were rung, cannon fired, a procession formed, and all the clergymen assembled with their flocks to rejoice over the success of their gifted townsman.

Being still in the prime of life, with vigorous health and a strong constitution, it is highly probable that he has not yet attained the acme of his brief but brilliant political career.

WANTED—A WIFE.

THE United States being of very considerable extent, it is not astonishing that there is a considerable number of queer folk within their boundaries. An old saying declares that those interesting persons "will never be dead," and that they are to be found in all ages and places. We confess to a belief in their immortality, as well as in their ubiquity.

A gentleman, whom we shall call Tomkins, resides in a certain city in the interior. He is a man well to do in the world, and in the enjoyment of a respectable competency. But, when one want is satisfied, another jumps up immediately, and takes its place. So it was with Tomkins. He felt the want of a charming companion, with whom to share the comforts he enjoyed. He could not choose among his female acquaintances—as they were confined to his old cook—whom, however the might adorn the kitchen, he could not think of promoting to the drawing-room.

Tomkins had a high opinion of the utility of advertising—there was nothing queer about that idea—; on the contrary. But there's advertising and advertising. Do you want to sell your goods? Advertise. Do you want to extend your business? Advertise. Advertise for board, chambermaids, cooks and coachmen; but advertising for a wife—whew! that's a very different sort of thing, and may get you into a ticklish position. Tomkins thought, however, that a good rule ought to work both ways, a proposition which does not hold good in all cases.

He consequently advertised for a partner for life, and had not long to wait for an answer. "Ah, ha!" said he to himself, "husbands like me are scarce in this part of the country."

Several letters were exchanged between our wife-seeker and his fair correspondent. At length a meeting was agreed upon and one of the principal hotels of the city was chosen as the place of rendezvous. On the appointed day

Tomkins was at the appointed place; and as he is too polite a man to keep a lady waiting, he was there full ten minutes before the appointed hour. Just as the clock struck two, a young gentleman, entered the apartment. He addressed Tomkins by his name, informed him that he was the brother of the interesting young lady who had answered the advertisement, and that he had preceded her, in order to be assured that his sister was not the victim of any ungentlemanly joke. The intended brother-in-law had scarcely concluded a hearty, fraternal shake-hands, when a second young gentleman appeared. He introduced himself as another brother of the lady in question; another shake-hands and another exchange of the compliments of the season.

Soon after, a third brother made his appearance; then a fourth, then a fifth, and then a sixth! Tomkins began to feel "queerer" than he had ever felt before.

A seventh brother presented himself! An eighth—and so on, until there was a full dozen of them! Tomkins had a pain in his shoulder from shaking hands.

The fifteenth brother arrived! "The devil!" said Tomkins, "if my wife that is to be takes after her mother!"

But his reflections were cut short by the arrival of a batch of cousins. And still they came, brothers, and first, second and third cousins, to the number of fifty! Tomkins began to suspect that, like Joseph, he was "sold" by his brethren.

The elder brother now mounted on the table, and, taking Tomkins' letter from his pocket, read, in a loud voice, that interesting correspondence, to the great delight of his audience—Tomkins excepted. Three cheers and a "tiger" of the most ferocious description were given for "the man who advertised for a wife."

Though a "queer" fellow, Tomkins is a man of sense; he saw the laugh was against him, and wisely thought that the best way to act was to join in it, and laugh as loud as the best of them. He treated to brandy punches and cigars all round, and left his mock brothers and cousins-in-law in the best possible humor.

This affair, however, has not in the least shaken Tomkins' confidence in the benefits of advertising; he has already received thirty-five answers from real, live women, and is now more than ever determined to get a wife through the medium of the press. The newsboys are his Cupids; and, to say the truth, we don't see why they should not be employed in that way. They have, at least, one quality in common with those dangerous little gods—a supreme, contempt for superfluous clothing. Ladies! look out for Tomkins' next advertisement. Hoag may be wale!

METHUSELAH.—It is written in a quaint old Jewish manuscript now in the British Museum, that the oldest man did not live as long as he might have done. The writer says that God promised him in a dream that if he would rise up and build him a house, his life should be prolonged five hundred years. But he replied that it was scarcely worth while to build a house for so short a period; and so he died before he was a thousand years old.



MILLARD FILLMORE.

THIS gentleman, having filled the chair of President of the United States for three years,—an office of the highest honor and dignity in the world, because bestowed by the free choice of a great and powerful nation—and being now one of the most prominent candidates for an election to the same high position, is, at the present moment, not only one of the most marked men of the country, but of the times. He is now in Europe, where, for the greater part of the year past, he has been making himself acquainted with the people and institutions of different countries, and traveling as he does without the least ostentation, but in the plain, quiet manner of a private gentleman, he is an honorable and fitting representative of our republican institutions, and his example may not be without some effect in planting republican sentiments on the worn-out soil of the old world. He has been received and treated with great respect in England and on the continent, where his name was made known, being invited to dine at royal tables, and to visit many persons of eminence and distinction. And the papers have given us some amusing anecdotes of his being entertained at some of the hotels, as a quiet, respectable, unknown gentleman, who, after having paid his bills and left, it was ascertained was an ex-President of the United States. Then great was the chagrin and keen the disappointment of "mine host" and the people round about, that they had entertained an American lion, and didn't know it.

Mr. Fillmore is a large, portly man, something above the medium height, graceful and easy in manner and deportment, and attractive in personal appearance. As to his chances of an election to the next presidency we do not care to remark or speculate. Our business is to furnish matter of interest and information

for our readers, not to electioneer in politics. Mr. Fillmore is the only candidate yet nominated by any great party or national convention, he having received the nomination of the American, or Know-Nothing party, at their national convention, in February, at Philadelphia. George Law, the great steamboat proprietor and capitalist of New York, was a prominent competitor for the nomination at the Philadelphia convention, and many of his friends were so disappointed at the result, that they "bolted," as the phrase is, and refused to come in to the support of Mr. Fillmore. Whether this will make any very wide breach in the party, remains to be seen. For the most part, Mr. Fillmore's nomination has been favorably received throughout the country, and in many places it is supported with enthusiasm. But the American, or Know-Nothing question, and the Slavery question, have produced such strange metamorphoses in political parties within a few years, that it is impossible to form an opinion as to what shapes they may yet take, even before the November election, or what may be the ultimate result of the contest.

From the present aspect of political affairs, it seems not improbable that the election will eventually have to be decided in the House of Representatives, as there will undoubtedly be three great parties in the field, and possibly some votes may be cast for fourth and fifth candidates. The democratic national convention is to be held at Cincinnati in June. Among the most prominent individuals named, as likely to receive the nomination of the convention, are President Pierce, Mr. Buchanan, and Judge Douglas. If neither of these should readily obtain a majority in the convention, it is possible they may all be dropped, and some new man, or one less prominent now, may receive the nomination. The "Republican" party, which

embraces those of all parties who are opposed to the extension of slavery into the free territories of the United States, will hold a national convention in Philadelphia, to nominate their candidate. Among the distinguished individuals named in this connection, are Judge M'Lean of Ohio, Senator Seward of New York, Colonel Fremont of California fame, Mr. Speaker Banks of Massachusetts, Governor Chase of Ohio, and several others.

From this brief glance at the present state of political affairs, it is obvious that the question: Who is to be the next president? is one upon which even a Yankee would not be willing to hazard a "guess." With regard to the eminent individual whose likeness heads this article, it is but fair to say that if his talents and statesmanship are not of the highest order, they are of high respectability, and that his personal character is irreproachable. Some think, too, that he must have been born under a lucky star, and that his destiny has raised him to the highest round of the political ladder without any special effort of his own. And it may, perhaps, be considered a piece of good luck that he was absent from the country when his recent nomination was made, as it will leave him less liable to the imputation of using efforts himself to procure it. Having thus briefly stated the case, we will leave him "in the hands of his friends," after adding a few biographical notes of his earlier life.

MILLARD FILLMORE was born at Summer Hill, Cayuga county, New York, on the 7th of January, 1800. His father was a farmer in humble circumstances, and the lad's opportunities for acquiring an education were very limited. He was obliged to do the boy's work on his father's farm, and, as soon as he was old enough, he was sent from home to earn his own support. At the age of twelve he was placed with a clothier to learn the business of dressing cloth, and soon after he was apprenticed to a wool carder to learn his trade. But the electric spark had been struck in the mind of young Fillmore at his birth, and every year developed more and more his strong yearnings for knowledge; and during the heavy four years of his apprenticeship, he devoted every available moment of his leisure time to reading and study, thus remedying, in some good degree, the deficiency of his early education.

At nineteen, Mr. Fillmore was master of his business, and ready to commence the world on his own account. About this time, Judge Wood of Cayuga county, discovering the latent talent of the youthful wool carder, offered to take him into his office, and defray his expenses while he went through a regular course of legal study. He accepted with gratitude this generous offer, doing what he could to make the burden to his benefactor lighter, by teaching a school part of the time.

In 1821, he left Judge Wood's office, and went to Buffalo to complete his studies; and in 1823, he opened an office in the town of Aurora, and commenced the practice of his chosen profession. In 1827, he was admitted as an attorney, and in 1829, as a counsellor to the Supreme Court. In the same year his political career commenced on his being chosen a member to the State Assembly from the county of Erie. In 1830, he removed to Buffalo, and entered

into a much more extensive practice of his profession.

In 1833, Mr. Fillmore took his seat in the lower house of Congress, having been elected the year preceding. He was elected successively to the twenty-fifth, twenty-sixth, and twenty-seventh Congresses, in all of which he showed himself an active and faithful servant to his constituents. He served on several committees, and held a prominent situation in the committee on elections, and the committee of ways and means. At the close of his last session he declined to serve any longer, and retired to Buffalo, where he devoted himself to the business of his profession. By his diligence and fidelity he gained the esteem and confidence of those who best knew him, and rapidly rose to a high rank among the members of the bar.

In 1844, he reluctantly became the Whig candidate for the office of governor of the State of New York, and suffered defeat. In 1847, he was elected to the office of state comptroller by a handsome majority, and held that office until he was nominated by the Whigs, in 1848, as their candidate for Vice President of the United States—General Zachary Taylor being the candidate of the same party for the office of President. Having been elected in the autumn of the same year by a handsome majority, on the 4th of March, 1849, he entered upon the duties of his office, and took his place as the presiding officer of the United States Senate.

General Taylor wore the robes of his new office but a brief year, being summoned to a higher theater of action, amidst the lamentations of the entire nation, and Mr. Fillmore legally became his successor in the presidential chair, which place he occupied until the election of a democratic candidate, discharging his high duties with much dignity and fairness. He retired with the respect of all parties.

Editor's Table.

Important Changes in the United States Magazine.—To be enlarged to the size and form of the first class three dollar monthly—intended to compete with the best in the world in the number and excellence of its artistic embellishments, and in the interest and usefulness of its letter-press matter.

TO OUR READERS.—As the current number closes the record volume and present series of the UNITED STATES MAGAZINE, we have delayed its publication, in order to publish the following prospectus of the new series. All our present subscribers, whose time of subscription expires with this volume, will receive the first number of the magazine in its new form, and we trust they will be pleased to continue their connection with us. Those whose time has not yet expired, will receive the new series to the full amount of their subscription.

Subscribers will please notice that the first number of the new series will be issued for July, and that this is the last number of the UNITED STATES MAGAZINE that will appear previous to that time.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

United States Magazine,

NEW SERIES,

Vol. III.—No. 1.....July, 1850.

As has been previously announced, the undersigned will issue, about the 15th of June, the first number of the New Series of the UNITED STATES MAGAZINE. It will be an octavo of 144 pages, of two columns each—the whole forming two volumes, of 864 pages each, per annum. It will be printed on superior calendered paper, and will challenge criticism in its mechanical and artistical execution.

THE UNITED STATES MAGAZINE is devoted to the *Sciences, Arts, Manufactures, Agriculture, Commerce, Trade, History, Biography, and General Literature*, including any popular subjects that will instruct, elevate, or amuse the general reader. It will aim to be original in its field of operations. Each article, and its pictorial embellishments, will be written or prepared expressly for its columns. One of its main efforts will be to so popularize science, as to make it attractive, and still more useful to the great masses of the people. Probably, for such an enterprise as is here proposed, there never was a more auspicious moment than is presented at the present time. The American Public are, emphatically, a reading public. Serial publications in their greatest proficiency are met with in every walk of life, and at all times, and on almost all occasions. There has been a surfeit of trash, and if superior mental food is furnished, it does not lack consumers.

IN NATURAL HISTORY, the UNITED STATES MAGAZINE is to have the benefit of some of the most talented minds and accomplished pens of our country. In the first number will be commenced an illustrated series, entitled "*The Birds of North America*," by Mr. John Cassin, of Academy Nat. Sciences, Philadelphia. The series will be continued. Other branches will be taken up in rapid succession.

IN ARCHITECTURE—an elaborate series of the Public Buildings, not only at the Federal Capital, but also at the seats of all the local governments, have been planned, and will follow in their regular order. The July number will open with the CAPITOL at WASHINGTON, as it will appear when completed, with the new wings, dome, etc. The illustrations, thirty-five in number, are from original drawings by Chapin, Shonborn, and others, many of which, through the courtesy of the architect, are taken from his working plans.

IN THE FINE ARTS generally, the publishers also have been fortunate in securing valuable assistance. Fair and candid criticism, commendation for merit, and the regular announcement of new features, will be a part of the general objects of the magazine.

A devotion to the MANUFACTURING INTEREST will be continued in the new series. Elaborately illustrated articles describing the products and manipulations of first-class establishments will, from time to time, be presented. Important inventions and new applications will be recorded and commented upon.

AGRICULTURE will be ever cherished in the

UNITED STATES MAGAZINE. Specialties in the details of this science—the whole elegantly illustrated and from well-known authors—will receive their due quota of attention and space.

COMMERCE AND TRADE interest and instruct us all. They will not be neglected in the UNITED STATES MAGAZINE.

AMERICAN HISTORY. As heretofore, we shall endeavor to aim for the championship in American History. The articles will be prepared with judgment, and by experienced hands.

BIOGRAPHY.—Those who have elevated themselves among their fellow-men, will find their likenesses and good acts depicted in the UNITED STATES MAGAZINE. The opening number will continue the series of "*Candidates for the Presidency*," with fine portraits and sketches of Colonel John C. Fremont and Stephen A. Douglas. We also announce a continued illustrated article, from a master pen, of the "*LIFE AND CHARACTER OF GEORGE WASHINGTON*"—the Father of his Country.

IN GENERAL LITERATURE we shall always aim for the best and most instructive, with a vigilant eye for the public good. Although original articles are mostly intended, superior selected matter may occasionally be used.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE will contain reviews of new publications, announcements in the scientific world, current items of news, stray reflections, and much desirable general information.

THE LADIES have not been neglected in the order of arrangements. Much space will be devoted to their especial interests. The latest fashions, chat-chat, table-talk, notes from fashionable centers, etc., etc.

As a love of the humorous is a strong trait in the human character, DEMOCRATICS, J.A., and other funny fellows may sometimes appear on the stage—

"With laughter holding both his sides."

For terms, etc., see first page of cover of this number.

J. M. EMBROX & Co., Publishers,
Spruce-street, New York city.

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE WORLD.

THE peace congress sitting in Paris, according to our last accounts, have fully determined on the pacification of Europe, though the terms of the arrangement had not been made public. The two years' war between Russia and the allied powers has been a very severe and disastrous one on both sides, costing more than half a million of lives, and probably more than a thousand millions of dollars. None of the parties have gained anything, but all of them have become more or less weakened, except perhaps Louis Napoleon in his personal relations, who, though he has impoverished France in the struggle, has consolidated his own power and placed himself at the head of the sovereigns in Europe. What his future policy is to be it is impossible to tell, for he is remarkable for keeping his own secrets. He yet pretends to the most cordial alliance with England, and to be a great friend of peace, but a wide impression prevails in the world that he may yet be found walking in the footsteps of the first Napoleon and trampling the nations under his feet. No doubt his dear ally, England would rest easier if he was out of the way.

Russia has been severely crippled in the Black Sea, where her powerful fleet has been destroyed, and her stronghold of Sevastopol half demolished. But the lobster that loses a claw is not materially injured; the claw soon grows out again and is able to hold with as hard a grip as ever. So it will be with Russia. She undoubtedly has more vitality than any other nation in Europe. She has more of the elements of growth and progress. She cannot be kept down. The time will come when she will again be mistress of the Black Sea, if not of the Mediterranean. She is steadily growing in the East, and her branches will yet spread beyond the great Chinese wall. The present peace probably will allow Turkey to rest a little while. But nothing can save the life of the "sick man;" the Ottoman power is dying out in Europe, and most likely a struggle will yet come for his inheritance between Russia, France and England. How the spoils will be divided is of course uncertain, but it is highly probable the Russian bear may get the lion's share.

The revolutionary elements in Europe are at present quietly smouldering, and if the governmental powers harmonize well in the present pacification, revolutions will be kept down probably for some time to come. Kosuth is still in London, blowing his trumpet through the public press, and crying out, with the prophet of old: "Shall these dry bones live?" The time may yet be somewhat distant, but it will probably come, when there will be a shaking among the dry bones of Europe, and they will come together, bone to his fellow bone, and be clothed upon with the flesh, and covered with the skin, and the spirit of liberty will be breathed into them, and they will stand up on their feet, "an exceeding great army."

On our own continent—we may say our own, for Young America at least thinks,

"The whole boundless continent is ours!"—

the present aspect of affairs is full of interest. Congress has been in session more than four months, and the most they have yet done is to elect a speaker, and send three commissioners to Kansas, to inquire into and report all about the "border-ruffian" wars. The presence of that committee in Kansas, under the authority of Congress, will doubtless have the effect, in some degree, to allay the excitement in that region, and prevent the fearful collisions and civil war which a short time ago seemed almost unavoidable. In the meantime the Free State party in Kansas have held a convention, organized a state government, adopted a constitution, elected a governor and senators to Congress, and petitioned Congress to be admitted into the Union at once as a state. Their constitution is already laid before Congress, and the debates on the subject have commenced. The question of the admission of Kansas into the Union under this constitution, will constitute the great struggle of absorbing interest in Congress during the remainder of the session. And as politicians are now in the midst of the presidential canvass, everything will be made as far as possible to bear upon the different nominations.

Much has been said, within a few months past, on both sides of the water, about serious difficulties, and a prospect of war between our

country and England. We do not believe the danger of such an event is very great. A war between these two countries would involve a sacrifice on both sides too great for either to be willing to submit to. John Bull is a bold fellow to talk, but he will take care not to come to blows with brother Jonathan. And our administration, too, just now, likes to shake its fist valiantly at John Bull, but it all means "cider." If it were not so near the presidential election, we should probably be very much at peace with all the world.

Central America is but a little patch on the surface of the globe, but at this moment, it is emphatically the observed of all observers. Gen. Walker—the redoubtable Walker, the Napoleon of the Isthmus—a few months ago went from California with less than a hundred followers, and made himself master of the State of Nicaragua, which had been convulsed for some time with civil war and revolutions. Walker had been invited by the democratic party of Nicaragua to "come over into Macedonia and help them." He did so, and with his handful of men "conquered a peace," and caused Patricio Rivas to be proclaimed president. He established a stable government, and the country rested from its civil commotions. Instead of a handful of three score soldiers, Walker has now an army of between two and three thousand effective men, mostly from the United States, beside the natives of the country, who are entirely under his control.

Two or three months ago the government of Nicaragua sent Colonel Parker H. French as minister to the United States; but our government refused to receive him, mainly it is believed on account of objections to his personal character; though the reason assigned was, that our government had no sufficient evidence that the persons exercising authority in Nicaragua were recognized by the people of that state as their government. Mr. French accordingly returned home. In the meantime our minister to Nicaragua, Colonel Wheeler, had recognized Walker's government, and was on friendly relations with it. But when our government refused to receive Colonel French, Walker turned round and dismissed Colonel Wheeler. So, at present, there are no diplomatic relations existing between our government and Nicaragua. But Walker's government remains strong and is daily growing stronger. Emigrants are constantly pouring in upon him from the United States, both from the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, some going with a filibustering spirit to join his army, and some to settle and seek their fortunes in the various pursuits of life. It is understood that another minister will soon come from Nicaragua to Washington, and as it has always been the policy of our government to recognize all governments *de facto*, we do not see how they can refuse to recognize the present government of Nicaragua and receive its minister.

But by the last accounts from the Isthmus, Central America was assuming a still more important and interesting position. The other Central American States are jealous of the inroads of the people from the United States, and fearful of the power and position of Walker. Under this feeling the state of Costa Rica has declared war against Nicaragua, and called upon the other Central American States to unite with her in driving the Americans out of Nicar-

agua. The moment this news arrived in Nicaragua, Walker put his army in motion, and marched into Costa Rica. The enemy fled before him, leaving him in possession of the towns he had entered. His forces had but fairly got into the country when our last advices left, but there is every reason to believe that he is now master of Costa Rica as well as Nicaragua. It seems not unlikely that he may eventually succeed in revolutionizing the whole five Central American States, and bring them under one consolidated representative government, somewhat after the model of the United States. Some are of opinion that he will then look after the affairs of distracted Mexico, and probably hitch her on to his government. And then the advocates of a "manifest destiny" contend that the time will one day come when the whole will be annexed to Uncle Sam's farm.

THE BOOK BUSINESS.

The last year, which was a very hard one for all kinds of business, was particularly severe for the book trade. People in general regard books not as a necessity, but a luxury to be dispensed with in pinching times. A prominent publisher told us, during the winter, that the sales of books had been less for the preceding year than they had been any year during fifteen years past. But there is a tide in the affairs of books as well as men, and the book trade is now decidedly on the flood. Publishers are alive all over the country, and are pouring out their volumes with great rapidity.

The spring trade sale, under the auspices of the New York Book Publishers' Association, was held during the last week in March, and was very satisfactory to publishers and authors, both as to prices and the amount of books sold. The aggregate amount of sales was something over three hundred thousand dollars. It is expected the fall trade sale will be still larger, as it usually is considerably larger than the spring sale. And when it is remembered there are two distinct trade sales in New York, both in spring and fall, and that one of the spring sales amounts to three hundred thousand dollars, it will afford some idea of the extent of the book business in the single city of New York. And yet these semi-annual sales form but a small portion of the book business.

The books contributed to this trade sale came from a hundred and seventy publishers, and there were over three hundred buyers (booksellers) in attendance, and the bidding was generally spirited, and the prices good. The rule adopted by the Book Publishers' Association is to sell all entered on the catalogue for what they will bring, not allowing any to be withdrawn, as has been the custom heretofore, if the prices were not satisfactory to the seller. Still the publishers had the boldness to enter large quantities of many of their popular publications, and seem not to have been disappointed in the result. Among the large sales of individual works, Ticknor & Co., Boston, sold two thousand and four hundred copies of Longfellow's new poem, Hiawatha, truly a remarkable sale for a poem. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston, sold twelve hundred volumes of Macaulay's history of England. Stringer and Townsend, New York, sold four thousand volumes of Cooper's novels. Among the large sales of Derby and Jackson's books were two thousand copies of the "Widow

Bedott" papers. Other works were sold in large quantities, numbering thousands, by Appleton & Co., and other publishers, but we have not the memorandums before us to enable us to give particulars.

It is about a year since the New York Book Publishers' Association was formed, and so far they seem to be getting along well in their organization. Nearly all the prominent book publishers in the city have joined it, with the exception of the Harpers. That leading house has kept aloof from the association, for what reason we know not. William Appleton, of the house of Appleton & Co., is president of the association, and G. P. Putnam, secretary. Their auctioneers are the new firm of Leavitt, Deller & Co., who have taken the spacious auction rooms on Broadway, formerly occupied by Cooley & Keese.

Bangs and Brothers, who have for some years conducted the book trade sales in New York, still continue the business at their spacious rooms in Park Row, having the sales of the heavy invoices of the Harpers, and many other publishers in different parts of the country.

EARTHQUAKES IN CALIFORNIA.

NEARLY every portion of the habitable globe is more or less subject to that dread phenomenon of nature, termed earthquake—an effect which science has not yet been able to connect satisfactorily with its cause. The theory, long entertained, that these frightful tremblings and yawnings of mother earth were caused by pent-up fires, internal oceans of melted minerals and earthy matter, rolling their red hot and angry billows from side to side against the solid ribs of the earth's shell, sometimes making the old ribs crack again, and sometimes bursting through in volcanic eruptions and pouring out rivers of molten lava—this theory of the origin of earthquakes is now, we believe, becoming generally repudiated by the best thinkers among scientific men, and the idea is gaining ground, that the phenomenon is to be attributed to the motion of electrical currents through the earth, rushing to restore a disturbed equilibrium. Whatever may be the cause, however, few of the operations of nature are more appalling to poor mortal man, who is powerless to resist or escape the fearful visitation. Our own country, or at least the Atlantic slope and central basin of it, is probably as free from the visits of earthquakes as any part of the earth; but it seems our rich territory on the Pacific is much more subject to these convulsions. On this subject some interesting statements were made at a recent meeting of the National Institute, at Washington, by Mr. Blake, who said he desired to call the attention of the Institute to the frequency of earthquake phenomena on the western coast, and to raise a warning voice against the present method of constructing buildings there. The recent intelligence from San Francisco induced him to bring the subject forward at this time.

It is well known in California that it is an "earthquake country." The name given to one of the broad indentations of the coast—*Bahia de los Temblores*, (Earthquake Bay)—shows the experience of the phenomena by the early settlers. I might occupy the evening (said Mr. Blake) in recounting the recorded earth-

quakes that have shaken various parts of California for the last fifty years. The severe earthquake of 1812, which destroyed one of the Southern Mission establishments, is not yet forgotten by the native Californians. This, however, is not the only severe shock which has been felt, and which has destroyed life and property. According to J. B. Traut, of California, who has made a record of all the known shocks since 1812, there have been fifty-nine earthquakes during the last five years. The earthquake which occurred at Fort Yuma in 1852, was sufficiently violent to throw down a portion of Chimney Peak, a high pinnacle of rock many miles south of the Fort. I experienced two shocks, in 1854, in San Francisco, one of them sufficiently violent to awaken me by the sudden movement of the bed. A notice of this was given in Silliman's Journal. A letter just received from Dr. Traut states that "the recent shock in San Francisco occurred at 5.25 p. m., February 15th. The motion was undulatory, and at the same time vertical. Square bottles and boxes were moved horizontally, and described an arc of about 30 degrees. In some of the stores on Montgomery and other streets, small articles were thrown outward two or three feet from the south side of the walls, and those next the north walls were thrown forward in several cases." He further states that "it was the fifth earthquake felt in the city since the 23d day of January."

These facts assure me that it is my duty to express a conviction I have entertained since my residence in California, and which I have been deterred from presenting to the public, by a hope that my fears were greater than were authorized by the phenomena. It is not safe to construct buildings in California as they are here, with thin walls supported on iron columns. The day may not be far distant, when a shock will come sufficiently severe to throw down all such structures, and to lay low a great part of San Francisco. To go on constructing buildings as if earthquakes were unknown there, appears to me to be accumulating materials for an awful calamity in the future.

WHAT WILL MRS. PARTINGTON SAY?

Twiddle-dee, twiddle-dum,
Strike the kettle, beat the drum;
Pray, what difference can there be
Twixt twiddle-dum and twiddle-dee?

FOR gracious sake, isn't a baby a baby? and doesn't that tell the whole story? And are there not some thirty millions of them born into this world every year? Then why should all the world run crazy about one little baby being born in Paris? The Empress of France has given birth to a son, and there is more fuss made about it than though forty earthquakes had shaken the solid earth to its center. For weeks the papers have been filled with long columns, descriptive of preparations for the grand event long before it occurred; and after its occurrence, the broad farce filled many broad pages, not only in Paris, but throughout Europe, and even our own democratic republic. Our first impulse was to let our magazine skip over the subject in dignified silence. But upon sober second thought, we think it is well to make some record of the matter, that our republican readers may see how ridiculous the royal despots of Europe can make themselves,

and thus learn to set a higher value upon our own republican institutions, under which "men are born free and equal," and every baby is born an heir to the throne, or the presidential chair, "subject, of course, to the national nominating convention."

The city of Paris gives a silver cradle to rock the little stranger in. But will that make a great man, a statesman, and able ruler of him? On this side of the water, when a little Daniel Webster, or a Lewis Cass, is born somewhere in the backwoods of New Hampshire, we have heard they are sometimes actually rocked in a sap-trough for a cradle, and they grow up to be pretty smart chaps too. If any of our readers out of New England do not know exactly what a sap-trough is, "we will answer, we will tell you," it is made by taking a round log of wood some three feet in length, which is split into two halves, and each half "dug out" with an ax, making a rough trough to hold the delicious sap of the maple.

Beside his silver cradle, the little Napoleon IV., "King of Algiers," had some hundred thousand dollars laid out for him long before his arrival, to furnish his wardrobe. And as they did not feel so certain as Cuffee did, whether the baby would be a boy or a girl, the wardrobe was furnished with two full sets of articles—one for a boy baby, and the other for a girl baby. This gorgeous and costly wardrobe was for some days most kindly opened to public inspection, in the establishment where it was prepared, and the street was perfectly thronged, crowded, the whole time by nobles and simples of all grades, struggling to get a peep at the baby clothes. Aristocratic carriages filled the thoroughfare; the nobility, princes of royal and imperial blood, and the emperor and empress themselves, all went to see the baby clothes. The Peace Congress, composed of ambassadors from all the great powers of Europe, was in session in another street, deliberating on the means to put an end to the most destructive war of modern times. This Peace Congress was a matter of some note, and excited some interest; but, on the whole, it was rather a tame affair compared with the baby's wardrobe. At length, when the fullness of time was come for the consummation so devoutly wished for, all the government officials and all Paris did ample justice to the occasion. The little fellow is born, and he is called King of Algiers, and the Pope of Rome is to be his godfather, and the Queen of Sweden his godmother, and there seems to be a strong probability that he is to be well taken care of. The affair is of such immense importance to all the world and the rest of mankind, that we should come short of our duty as the conductors of a magazine for the people, if we failed to record in detail some of the imposing ceremonies and incidents of the occasion. The following is the programme of the grand master of ceremonies:

THE APPROACHING ACCESSION OF THE EMPRESS REGENTE.

The following programme of the ceremony to be observed on the birth of princes or princesses, children of the emperor, has been published officially in Paris:

As soon as the empress shall feel the first pains of labor, the grand mistress of her household will wait upon her majesty.

As soon as the grand mistress shall have arrived, she will take the emperor's orders, and will send to inform the princes and princesses of the imperial family, the members of the family of the emperor holding rank at court, the mother of the empress, the grand officers of the crown, the ministers, and the president of the council of state, the marshals, admirals, grand chancellor of the imperial order of the Legion of Honor, the governor of the Invalides, the commander-in-chief of the National Guard of the Seine, the general in command of the Imperial Guard, the adjutant-general of the palace, the officers and ladies of the households of their majesties.

All these persons must appear at the Tuilleries in dress, as in going to high mass. The ladies are to be in morning costume.

The princes, and princesses, and mother of the empress will be duly informed by the officers of the emperor's household designated by his majesty.

The senate, the legislative corps, and the municipal authorities of Paris, will also be informed by an officer of the emperor's household, so that they may be assembled at the moment his majesty sends to announce the birth of the child.

In the empress' chamber there will only be the mother of the empress, the grand mistress of her majesty's household, the governess, and the lady in waiting on her majesty.

In the Green Saloon, contiguous to the empress' chamber, the princes and princesses of the imperial family and the members of the emperor's family holding rank at court, will be assembled.

In the saloon of the empress will be assembled the high officers of the crown, and ministers, marshals, admirals, and the grand chancellor of the Legion of Honor, the governor of the Invalides, the commander-in-chief of the National Guard of the Seine, the general in command of the Imperial Guard, the adjutant-general of the palace, the ladies in waiting of the empress, the under-governesses and ladies in waiting on the princesses.

The grand master of the household, and the first chamberlain of the empress, will do the honors of the apartment in the absence of the mistress and lady of honor of her majesty.

Officers of her majesty's household, the princes and princesses will assemble in the third saloon, which is the first of the Guards' hall, and in the Guards' hall.

When the last pains shall be felt, their excellencies, the minister of state and the keeper of the seals, shall be sent for and brought into the chamber. Such of the princes and princesses shall also be admitted as his majesty may deem advisable.

The under-nurses will be sent for when their services are required.

When the child shall have been presented to the emperor and the empress by the head nurse, it will be presented to his excellency the minister of state, and to his excellency the keeper of the seals, who will at once proceed to the saloon occupied by his excellency, the president of the council of state, fulfilling the functions attributed to him by the 13th article of the imperial statute of the 21st of June, 1853.

A formal statement of the birth of the child will be drawn up.

The imperial child will then be carried to its apartment by the head nurse, accompanied by her sub-nurses, the general commanding the Imperial Guard, and the query on duty. This cortege will leave the bedchamber, cross the saloons, and enter the apartment prepared for the child.

In this apartment will be assembled the persons appointed by the emperor to wait upon the imperial child.

The emperor having returned to his state apartments, will receive the congratulations of the persons who had been assembled in the empress' apartments.

On the day, or on the morrow of the confinement, the imperial child will be christened (*en-doyé*) in the palace chapel by the emperor's first almoner, in presence of the princes and princesses of the imperial family, the princes and the princesses of the family of the emperor holding rank at court, the mother of the empress, the grand officers of the crown, the cardinals, ministers, marshals, admirals, president of the senate, etc.

After the ceremony of baptism, a *Tu Deum* will be chanted, the royal child having been first taken to his own apartment.

The grand chancellor of the Legion of Honor will take to the imperial prince the grand cordon of that order and military medal.*

The princes and princesses, relations of the emperor and empress, will be informed of the birth of the imperial prince by letters written by the emperor himself, and conveyed by officers of his household.

The senate and legislative body will receive the information from an officer of the emperor's household; the birth will be announced in the same manner to the municipal authorities of Paris.

The grand master of the ceremonies will send a master of the ceremonies to the ambassadors, and an assistant of the ceremonies to the foreign ministers, to announce the birth of the child.

Each minister, in his department, will take the suitable measures to inform his agents of the birth, abroad as well as at home.

As soon as the imperial prince is born, a salute of 101 guns will be fired; the same salvo will be fired in countries occupied by French troops.†

In the evening the public buildings will be illuminated.

CEREMONIES TO TAKE PLACE ON THE DAYS FOLLOWING THE BIRTH.

On the morrow, or on the day after the morrow, of the empress' confinement, the emperor, having received the congratulations of the diplomatic body, will ascend the throne. His majesty will be surrounded by the princes of the imperial family, and by the other members of the emperor's family holding rank at court; as also by the grand officers of the crown, the officers of the household, cardinals, marshals, admirals, and all the other functionaries, etc.

* The official programme assumes that it is a prince that will be born, but in the margin certain alterations are made, in case it should be a princess. The alterations relate principally to the portion of the ceremonial of a military character.

† In case of its being a princess only 21 guns will be fired.

The presidents of the senate and of the legislative body will alone harangue the emperor.

All these different bodies will be presented as is usual on solemn presentations.

On leaving the audience of the emperor they will be admitted to the new-born prince.

They will meet in the *Salon de la Paix*, and will, successively, be admitted to the apartment of the imperial prince. They will leave it by the door opposite to the one by which they entered.

As soon as the health of the empress will allow, her majesty will appoint the days upon which she will receive the congratulations of the princes and princesses, ladies of the palace, wives of the ministers, etc., and the congratulations of the high officers of the crown, cardinals, marshals, admirals, etc.

Her majesty will also receive the congratulations of the members of the diplomatic body and of their ladies. The empress will receive all those congratulations in her easy chair.

When her health is completely restored, the empress will be churched (*relevée*) by the principal chaplain, according to the special ceremony drawn up.

The ceremony of the public baptism of the imperial prince will take place at Notre Dame after the churching of her majesty. Immediately after that ceremony a solemn *Tu Deum* will be performed.

A *Tu Deum* will be chanted in the church of Notre Dame of Paris, and in all the churches of France, on the Sunday following the day of the birth.

CAMBRÈRES,

Grand Master of the Ceremonies.

PALAI ROYAL, March 3, 1864.

The birth occurred on Sunday, March 16, and the emperor and empress are to be god-father and god-mother to all the children born in France on that day. From the Paris and London papers we gather the following items of the history of this great event. The empress was taken ill on Saturday morning, and the whole city, and all France, was in suspense till Sunday. In the meantime the empress had some intervals of repose, or walked in her room, looking with delight at the multitude assembled in the garden in front of her windows.

The emperor encouraged and consoled her by the most tender and affectionate expressions. He told her that all the churches were crowded with the faithful, praying the Almighty for her delivery, and that all Paris was offering to Heaven the most ardent wishes in her behalf. The empress then felt her courage redouble at the idea that she was the object of such universal sympathy. Finally, this morning, a few minutes before 3 o'clock, the sufferings of her majesty assumed so decided a character that it was deemed advisable to call in the princes and grand dignitaries of the empire to witness the birth of the imperial infant.

At a quarter past 3 o'clock the imperial infant came into the world. The young prince is of so robust a constitution that he is nearly as big as the child of his nurse, who is two months old. The infant remained in the apartment of his mother until the hour of mass, and after being baptized (*en-doyé*) was removed to his own apartment. Palms were

distributed to all the persons present at the Tuilleries.

The senate and the legislative body met this morning at 8 o'clock, and received a message from the minister of state, announcing to them the birth of the imperial prince. M. de Moray communicated the event in the following terms to the legislative body: "Gentlemen, last night at 4 o'clock the emperor sent one of his aides-de-camp to apprise the legislative body of the safe delivery of the empress. Her majesty gave birth, at a quarter past 3 o'clock this morning, to an imperial prince." [M. de Moray was here interrupted by cries of—*Vive l'Empereur!*] "I perceive, gentlemen," he continued the president, "that you share the joy of all France." [Unanimous acclamations.] "*Vive l'Empereur! Vive l'Impératrice! Vive le Prince Impérial!*" These cries were enthusiastically repeated by the assembly, and when silence was restored, the president informed the deputies that they would be received on Monday (to-morrow) at the Tuilleries by the emperor. The chamber then adjourned.

The birth of a son—the heir to his name and the inheritor of his crown—seems to complete the measure of the marvelous prosperity which has lately marked the eventful life of the emperor. It wants but four days to the anniversary of another birth that was enrolled with a yet more brilliant halo of glory. On the 20th of March, 1811, 45 years ago, the guns of the Invalides, proclaimed in this same city of Paris that the first imperial throne had an heir.

We are told, by eye witnesses not much advanced in years, of the joy displayed on that occasion; how the first discharge on the morning of the 20th roused, as if with an electric shock, the population of the capital; how each

ring report was counted with breathless anxiety till the twenty-first peal was heard; how when twenty-one guns had been fired, they were to indicate the birth of a princess, the anxiety of all grew to an intolerable pitch; how, when the gunners paused some minutes before the next piece was fired, hundreds of thousands held their breath; and how, when the twenty-second, twenty-third and twenty-fourth—for then there could be no misreckoning—pealed, double-charged, the people sprang up and gave vent to their joy in shouts of enthusiasm!

It would perhaps be too much to report such an outburst of exultation now. People have not so close in revolution, so accustomed to overthrow of dynasties and to changes of government, that whatever fund of enthusiasm they might have once possessed has been pretty well exhausted. They feel, it is true, they are governed by a firm hand, and that so long as life and energy are spared to the present occupant of the throne, if there is not much hope of the liberty which has been so much and so often misused, there is still less chance of anarchy.

The birth of the heir to the second empire, it will be admitted, occurs under circumstances not less favorable than the first. It is true that the first Napoleon was then in the zenith of his power—from the 20th of March, 1811, to the first disasters which awaited him beyond the Niemen. The empire with the states possessed by the imperial family then counted not less than 57,000,000 souls. But it is no less true

that the moment was fast approaching when his power, nuxemapped in modern times, began to decline, until it fell to ruin. The clouds were already beginning to darken the horizon. The seeds of the conflict with Russia, which was to end in the stupendous catastrophe of Moscow, had already been sown. The father of the present ruler of France, wearied with the exigencies of his imperious brother, had abdicated in despair the throne of Holland, which he could no longer hope to fill as an independent sovereign. The incorporation with the French Empire of the Valais, the annexation of the Hanse Towns and the Grand-Duchy of Oldenburg, the ruler of which was the brother-in-law of Alexander, and which brought the French Empire to Lubec, within sight of the Russian frontier, awakened the jealousy of Russia and justified the suspicion that the restoration of Poland was at hand.

The refusal of Napoleon to ratify the convention of Champagne, the refusal of the Czar relating his decrees against English commerce, the resumption of the kingdom of Hanover from Jerome, were among the precursors of the storm that was to follow. Yet all these symptoms of approaching decline were more than compensated by the birth of the King of Rome, on the 20th of March, 1811.

The state of Europe at this moment is so familiar to all, that it is hardly necessary to allude to the difference of circumstances under which the event announced this morning takes place. The most formidable and most consistent enemy the first emperor had has become the friend and ally of the second. Russia, then menacing the power against which so many arms were seen to be uplifted, now admits her defeat by England and France united. The second emperor, who but three short years back excited mistrust abroad and at home, has proved himself trustworthy; and in the terrible contest which France and England have sustained together in the noblest causes, I believe that no just motive for complaint or suspicion has arisen. Of the future it is useless to speak. So many other fair prospects have been blighted that it would be presumptuous to indulge in anything like prediction.

[Correspondence of the "London News,"

Paris, Sunday Evening.

The imperial infant, as I learn from a credible eye-witness, and not from the tattle of courtiers, is really as fine a boy as ever was seen. He is described as rosy, plump, well made, fully developed, and with a surprising abundance of chestnut-colored hair, resembling his father's. The name given to him is Napoleon Eugene-Louis-Jean-Joseph. The reasons for these names are very simple. He is called Napoleon and Louis after his father; Eugene for his mother Eugene; Jean after the Pope, who is to be his godfather, and Joseph in compliment to his intended godmother, the Queen of Sweden, whose name is Josephine.

A little before three o'clock this morning, her majesty's state was such that it was thought proper to introduce into her chamber the grand dignitaries convened to be witnesses of the birth. The birth was at last happily effected.

I have already said, on good grounds, that the child is a remarkably fine and healthy one. It is stated by some that he is as big as many

a child of two months old, and that when the emperor saw him he exclaimed: "No wonder the empress suffered so much!" Of private anecdotes about the event there are multitudes—many more have reached my ears than have time to relate, or than you can find space to print. I am told that the emperor we abundantly, and that, falling on the neck of his cousin, Prince Napoleon, he said to him: "Y. I will, I am sure, love and protect this child."

Within a few minutes of the birth of the prince, at a quarter past three this morning, the emperor sent messages in his own name, announcing the event to the Pope, the Queen of England, the King of Piedmont, the Queen of Sweden, the Grand-Duchess Dowager of Baden, and, I believe, some other courts. It is a very curious fact, as showing not only the wonders of the electric telegraph, but also the activity of great personages at hours when the world at large is wrapped in sleep, that telegraphic messages of congratulation were received in answer before six o'clock, from the Pope, Queen Victoria and the Queen of Sweden.

The senate and corps législatif remained the whole of the day, yesterday, in their respective palaces, waiting for the announcement of the event. To beguile the tedium of the long hours of expectancy, they not only made ample provision of estates, champagne and cigars, but sent for music, and invited their wives and daughters to keep them company.

The municipal council, on receiving the news, immediately voted a sum of 200,000 francs for the poor, of which 100,000 francs are to be employed in redeeming bedding pledged at the Mont de Piété, and the other 100,000 francs in paying the nurses of poor mothers who are in arrears. Such an immense number of presents for the empress and the imperial infant lately been sent to Paris, that it has been found absolutely necessary to send orders to all the railway stations and diligence offices in the country not to receive any parcel for such a destination. The money spent in paying for the carriage has been enormous.

Of course, very few could be seen, the greater part were returned to the donors with thanks for their offer. The number of all these returned presents is enormous. Many of them are of great value and interest. Among them an enormous one of silver, which came to 20 francs, and was given by a woman in a very humble position. A tremendously dirty girl, who had worn for seven years a pair of shoes that had only boys, she had been so glad to wear it for so long.

THE SOUTHERN

institution is nobly of its liberal found diffusion of knowledge, and private correspondence is increasing very rapidly, extending almost to the world, in which quest and truth-making, and healthful streams from the source of thought, to help fill the grand ocean of knowledge. The reader will understand fully the extent of our mission from the

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